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WIT, WISDOM AND FOIBLES OF THE GREAT

CHARLES A. SHRINER

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(PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA)
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TO THE HONORED MEMORY OF

WILLIAM BARBOUR,

DIED IN NEW YORK CITY MARCH 1, 1917,

THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

C. A. S.

INTRODUCTORY

THE object of this compilation is to present in a convenient form such entertaining incidents in history as are to be found in publications having neither the importance nor the morocco to admit them to the average library. The lives of men and women of note, as presented by historians and biographers, have been taken as a basis, but it will be found that the additions gathered from magazines and pamphlets have grown to greater value. When the historian or biographer has put the finishing touches to the last chapter, his task is ended and he must stand or fall by it. An amended history or biography would be an anomaly. No matter how many nicks students could put into Babington's polished structure, the public will read, and will demand, Macaulay—Macaulay untouched. The writer of magazines and pamphlets labors in a different field, for even the slightest inaccuracy is certain to call forth corrections, frequently from several sources. Historians or biographers may relate an incident in accordance with what they believe to be the strictest veracity; yet the truth may be found on indisputable authority on the unopened page of some overlooked magazine or pamphlet stored away on an unfrequented shelf.

This compilation does not pretend to be a complete analysis of the characters of men and women who have figured largely on the pages of history; it is merely supplementary to such studies as have been undertaken by writers of the past. These writers, however, did not have the advantages for research offered by the almost countless volumes of magazines and pamphlets and other publications of a more or less ephemeral character to be found in the large libraries of the present day; it is to these storehouses of information that the compiler of the present work has devoted his attention.

It may be argued that an anecdote is at times only the reflection from an inconsiderable facet; yet it cannot be denied that light is frequently shed on the characters of men by the anecdotes in which they figured as well as those of which they were only the relators, or the relation of which interested them, even if in these anecdotes the line of veracity has become somewhat undulating by frequent handling.

Of anecdotes there are many waifs in the world of biography, tossed about without acknowledged parents, the crime or credit of whose origin can not be

determined by the most painstaking filiation proceedings. Of these, however, there are many that glory in a numerous parentage by adoption, and the trouble is that many of them have the characteristics of their putative parents, so that from mere resemblance or likelihood it would be impossible to deny any of the various origins attributed to them. One particular anecdote of this kind has perhaps had more wear and tear than its fellows. It tells of a lawyer who was arguing in favor of the side he had been retained to oppose, until the whispered interruption of his assistant made him pause, but only for an instant, for he promptly informed the court that he had stated the case fully for the opposition and would now proceed to show the shallowness of their arguments, which he did and won the case for the client whose retaining fee he had received. In what is perhaps the original of this anecdote—an unidentified case previous to the days of Ashburton—the judge decided against the logic of all the lawyers, giving judgment in favor of a third party—not represented in court. However, the anecdote in its prettier form has been attributed to a number of English lawyers and it has multiplied so numerously on this side of the Atlantic that a feeling of sympathy is almost engendered for a lawyer whose biography does not contain this embellishment.

No biography of Talleyrand is complete which does not give him credit for having originated the phrase, "This is the beginning of the end"; yet there is the written authority of his brother, first published in a pamphlet, that the breviary most used by the Bishop of Autun consisted of twenty-two volumes of anecdotes and that the famous expression is to be found in that publication. "The Guard may die, but never surrenders!" is generally attributed to Cambronne, on the authority of a grenadier who declared that he heard the general make use of that phrase twice at Waterloo. Cambronne denied having said anything of the kind! and at a dinner given some years after the famous battle pointed out the absurdity of the anecdote, because at the time he was supposed to have made the remark he was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, having surrendered some time before the Guard did so. Despite his frequent denials the town of Nantes was authorized by royal ordinance to inscribe that phrase on his statue. Then the sons of General Michel laid formal claim to it for their father. It remained for the *Quarterly Review* (April, 1861) to inform the world—at least the English-speaking portion of it—that the famous phrase was invented by Rougemont and printed in the *Independent* two days after the battle.

An incident is told by Knight "of an Englishman in Paris in 1830, to whom a chimney-sweeper promised a sight of the king on condition of a fee of five francs. The bargain being struck the lad began shouting, 'Louis Philippe!

Louis Philippe!' The crowd took it up; the king appeared at the window and the five francs were paid, and for another five francs the stranger had the pleasure of hearing his majesty joining in the Marseillaise." A writer in *Notes and Queries* (March 2, 1862) says: "The singing part of the story is new, but I perfectly remember hearing at the time poor Queen Caroline was making herself conspicuous in London during her trial, the former part of the story told of 'a dirty little boy,' who offered to show the queen to a gentleman passing her house for a shilling, and who succeeded in doing so by exactly the same dodge. Are both these stories true? Or is one a mere reproduction of the other? Or is the coincidence only another proof of the almost impossible task of getting at the real source of an anecdote?"

It will be observed in this compilation that some favorite anecdotes, frequently wrongly attributed in popular publications, have been traced—perhaps to their origin. The citation of authority in each instance may guide the reader to a definite conclusion. For convenience of reference a general index, including the names of persons mentioned incidentally, and an index to characteristics, have been added at the end of the volume.

If in the course of this compilation the reader should find that fond estimates of great men are somewhat altered by throwing on them the limelight when they were not ready to pose, and if weaknesses are shown to have existed even in the greatest intellects, it might be well to remember the words of Napoleon: "You may smile at my dandified marshal, but you will notice that when columns are shot down to-day Murat's gaudy plume will be dancing in the hottest of the fight. Let a hero have one folly, gentlemen."

PATERSON, N. J. *November 1, 1918.* C. A. S.

WIT, WISDOM AND FOIBLES OF THE GREAT

A

ADAMS, John, 1735-1826. President of the United States.

It must be to this occasion, being the only one upon which a shot was fired by an enemy, that Mr. Sprague, in his Eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, refers, in the following anecdote. He doubtless had it from Tucker in his latest days, when a sailor's stories commonly lose nothing in the telling: Discovering an enemy's ship, neither Commodore Tucker nor Mr. Adams could resist the temptation to engage, although against the dictates of prudent duty. Tucker, however, stipulated that Mr. Adams should remain in the lower part of the ship, as a place of safety. But no sooner had the battle commenced, than he was seen on deck, with a musket in his hands, fighting as a common marine. The Commodore peremptorily ordered him below; but, called instantly away, it was not until a considerable time had elapsed that he discovered this public minister still at his post, intently engaged in firing upon the enemy. Advancing, he exclaimed, "Why are you here, sir? I am commanded by the Continental Congress to carry you safely to Europe, and I will do it," and, seizing him in his arms, forcibly carried him from the scene of danger.—CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, "Life and Works of John Adams."

In conversation once with Mr. Webster he spoke to me of his last interview with Mr. Adams. . . . "While I was with him and conversing on the common topics of the day, some one—a friend of his—came in and made particular inquiry of his health. 'I inhabit a weak, frail, decayed tenement; battered by the winds and broken in upon by the storms, and, from all I can learn, the landlord does not intend to repair.' "—CHARLES W. MARSH, "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries."

Anecdotes Told by Mr. Adams

Colonel Putnam told a story of an Indian upon the Connecticut river who called at a tavern in the fall of the year for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, landlord," says he; "last fall you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum; now you ask three?" "Oh," says the landlord, "it costs me a great deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as it is a horse." "Aye," says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay—maybe he drink as much water." This was sheer wit, pure satire and true humor. Humor, wit and satire in one short repartee.—JOHN ADAMS, "Diary," January 10, 1772.

Dubourg is a jolly companion and very fond of anecdotes. He told a great number, whenever I was in his company, which were said to be excellent, but his speech was so rapid that I could not fully understand them. One I remember—he told us an instance of the great presence of mind, self-command and good nature of Marshal Turenne. He had chosen for his valet the stoutest grenadier in the army, who frequently played at hot cockles with another of his domestics, who was named Stephen. The marshal one day stooped down to look out of a window, with one of his hands upon his back. The grenadier, coming suddenly into the chamber, raised his gigantic arm and with his brawny palm gave his master a furious blow upon his hand upon his back. The marshal drew himself in and looked at the grenadier, who, the moment he saw it was his master, fell upon his knees in despair, begging for mercy, for he "thought it was Stephen." "Well," said the marshal, rubbing his hand, which

was tingling with the smart, "if it had been Stephen, you ought not to have struck so hard," and said no more on the subject.—JOHN ADAMS, "Diary," March 27, 1778.

A Frenchman in London advertised an infallible remedy against fleas. The ladies all flocked to purchase the powder; but, after they had bought it, one of them asked for directions to use it. "Madam," says the Frenchman, "you must catch the flea, and squeeze him between your fingers until he gape, then you must put a little of this powder in his mouth and I will be responsible he will never bite you again." "But," says the lady, "when I have him between my fingers, why may I not rub him to death?" "Oh, madam, dat vill do just as vell den."—JOHN ADAMS, "Diary," March 29, 1778.

The consul [of France at Ferrol, in Spain, 1779] . . . told me that there is for the province of Galice a sovereign court of justice, which has both civil and criminal jurisdiction; that it is without appeal in all criminal cases, but in some civil cases an appeal lies to the Council; that there is not time for an application for pardon, for they execute forthwith; that hanging is the capital punishment; they burn sometimes, but it is after death; that there was lately a sentence for parricide; the law requires that the criminal should be headed up in a hogshead with an adder, a toad, a dog, a cat, etc., and cast into the sea; that he looked at it and found that they had printed those animals on the hogshead and that the dead body was put into the cask.—JOHN ADAMS, "Diary," December 14, 1779.

The post boy (who upon asking where I would be carried, was answered to the best inn in London, for all are alike unknown to me) carried us to the Adelphi buildings in the Strand. Whether it was the boy's cunning or whether it was mere chance I know not, but I found myself in a street which was marked John street. The postilion turned a corner and I found myself in Adams street. He turned another corner and I was in John Adams street. I thought surely we are arrived in fairyland. How can all this be? Arrived at Osborne's Adelphi Hotel, and having engaged convenient apartments, which was all I desired and as much as my revenues could command, I inquired of Mr. Osborne, our landlord, about the oddity of meeting my own name in all the streets about his house. I was informed that the Adelphi Hotel and all the streets and buildings about it had been planned and executed by two architects by the name of Adams, two brothers from Scotland, the name of the oldest of whom was John, both under the protection and probably the support of the great Earl of Mansfield.—JOHN ADAMS, letter quoted by John Quincy Adams and Charles Francis Adams in "Life of John Adams."

We have heard and our authority is no less than the elder President Adams—of what is called a pouting room in France; the apartment being of an octagonal form and all the sides, as well as the ceiling overhead, of the most polished mirrors; so that a person standing in the center may see himself in every possible direction, multiplied into an indefinite vista of selves, as far as the eye can reach. Into such a focus of reflections, it is said, the gallant gentlemen of the most chivalrous portion of Europe cast an unfortunate lady whose temper has escaped her control, dooming her simply to the reflection of her own countenance.—*The North American Review*, January, 1838.

ADAMS, John Quincy, 1767-1848. President of the United States.

Mr. Millard Fillmore remarked that John Quincy Adams once said that he made it a point to read "Gil Blas" through once a year and that he never read it through without new delight and increased knowledge.—HIRAM C. DAY, "Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Buffalo Historical Society."

ADAMS, Samuel, 1722-1803. American statesman.

With respect to General [James] Wilkinson I remember an anecdote. He was, in 1777, an aide to General Gates and by him sent to Congress at Yorktown in Pennsylvania with the despatches giving an account of the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne and the British army to the Americans at Saratoga. On the way he spent a day at Reading, about fifty miles from New York, with a young lady from Philadelphia, whom he afterwards married. When the despatches were read in Congress, propositions were made for paying a proper compliment to the favorite of General Gates, who brought us such pleasing news. Governor Samuel Adams, with a grave and solemn face, moved Congress that the young gentleman be presented with a pair of spurs. —WILLIAM V. WELLS, "Life of Samuel Adams."

ADDISON, Joseph, 1672-1719. English author and statesman.

Lord Egmont, in his manuscript collection, has related an instance of Mr. Addison's

jealousy with regard to his reputation. Having heard that a gentleman had, for his diversion, turned eight lines of Cato into burlesque, he could not rest till, by the interposition of a friend, he prevailed upon the author to burn them.

Free and elegant as was the accustomed style of Addison, it is known that on many occasions he could not satisfy the fastidiousness of his taste in his own compositions. It was his official business to write to Hanover that Queen Anne was dead; he found it so difficult to express himself suitably to his own notions of the importance of the event that the lords of the regency were obliged to employ Mr. Southwell, one of the clerks. Southwell stated the fact, as he was ordered, in the ordinary perspicuity of business; and then boasted of his superiority to Addison in having readily done that which Addison attempting to do had failed.—"Addisoniana."

Mr. Temple Stangan had on some emergency borrowed a sum of money from Addison, who soon remarked that his debtor ceased to converse with him on equal terms, and instead of freely controverting his opinions as before now yielded a tame assent to whatever he was pleased to advance. The change displeased him and one day, when Mr. Stangan had expressed his perfect conformity of sentiment on some topic which had frequently been the subject of keen dispute between them, he exclaimed with heat: "Either contradict me, sir, or pay me my money."—LUCY AIKIN, "Life of Joseph Addison."

The modest Addison was accused by a lady of being dull and heavy in conversation. "Madam," he replied with great dignity, "I have only ninepence in my pocket, but I can draw for a thousand pounds."

We allude to the famous words which he is said to have addressed in his last moments to the young Earl of Warwick: "See in what peace a Christian can die." The story originated with Young, who said he had it from Tickell; adding that the earl led an irregular life, which Addison wished to reclaim. But, according to Malone, who was a scrupulous inquirer, there is no evidence of the earl's having led such a life, and Walpole, in one of his letters, which were published not long ago, startled—we should say shocked—the world by telling that Addison "died of brandy."—LEIGH HUNT, "Old Court Suburb."

He no more died of brandy than Pitt died of port, although his constitution equally required stimulants. There is a tradition that a bottle of wine was placed at each end of the gallery or dining room where he paced up and down in the act of composition or meditation. The Princess [Marie Lichtenstein] says a bottle of port at one end and of sherry at the other.—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1873.

ADELAIDE, Maria Theresa Caroline Amelia Adelaide, 1792-1849. Queen of England.

I had a nurse once, who had been nurse for some months to the queen dowager and was with her when she died. She told me that Queen Adelaide had the most extraordinary mania for pins; she was always wondering what became of the millions of pins that disappeared and she could not bear a single one should be lost; it was a case of searching for hours for a pin that had been dropped. One day a nurse took a pin out of the queen's pincushion; the queen, who had recognized its disappearance, asked whence she had got the pin, proceeding, at once, to impress upon her what a heinous crime it was to touch her pincushion, and ending by saying that, no doubt, she had picked it up somewhere and did not know where. The nurse answered, "No, your majesty, I took it out of your majesty's pincushion." "Now," said the queen, "I know that I can trust you, for you speak the truth; I wanted to try you." The pincushion was all decorated with flowers and patterns in pins and the queen used to tell her to go and bring a pin from such and such a row, in such and such a flower; and the pin had afterwards to be put back in the same place.

No one was allowed to wear the same dress twice, without some change being made in it. I remember one of the maids of honor, Miss Kerr, Lady Robert Kerr's daughter, telling me of the way to make natural flowers last, so that they could be worn as a trimming, proved a saving of forty pounds a year to her. She said that all the time of the maids of honor was taken up by planning alterations in their dresses.—ANNA MARIA WILHELMINA PICKERING, "Memoirs."

ALBERT, Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel, 1819-1861. Prince Consort of England.

The prince, examining a list of palace charges, was puzzled over a weekly expenditure of thirty-five shillings for "Red Room Wine." He investigated this charge, being naturally hindered at every step, until at last he discovered that a certain room at Windsor had been used temporarily during the reign of George III. as a guard room and that five shillings a day had been allowed to provide

wine for the officers. The guard had been removed many years before, but the item of wine which still figured in the cellarage account had become the perquisite of a half-pay officer, who held the sinecure of under-butler. The prince offered him the choice between relinquishing the wine money or of really becoming a butler, much to his horror.

It happened that on one long drive in Scotland Prince Albert fainted. The distracted queen could only wait until they got to some place where brandy was to be secured to revive him, so in terror she supported her husband while the coachman galloped his horses over three or four miles of road until houses were reached. After that Victoria commanded that a bottle of brandy should be placed in her carriage every time she drove out, and, as the bottle was removed before the carriage went back to the stables, and as a new bottle was put there each time it again came to the door, and was never opened by the queen, some one had cause to congratulate himself on the fainting attack.—CLARE JERROLD, "Married Life of Queen Victoria." [A parallel anecdote to this will be found attributed to CATHERINE II. of Russia.]

A very favorite sport with the prince was to tumble little boys into the water—the swimming master being by for safety—and then dive after them to bring them up.—HENRY W. WOLFF, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1894.

ALEXANDER I., 1777-1825. Emperor of Russia.

He had strange and unfashionable ways and tastes, incomprehensible to the Russian court; was known to long for the time when he might retire from a position which most men coveted; saying on one occasion that the position of an English squire was what he most envied. He continued to lead the same life, devoid of pomp and ceremony, he had preferred as Czarevitch; maintained his mother's court at the same standard as when she was reigning empress, but refused to increase the parade of his own; would take long walks into the country unattended; wore no ornaments, not a ring, nor even, though scrupulously punctual, a watch; detested flattery; never played cards and disliked snuff and tobacco; would help, moreover, to move a wounded or sick soldier, and was known to have stopped his carriage—never attended by guards—within a few miles of Vilna, and take up an old and lame peasant woman, painfully plodding on the road.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1890.

He regarded the partition of Poland as a crime and had thoughts of reconstituting the kingdom, with himself as its king; but he was quite ready to join in the partition of Turkey, provided he got the larger share of the spoil.—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1893.

On the arrival of the Count d'Artois from exile at Paris, M. de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vincenza, among other sycophants, presented himself at the Tuileries to pay his court. On being perceived by the Count d'Artois he addressed him: "M. Caulaincourt, you lie much under the imputation of being accessory to a most horrid crime [meaning the death of the Duke of Enghien]; I hope you will be able to justify yourself, but until then I must decline receiving you." Caulaincourt immediately repaired to the Emperor of Russia, with whom he had long been in great favor, and related to him what had passed. The Czar replied: "What ridiculous susceptibility! I am daily surrounded by those who murdered my father and have not more zealous servants than they are; but make yourself easy; I will arrange this for you." He invited the Count d'Artois to dinner and seated him on his right, placing Caulaincourt to the right of the count. This fact I had from several Bourbonists, one of whom was present, and two others said they had heard it related by the Count d'Artois himself.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1828, quoting "A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris."

He gave proof of intrepidity and presence of mind during a tempest which befell him on a lake near Archangel, when, perceiving the pilot overwhelmed with the responsibility his imperial rank laid upon him, he said, "My friend, more than eighteen hundred years have elapsed since a Roman general, placed in similar circumstances, said to his pilot, 'Fear not, for thou hast with thee Cæsar and his fortunes.' I am, however, less bold than Cæsar; I therefore charge thee to think no more of the emperor than of thyself or any other man and do thy best to save us both."—*Sharp's Magazine*, December, 1850.

One need only think of the anecdote told of Alexander I. of Russia, as well as of Leopold II. "Sire," some one said to the Czar, "I am a republican." "So am I, but my profession is against it."—A. S. RAPPAPORT, "Leopold II."

The Emperor Alexander naturally feared that the departure of the empress would only alarm the people and said to his mother with

respectful firmness: "Madame, I have begged you as a son, now I command you as emperor, to remain."—COUNTESS DE CHOISEUL-GOUFFIER, "Memoirs of Alexander I."

One of his favorite relaxations was to take long walks. Attired in plain clothes and without an attendant, he would often start for a vigorous tramp at noon, returning by two o'clock. A story is told of how on one occasion, being late, he hired a hackney sledge and had himself driven to the imperial palace. On his arrival he found that he was without money. The driver, failing to recognize him, refused to trust him, exclaiming, "Oh, no, my officer, I have driven too many young sparks like you. With them it is out of sight out of mind. I have been left in the lurch too often." The emperor left his fur cloak as a pledge with this cautious cabby and then sent out his footman to redeem it with a ten-pound note as a compensation for the bad debts of the ingenuous sledge-driver. When the latter heard whom he had the honor of driving, he is said to have bolted as fast as he could, but tradition adds that the ten-pound note is carefully preserved and is handed down as an heirloom from generation to generation. The next morning at the levee the emperor told the commanding officer who attended that, although their regiments were in splendidly efficient state, "your subalterns have subjected me to the humiliation of being obliged to leave my cloak as a pledge with a sledge-driver, who would not trust me, because he said my comrades often forgot to pay him."—E. A. B. HODGETTS, "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century."

Alexander of Russia was accompanied to the Congress of Vienna not alone by his imperial consort, the gentle and chaste Elizabeth, but by the haughty and able Madame de Nariskin. The latter was not merely the Cynthia of the minute, but the year-long friend, guide, counselor, the meretricious Egeria of the Muscovite Numa. In her presence the empress was a unit marked with honors which scourged her and the object of attentions which must have seared her soul. She endured the torture of her dignity with an external indifference which would have gained her applause among the children of Lycurgus; but her heart was writhing beneath the smiles that veiled its anguish. The immediate cause is revealed without a comment by the Count de la Garde [Souvenirs of the Congress of Vienna]. It was not so much that the wife was outraged as that the proud authoress of the insult wounded her more deeply upon another point. "The empress of Russia," says our author, "was the only individual whose features were unmistakably marked with a most profound melancholy." This melancholy was particularly aggravated on one occasion upon beholding husband, Madame Nariskin and child in one fond union walking side by side. "It was evident enough," says the count, "that she was jealous of those maternal joys and that the sight she witnessed renewed her sorrows. So unbounded was the affection of this princess for the emperor that whenever she happened to meet the daughter born to him by Madame de Nariskin she overwhelmed her with a storm of eager kisses and caresses, seeking as it were momentarily to delude the profound sorrows which she endured as wife and mother." —*The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1850.

Alexander had been likened before to his great namesake and to Cyrus; Madame de Krudener freshened comparisons. . . . Before she had seen him she had called him the Universal Savior, the White Angel, whom she was constantly contrasting with the Black Angel, Napoleon.

What she said she doubtless believed, but there still lingered about her a flattering savor of the habits of the great world, which by no means prejudiced her influence. The emperor's carriages were sent for her and her retinue to Mesnil, and the honor rendered by Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon at Compiègne did not exceed the respect paid by the victorious emperor to Madame de Krudener. Not as a favored subject, not as Marshal Munich's granddaughter, did he receive her, but as the envoy of heaven whom it was his appointed object to usher into the midst of his army. And she, dressed in a long, plain robe, girdled-in about the waist, and a straw bonnet, often laid aside to leave her head uncovered, with her fair hair, divided in the middle, floating back over her shoulders, one long, wavy lock, which she caught sometimes and drew forwards, straying loose, appeared among the prostrate soldiers at the hour of prayer with her "message."—MARGARET M. MAITLAND, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1884.

It was in this year [1814] that the emperor of Russia brought into fashion a dance —the polonaise—which had certainly need of his patronage to render it acceptable. But he danced it and that was enough to induce every one to admire it.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

The emperor Alexander of Russia during the occupation of Paris was present at the

anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed around by the ladies who patronized the institution. The plate presented to the emperor was held by an extremely pretty girl. The emperor dropped in a handful of gold and whispered, "That is for beautiful bright eyes." The charming little damsel courtesied and immediately presented the plate again. "What?" said the emperor; "more?" "Yes, sire," said she; "now I want something for the poor."—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1883.

The Legend of His Abdication

Upon leaving his presence I was sensibly impressed with the vanity of human greatness. The circumstances brought forcibly to memory the closing scene of the life of Emperor Alexander. Throughout his last illness he refused to take medicine and thus suffered his disease, which was not at first considered dangerous, to become mortal. When Sir James Wylie, his physician, told him that unless he would submit to medical treatment his disease must prove fatal, the Emperor Alexander regarded him earnestly, and exclaimed in the most solemn manner, "And why should I desire to live?" He continued to reject all remedies and his death was the consequence. On the truth of this anecdote you may rely. There was no foundation for the report that he had been poisoned.—JAMES BUCHANAN, letter, dated August 7, 1833, to Louis McLane, Secretary of State of the United States, quoted in George Ticknor Curtis's "Life of James Buchanan."

On the evening of Friday, the 27th of November, I proceeded, at the request of Count Woronzow, to the residence of Sir James Wylie, for many years physician to the person of his imperial majesty, for the purpose of obtaining an account of the emperor's illness, and the treatment which would have been pursued, had not his majesty strenuously refused all medical assistance. . . . Sir James was again desired by the empress to endeavor to convince his majesty that his life was in the greatest danger, and, that as he would not submit to medical treatment, he should think seriously, so long as he retained consciousness, of employing spiritual aid. On the morning of the 15th, at five o'clock, he was confessed by the priest; and he requested that in this religious act he should be confessed as a simple individual. When this was finished, the priest strongly urged his majesty to employ medical aid, saying that, unless he did so, he would not fulfil the whole of his Christian duty. Between nine and ten o'clock he consented for the first time to the application of leeches to his temple. The brain had now become affected and he was occasionally delirious. . . . The physicians who had the care of his majesty were accused by some, without the slightest ground, of mismanaging the case; and I heard the question repeatedly put, "Why they did not compel his majesty to submit to their plan of treatment?" or, in other words, as Sir James Wylie expressed it, why did they not commit the crime of *lèse-majesté*—a proceeding which no circumstances would ever justify.—ROBERT LEE, M.D., F.R.S., in *The London Athenæum*, August 9, 1845.

It is a common belief among the lower classes, especially the priests and monks, that the emperor Alexander I. did not die on the day on which he is supposed to have breathed his last, but that an empty coffin was lowered into the vault where the remains of the Romanoff family repose. This was done by his own expressed wish, in which his wife, the Empress Elizabeth, acquiesced, and, while the whole nation was praying for the soul of the departed potentate, a quiet, plainly attired moujik stole away from the crowd of courtiers gathered around the new czar. Protected by the robe and hood of a wandering pilgrim he traveled on and on until he reached a solitary spot in the midst of the vast Russian plain. There for many years he lived like the anchorites of old. It was only once a year, during the Easter festivities, that he made his appearance in the capital, and then he used to go straight to the imperial palace. His stature was so erect, his bearing so dignified and noble, his look so gentle yet so commanding, that no one ever dared to refuse him admittance. He would walk from hall to hall, his arms and feet bare, and his long white hair and beard sweeping over his neck, stopping only when he reached the threshold of the czar's private apartments. The chamberlain who ushered him in never closed the folding doors behind the silent visitor without waiting to observe that the czar, worshiped like a demi-god by all, yet stooped low when the stranger entered and reverently kissed his shriveled hand. The hermit in time became a well-known figure, but no prayers or entreaties could ever detain him more than one day in St. Petersburg, and when at last he died he was buried there beside his forefathers in the fortress chapel. The legend is quite affirmative as to the latter point and the emperor Alexander I. is cited by the monks as an example of those who live in austerity and aspire to holiness.—

HELENE VACARESCO, "Kings and Queens I Have Known."

In 1907 there appeared in Russia a book by the grand duke Nicholas Michaelovitch, called "The Legend of the End of Alexander I. in Siberia in the Person of the Hermit Theodor Kouzmitch." There had already been a number of smaller pamphlets on the subject, the authors of which admitted the possibility of the legend being true. The grand duke Nicholas clearly denied this possibility and supports his opinion with many persuasive arguments. But he even admits that our great historian, N. K. Schilder, in his private talks with him, as well as in his vast and splendid researches in the reign and personality of Alexander I., transparently alluded to his own belief in the possibility of the extraordinary event. The grand duke also openly admits that the mysterious and unique personality of the great hermit, Theodor Kouzmitch, has never been disclosed and that in any case this old man died in 1864 in a forest hut without leaving the slightest clue to his identity. . . . This great historian sums up his study of Alexander I. in the following words: "A sphinx unsolved to the end." . . . At the age of nineteen Alexander wrote to his beloved friend and teacher, the French republican, La Harpe, "I have sworn to myself to abdicate: how can one man put Russia into order?" To another friend he wrote: "I shall live like a private man on the Rhine; only the day of abdication is not yet fixed." When he heard of Catherine's plan for declaring him her heir, he wrote to La Harpe again: "If it is true that they are going to neglect my father's rights, I and my wife will run away to America and no one will hear of us any more. . . . The mere thought of my future destiny makes me shudder." He [Theodor Kouzmitch] was buried by Kromoff in the churchyard of Tomsk monastery. On the plain wooden cross were carved the words, "Here is interred the body of the Great Blessed Hermit, Theodor Kouzmitch, who died in Tomsk on January 2, 1864." The simple grave was visited by many of the Russian aristocracy, also by the grand duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, and later on by the present emperor, since when a small chapel has been erected by a member of the state council, Galkin-Vrasskoi. Schilder, the historian, relates an episode of two old courtiers visiting Theodor Kouzmitch. One of them entered his hut first and knelt before the hermit without lifting his head. Then the old man spoke some words to him. The courtier looked up and fainted. The hermit opened the door and said to those outside, "Carry him out carefully; he will come to. Only tell him not to speak of what he heard and saw." And the man never did. Still more interesting is the unwritten fact that the Metropolitan of Petersburg, at the end of the last century, on hearing of the investigations and studies of Schilder before his famous work came out, smiled and said, "He would kneel to me to learn what I know." Schilder flew to him and knelt, and pleaded. The Metropolitan shook his head: "No use; I am tied by my oath."—N. JARINTZOFF, in *The Contemporary Review*, June, 1912.

To return to Khromoff, who died only a few years ago. Relying on the paper which he received from Theodor Kouzmitch, he held to the end that Alexander I., like Charles V., of Germany, and Christina, of Sweden, abdicated the throne through disappointment, desirous to be quit of the reins of government and at peace from the strife of tongues. Alexander "died" in 1825, aged forty-eight. Theodor Kouzmitch appeared in Tomsk in the "thirties," after having led a vagrant life for several years, and died in 1864, at which date Alexander would have been eighty-seven, if Khromoff is correct. In support of his theory is also to be adduced the resemblance in the portraits between Alexander and this old vagabond.—J. Y. SIMPSON, *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1897.

ALEXANDER II., 1818-1881. Emperor of Russia.

According to the customs of the empire, Alexander, when quite a youth, entered the military service as a cadet. At fourteen years of age he was appointed a subaltern of the Guard. A few days after this promotion, while proceeding to the apartments he occupied in the imperial palace, he traversed a hall in which several high dignitaries were assembled. On the approach of the prince they rose and bowed. This mark of respect, paid him by old soldiers, greatly flattered the young man; he wished to enjoy it again and passed several times in succession through the hall, but the generals who had saluted him previously paid no attention. The grand duke, much annoyed, ran to complain to his father. The latter, taking him by the hand, led him back to the hall, where he had left the generals. "My son," he said to him in their presence, "it is really painful to me that you understand so slightly the duties imposed upon you by your new epaulettes towards your superior officers and that you do not feel that respect which heads grown gray

in the service claim from you. Are you aware that the men by whom you wish to be honored, you ought to honor yourself? for to them your father owes his throne and his life, and their fidelity, zeal and loyal services can alone pave your way to that throne and assist you in filling it with glory. Bow to them, to these noble gentlemen, and consider as a great honor every mark of devotion and respect they grant you. What you have done just now convinces me that you are still too young to wear the epaulettes that have been given you; I will take them back. You must not reclaim them until your conduct has proved that you can wear them honorably." And the emperor detached the epaulettes from his son's coat and warned him not to forget his lesson.

One day, when the two grand dukes were playing with several of their comrades in one of the saloons of the Winter Palace, they suddenly made such a disturbance that the emperor Nicholas came out of his cabinet angrily to call them to order. The emperor tore open the door of the room but, at the sight of the scene that was taking place, stopped in amazement at the threshold. The grand duke Constantine was holding Alexander down with his knee; he had passed a scarf around his neck, which he was pretending to draw tightly; his comrades were shouting in glee, while Alexander, feigning despair, was crying for mercy. "What is the meaning of all this?" the emperor exclaimed. He soon learned that the children had been representing a scene in Russian history—the death of Paul I. He addressed a stern admonition to them all, telling them that it was not permitted to represent such hateful actions. Then he placed Constantine and his companions under arrest for having made the heir of the throne play the part of a victim. As for the latter, as he had been guilty of crying for mercy, he was put in confinement. "A Russian sovereign," Nicholas said to him, "must never ask for mercy."—LEOUZON LEDUC, "Personal Reminiscences of the Emperor Alexander II."

The young prince seems to have been very good-looking, but also very precocious. At a review held on the occasion of his sixth birthday, the emperor Alexander I. allowed him to announce to the men the gratuities they were to receive. The little prince was told to proclaim the amounts as loudly as his voice could and each captain repeated the boy's words to the company, who returned thanks in chorus. The performance so pleased the young grand duke that he repeated it, proclaiming the rewards over and over again for the pleasure of hearing the stentorian expressions of gratitude. It seems that he had to be checked, and, although his kindly uncle insisted on giving the men, who numbered 10,000, the full amount they had been promised, his father, when he got his youngster home, administered so severe a thrashing that young Alexander never forgot it.—E. A. B. HODGETTS, "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century."

At the time of the war between Austria and France, the emperor Alexander, in the course of a confidential chat, complained to me of the violent and offensive tone in which Russian politics were criticized in the correspondence between German princes and members of the imperial family. He ended his complaint of his relation by the indignant words, "What is especially offensive to me in the matter is that my German cousins send their rude remarks through the post in order that they may be sure to come to my personal knowledge." There was no malice in the emperor's admission; he was simply under the impression that it was his right as a monarch to make himself acquainted, even by such means as these, with the correspondence which passed through the Russian post office.—PRINCE BISMARCK, "Thoughts and Recollections."

The following pleasing story of Alexander II., related by Augustus Hare, showed that the exotic emperors could revenge themselves by truly cultured means. A young poet, says Hare, had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the empress, but also all the grand dukes and duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said; "it is no case for delay." "Oh, no," said the empress; "wait a little, but tell the man that I desire to see him at six o'clock to-morrow evening." Hare goes on to describe the emotions of the young poet as he proceeded to the palace and conjured up the terrible fate in store for him. He was shown through all the grand state rooms, one after the other, without seeing any one, until at last he arrived at a small commonplace room at the end of them all and here he saw the empress, the emperor and all the grand dukes and duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem. "How do you do, sir?" said the emperor. "I hear that you have written a most beautiful poem and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the grand dukes and duchesses to come, that they

may have the pleasure of hearing you." All protestations were unavailing, the young poet had to go through the ordeal, on the termination of which Hare makes the empress say, "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."

An Englishman who had arrived in the winter of that year (1867) in St. Petersburg with his wife and son took his family for a walk in the Summer Garden, as it is called. There were very few people about, and strolling along the deserted snowclad path he encountered a very tall and rather supercilious-looking officer who was sauntering down the middle of the path and displayed no intention of making way for the Englishman and his wife. The Englishman, who had been a sailor, was a very sturdy and a very pugnacious stickler for what he thought was his due and was determined not to give way for any unmannerly Russian officer. The officer seemed surprised at first, then an indulgent smile illuminated his somewhat weary countenance, and he indifferently, as though mentally shrugging his shoulders, deviated from the straight course and ceded the center of the path to the Englishman, who discovered a few minutes later, when he again met the same officer, this time getting into his sledge, while all the populace stood bareheaded, that he had succeeded in making the emperor of Russia get out of his way. Filled with repentant contrition, he joined the saluting crowd, to receive a genial smile of recognition. The emperor had fully understood the situation.—E. A. B. HODGETTS, "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century."

ALEXANDER III., 1845-1894. Emperor of Russia.

The third son, Alexis, who is said to be contemplating a visit to this country during the present year, is in the naval service. Somewhat more than a year ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flagship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered and directed Alexis to take charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman declined to obey the order. It was peremptorily repeated: "I, your commanding officer, order you into the boat." "Admiral, I cannot obey you," said the young prince. "It would not become the son of the emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you to the last." "But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so." "I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey." In due time almost the entire crew reached the shore in safety, only some four or five having perished in transit to the ship. Among the last to leave were the admiral and the grand duke Alexis. Tents were hastily erected from the sails and spars of the ship saved from the wreck and the rigid discipline of ship life was promptly resumed. The young prince was placed under arrest for his previous disobedience of orders. As soon as possible the Russian minister at Copenhagen was informed of the facts and telegraphed them to the emperor, from whom he received the following reply: "I approve of the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."—*Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1870.

The emperor takes a visible delight in manual labor which in his case is a physical necessity no less than a favorite pastime. He unhesitatingly puts his hand to any kind of work that has to be done, but his usual occupation is to fell huge trees, saw them into planks, plane them and generally prepare them for the cabinet-maker. In winter the gardeners have strict orders not to clear the snow from the avenues and walks in the park, which is invariably left for his majesty, who, attired in a short gray jacket, shovels it into enormous mounds and then transfers it to a cart. It occasionally happens, when he cannot complete the tasks he has set himself within the time at his disposal, that his children lend him assistance and cart away the snow to a remote part of the grounds. . . . Tasks of manual labor are much more difficult to find in the city than in the country and he sometimes has recourse to curious makeshifts to satisfy his desire. Three years ago, for instance, he undertook to contribute his share in preparing the apartments of the Anisthkoff Palace for winter residence. Previous to that time the work of hanging the pictures used to be entrusted to a specialist in town, whose charge was seven rubles a picture (about 14s.). That year, however, he hung them all to his own satisfaction and that of the other members of the imperial family, refusing all assistance except that of a workman of the palace, Sokoleff. As soon as the work was accomplished the Czar remarked with a smile, "This is the first money I have earned in my life."—E. B. LANIN in the *Contemporary Review*, January, 1893.

In the recent cholera epidemic . . . the Czar has repeatedly visited the hospitals of

St. Petersburg and spoken words of sympathy to the sufferers.—THEODORE SCHWARTZ, in *Munsey's Magazine*, November, 1892.

"I suppose you fancy that we have little freedom of speech," said a liberal-minded Russian to M. Leroy-Beaulieu. "Well, one day a student of one of the great crown colleges, in talking over with his comrades the reforms of Alexander III., declared that the emperor was nothing but a tailor, meaning to insinuate that he was too fond of altering military uniforms. These words came to the ears of the police, who carried them to the sovereign. The imprudent youth was summoned by imperial order to the palace. His parents already saw him on the road to Siberia. And what punishment do you think was inflicted on him? The emperor ordered him to be presented with a complete uniform."

A good story was told in connection with the emperor's visit to the French exhibition. By chance somebody placed in the anteroom of the salon where the exhibition was to take place the statue of a nude woman. The marshal of the court, who preceded the Czar, frightened by the presence of that nudity, and fearing that it would shock the modesty of his majesty, or that of the ladies who accompanied him, got hold of a curtain and threw it over the statue. "Leave it alone," said the emperor, who had seen everything. "I know that the costume she wears is one which the French most admire."—CHARLES LOWE, "Alexander III."

On the death of Admiral Shestakoff, the late Minister of Marine, his papers were, according to custom, sealed up for inspection by the proper authority. Among these papers was found a letter from the much-hated minister, M. Pobiedonotsoff, formerly the Czar's tutor, and of late years his most trusted adviser. In this letter, referring to some proposal of the admiral's, Pobiedonotsoff wrote, "You are quite right, but the Czar is too stupid to understand it." Great was the triumph of the minister's enemies when it was found that this letter would be brought to the emperor's notice and the disgrace of the hated favorite was confidently expected. Alexander, however, on reading the letter, merely remarked: "I know Pobiedonotsoff thinks me stupid; he always told me so when he was my teacher." The Czar never again alluded to the subject and the ex-teacher retained his master's confidence to the last.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1895.

On paying a visit to one of the military colonies Alexander resolved to inspect every house, so as to satisfy himself as to the condition of the establishment. On every table he found a commissariat dinner prepared, one of the staple articles of which was a sucking-pig. At last, one of his majesty's attendants, Prince Volkhonski, suspecting some trick, slily cut off the pig's tail and slipped it into his pocket. On entering the next house there again was the roast pig on the table—but this time without a tail. "I think," said the prince, "that we have an old friend here." On being questioned as to his meaning, he produced the missing tail and fitted it to the place from which it had been sliced.

Once the introduction of lifts (elevators) was recommended by the Council of the Empire. A small minority was against it, because it was alleged that foreigners were at the back of the undertaking. The Czar did not confirm the bill and remarked on the margin, "I am astonished that a majority could be found to sell Russia."—CHARLES LOWE, "Alexander III."

ALLEN, Ethan, 1737-1789. American Revolutionary patriot.

Allen was in church one Sunday with a number of friends listening to a very high Calvinistic minister (exact stature not recorded). The text chosen was, "Many shall strive to enter in, but shall not be able," and the preacher premised his remarks by observing that the grace of God was certainly sufficient to include one person out of ten. "Secondly" disclosed the fact that not one in twenty would attempt to avail himself of salvation. At "thirdly" it came out that but one man in fifty was really an object of Divine solicitude. "Fourthly" was announced and the estimate of elect now reduced to great correctness, the sad conclusion being drawn that but one out of eighty—when Allen seized his hat and evacuated the pew, exclaiming, "I'm off, boys; any one of you may take my chance."—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1875.

ALVANLEY, William Arden, Baron, 1789-1849. British nobleman.

Lord Alvanley was the most agreeable of the company. He did not talk much, but what he said was pointed and witty, without sarcasm or ill nature, made a joke of his own indiscretions, asked if there was any chance of the ten tribes of Israel being recovered, as he had exhausted the other two and had called out the conscription of next year.—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections."

Lord Alvanley, when asked to go to a masquerade as Isaac of York, apologised for

his refusal on the ground that he never could do a Jew.—N. W. WRAXALL, "Memoirs."

When his pecuniary affairs had become gravely embarrassed, Charles Greville, who was an excellent man of business, volunteered to make an arrangement with the creditors. He congratulated Alvanley on the balance sheet being better than he had supposed. "Oh, by the way," said Alvanley, meeting him the next day, "apropos of those accounts, I had quite forgotten a debt of £55,000."—A. I. SHAND, *Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1897.

A good story of B. Craven and Lord Alvanley, when an accident happened to their carriage; the former getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow and said, "Your age protects you," while Alvanley, who had advanced towards the postilion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him, saying in his waggish way, "Your youth protects you."—THOMAS MOORE, "Journal."

It was in connection with a political statement in 1835 that O'Connell referred to him in the House of Commons as a "bloated buffoon." Dueling, though on the decline, was still in vogue and Alvanley at once sent a challenge, which the Liberator declined on the ground that after the meeting twenty years earlier in which he had killed Mr. d'Esterre he had taken a vow never to go out again. Alvanley, who might have overlooked the "buffoon," could not forgive the allusion to his corpulence and sent word he would thrash the aggressor, whereupon Morgan O'Connell offered himself in his father's place. It is told that while Alvanley drove in silence to the ground with his second, Dawson Damer, who had the distinction of being the best dressed man at White's, the latter thought to himself, "Well, I see Alvanley is for once made serious," and broke the silence by addressing his principal, "Let what will come of it, Alvanley, the world is extremely indebted to you for calling out this fellow as you have done." "The world indebted to me, my dear fellow," exclaimed the other. "I am devilish glad to hear it, for then the world and I are quits." On the ground appeared unexpectedly a Methodist parson, who came to beg the combatants "to forego their sinful purpose." His appeal to O'Connell meeting with no success, he walked across to Lord Alvanley. "Pray, sir, go and mind your own affairs," said the latter, "for I have enough to do now to think of mine." "Think of your soul," the well-meaning meddler implored. "Yes," retorted the peer, "but my body is now in the greatest danger." Several shots were exchanged without result. "What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be to miss such a fat fellow as I," said Alvanley calmly, alluding to the insult that had provoked the meeting. "He ought to practise at a haystack to get his hand in." Driven back to London he gave the hackney coachman a sovereign. "It's a great deal," said the man gratefully, "for having driven your lordship to Wimbledon." "No, my good fellow," the peer laughed; "I give it to you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back."—LEWIS MELVILLE, "The Beaux of the Regency."

ANDRÉ, Major John, 1751-1780. British soldier.

A foraging party from New York made an inroad into our settlement near that city. The neighbors soon assembled to oppose them and, though not above fifteen years old, I turned out with my friends, in company with another boy, in age and size and nearly my own speed. We had counted on a fine chase, but the British were not to be driven so easily as we had expected. Standing their ground, they not only put us to flight, but captured several of our party, myself and the other boy among them. They presently set off with us for New York, and all the way as we were going my heart ached to think how distressed my poor mother and sisters would be when night came and I did not return. Soon as they brought me in sight of the prison, I was struck with horror. The gloomy walls and frightful guards at the doors and wretched crowds at the iron windows, together with the thoughts of being locked up there in dark dungeons with disease and death, so overcame me that I burst into tears. Instantly a richly dressed officer stepped up and, taking me by the hand, with a look of great tenderness said, "My dear boy, what makes you cry?" I told him I could not help it when I compared my present sad prospect with the happy one I enjoyed in the morning with my mother and sisters at home. "Well, well, my dear child," said he, "don't cry, don't cry any more." Then, turning to the jailor, he ordered him to stop until he should come back. I was struck with the wonderful difference between this man and the rest around us. He appeared to me like a brother, they like brutes. I asked the jailor who he was. "Why, that's Major André," said he angrily, "the adjutant-general of the army, and you may thank your stars that he saw you, for I suppose that he has gone to the general to beg you off, as he done many of your —— rebel countrymen." In a short time he returned and, with great joy in his

countenance, called out, "Well, my boys, I've good news for you! The general has given you to me, to dispose of as I choose, and now you are at liberty. So run home to your fond parents and be good boys and mind what they tell you, say your prayers, love one another and God Almighty will bless you."—JOHN WINTHROP, "Life of André," quoting "a Mrs. Drewy."

The story [told in Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature"] goes that at the time of André's execution in America a young lady in England, to whom he was engaged, was sitting at the piano when she suddenly screamed and fell backward in a swoon. On her recovery she explained that the Major had appeared to her hanging from a gibbet. Her friends attempted to comfort her by saying that there could be no truth in her vision, because as her lover was an English officer he would be shot, and not hanged, if his life were taken at all. When the news actually arrived it was found that the execution had taken place at the very time the young lady swooned and exactly as she had seen it in her vision. About a couple of years ago I wished to make use of this story and therefore inquired from the friend from whom I had first heard it for such authentication as he could obtain. He took some pains in the matter and the result was that the story entirely failed. André was attached, but not engaged, to the beautiful and accomplished Honora Sneyd, who afterward became the wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth (the father of Maria Edgeworth) and died of consumption on April 30, 1780, five months and two days after the execution of André. Further it was discovered that the representatives of André's family utterly deny the truth of the story and treat it as a fabrication.—*Notes and Queries*, January 11, 1879.

ANGLESEA, Henry William Paget, Marquis of, 1768-1854. British peer and soldier.

To Lord Anglesea, who was beating his wife, she said, "How much happier is that wench (pointing to a housemaid) than I am!" He immediately kicked the maid downstairs and then said, "Well, there is at least one grievance removed."—HORACE WALPOLE, "Memoirs."

Before he left London he sat to Sir T. Lawrence for the well known full-length portrait, which has since been engraved, in his uniform as Colonel of the Seventh Hussars. When the painting was finished the artist said, "I have given your lordship a great deal of trouble, but I must entreat of you one sitting more, for there is something about this right leg that does not satisfy me and I must alter it." Lord Uxbridge replied, "Not at present; I have too much to do and no time for preparation, but when I return you shall have as many sittings for the leg as you please." He came back, but he left his leg behind him. On a board affixed to a tree, above the grave, the following inscription was written and might be seen long afterwards: "Here lies the Marquess of Anglesea's leg; Pray for the rest of his body, I beg."—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 1854.

ANNE Boleyn, 1507-1536. Queen of England.

Wyatt is rapturous in his commendation of her musical skill and the exquisite sweetness of her voice, both in singing and in speaking. In the true spirit of a lover, the courtly poet, when he mentions the malformation of the little finger of the left hand, on which there was a double nail, with something of an indication of a sixth finger, says, "But that which in others might be regarded as a defect was to her an occasion of additional grace, by the skilful manner in which she concealed it from the observation of others." On this account Anne always wore the hanging sleeves, mentioned as her peculiar fashion when in France. This mode, which was introduced by her into the court of Catherine of Arragon, was eagerly copied by the other ladies. . . . On her throat there was a protuberance, described by others as a disagreeably large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamental collar-band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids of honor, though they never before thought of wearing anything of the kind.

A book, assuming to be of a prophetic character, was, by some mysterious agency, placed in her chamber one day. It seems to have been of a similar class with the oracular hieroglyphic almanacs of succeeding centuries, having within its pages certain figures marked with the letter H upon one, A on another and K on a third; which were expounded as the king and his wives, and to her person certain destruction was predicted if she married the king. Anne, finding the book, took it up, and, seeing the contents, she called her principal attendant, a young lady named Anne Saville. "Come hither, Nan," said she. "See, here is a book of prophecies; this is the king, this is the queen, wringing her hands in mourning, and this is myself, with my head cut off." Anne Saville answered, "If I thought it true I would not myself have him, were he an emperor." "Tut, Nan," replied

Anne Boleyn; "I think the book a bauble, and I am resolved to have him, that my issue may be royal, whatever may become of me." This story is more deserving of credence because related in Wyatt's "Memorials of Anne Boleyn." It proves either that her mind was free from superstition, or that she regarded the production as a device of the queen's friends, who might have taken that method of deterring her from her ambitious designs on the crown matrimonial of England.—AGNES STRICKLAND, "Queens of England."

ANNE, 1693-1740. Empress of Russia.

Another mischievous importation were the gaming tables. Manstein tells us that he has seen as much as 20,000 rubles (£5,000) lost in a single night at quinze and pharo. The empress herself, indeed, played very seldom and always with the intention of losing. She generally kept the bank and called upon those she would to punt, paying the winners in coin on the spot, but accepting only worthless counters herself from the losers. Nevertheless the fact remains that she it was who introduced gambling into Russia and she must therefore be held largely responsible for the infinite damage done thereby.—R. NISBET BAIN, "Pupils of Peter the Great."

This empress expressed a great curiosity to see the Russian dance and ordered four of the principal beauties of St. Petersburg to perform it in her presence. The Princess Dashkow's mother, then in her zenith and famous for her grace in dancing, made one of the group, but, whatever their sense of this imperial honor might have been in distinguishing them above their fellows, they were, nevertheless, so intimidated and trembled to such an excess at the severe glance of the empress, that, losing all presence of mind, they forgot the figure of the dance and, amid the general confusion and dismay, were suddenly electrified by the approach of her majesty, who had risen from her seat in a rage and, advancing to them with the utmost dignity, gave each a sound box on the ear, commanding them instantly to begin over again, which they did, more dead than alive.

This empress was very fond of the Countess Tchernichoff and frequently ordered her into her presence to divert her by her amusing conversation. This poor lady became, however, exceedingly unwell and her legs swelled so violently as to make it a martyrdom for her to stand. The empress, never conceiving the possibility of a subject being tired and not wishing to deprive herself of the entertainment she experienced in her society, for a long time saw her suffering before her eyes without offering the slightest relief. One day, however, perceiving her ready to faint, and vainly trying to support herself first on one foot and then on the other, yet still forcing her spirits into gaiety, the empress took compassion on her poor favorite and said: "Thou mayest lean upon that table and Anna Ivanovna [her majesty's chief attendant] shall stand before thee and screen thee from me that I may not see thy attitude."

Once she decreed that a certain prince should become a hen, to punish him for some trifling misdemeanor, and for this purpose she ordered a large basket, stuffed with straw and hollowed into a nest with a quantity of eggs inside, to be placed conspicuously in one of the principal rooms at court. The prince was condemned, on pain of death, to sit on this nest and to render himself to the last degree ridiculous by imitating the cackling of a hen.—PRINCESS DASHKOW, "Memoirs."

Her jesters used to seat themselves in *loukoshkos* in the room through which she would have to pass on returning to her apartments and cackle like mother hens. Sometimes she would make them sit in a row with their faces to the wall and by turns overturn each other; the jesters would then get into a rage, fight, pull each other by the hair and scratch until the blood came. The Court went into raptures with the scene and "died" of laughing.—H. C. ROMANOFF, "Historical Narratives from the Russian."

An official amuser of the imperial leisure was Prince Aleksander Borisovich Kurakin, the only person at court who was permitted to speak his mind on all occasions. He possessed the additional privilege of getting drunk whenever he liked, a privilege which the abstemious empress allowed to no other person, except on the anniversary of her accession, when bumpers were emptied in her honor which amazed the English minister. These zanies and mountebanks were always at hand to divert the empress; but she seems to have enjoyed their antics most on Sunday afternoon after divine service. Sometimes they were ordered to sit in a row, with crossed legs, and cackle to imitate sitting hens. At other times the sport was more brutal than ridiculous. Thus, very frequently, two of these unfortunate creatures had to mount on the shoulders of two of their colleagues, serving them as steeds, and charge each other until both were unhorsed, when the struggle would be resumed on the floor, the

combatants battering each other's faces and tugging at each other's hair, till the blood came, while Anne and her favorites would stand by and laugh until the tears ran down their cheeks.—R. NISBET BAIN, "Pupils of Peter the Great."

Amongst the Russian gentlemen who had incurred the displeasure of the Czaritsa was Michel Aleksyevitch Golitsuin, who had been guilty of the offense (an unpardonable one in the eyes of so orthodox a princess as Anne) of marrying a Catholic lady during his travels abroad. . . .

On his return home he was degraded into a court buffoon and compelled, besides, to become one of her majesty's pages, although he was over forty years of age and had a grown-up son who was a lieutenant in the Guards. Nor did the cruel scorn of the empress end even here. On the death of Golitsuin's Italian wife, the empress sent for and commanded him to marry again. "I will choose you a bride this time myself," said she, "and what is more, you shall have a splendid wedding, the like of which has never been seen before, and I'll pay all the expenses myself." She then produced the lady, a hideous Calmuck, Anna Buzheninovna by name, whom the unhappy Golitsuin at once accepted, lest a worse thing should befall him. The empress, with the double purpose of humiliating the native nobility in the person of one of its chief members and at the same time impressing the people by an exhibition of the magnitude of her power and the extent of her dominions, then issued a ukase commanding all the principal governors to send to the capital representatives of all the native races within the limits of the empire—Lapps, Finns, Kirghiz, Calmucks, Bashkirs, Tartars, Cossacks, Samoyedes, dressed in their native costumes. They came accordingly and towards the end of the year 1739 the nuptials of Michel Golitsuin and Anna Buzheninovna were celebrated with extraordinary mock pomp and ceremony. The bridal pair went to church in a cage placed on the back of an elephant, and after them came the procession of barbarous races in still more barbarous equipages. Some were in carts drawn by oxen, others in carrioles pulled by pigs, goats or dogs. The Lapps and Samoyedes, distinguished by their rough sheepskins, drove their own reindeer sledges, while Tartars and Cossacks rode on barebacked horses. After the ceremony the motley crew sat down to supper in the huge riding-school which Biren had had recently erected at enormous cost, where every one was served with the dishes of his particular country, the wedding pair sitting apart on a dais under a canopy. After supper every tribe danced its national dances, accompanied by their own music, in the presence of the Czaritsa and her court, the grace and agility of the Zaparogean Cossacks being particularly admired. Then came the crowning jest of the evening. Late at night the wedded couple were conducted in solemn state to a house especially constructed for them out of large, cleanly cut cubes of solid ice. It consisted of a stately vestibule and a large dormitory, all the furniture of which, including the bed, the tables, the chairs, the clocks, the candlesticks, down to the very curtains and toilet requisites, was of ice. Still more remarkable, two mortars and nine cannons, also of ice and mounted on ice carriages, were posted in front of the house, and, on the arrival of the bridal party, they fired a salvo, actually resisting a charge of three-quarters of a pound of gunpowder. The bride and bridegroom were stripped naked in the huge refrigerator and committed to their cold couch, guards being placed before the doors to prevent them from escaping before morning. Whether the unhappy victims of this grimly practical joke survived their nuptials we are not told; but the incident affords a fair specimen of the Czaritsa's feline humor and is unfortunately by no means a solitary instance of it.—R. NISBET BAIN, "Pupils of Peter the Great," based on A. Blanc's "History of Conspiracies," etc.

ARGYLL, John, Fifth Duke of, 1723-1806. Scotch nobleman.

A poacher from Grenock was brought before him in Roseneith. "Why," said his grace, "have you been guilty of this?" "I have a small family to maintain." "Aye," said the benevolent-hearted nobleman, "what may be the number?" "Five daughters, sir, and every one of them has three brothers." "Poor man, that is indeed a heavy handful, and I must let you off this time, but do not repeat the offense." Scarcely, however, had the delinquent quitted the room when his grace recollected that five daughters with each three brothers only made a family of eight, and he laughed at the poacher's pawkiness.—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, "Diary."

ARTHUR, Chester A., 1830-1886. President of the United States.

He had a remarkable memory, especially for faces. He was a great reader and remembered all he read. At a dinner of the Burns Society he corrected a Scotchman who quoted from Tam O'Shanter. They thought they

would entrap him when they asked him to recite the poem. He recited it all on the spot and the jolly Scotchmen were so pleased that they elected him an honorary member, the only man who was so distinguished except the Prince of Wales.—AUDITOR TREICHEL, of the New York Custom House, quoted in the *New York Herald*, November 19, 1886.

He was the first president, so far as I know, to have a valet, and one was needed, for Arthur dressed fashionably.—W. H. CROOK, "Memories of the White House."

President Arthur revered the memory of Mrs. Arthur. Her picture was hung in his chamber at the White House and was by his orders decorated with a wreath of roses every morning. He sat in the pew she used to occupy in St. John's church in Washington and he gave a memorial window to the church in her honor.—FRANK G. CARPENTER in *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1886.

ASHBURTON, John Dunning, Baron, 1731-1783. Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

I had very early after I was called to the bar a brief business in the King's Bench as junior to Mr. Dunning. He began the argument and appeared to me to be reasoning very powerfully against our client. Waiting until I was quite convinced that he was mistaken for what party he was retained, I then touched his arm, and, upon his turning his head towards me, I whispered to him that he must have misunderstood for whom he was employed, as he was reasoning against our client. He gave me a very rough and rude reprimand for not having sooner set him right and then proceeded to state that what he had addressed to the court was all that could be stated against his client, and that he had put the case as unfavorably as possible against him, in order that the court might see how satisfactorily the case against him could be answered; and, accordingly, very powerfully answered what he had before stated.—LORD ELDON, "Anecdote Book."

Dunning, whose debauched habits often made him late, came shuffling into court at half past nine. Lord Mansfield was very vexed. "Do you know what hour it is, Mr. Dunning?" Mr. Dunning, pulling out his watch, "Half past nine, my lord." "I have been here an hour, Mr. Dunning." "Then, my lord, we have been equally irregular, you half an hour too soon and I half an hour too late."

Dunning had been strongly contesting a point of law and urging Lord Mansfield to revise his opinion. "Mr. Dunning, I apprehend I sit here, by his majesty's gracious permission, to decide what is law—at this rate I had better go home and burn my law books." "You had better by half go home and read them," said Dunning aside, but pretty loud.—THOMAS GREEN in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1834.

AUGEREAU, Charles Pierre François, 1757-1816. French marshal.

Returning from Spain, he brought with him a robe, all encrusted with diamonds and rubies, which had been stripped from a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a Biscayan church. Rolling up the precious garment under his cloak, he went with it by night to the hous of a favorite Jew receiver in the Quincampoix. The Jew was out, but his wife sat at the receipt of custom, and she at once pronounced that all the jewels on the robe were sham. "Oh, the brigands," suddenly exclaimed the disgusted general. "I will allow you ten louis for the lace," continued the Jewess, and a bargain was concluded on those terms. Some months afterwards Augereau ascertained beyond a doubt that the jewels were genuine and he went off in a fury to make the Jewess disgorge; she did nothing of the sort but, looking hard at him, said, "We'll have the jewels appraised in a court of justice, if you like."—*Temple Bar*, August, 1883.

AUGUSTUS III., 1696-1763. King of Poland.

They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her [Countess of Cozelle], bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns and in the other a horseshoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw consequences from such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her; but she consented to leave her husband to give herself up to him entirely, being publicly divorced in such a manner as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again.—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, "Letters."

The wardrobe of August III., second Saxon king of Poland, filled two halls of the palace, there being for each dress a special watch, snuff box, sword and cane. Every dress was painted in miniature in a book, which every morning was presented to "his most serene excellency," as he caused himself to be called. He had as many as fifteen hundred wigs.—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

B

BACON, Francis, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, 1561-1626. Lord Chancellor of England.

I wax now somewhat ancient; one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass. . . . I have taken all knowledge to be my province.—LORD BACON, letter to Lord Burghley.

Whether his resources were small or great, his expenditure was always in excess of them. He was throughout life in bondage to money-lenders, yet he never hesitated to increase his outlay and his indebtedness. He saw his servants robbing him, but never raised a word in protest. By a will which he drew up the year before he died he was munificent in gifts, not merely to friends, retainers and the poor, but to public institutions, which he hoped to render more efficient in public service. Yet when all his assets were realized, the amount was only sufficient to defray two-thirds of his debts, and none of his magnanimous bequests took effect.—SIDNEY LEE, "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century."

Queen Elizabeth, when on a visit to Lord Bacon at Redgrove, happened to make an observation as to the size of his house. "Madam," he replied, "my house is small, but it is you who have made me too great for it."—JOHN H. JESSE, "England Under the House of Stuart," citing Seaward's Anecdotes.

To Bacon's tenderness of human life the poor scribbler, Hayward, owed his subsequent length of days and authorship of other books. "There is treason in it," said the queen, as indeed there is. "Treason, your grace," replies Bacon, "not treason, but felony, much felony." "Ha," gasps her highness, willing to hang a rogue for one crime as for another; "felony, where?" "Where, Madam? Everywhere! the whole book is a theft from Cornelius Tacitus." A light of laughter breaks the cloud. "But," says her darkening highness, "Hayward is a fool; some one else has writ the book; make him confess it; put him to the rack." "Nay, Madam," pleads the advocate of mercy, "rack not his body—rack his style. Give him paper and pens, with help of books; bid him carry on his tale. By comparing the two parts I will tell you if he be a true man."—WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, "Personal Life of Lord Bacon."

During meditation he would often have music in an adjoining room by which his fancy was enlivened. He had many little whims and peculiarities, some of which may excite a smile; for instance, in the spring he would go out for a drive in an open coach whilst it rained, to receive (in the quaint language of Aubrey) the "benefit of irrigation," which he was wont to say was very wholesome, "because of the niter in the air and the universal spirit of the world." He had extraordinary notions respecting the virtues of niter and conceived it to be of inestimable value in the preservation of health. So great was his faith that he swallowed three grains of that drug, either alone or with saffron, in warm broth, every morning for thirty years. He seems to have been very fond of quacking himself; once a week he took a dose of the "water of Mithridate," diluted with strawberry water. Once a month, at least, he made a point of swallowing a grain and a half of "castor" in his broth and breakfast for two successive days. And every sixth or seventh day he drank an infusion of rhubarb in white wine and beer immediately before his dinner. He made it a point to take air in some high and open place every morning, the third hour after sunrise, and, if possible, he made it a point to select some spot where he could enjoy the perfume of musk, roses and sweet violets. Besides thus breathing the pure air of nature, he was fumigated with the smoke of lign-aloes with dried bays and rosemary, adding once a week a little tobacco. On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with oil of almonds mingled with salt and saffron, and this was followed by gentle friction.—*Bentley's Miscellany*, June, 1849.

BARRYMORE, Sixth Earl of, 1745-1773. British peer.

Going circa 1770 into a tavern near Charing Cross, he ordered dinner to be served to him in a private room. On the guest's being left alone after the cloth was removed, the waiter heard a noise as of furniture being dragged out and went up stairs and found the various articles outside the room; he then peeped through the key-hole and espied the noble earl on his knees, busily covering the floor with packs of cards he had brought with him. The waiter, who knew better than to call attention to what he had seen, waited until he was summoned by the earl, who, when he had finished his singular task, paid his bill and departed. A few days afterwards the earl again visited the tavern, in the company of two friends, and requested that dinner be served to them in the same room in which he had dined on the first occasion. After dinner was finished Lord Barrymore offered to bet five hundred pounds "that he would guess

more nearly than any of his guests how many cards would cover the floor of the room they were in." The wager . . . was at once accepted. It is unnecessary to record the name of the winner.—JOHN R. ROBINSON, "The Last Earls of Barrymore."

Dr. Beaufort, being asked by a priest whether he knew the celebrated spendthrift Lord Barrymore, replied, "Intimately, most intimately. We dine together almost every day when his lordship is in town." "What do you talk about?" "Eating and drinking." "What else?" "Drinking and eating."—RALPH NEVILLE, "The Man of Pleasure."

BASTILLE.

Much horror was expressed when upon the demolition of the Bastille there was discovered, under the foundation of each tower, a small conical chamber in which a prisoner would be able neither to sit, nor to lie, nor to stand upright. But there is nothing to show that prisoners ever were confined in these oubliettes; and M. Viollet-le-Duc, the celebrated architect and Radical member of the Radical Municipal Council of Paris, has explained that these chambers of torture, which have excited so much eloquent indignation, were simply ice houses.—JAMES B. BINGHAM, "The Bastille."

Its garrison consisted of eighty-eight "Invalide" soldiers; . . . of forty-four soldiers of the Swiss regiment of Salis-Samade, and one officer who, as far as I can recollect, was not conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. This garrison of one hundred and thirty men lost only five gunners, killed and wounded by a citizen who, placed on the roof of one of the adjacent houses, picked them off under cover of the chimneys. The loss of the assailants consisted of eighty-two men killed . . . and of twenty-two men who died of their wounds. . . . They [the prisoners] numbered fourteen, seven of whom, for the most part forgers of false cheques on the Parisian bankers, Tourton and Ravel, had followed the visitors and quitted the Bastille with them. . . . As for the seven others, whose crimes consisted in what were denominated state crimes, . . . the governor had immured them in separate cells on the Sunday night. These the people hastened to demand as soon as they entered the Bastille, and did not allow even the warders to open the doors of the various cells, but hastened to burst them open, and restored the seven prisoners to light, which several of them had not seen for years. Only one was discovered chained to the wall of his cell.—LOUIS GUILLAUME PITRA (Elector of Paris in 1789), "Memoirs."

I have received in due order and have to acknowledge at this time my obligations for your three agreeable letters, in date October 16, 1789, May 1st and May 31st of the present year. With the last I had also the pleasure to receive the key of the Bastille; in acknowledgment of which I write to the Marquis de Lafayette by this conveyance.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, letter to Thomas Paine, Aug. 10, 1790.

The conversation turned almost entirely on the French revolution. The general [Washington] showed us a key of the Bastille; those keys of the Bastille were but silly playthings which were at that time distributed over the two worlds.—VISCOUNT DE CHÂTEAUBRIAND, "Travels."

BAZAINE, François Achille, 1811-1888. French marshal.

Two years later [after the death of Mme. Bazaine] a ball was given at the quartier-general. Bazaine, who had lately been promoted to the rank of marshal (1864), had stopped for a moment to say a few words, when one of the guests, a young Mexican girl who was waltzing by, suddenly stopped near us, having torn her dress. Pins were produced, the damaged ruffle repaired and the girl passed on. "Who is that?" asked the marshal, evidently much struck by her appearance. "It is extraordinary," he muttered, "how much she reminds me of my wife." He looked distrait and shortly after excused himself and wandered off in the direction Mlle. de la Pena had taken. The courtship was a short one. Maximilian, in order to facilitate a union which he deemed to be to the interest of his government, gave the young girl as a dowry the palace of San Cosme, valued at one hundred thousand dollars, and thus was May united to December. Two children were born to the marshal, one of them in Mexico, and never was father prouder of his young wife and her offspring than was the marshal. When, after the Franco-Prussian war, the marshal, having been made a sacrifice to France's wounded pride, was court-martialed and, amid the imprecations of his countrymen, imprisoned in the Fort de Ste. Marguerite, his young wife, and her cousin contrived the escape of the old man. By means of a rope procured for him by them he lowered himself from the walls of the fortress. Madame Bazaine was waiting for him in a small boat, the oars of which were held by her cousin. A ship was nearby, ready to sail, on which they sought refuge in Spain. —SARA Y. STEVENSON, "Maximilian in Mexico."

BEACONSFIELD, BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF, 1804-1881
British Prime Minister

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The Exquisite

A dandy was at that time in England (as a few years later a romanticist was in France) a being who, from his appearance, his dress, and his mode of wearing his hair, laid claim to be regarded as a mortal out of the common run. With his Oriental love of show Disraeli overstepped the line observed by the greatest dandies. He was handsome, and he knew it. We must imagine him not as he is as an old man, but as in his youthful portraits, with a wild, melancholy, poetic expression in the Byron style; with his beautiful thick hair parted on one side, so that the long, glossy locks hung down low; with a broad limp shirt-collar falling over the careless neck-tie; a velvet coat of unusual cut lined with white silk; a waistcoat embroidered with flowers in gold; the hand half concealed with embroidered ruffles; the fingers covered with rings; the breast adorned with an armor of gold chains; and dancing shoes on his feet; in his hand an ivory cane, the handle inlaid with gold, carried by a silken tassel. *Voila l'homme*, called Disraeli the Younger, as he exhibits himself in London society, whose latest and brightest ornament he is, to an amused and astonished world. He is decked out like a woman, and more so than a woman of correct and refined taste.—BRANDES.

She [Lady Dufferin] said she had always known and liked him in spite of his tergiversations and absurdities. . . . She assured me that she did not exaggerate in the slightest degree in describing to me his dress when she first met him at a dinner party. He wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside of them, and long black ringlets rippling down on his shoulders.—MOTLEY.

The scene was one not to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. There was something irresistibly comic in the young man

dressed in the fantastic coxcombical costume that he affected—velvet coat of an original cut thrown wide open and ruffles to its sleeves, shirt collar turned down in Byronic fashion, an elaborately embroidered waistcoat whence issued voluminous folds of frill, and shoes adorned with red rosettes—his black hair pomatumed and elaborately curled, and his person redolent with perfume—announcing himself as the Homer or Dante of the age. After he left the room a gentleman who excelled as a mimic, assuming the attitude and voice of the poet, declaimed an impromptu burlesque on the opening lines [The Revolutionary Epick] which caused infinite merriment to those present.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1889.

At Malta he dined with the officers, now as an Andalusian brigand, now as a Greek pirate, and though we know not what the British soldier thought of his display, he himself was abundantly satisfied with the effect he produced. Indeed, throughout this famous tour, which was nothing less than a march of triumph, he pondered deeply of his wardrobe and not even the difficulties of travel compelled him to appear in disarray. So he is found lamenting that "the king's death is the destruction of his waistcoats"; so he boasts that a "handkerchief from Paris is the most successful thing he ever wore and universally admired." But it was at Gibraltar that he made his proudest conquest and maintained his "reputation of being a great judge of costume." For not only did the fashion of discarding waistcoats in the morning reveal the beauty of his peerless studs, but, says he, "I have the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes, a morning and an evening cane. I change my cane as the gun fires and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. I owe to them more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it?—I forget."—WHIBLEY, *Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1898.

It was to his sober father, Isaac Disraeli, that he wrote when he was on his travels (he was then a man of twenty-six): "I like a sailor's life very much, though it spoils the toilet."—GREENWOOD, *Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1896.

There was my brother, Alexander Cockburn, myself and (I think) Milnes, but for a considerable time no Mr. Disraeli. Waiting for Mr. Disraeli did not enhance the pleasure of meeting him; nor when he did come did his appearance predispose us in his favor. He wore green velvet trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat, low shoes with silver buckles, lace at his wrists and his hair in ringlets. We sat down. Not one of us was more than twenty-five years old. We were all—if you will allow me to include myself—all on the road to distinction, all clever, all ambitious, and all with a perfect conceit of ourselves. Yet, if on leaving the table we had all been severally taken aside and asked which was the cleverest of the party, there would have been only one answer. We should have been obliged to say, "The man in the green velvet trousers."—GREENWOOD, *Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1896, quoting LORD DALLING.

Times are changed with Dizzy since his début when I could not get any one (except old Lady Cook—who was celebrated for her human menageries—and old Lady Hertford, who let me bring whom I pleased) to let me bring him to any salon in London, from his grotesque appearance and ridiculous dress; for he had got himself up as an astounding facsimile of his own "Young Duke"—green velvet inconceivables—white blonde ruffles and black silk stockings with broad scarlet ribs! When he sent me his "Young Duke" to read in manuscript, I told him he could not dress him in that way. "What!" said he, in the only paroxysm of innocent good faith he ever had in his life, "don't young dukes dress in that way?" "None that I have ever seen." I asked d'Orsay one day what he'd take to dress like Dizzy. "Leave of my senses," was his reply.—LADY LYTTON, quoted by Friswell, *Temple Bar*, August, 1905.

It was said that Disraeli never descended to the use of mucilage when he could avoid it, preferring aromatic sealing wax, which he pressed with an Egyptian ring; or, if the obnoxious gum had to be used, he dipped his cambric handkerchief into the tiny finger bowl of *eau de Cologne* or water with rose leaves, and bathed the sticking place with that.—HANDFORD.

Lord Beaconsfield had once been a dandy, and lived with the dandies; and how completely he had caught the tone of them may be seen from "Coningsby." But as he advanced on the political stage he left his dandyism behind him. His dress was always in the best taste—black frock coat, gray trousers and well-fitting shoes on his well-shaped feet. His garments never looked either old or new. As he walked up to the House of Commons with his coat buttoned, he looked, men would sometimes say, as if pleased that "he had kept his waist." He stooped a little in his later days, but otherwise he had a very neat figure. I have

said that he was not a dandy. But there was one thing about which he was very particular, and that was his wig. When any Conservative member in passing to his seat just above the front one disturbed the arrangement of the leader's "back hair," there was always a little impatient gesture and a hand hastily raised and passed around to the nape of the neck to repair the disorder if there were any.—KEBBEL.

Aspirations

Lord Melbourne asked Mr. Disraeli if he would like to be private secretary to a minister, and he replied that he would rather be minister himself; indeed, he meant to be Prime Minister some day. Instead of expressing any ridicule or anger at this audacity, the actual Premier talked over the difficulties of the enterprise and the improbability of success. It was afterwards, when the death of Lord George Bentinck left the opposition without a head, some one coming into Lord Melbourne's room said, "The Tories have taken Disraeli for their leader," the veteran replied, "Have they? Then the fellow will do it after all."—HOUGHTON in *The Fortnightly Review*, February 1, 1878.

Henry Padwick, a sporting capitalist, who afterwards fought several elections for the Conservative party, at the time that Disraeli borrowed from him, lived in Grosvenor Square. "What security," he asked his visitor, "have you to offer for these few thousands you ask me to lend you?" "My brains," was the reply. "I accept the security," said the capitalist and Disraeli left the house with the money in his pocket.—ESCOTT, *Contemporary Review*, January, 1915.

"Heard Macaulay's speech, Sheil and Charles Grant," he wrote to his sister in 1833. "Macaulay admirable; but, between ourselves, I could floor them all. This *entre nous*: I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The time will come."—MELVILLE, *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1910.

He ends by a prophetic recommendation to his correspondent [Mr. Austen, December, 1829] to keep his letters, as, if he "became half as famous as he intended to be" they would at some future period have some value.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1889.

His First Speech

He was very showily attired, being dressed in a bottle-green frock coat, and a waistcoat of white, of Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a network of glittering chains; large, fancy-pattern pantaloons, and a black tie, above which no shirt-collar was visible, completed the outward man. A countenance, lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustered ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek.—LUCY, in *Temple Bar*, May, 1889, quoting "one who heard him" at his first speech.

A first speech in the House of Commons is usually treated with indulgence. The notoriety which Disraeli had brought on himself by these encounters was to make him a solitary exception. He had told O'Connell that they would meet at Philippi. Three weeks after Disraeli had taken his seat there was a debate upon some election maneuvers in Ireland. Hard blows had been exchanged. Sir F. Burden had called O'Connell a paid patriot. O'Connell replied that he had sacrificed a splendid professional income to defend his country's rights. "Was he for this to be vilified and traduced by an old renegade?" Immediately after O'Connell, Disraeli rose. His appearance was theatrical, as usual. He was dressed in a bottle-green frock coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and with needless display of gold chain. His face was lividly pale, his voice and manner peculiar. He began naturally and sensibly, keeping to the point of the debate. He was cheered by his own side and might have got through tolerably enough, but the gentlemen below the gangway had determined that his Philippi should not end with a victory. Of course he did not yet know the House of Commons. Affected expressions, which would have been welcomed at Wycombe or Taunton, were received with scornful laughter. He bore it for a time good-humoredly and begged them to hear him out. He was answered with fresh peals of mockery. He had to speak of the alliance between the Whigs and the Irish Catholics. With a flourish of rhetoric he described Melbourne as flourishing in one hand the keys of St. Peter, in the other he was going to say "the cap of liberty," but the close of the sentence was drowned in derisive shouts. The word had gone out that he was to be put down. Each time that he tried to proceed the storm burst out and the Speaker could not silence it. Peel cheered him repeatedly. The Tory party cheered, but to no purpose. At last, finding it useless to persist, he said that he was not surprised at the reception which he had

experienced. He had begun several times many things and had succeeded at last. Then, pausing and looking indignantly across the House, he exclaimed in a loud and remarkable tone, which startled even the noisy hounds who were barking loudest: "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."—FROUDE.

With his un-English appearance, dandified dress, affected manner and elaborate style, Disraeli was hardly likely at the first attempt to win the favor of the House of Commons, nor in that jealous assembly would his outside reputation either as a novelist or a hustings orator do anything to help him. In the ordinary course, however, he would have been certain of a hearing, but he had gone out of his way to provoke the hostility of the Irish, on whom the traditions of the House were less likely to impose restraint. "We shall meet again at Philippi," had been his challenge to O'Connell and by rising after O'Connell he had been careful to insure that the challenge should be remembered. He began with the usual appeal for the indulgence which the House was in the habit of allowing to those who for the first time solicited its attention. He then took up a point in the speech of the "honorable and learned member from Dublin" (O'Connell) and when he described that speech as a "rhetorical medley" the House laughed, and it laughed again and louder when he alluded to some subscription with which O'Connell himself had been connected as a project "of majestic mendicancy." A hostile tone soon began to be mingled with laughter, but for a time the orator was able to proceed and on the whole not without effect. Finally, however, the hostility became more marked and he was constrained to renew his plea for indulgence: "I shall not trouble the House at any length. I do not affect to be insensible to the difficulty of my position and I shall be very glad to receive indulgence even from the honorable members opposite. If, however, the honorable gentlemen do not wish to hear me I will sit down without a murmur." For a minute or two there was comparative calm, but a declaration that since the Reform Bill "the stain of borough-mongering had only assumed a deeper and darker hue," and that intimidation was more highly organized than even under the old system, awoke the storm anew. "Hisses, groans, hoots, cat-calls, drumming with the feet, loud conversation and imitations of animals" are among the noises recorded as coming from the Irish quarter of the House. Disraeli cannot have been much surprised, for he told his constituents later that he had been warned of the reception he would meet with and that the warnings had only impelled him to face the ordeal the sooner. At all events he kept his temper. "I wish," he pleaded, "I could induce the House to give me five minutes more," but the only response was uproar and when to enforce his claim to a hearing he tried to put himself forward as virtually representative of the new members of the House he was rewarded with a "burst of laughter." "Now why smile? Why envy me?" was his good-humored retort. "Why should I too have a tail, if it be only for a single night," and at this sally, we are told, the laughter was long and general. Henceforth the speech became almost unintelligible. "I determined," he explained to his constituents later, "to be on my legs exactly the period I intended my speech should occupy. I succeeded, sometimes in comparative calm, sometimes the cheers of friends joining with the yelling of foes, sometimes in a scene of tumult indescribable; but I stood erect and when I sat down I sent them my defiance." As he drew towards the close he embarked upon an elaborate period, which no doubt had been prepared for use as a peroration, and which, beginning with a classical allusion to the "amatory eclogue" between "the noble Tityrus of the Treasury Bench [Lord John Russell] and the learned Daphne [Daphnis?] of Liskeard," [Charles Buller] "whose *amantium iræ*" had resulted, as he expected, in an "*amoris integratio*," ending with a picture of the "noble lord from his pedestal of power wielding in one hand the keys of St. Peter and waving in the other"—but the picture remained unfinished, the conclusion of the sentence being lost in shouts of laughter. "Now, Mr. Speaker," he proceeded, when his voice could be heard again, "see the philosophical prejudices of man. That image, I should have thought, which I was about to complete, might have been much admired. I would have cheered it heartily if it had come from the lips of a political opponent; and I would gladly hear a cheer, even if it should proceed from such a party." The time he had allotted to himself had now expired. "I hope I may thank the honorable gentlemen opposite for the sincerity of their expressions of approbation as well as disapprobation. I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several things many times, and I have often succeeded at the last—though many had predicted I must fail, as they had

done before me." (Cries of "Question! Question!" and "Hear!" "Hear!") And in a voice which, by the testimony of every witness, rose high above the clamor, and which one even describes as "almost terrific": "I sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."—MONYPENNY. [Mr. Monypenny adds: "For the concluding portion of the speech I have used the report in the *Mirror of Parliament*, which is at once the fullest and most intelligible."]

It is certain that on the occasion of his first attempt Mr. Disraeli made not merely a failure, but a ludicrous failure. One who heard the debate thus describes the manner in which, baffled by the persistent laughter and other interruptions of the noisy House, the orator withdrew from the discussion, defeated but not discouraged: At last, losing his temper, which until now he had preserved in a wonderful manner, he paused in the midst of a sentence and, looking the Liberals indignantly in the face, raised his hands and, opening his mouth as widely as its dimensions would admit, said, in a remarkably loud and almost terrific voice: "I have begun, several times, many things, and I have often succeeded at last; aye, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." This final prediction is so like what a manufacturer of biography would make up for a hero, and is so like what was actually said in one or two other remarkable instances, that a reader might be excused for doubting its authenticity in this case. But nothing can be more certain than the fact that Mr. Disraeli did bring to a close his maiden speech in the House of Commons with this bold prediction. The words are to be found in the reports published in all the daily papers of the metropolis.—MCCARTHY.

It is well known that his failure on the occasion of his first speech in the House in no way daunted him and yet the failure would have daunted most men. Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, told me that he drove with Disraeli from Gore House after his disappointment and that he was in a most dejected state. Sheil said that it was not a breakdown, it was a crash down. A very short time elapsed before he addressed the House again and sat down amid cheers from all sides.—LORD LAMINGTON, *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1890.

Principles and Methods

Very early in his career, Lord Beaconsfield—or as he then used to style himself, Disraeli the Younger—published a pamphlet with the title, "What is he?" The He in question was of course Mr. Disraeli, who has always been a good deal occupied with himself. The inquiry to which in this instance he volunteered a reply is said to have been made in conversation with the late Earl Grey. That Whig chief had heard with amazement, and probably some feeling of half articulate indignation, of a young unknown in the lobbies and saloons, and unvouched for by either Mr. Ellice or Lady Holland, who had ventured to stand against one of Lord Grey's sons as a candidate for High Wycombe. . . . Unhappily the pamphlet in which the younger Disraeli stood and unfolded himself for the edification of Lord Grey has perished. It is unknown to the shelves of the British Museum. . . . In one of his essays Dr. James Martineau refers to a German play in which Adam is introduced crossing the stage, going to be created. This is something like the position in which Mr. Disraeli presents himself in this early explanation of himself to the wondering mind of the old Whig peer. . . . For fifty years, the "great lubber," as he sometimes styles the nation which has made him Prime Minister, has been rubbing its eyes and scratching its head and asking, with perplexed amazement, like Lord Grey's "What is He?"—*Fortnightly Review*, April, 1878.

There was among the Irish members of the '74 Parliament a Dr. O'Leary, a pompous little man who did not bring with him to the House of Commons his best "bedside manners." On one of the critical stages of the Imperial Titles Bill, Disraeli was nervously anxious to secure a majority the magnitude of which would be pleasing to his sovereign. He went more than usually out of his way to pick up stray votes. Chancing one evening to notice Dr. O'Leary bustling along ahead of him in the library corridor, he overtook him and, laying a hand familiarly on his shoulder, he remarked, "My dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking. I really thought I saw again my old friend, Tom Moore." The vain little gentleman was captured. In all succeeding division on the Imperial Titles Bill the name of Dr. O'Leary figured on the ministerial lists.—LUCY, in *London Magazine*, December, 1903.

One evening, at a party given by the Austrian ambassador, the Countess Karolyi —who later on was to create such a sensation in London—Beaconsfield began talking with me and grew quite animated in explaining how satisfied he felt at the success of

his policy. He then told me the following amusing story: "When I was a little boy I loved sugar plums, but was strictly forbidden to eat any. My schoolfellows, who knew this, were constantly teasing me about it and the severity of my parents. One day I became angry and made a bet that I would bring some of these cherished sweetmeats and eat them before the whole school. The bet was accepted, but I found it not so easy as I thought to win it. I had no money to buy sugar plums and those I asked to make me a present of some refused, saying that my parents would not like it. I did not know what to do, when suddenly the thought occurred to me to use some imitation sweets which I found among my toys. I therefore brought them triumphantly to school and, nasty as they proved to be, ate them in public so as to show that I had been able to get what I wanted. I was horribly ill afterwards, but this little adventure was a lesson to me for the rest of my life, and I made up my mind always to appear to succeed even when such was not the case. The world never asks you whether you eat real or imitation sugar plums; it only notices that you have got the plums and admires you for having had the pluck to take them."—VASSILL. [Beaconsfield occasionally refers to the unpleasant days of his childhood. In this connection the following from *The Fortnightly Review*, April 1, 1878, may be of interest: Lord Beaconsfield describes his grandmother as hating her race and as detesting the very name her marriage had given her, and which was a perpetual witness to her Jewish connections. He adds that she was "so mortified by her social position that she lived until eighty without indulging in a tender expression."]

Upon one occasion some one told Disraeli that I was intending to vote against the party. He put his arm on my shoulder and said in his orotund, deliberate enunciation: "My boy, don't you know that it is your first duty to vote with your party? If every one voted according to his convictions there would be no party system. And without party system the government could not be carried on, as you will perceive in time."—LORD BERESFORD, "Memoirs."

Mr. Gladstone was in the midst of a scathing denunciation of Mr. Disraeli. The latter sat like a sphinx, immovable and imperturbable. Then he put up his eye-glass and looked at the clock, slowly rose, shrugged his shoulders as he usually did when getting up in order to get his coat into the right position and slowly walked out of the House. It never seemed to occur to Mr. Gladstone that all this was done in order to irritate him. He stopped short in his speech, he clutched at the table and only after a minute or two resumed his speech.—*New York Evening Post*, January 15, 1898, quoting *London Truth*.

"In those days, you must remember, your father was a very big dog, while I was a very little one, and if I hadn't barked very loud, no one would have listened to me." Such, in the last year of his life, was Lord Beaconsfield's answer to Sir Robert Peel's daughter, Lady Jersey, who had just said to him: "Now, do tell me what made you abuse my father with such extraordinary personal bitterness in those far-off days?"—ESCOTT, *The Contemporary Review*, January, 1915.

Disraeli, in conversation with a friend, disclosed the secret of his ascendency in royal power. "When talking with the queen," he said, "I observe a simple rule of conduct: I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget." The inevitable contrast with his great rival came in when he added: "Gladstone speaks to the queen as if she were a public department. I treat her with the knowledge that she is a woman."—LUCY, *Chambers's Journal*, January 30, 1915.

If Lord Beaconsfield, in his dealings with the sovereign, stooped to the employment of arts, they were of the simplest kind. He once described his method to a friend: "I never contradict," he said; "I never deny; but I sometimes forget."—BRETT.

He avowed that he was a flatterer, having, as he said, found the practise useful. To the queen he "laid it on with a trowel," and with most satisfactory effect. He once opened a sitting of the Privy Council with an extravagant compliment to her as an authoress. He was overheard pandering to her hatred of Garibaldi and, when she said she had been told the same thing before, said, "Then it must be true, for no one would tell your majesty anything but the truth."—SMITH, *McClure's Magazine*, December, 1910.

He had congratulated Queen Victoria, as a letter writer, on surpassing Madame de Staël. "I plead guilty," was his private admission, "to being a flatterer. People like it. But," he added, "with royalty you must put it on with a trowel."—ESCOTT, *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1915.

There is a little story to the effect that, in discussing literary matters with her

[Queen Victoria], he used to speak of "we authors."—LADY JEUNE, *North American Review*, February, 1901.

John Bright, in defending Stansfeld, went into a sort of defense of Mazzini also, and sternly condemned the practise of founding charges against public men on the strength of some hasty words let fall by them in the hot youth of their early career. Then he referred to Disraeli's early heroic poem, or extravaganza, called "The Revolutionary Epick," dwelt upon the fact that Disraeli in that poem had introduced two or three lines justifying tyrannicide, and asked whether any one would now think of denouncing the right honorable gentleman as a champion of political assassination on the strength of that youthful effusion. Disraeli rose and, interrupting the speaker, denied that he had used any words in the poem which could be held to favor such a doctrine. Bright immediately said that he was glad he had been misinformed on the subject, and at once withdrew, with generous apology, the statement he had made. So far so good. But Disraeli was not satisfied. He published immediately afterwards a new and authorized version of "The Revolutionary Epick," which he dedicated to Lord Stanley, as he then was, afterwards the Lord Derby of our own times, for the purpose of proving that no such lines as those referred to by Bright were to be found in the poem. Sure enough, the new edition contained no such lines. But then the whole story did not end quite there. Some malignant person took the trouble of referring to the only available copy of the poem to be got at, the copy deposited in the British Museum, and in that copy, lo and behold, were to be found the very lines referred to by Bright, which Disraeli had struck out of the later edition, the edition published in order to prove that no such words had ever been written by the author. The re-discovered passage was published in *The Morning Star* and created an immense sensation and then an outburst of universal laughter. The whole incident would have severely damaged the reputation of any other statesman than Disraeli—but somehow the public did not take Disraeli quite seriously; regarded the whole transaction only as one of Disraeli's clever devices, and allowed him to go his way unrebuked.—MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences."

On one of the most solemn and memorable occasions within living memory, in expressing as leader of the House of Commons the national feeling of gratitude and admiration for the hero of a hundred fights, Mr. Disraeli took boldly and bodily, without the change of a word, rather more than a third of his prepared oration from the translation of an article in a French Review, on a French marshal, by M. Thiers.—*The Quarterly Review*, July, 1871.

The extraordinary parallelism between the eulogium pronounced by Thiers in 1829 on Marshal St. Cyr and that of Disraeli in 1852 upon the Duke of Wellington, like that of an outburst of Urquhart in 1841 on Central Asia and one of Disraeli in 1846 on the corn laws, as well as others known to the political and literary student, may be considered outside of purely Disraelian phrase.—ROBBINS, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1894.

His constant practise of alliteration and his professed contempt for it can be explained, but hardly such bewildering contradictions as he sometimes launched with an evident intention of having them talked about. Of such was the story that went the rounds of gossip-journals lately (with half the point omitted) of two emphatic and diametrically opposite judgments on English art—the one publicly delivered at a Royal Academy dinner, the other adduced fifteen minutes afterwards to Mr. Browning, with the first speech still in his ears. In that speech what struck Mr. Disraeli most when he looked upon those walls was the abounding invention, the exuberance of fancy displayed in the works which adorned them. In the other, what struck Mr. Disraeli most was the paucity of invention, the barrenness of fancy, which, etc. When the poet told this to Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone said with manifest conviction, "Mr. Browning, I call that hellish."—GREENWOOD, *Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1896.

Disraeli had a party staying with him at Hughenden; he had not been well previous to their visit, and one day his symptoms caused great anxiety. The guests conferred and determined to send to London for his physician, Dr. K. In the mean time their host became conspicuously better, and a difficulty arose to account for the physician's presence. At last some lady broke it to him. He absolutely refused to see Dr. K., but ordered that dinner should be prepared and conveyed to the doctor's apartment. After dinner he said, addressing the company: "Will none of you go and visit the prisoner?" the hint was taken, but Dr. K. departed the next day without seeing the patient.—FRASER.

Habits

Reminiscences of Byron were still fresh at Geneva, and anecdotes of his eccentricities, true or false, were in many mouths. Disraeli passed the greater part of his time, while there, indolently reclining in a boat, gazing on the beautiful scenery of the lake, and listening to stories of the poet by the boatman who had served him: how that Byron never exchanged a word with him when they were together on the water, but sat gloomily and silent, with a loaded pistol on each side of him; how, after being rowed in tempestuous weather to the castle of Chillon, when the waves were so menacing that he stripped himself to the skin in order to swim for his life, in the very probable event of the boat foundering, he descended into Bonnivard's dungeon, always with his pistols, and remained there many hours writing; and how, after taking tea with Madame de Staël, he had challenged his boatman to swim across the lake and beat him by five minutes, his courier keeping close to him in a boat and constantly giving him wine. These tales were probably in part apocryphal and formed the man's stock in trade for the benefit of tourists; but they appear to have had much effect upon the imagination of young Disraeli, which was increased by a magnificent storm of thunder and lightning which he witnessed and which recalled to him the grand description of a similar storm in "Childe Harold," watched from the same boat by the poet, to his imminent peril for several hours. He appears henceforward to have taken to imitate Byron in his eccentricities, in the variety and magnificence of his costumes, in seeking dramatic adventures and in the love of Eastern travel.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1889.

To Colonel Webster, who said to Disraeli in his later twenties, "Take care, my good fellow; I lost the most beautiful woman in the world by smoking; it has prevented more elopements than the dread of a duel or Doctors' Commons." "Then you prove that it is a very moral habit." . . . Disraeli was a great smoker in early life, beginning with his Eastern tour in 1830. "I have not only become a smoker, but the greatest smoker in Malta; I find that it relieves my head," he said when he was in his twenty-sixth year. At Stamboul a few months later he made the Imperial perfumer's shop his daily lounge and "never went to the Bazaar without smoking a pipe with him"; and from Cairo he reports, "I have become the most accomplished smoker, carrying that luxurious art to a pitch of refinement of which Ralph has no idea. My pipe is cooled in a wet silken bag; my coffee is boiled with spices; and I finish my last chibouque with a sherbet of pomegranate." Some of these pipes, nine feet long, were sent home to Brandenham, and not merely as ornaments.—MEYNELL.

It appears that he happened to mention in the course of an afternoon call that there were two possessions which every one owned as a matter of course, but which he had all his life dispensed with, and insisted that the old countess should guess what they were. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me, he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magnificent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"—*Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1903.

Relating to a friend how brilliant Disraeli had been during the whole evening, although at first he required some drawing out, my sagacious friend said, "You have omitted to say what lady was there." "Yes; Mrs. Norton." "I thought so. Disraeli never lets off his fireworks unless a woman be present."—FRASER.

He used to dine late at night and very sparingly, always with a bottle of Beaune. Once, referring to his hasty and assiduous attention, I said to Lady Beaconsfield that I could not see how he kept going. "Ah, but," she answered, "I always have supper for him when he comes home, and lights, lights, plenty of lights—Dizzy always likes lights; and then he tells me everything that has happened in the House and then I clap him off to bed."—MOWBRAY, *Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1900.

He valued his independence too much to put himself at the mercy of his creditors; he got his money's worth in the way of show out of every guinea he spent; but he was a rigid economist in private—careful about his clothes, methodical in his accounts and always frugal. "How do you manage to keep so healthy," he was asked by a dyspeptic fop. "By dining off a sardine," was the answer and there was some truth in this.—*Temple Bar*, October, 1883.

Lord Beaconsfield's monocle, though known also to the elective chamber, had little or nothing in common with aid to vision as seen beneath other parliamentary brows and was in reality what was known as a "quizzing glass," since he chiefly resorted to it in his moods of cynical curiosity or derisive and contemptuous interrogation.—ESCOTT, *The British Review*, September, 1914.

Lord Beaconsfield was very fond of flowers and one of his favorites was the primrose. After his death it became the emblem of the principles which he represented and the badge of all those who wished to be considered his disciples.—KEBBEL.

Having had the honor of serving as land agent to the earl for many years, perhaps I may be allowed to say that no one on the Hughenden estate doubted his lordship's keen affection for primroses. The woodmen had orders to protect these plants; they were cultivated in large numbers alongside the walk behind the manor house, known locally as the "German Forest Path," and by the earl's directions (given to me personally during the last year of his life) a clump of trees in the park, where the grass grew scantily, was thickly planted with ferns and primroses.—VERNON, quoted in *Notes and Queries*, May 4, 1889.

Over this little enclosure in Lord Beaconsfield's time there wandered, nibbling at shrubs and flowers as they willed, two or three superb pea-fowl. "Do you not," asked of his host a well-known visitor, "find these birds very destructive?" "It may be so," was the answer, "but I prefer the peacock to the flower and"—pointing to blossoms which his late wife had embedded into the ground—"they are warned off the primroses."—ESCOTT, *The New Century Review*, April, 1899.

His Caustic Wit

The boys at Higham Hall who were members of the Church of England had to walk some distance on Sundays to attend divine service; and it resulted from this that they fared rather badly at the mid-day dinner, which was usually half over by the time they got back. Disraeli himself was among the victims and his new religion had as yet aroused in him none of the zeal of a martyr; so he solemnly threw out the suggestion to his Anglican companions that it might be as well if they all became Unitarians for the term of their life at school.—MONYPENNY.

Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone thought, was the wittiest man he had come across. in Parliament; in reply to a quotation made by Peel he said: "I find no fault with the right honorable gentleman's quotation, for I find that he never makes one unless it has previously received the approbation of Parliament."—WEST, *Nineteenth Century and After*, January, 1910.

Disraeli, watching the new member advance to take the oath, could view the advent of Citizen Chamberlain, the terrible republican mayor of Birmingham, with detachment and without alarm. . . ."At least," said he with his sardonic smile, "At least he wears his eye-glass like a gentleman."—GARDINER.

I have heard Disraeli say more than once, "The disappointed are always young."—FRASER.

There is a good story told of the way Disraeli got rid of an unfortunate applicant for a baronetcy upon whom, for sufficient reasons, it was impossible to confer the honor. "You know I cannot give you a baronetcy," said Disraeli, "but you can tell your friends I offered you a baronetcy and that you refused it. That's far better."—MACDONAGH, *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1902.

One of the first questions I put to Disraeli was, "Which passion gives pleasure the latest? The conventional idea, of course, is avarice." He replied, "No; revenge. A man will enjoy that even when avarice has ceased to please."—FRASER.

"You surprise me," said Lord Beaconsfield, when Manning had been comparing what he regarded as the calm, broad-balanced Gladstone of an earlier day to the Gladstone of later years; "I thought he had always been an Italian in the custody of a Scotchman."—MELROSE.

"I rather like bad wine," he informed an earl at whose table he sat, and who had made some excuse about the quality of the claret. "One gets so bored with good wine."—SALTUS, *Munsey's Magazine*, May, 1905.

Mr. Disraeli once declared that the last cry to go to the country on was "That —— government!"—JEYES.

D'Orsay, who was never free from duns, and who was not above accepting a gratuity from a tailor to launch a new coat, once arched his eyebrows incredulously when Disraeli told him he did not owe a penny in London. Disraeli repeating the assertion, the Frenchman advised him in friendly seriousness not to let it get circulated. "People would say that you are a Russian spy—every

politician should own to £5,000 a year in debts or income." It may have been owing to this hint, which had some worldly wisdom in it, that Disraeli took no pains to contradict rumors which described him as deeply involved in liabilities of all sorts. "A man in debt is a man who is trusted," he once said, to the great delight of Lord George Bentinck; and again, he was the author of the paradox, "Out of debt, out of credit."—*Temple Bar*, October, 1883.

When the head of a well-known West-country family was raised to the Upper House a good deal of surprise was expressed at such distinction being conferred upon him, for he had not rendered any particular services to his party, having lost practically every election he had contested. Lord Beaconsfield furnished me with the key to this enigma. "Well," said he, "we really did not know what to do with him, for he was positively doing us harm. Whenever he stood he was beaten, so at last we thought the best way to get rid of him would be to send him to the Upper House."—NEVILL.

Lord Beaconsfield once said that the most ludicrous sight on earth was the incipient intoxication of a man in spectacles.—RUSSELL.

The often incorrectly reported reply of the new Lord Beaconsfield concerning his sensations in the new chamber, was, "I am dead, but I am in the Elysian fields."—ESCOTT, *The New Century Review*, April, 1898.

In Jovial Mood

Dr. Magee, the late Archbishop of York, applied to Disraeli in 1868—as is recorded in the archbishop's biography—for an appointment. Magee at the time was dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, and being desirous to get to England he wrote to the prime minister asking not even for a deanery, but for any minor vacancy that might be created by the filling up of the deanery of St. Paul's. Disraeli perpetrated a droll joke at Magee's expense. He began his reply so that on page one of the letter the words appeared, "Reverend Sir—I regret that I cannot comply with your request," while upon turning over the leaf the recipient read the reason: "I felt it my duty to recommend to her majesty to nominate you, if agreeable to yourself, to the vacant see of Peterborough."—MACDONAGH, *The Fortnightly Review*, August, 1902.

A droll trait in him was that he spoke enthusiastically about certain choice wines, but he never decried any sort of liquor, even gin. A reason he once gave for "saying something kind" about brandy in the presence of a person addicted to spirits would have had a Mephistophelean ring if the subject of the observation had not been, humanly speaking, irreclaimable: "I could not speak ill of his only friend." "I should call brandy his enemy," interposed a lady. "Ah, well, a man hates his enemy the worse for hearing him well spoken of," was the mild retort.—*Temple Bar*, October, 1883.

In one of Mr. Disraeli's few conversations with the Prince consort, the talk rolled upon the simple and gentle politeness of Highlanders, a subject upon which his royal highness was never tired of descanting. Mr. Disraeli gave an illustration of this politeness from his own experience. He was staying in a Highland house when a gillie came in to see the laird and was offered a glass of whiskey. Having tossed off the spirits, he was asked how he liked it. "Verra weel, laird," he answered, "sicher we puir folk canna drink such whuskay as that." Before he went the laird offered him another glass, which the gillie drank with the same encomium as before, smacking his lips. But when he was gone it was discovered that the case-bottle contained water. "Nothing could have been finer than the man's tact," concluded Mr. Disraeli, but he added, "Imagination is a powerful stimulant too in its way; perhaps, after all, the man set up as a connoisseur of the finer kinds of whiskey from that day."—*Temple Bar*, October, 1883.

Mr. Disraeli said that he did not remember the inn, upon which the owner of the Alderneys assured him that he must be mistaken. "You must remember the house, sir; there was a very handsome barmaid there—monstrous fine gal—you must have been in the King's Arms, sir." "Perhaps," said Dizzy, "if I had been in her arms I might have remembered it."—KEBBEL.

Disraeli once entertained when his wine list was confined to a "noisy" brand. There was only some old Clout in the cellar at which Bernal [Osborne, who was also of Jewish birth] appeared to look askance. "Well, my dear boy," said Benjamin playfully, "you and I may never turn up our noses at old Clo'."—*Notes and Queries*, December 1, 1906.

Disraeli said, "When I meet a man whose name I cannot remember, I give myself two minutes; then, if it is a hopeless case, I always say, 'And how is the old complaint'?"—FRASER.

To an author, presenting an impossible book: "Many thanks; I shall lose no time in reading it."—MEYNELL.

On hearing that Mr. Gladstone was in excellent form as the guest of Lady Cooper at Wrest Park (November, 1879) Lord Beaconsfield, who was not above a pun, said, "Doubtless, he thinks that I, the wicked, will cease from troubling, while he, the weary, is at Wrest."—MEYNELL.

"What is the difference between a misfortune and a calamity?" somebody asked a new definition from Disraeli. The questioner, being no literalist, but a man of liberal understanding, got the reply: "Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity."—MEYNELL. [Edward Legge, in his "The Empress Eugénie," tells this same anecdote with Napoleon III. giving the identical answer to the question asked by the Prince Imperial, with Prince Jerome Napoleon as the butt.]

Mrs. Disraeli and Mrs. Willyams

His debts were growing. He had again borrowed for his election expenses. It was hinted to him that he might mend his fortune by marriage. "Would you like Lady —— for a sister-in-law?" he writes to Miss Disraeli. "Very clever, £25,000 and domestic." "As for love," he added, "all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for love, which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."

He was introduced by Lytton Bulwer, "at particular desire," to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, "a pretty little woman," he says, "a flirt and a rattle—indeed, gifted with a volubility, I should think, unequaled. She told me she liked silent, melancholy men. I answered that I had no doubt of it."—FROUDE.

The party [Bulwer, Disraeli and others] had assembled in the drawing room; before going down stairs, Disraeli holding after his fashion his coat-tails on his arm, displayed on his garment the marks of the chair on which he had been sitting. As he came to where his hostess had been sitting with one of her guests, Samuel Rogers, the latter whispered, "Disraeli, the Jew, with the brand of cane upon him." "I want you, Mr. Disraeli," said the hostess, "to take Mrs. Wyndham Lewis down to dinner." "Oh," was the answer, "anything rather than that insufferable woman. But Allah is great." With these words the future Lord Beaconsfield walked up to the lady he was afterwards to marry, whose acquaintance, like so many other opportunities of his life, he thus owed to his brother novelist.—ESCOTT, "Life of Lord Lytton."

"My mother," said Lady Lytton, "went to call upon Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, to condole with her upon the death of her husband. She had no sooner entered the room when the widow came forward, all smiles and eagerness. 'Congratulate me, my dear,' she exclaimed, 'Disraeli has proposed.'"—FRISWELL, *Temple Bar*, August, 1905.

He has himself written that the most exquisite moment in a man's life was when he surprised his lady love reading the manuscript of his first speech and the sympathy of Mrs. Disraeli in his successes may well have given them yet a further charm.—SAMUEL, *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1905.

There was a little joke between them which I heard from the late Dean of Salisbury. "You know that I married you for your money," Disraeli would say to her. "Oh, yes, but if you were to marry me again you'd marry me for love, wouldn't you?" was the regular reply. "Oh, yes," the husband would exclaim, and the little nuptial comedy was ended.—KEBBEL.

"My wife," he said to Hamber, "was a child of nature, unversed in books, and ignorant of whether the Greeks or Romans came first. She loved primroses, therefore I do so too."—ESCOTT, "Society in the Country House."

It was ludicrous, the tokens of affection and apparently of admiration which he lavished on "Marianna" as we irreverently called her. One evening, on coming up from dinner, he knelt before her, and, as they say in novels, devoured both her hands with kisses, saying at the same time in the most lackadaisical manner, "Is there anything I can do for you, my dear little wife?" And yet this ungainly, repulsive-looking woman was deserving of his affection. She had saved him from perdition and set him up on high among the people. All her wealth was valued by her only as far as it could assist his objects. She watched him like a faithful dog, understood his every fancy, habit, thought; in fact, lived in him and for him. I know of few anecdotes of devotion finer than her conduct when one afternoon

she had driven him to the House of Commons. He was speaking to her at parting, and somehow she got her finger inside the carriage door, which he shut forcibly. Though dreadfully crushed and in agony, she never exclaimed or even mentioned the matter until he returned home. He was going to make a great speech and she thought if she uttered the least cry, or had given him to know he had hurt her, his thoughts might be distracted.—GREGORY.

The carriage incident is well known. . . . That is perfectly authentic, and there are other stories like it.—FROUDE.

Many of the younger members pressed Mr. Disraeli to return with them and have supper at the Carlton; but, as Lady Beaconsfield told me afterwards, with manifest pride and joy, "Dizzy came home to me." And she then proceeded to describe the supper: "I had got him a raised pie from Fortnum & Mason's, and a bottle of champagne, and he ate half the pie and drank all the champagne, and then he said, 'Why, my dear, you are more like a mistress than a wife.'" And I could see that she took it as a very high compliment indeed.—KEBBEL.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who had brought Disraeli into Parliament, died unexpectedly the year after. His widow, the clever, rattling flirt, as he had described her on first acquaintance, after a year's mourning, became Disraeli's wife. She was childless. She was left the sole possessor of a house at Grosvenor Gate and a life income of several thousands a year. She was not beautiful. Disraeli was thirty-five and she was approaching fifty. But she was a heroine, if ever a woman deserved the name. She devoted herself to Disraeli with a completeness which left no room in her mind for any other thought. As to him, he had said that he would never marry for love. But if love, in the common sense of the word, did not exist between these two, there was an affection which stood the trials of thirty years and deepened only as both declined into age. She was his helpmate, his confidante, his adviser; from the first he felt the extent of his obligations to her, but the sense of obligation, if at first felt as a duty, became a bond of friendship perpetually renewed. The hours spent with his wife in retirement were the happiest that he knew. In defeat or victory he hurried home from the House of Commons to share his vexation or his triumph with his companion, who never believed that he could fail. The moment in his whole life which perhaps gave him the greatest delight was that at which he was able to decorate her with a peerage.—FROUDE.

The wife of the lordly proprietor was a person of exceptional refinement and a deep and sincere sense of propriety; she had carefully swept from the walls all pictures of a character that our less squeamish forefathers would not have objected to. As it happened, in the bedroom allotted to Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli one picture remained, not in any way exceeding those works of great artists displayed in the National Gallery, but of a decidedly classic character as regards drapery, such as might have attracted the attention of the gentleman who signed himself "A British Matron." At breakfast, the first morning after their arrival, Mrs. Disraeli addressed the lady of the house in these words: "I find that your house is full of indecent pictures." Knowing well the character of their hostess, dismay might have been observed on the faces of the guests; undaunted, Mrs. Disraeli continued: "There is a most horrible picture in our bedroom; Disraeli says it is 'Venus and Adonis.' I have been awake half the night trying to prevent his looking at it." I know this to be true; the elder son of the house told it to me, who was present at breakfast.—FRASER.

When in Edinburgh in 1867 he had a great and enthusiastic reception from the democracy. "We did not go to bed until quite late," he said the next morning. "Mrs. Disraeli and I were so delighted with our meeting that we danced a Scotch reel" (or was it an Irish jig?) "over it in our bedroom."—MCCALL, *Contemporary Review*, June, 1881.

My father was one day driving out at —— and at the close of the evening he took Lady Beaconsfield down to her carriage; as he did so, he remarked: "Mr. Disraeli spoke most eloquently to-night. And how well he is looking." The viscountess looked up into my father's face with a pleased expression. "Ah," she said, "you think he looks well; you think him handsome. Yet people call him ugly; but he is not; he is handsome; they should see him asleep."—FRISWELL, *Temple Bar*, August, 1905.

At the first word about Manchester Lady Beaconsfield straightway began to tell of Dizzy's triumphs with a precipitation, a joyful eagerness and sparkle that spoke more of eighteen than of eighty. Here were the affection and volubility, both together,

untired. From that I could believe nearly all the dinner-table stories of her devotion, and her admiration; even this: She was one evening in company with some ladies when the conversation wandered into talk of fine figures: Mr. A's, Mr. B's, Captain C's. The old lady let them run on and then said pityingly, "Ah, you should see my Dizzy in his bath."—GREENWOOD, *Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1896.

At Mount Braddon, at Torquay, there resided an elderly widowed lady, named Mrs. Brydges Willyams. She was of Jewish birth, daughter and heiress of a certain Mendez da Costa, who traced his origin, like Disraeli, to a great family in Spain. Her husband, one of the Willyamses of Cornwall, who was a man of some note there, had died in 1820. His wife was left without children; she had no near relations and with a large fortune at her disposal. She was reputed, because perhaps she lived much in retirement, to be of eccentric habits. Being vain of her race, she was attracted by Disraeli's career and she was interested in his writings. A Spanish Jewish origin was common to herself and to him and some remote connection could, I have heard, be traced between the house of Lara, from which Disraeli descended, and her own, Mendez da Costa. At last, at the beginning of 1851, she wrote to him, professing general admiration and asking for his advice on some matter of business. Men whose names are before the world often receive letters of this kind from unknown correspondents. Disraeli knew nothing of Mrs. Willyams and had no friends at Torquay whom he could ask about her. He threw the letter into the fire and thought no more of it. . . . The lady wrote again, pressing for an interview and appointing as a place of meeting the fountain in the Exhibition building. The Disraeli of practical life was as unlike as possible to the heroes of his own novels. His mysterious correspondent might be young and beautiful or old and ugly. In either case the proposal could have no attraction for him. His person was well known and an assignation in so public a place could not pass unnoticed. In his most foolish years he had kept clear of entanglements with women and did not mean to begin. He was out of town when the letter arrived. He found it when he returned, but again left it unnoticed. A third time, however, the lady wrote and in more pressing terms appointed another hour at the same place. The perseverance struck him as singular. He showed the note to two intimate friends, who both advised him not to neglect a request which might have meaning in it. He went. By the side of the fountain he found sitting an old woman, very small in person, strangely dressed and peculiar in manner, such a figure as might be drawn in an illustrated story for a fairy godmother. She told him a long story of which he could make nothing. Seeing that he was impatient she placed an envelope in his hand which she said contained a statement of the case on which she desired a high legal opinion. She begged him to examine it at leisure. He thrust the envelope carelessly into his pocket, and, supposing she was not in her right mind, thought no more of the matter. The coat which he was wearing was laid aside and weeks passed before he happened to put it on again. When he did put it on the packet was still where it had been left. He tore it open and found a banknote for a thousand pounds as an humble contribution towards his election expenses, with the case for the lawyers, which was less absurd then he had expected. This was, of course, submitted to a superior counsel, whose advice was sent at once to Torquay with acknowledgments and apologies for the delay. I do not know what became of the thousand pounds. It was probably returned. But this was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into a close and affectionate friendship. . . . The curious and delicate idyll was prolonged for twelve years, at the end of which Mrs. Willyams died, bequeathing to him her whole fortune and expressing a wish, which of course was complied with, that she might be buried at Hughenden, near the spot where Disraeli himself was to lie.—FROUDE.

Mrs. Willyams must have been at least seventy when Disraeli first corresponded with her in 1851. She was probably older.—MONYPENNY.

It must have been a little embarrassing to Lord Beaconsfield, when, having in 1863 dropped most of the fancies of his romantic youth, he found that the mysterious Mrs. Brydges Willyams of Torquay had left him £40,000. For she stated her "wish and desire that he should obtain permission of her majesty to use and adopt the names of the families of Lara and Mendez da Costa in addition to that of Disraeli." As a matter of fact Lord Beaconsfield had no claim whatever to the names and arms of either. The Laras, who had adopted the name of a Marrano (secret Jewish) family who had adopted the "Gothic surname" of the great Spanish house of Lara, had no "arms" except those

attached to their pushful shoulders. And the only connection his lordship had with the Mendez family was that his greatgrandfather's first wife was a Mendez Furtado.—*Notes and Queries*, April 10, 1915.

All three, benefactress and beneficiaries, now lie together, just outside the east end of the church, and one monument, on the outer walls of the de Montfort chapel, records the names and legends of them all.—MONYPENNY.

BEAUMARCHAIS, Pierre Augustin Caron de, 1732-1799. French diplomatist.

The Count de Mirabeau lived almost entirely by what he borrowed; he came to see Beaumarchais; they only knew one another by reputation; the conversation between them was lively, animated and witty. At last the count, with the levity customary with borrowers of quality, asked Beaumarchais to lend him twelve thousand francs. Beaumarchais refused him with that original gaiety which distinguished him. "But you could easily lend me that amount," said the count. "Without doubt," replied Beaumarchais, "but, Monsieur le Comte, as I should have to break off with you when the day of payment arrived, I would rather do so at once. I gain twelve thousand francs by it."—LOUIS DE LOMENIE, "Beaumarchais and his Times," citing Gudin.

A courtier who had boasted that he would disconcert the protégé of "Mesdames de France," Beaumarchais [who earlier in life had followed the trade of watchmaker] met him in the midst of a numerous group, just as he was coming out of the princesses' apartments, arrayed in his court suit, and said, as he handed him a very fine watch: "Sir, as you understand watchmaking, I wish you would have the kindness to examine my watch; it is out of order." "Sir," replied Beaumarchais calmly, "since I have ceased to practise the art, I have become very inexpert." "Oh, sir, do not refuse me the favor I ask." "Very well, but I give you notice that I have become very awkward." Then, taking the watch, he opened it, raised it in the air, and, pretending to examine it, let it fall to the ground. Upon which he made a low bow to the proprietor of the watch, saying, "I had warned you, sir, of my extreme awkwardness." He then walked away, leaving the nobleman to pick up the remains of his watch.—LOUIS DE LOMENIE, "Beaumarchais and his Times."

He obtains from Louis XVI. a commission to go to London and there induced, by means of bribery, a certain Jew to destroy all the copies of a scandalous libel on Marie Antoinette. Having settled the business for £1400 and seen to the destruction of the English copies, he and the Jew set out for Holland, to attend to the suppression of an edition which is being prepared at Amsterdam. The Jew escapes and Beaumarchais, pursuing him with infinite trouble, catches up with him near Nuremberg, on the border of a forest, and by sheer force despoils the rogue of the one copy of the libel which the son of Shem had saved for the purpose of reprinting it. So far, so good; but just at this moment Beaumarchais is attacked by brigands. He makes a gallant fight of it, despite their bringing up of overwhelming reenforcements. He finally escapes, indeed, but is badly wounded and after much delay, caused by the acute physical suffering he is enduring, and the necessity of writing pathetic accounts of the affair to his friends in Paris, with obscure hints that it would not be unwise for them to prepare for the worst, he makes his way to Vienna. There he obtains an audience with Marie Theresa, tells her the whole story, begs her to have the Jew pursued and arrested, and reads her enough of the libel to pique the good lady's interest. Again so far, so good. But a skeptical minister of the empress, whose advice she has sought, is unfeeling enough to have the hero Beaumarchais arrested and an inquiry instituted into the affair. Whereupon it is discovered that there is no Jew at all, that the thrilling adventure in the forest is an audacious piece of fiction and that the wounds on the strength of which Beaumarchais recommended his Parisian friends to think of his epitaph were no more serious than those a man generally makes upon his own person. Then comes the cream of the story. The French authorities stand by him and he is not only released by Kaunitz, but offered a thousand ducats as a slight solace to his wounded feelings. Like a Frenchman and a man of honor, he declines the gift; but upon his return to France a diamond is pressed upon him, and this his conscience permits him to accept, with a feeling that his virtue has at last been recognized and rewarded.—ERNEST NEWMAN, *The Fortnightly Review*, October 1, 1909.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

Benefit of clergy is thus described by Misson: About six hundred years ago, in the reign of William II., the people of England were so strangely ignorant that the very priests could hardly read. The king, in order to bring the people out of such a state

of darkness, made a law, that in certain cases, as manslaughter, theft (for the first time) not exceeding the sum of five pounds sterling (and committed without burglary or putting the person robbed into bodily fear), polygamy, etc., the convict might save his life, and escape with no other punishment than burning in the hand, if he were so great a scholar as to be able to read; and, although there is at present hardly the meanest peasant in England but what can read, yet the law is still in force. They say to the criminal, Thou, N., who art convicted of having committed such and such a crime, what hast thou to demand in favor of thyself, to hinder sentence from being passed upon thee? The criminal answers, I demand the benefit of clergy. His demand is granted and the ordinary of Newgate gives him a book, printed in the old Gothic letter, in which the criminal reads a few words. Then the lord mayor, or one of the judges, asks the ordinary, *Legite, vel non?* And the ordinary answers, *Legit ut clericus.* However, when the criminal has a right to demand the benefit of clergy they seldom give themselves the trouble to examine whether he can read or no; be he the greatest scholar in the world, or the greatest blockhead, 'tis all a case, so he give but a little spite of money to the ordinary, who tells him in a low voice (which the whole court may hear) three or four words, which he pronounces, and there's an end of the matter. 'Tis always taken for granted that a peer can read, and he is never burned in the hand when he claims the benefit of clergy.—JOHN ASHTON, "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne."

BENJAMIN, Judah Philip, 1811-1884. American statesman.

"Never keep any letter or other document if you can possibly help it. You only give yourself infinite trouble and, if you die, you bequeath a legacy of mischief. Of course, you may have a piece of business going on which compels you to preserve correspondence for a time, but do not keep it a moment longer than is absolutely necessary."—PIERCE BUTLER, "Judah P. Benjamin."

"When I do not agree with Benjamin I will not let him talk to me," said Slidell, who was his friend; "he irritates me so by his debonair ways."—GAMALIEL BRADFORD, "Confederate Portraits."

It is well known that he was severely criticized for his conduct of the campaign around Roanoke Island in 1862, while Secretary of War of the Confederate States, though President Jefferson Davis apparently defied public opinion by promoting him to the post of Secretary of State at the time he relieved him of the war portfolio, in consequence of the censure of a congressional investigating committee. Decades after the event, Benjamin, in a private letter to a friend, explained this enigma: he had found that he could not justify himself before the commission without betraying the unknown dearth of ammunition which the Confederate forces suffered from at the time, and the discovery of which would have been quite certain to have reached the ears of the enemy, so Benjamin, with Davis's consent, sacrificed himself and withheld the evidence which would have cleared him before the committee and the country.—MAX J. KOHLER, No. 12 of Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society, citing B. H. Wise's "Life of Henry A. Wise."

I once went to him myself to ask an explanation of a new system that had grown up in the export trade from New York to Liverpool. He gave me at once, as was his manner, a short and clear account of the practise and also explained the legal results and the rights of the parties. This led to a curious sequel, for within a few weeks I was retained for the plaintiff in chancery against the defendants. When the case came on for hearing before Vice-Chancellor Malins, I duly appeared, feeling confident of success, not only from my own opinion of the plaintiff's rights, but according to the view expressed by Benjamin that he was in the right. I found opposed to me for one of the defendants Sir Roundell Palmer, for the other Mr. Benjamin. Palmer's case was postponed on the ground of personal convenience, but he told me while he waited for the judge to come into court that the point was quite new to him. Benjamin and myself occupied the whole day with our arguments and the Vice-Chancellor, after much doubting, delivered a judgment against the view presented by Mr. Benjamin and in favor of that with which he had furnished me when I had sought his aid.—BARON POLLOCK, *Fortnightly Review*, March 1, 1898.

His custom, noted even while he was practising in New Orleans, of beginning his argument by a bold statement of the proposition he intended to maintain, which sometimes needed all his subtlety of logic in order to seem reasonable at all, was indirectly responsible for one little incident that made a deep impression in England. It was in the case of the London & County Bank vs. Rat-

cliffe, which Mr. Russell Roberts, one of the junior counsel, declares to have been exceedingly puzzling in its facts, that Mr. Benjamin had his difficulty, May 19, 1881. As senior counsel for the appellants in the House of Lords Mr. Benjamin insisted on proceeding with his argument as he had planned it, in spite of signs of impatience on the part of the members. At length, upon his stating one of the propositions that he meant to defend, Lord Selborne, the Lord Chancellor, remarked *sotto voce*, but in a tone that reached the counselor's ear, "Nonsense." Changing color slightly, says Mr. Roberts, from whom I take these facts, Mr. Benjamin "proceeded to tie up his papers. This accomplished, he bowed gravely to the members of the House, and saying, 'That is my case, my lords,' he turned and left the House." The junior counsel was therefore compelled to go on as best he might. "On the following day the respondent's counsel was heard and, a reply being called for, Mr. Horace Davey, Q. C., on the 23d day of May, rose to address the House, Mr. Benjamin being absent. On Mr. Davey's rising, the Lord Chancellor said, 'Mr. Davey, it is unusual for the House to hear three counsel for the same party and we have already heard Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Russell Roberts. I notice Mr. Benjamin's absence, however, and I feel that it may be attributed to his having taken umbrage at an unfortunate remark which fell from me during his argument and in which I referred to a proposition he stated as nonsense. I certainly was not justified in applying such a term to anything that fell from Mr. Benjamin and I wish to convey to him my regret that I should have used such an expression.' Mr. Davey conveyed to Mr. Benjamin what had been said by Lord Selborne and induced him to write a note to Lord Selborne acknowledging the apology."—PIERCE BUTLER, "Life of Judah P. Benjamin."

Lord Selborne sent a messenger to Mr. Benjamin, after the latter had left court, offering an apology and begging him to return, which Mr. Benjamin declined to do, much to the chagrin of his clients (a large London joint-stock bank) whose case he was arguing on appeal, the brief being marked one thousand guineas.—FRANCIS LAWLEY, *The Athenæum*, May 12, 1888.

BENTON, Thomas Hart, 1782-1858. American statesman.

Upon some occasion—probably while he still lived in North Carolina—he and a number of his cousins were staying together somewhere and his manner irritated his associates until they determined to play a joke upon him. Accordingly, they took his cravat, while he was asleep, and hid five dollars in it; and the next morning at breakfast one of the lads put his hands into his pockets, said he had lost five dollars and asserted that some of the party had taken his money. All protested innocence, but finally it was proposed to search every one and the money was of course found secreted on Benton's person. His anger and mortification knew no bounds, while his tormentors enjoyed their triumph for some time, but finally explained to him the trick they had played. The miserable joke grew to a story, or a whole progeny of stories, of his having been caught stealing while a young fellow and, with the immense vitality which always characterizes such rumors, would never down. To the very end of his public career, quite as much as half a century after the joke was played, the charge it grew into was whispered abroad against him, was thrown at him by Foote in their contest, and was regularly unearthed and brought to bear whenever his name was mentioned for the presidency. To the same parentage is doubtless also to be traced the story that he got into a violent quarrel at the University of North Carolina and was expelled from his literary society for theft. Years later, this story goes on, after he had become a great man, the authorities reinstated him and sent him notice to that effect, but he, disgruntled at what he thought servility on their part, simply returned it with the laconic answer, "Go to hell."

Coming to Washington from California, where he had become a believer in Benton's hard money theories, Keyes called on Benton and explained how admirably the theory worked on the Pacific slope, and then went on to explain his conversion and added that he had sworn in his own heart never to take another bank note. All this was well enough, but, when he continued that upon landing recently in New York and driving home in a hack, he had handed the driver a five-dollar gold piece and allowed him to hand back a three-dollar bill in change, Keyes writes that "Old Bullion's countenance underwent a change and with an air and voice that would have suited a Caliph of Bagdad he rebuked me—'Young man,' said he, 'you were wrong to take the three-dollar note—you had no right to barter your principles. The paper you received was probably without intrinsic value. Such notes pass from hand to hand like counters of gamblers and are not intended to be redeemed. They enrich knaves,

sir, and rob the industrious. Better return to your California teachings.' A little more in the same strain and I left, feeling as though I had been tossed by a bull."

A merchant from New York was endeavoring to obtain from Congress a subsidy for a line of steamers to Panama or some other foreign port and had an agent in Washington to look after the matter. This agent met Benton one day and asked him why he could not aid them. He genially replied, "I might upon certain considerations." The man was delighted and answered, "Name your conditions, senator; Mr. —— will give you anything you ask." "Well, the conditions are that when the vessels are finished they will be used to take all such damned rascals as you are out of the country."

When the "Thirty Years' View" was about to come out, the publisher sent some one to consult him as to the number of copies it would be advisable to print, but the answer was, "Sir, they can ascertain from the last census how many persons there are in the United States who can read, sir," and no other suggestion would he make.

A story is told by Keyes of a slight and modest Jerseyman who called to explain his invention of a salt boiler, but got no further than the first words, for Benton at once took up the subject, gave him a dissertation of an hour's length upon salt from the day of Lot's wife to modern times and then bowed him out with a "Good morning, sir," which frightened out of his head any thoughts he may have had.

Colonel Switzler has written to me that, when once publicly asked his age, the answer he gave was, "Chronologically Benton is about sixty-eight; but if Benton's country or Benton's friends want anything done, Benton is forty-five."—WILLIAM M. MEIGS, "Life of Thomas H. Benton." Copyright, J. B. Lippincott Company.

A farmer of bushy head and unshaven face called out to Colonel Benton and inquired to know his age. Promptly the colonel replied, "According to the Calendar, my age is seventy-four, but when anything is to be done I am thirty-five years old, sir."—L. T. COLLIER, *Missouri Historical Review*, April, 1914.

He was by no means fond of some of the inconveniences of travel and when there was a lack of rooms at some hotel he announced that "Benton sleeps in the same bed with no man" and told a younger member of the party that he could take one of the mattresses off the bed and sleep on the floor.—MEIGS.

It is said that one day he intended to answer a speech of Calhoun's, but, hearing that Calhoun was prostrated by illness and could not be present, he announced, "Benton will not speak to-day, for when God Almighty lays his hands on a man Benton takes his off."—MEIGS.

A short time after Calhoun's death a friend said to Benton, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied, "No, sir. When God Almighty lays his hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."—OLIVER DYER, "Great Senators."

With Buchanan he had friendly relations for many years, though not always one of his warm admirers. In 1856 when he supported his, as against his own son-in-law [Fremont], not one word was said in derogation of Benton's conduct because of his known fidelity to principle.

In his dealings in financial matters Benton was exceedingly conscientious. He abhorred debt and, as we have seen, desired that good money only be used. At one time he refused to take his senatorial pay in notes, though they were perfectly good, and insisted on "the hard or a protest," which he wrote across the face of the draft. He did protest and the matter was settled so that he actually got gold, but the incident was not very forceful as a precedent until after his whole plan of specie payments had been worked out.

He was always ready to talk about health to any one who would listen to his views and, seeing how he had been snatched practically from the jaws of the grave by his own severe regimen, he had some reason for faith in his practise. He was daily rubbed down by a negro servant with a horse brush, which would have almost made a Spartan quail. He began this in youth, when fleeing from consumption, and kept it up to the end, although it must have taken a very stoical mind to submit to its tortures.—JOSEPH M. ROGERS, "Life of Thomas H. Benton."

Dyer says that this was done down to the hips in the morning, as a portion of a daily bath, while in the afternoon the like treatment was afforded to his person from the hips to the feet. So hard was the brush used that Benton would grimly assure wondering friends that they would cry murder if barely touched with the implement, and when they shook their heads and asked why he did it, his reply was, "The Roman gladiators did it, sir."—WILLIAM M. MEIGS, "Life of Thomas H. Benton."

He introduced me to a lady once, "Mrs. C., a friend of my wife's, madam: need I say more?"—VARINA DAVIS, "Jefferson Davis."

Col. James H. Birch of Plattsburgh and himself were not on friendly terms. . . . Benton had finished his speech, Birch addressed the chair and when in the act of addressing the convention, Benton quickly rose and, taking up his hat and cloak, was about to leave the hall, but friends intervened and at last prevailed on him to remain. This feud continued and it is related that afterwards, during the same year, Benton had an appointment to speak in Platte City, the day being fixed. On his arrival he learned that Birch had spoken there the day before. Benton was angered and declared that he would not speak from the platform that Birch had occupied the day before, and persistently refused to speak until his friends arranged a place outside of the town limits, where he at last addressed the crowd assembled.—COLLIER.

The animosity between Foote, of Mississippi, and Benton, of Missouri, was well known. It is a matter of record. . . . Mr. Foote said that he would write a little book in which Mr. Benton would figure very largely. Mr. Benton heard of this and replied in his characteristic way to his informant: "Tell Foote that I will write a very large book in which he shall not figure at all." The "Thirty Years' View" will show how faithfully the promise was kept.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1859.

I have seen a black woman with a basket of clothes turn down the area steps, glazed and slippery with falling sleet. My father, passing on his way to the senate, sees this, speaks to the woman, turns and makes her go up the front steps, on which ashes had been thrown, helps her basket up, rings the bell and says: "I have brought her up; have ashes put on the basement steps; they are dangerous." This I saw from a window, when my father was nearly seventy. You must realize the enormity of a slave going with a bundle to a front door to know what this contains of courage and justice and use of position to enforce justice.

When my father's Washington house was burned it gave so much pain to every one that both houses adjourned and the silent, helpless crowd bared their heads to my father, as he came to the ruin of his house. "It makes dying easier," he said to me; "there is so much less to leave."

My father always rose with the first light and in the winter lit his own wood fire in the library, where after his never-omitted rough rubbing with flesh brushes, he would roll himself in a white flannel gown over his underclothes and write until a late breakfast hour. —JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, *The Independent*, January 29, 1903.

BERNADOTTE, Jean Baptiste Jules, 1763-1844. Marshal of France and King of Sweden.

It may have been on the arrival of the regiment at Marseilles in September, 1789, that the incident occurred, which, to the end of her life, Queen Désirée of Sweden was fond of relating. She was the daughter of M. Francis Clary, a rich and prominent merchant of Irish descent, resident in Marseilles. Her chamberlain has related the story in her own words: "One day a soldier presented himself with a requisition billeting him in our house at Marseilles. My father, who had no wish to be disturbed by the noise soldiers usually make, politely sent him back with a letter to his colonel, requesting that an officer might be billeted on us instead of a soldier. The soldier who was sent back in this way was Bernadotte, who was afterwards to marry me and become a king."—D. PLUNKETT BARTON, "Bernadotte."

Désirée Clary was intended for earthly honors and at least they rested lightly on her head. Let us recapitulate. She is betrothed to Joseph, then to Napoleon, then to Douphot; she refuses Junot and would be glad to accept Marmont; at last she married Bernadotte. With Joseph she would have been an imperial princess, Queen of Naples and of Spain; with Napoleon Empress of France; with Douphot probably marechale and duchess; with Junot Duchess d'Abrantes; with Marmount marechale and Duchess of Ragusa. Bernadotte, the former sergeant of marines, places the crown of Sweden on the head of the former bourgeoise of Marseilles.—MARION QUEKETT, *Temple Bar*, February, 1899 [citing Arsene Houssaye].

In "L'Intermédiaire des Chencheurs et Curieux" reference is made to an article in "Histoire du Tatouage" in the "Dictionnaire Encyclopédique," where it is stated that, during a voyage around the world, an English prince, when the conversation turned upon tattooing, told the anecdote as follows: He said that it was noticed that the King of Sweden always objected, for some mysterious reason, to exposing his arm. When a serious illness made bleeding necessary, he exacted a promise of secrecy from his physician, who gave and broke the promise, after seeing the

Phrygian cap and the words "Death to Kings" tattooed on the king's arm.

At a levee an old German officer, General von Gonheim, being aware that the marshal had served in the ranks of the Royal La Marine regiment, recalled the fact that in India at the siege of Cuddahore he had nursed in his tent a French prisoner, a young sergeant of the Royal La Marine regiment, and expressed his disappointment at never having heard from him since. The marshal without hesitation assumed the character of the young sergeant, apologized for his forgetfulness and overwhelmed the old general with marks of gratitude and favor. The incident created a favorable impression among the Germans, and the story of Marshal Bernadotte having been nursed by General von Gonheim at Cuddahore was repeated everywhere and passed into history. . . . It has transpired, however, that when the marshal retired after the levee, his staff officers remarked that they had heard for the first time that he had served in India. Bernadotte appears to have admitted that it was the first he himself had heard of it and to have explained his gasconade by saying that he wished to rescue his old regiment from the imputation of ingratitude and to discharge the obligation which his fellow sergeant of the Royal La Marine regiment owed to von Gonheim.—BARTON.

When in 1840 the remains of the great emperor were transferred to Paris, he mournfully exclaimed to his representative, "Tell them that I, who was once a marshal of France, am now only King of Sweden."—R. P. DUNN-PATTISON, "Napoleon's Marshals."

BERNIS, François Joachim de Pierres, de, 1715-1794. French statesman.

Without being more of a rogue than other boys, I passed three years under the rod. Anger, at last, got the better of me, and, after vainly meditating various projects of revenge, my head being full of "Comte de Gabalis," a book that I believed to be full of the mysteries of the cabala, I resolved to vow myself to the powers of hell, to become a great magician, and transform my unworthy tutor into a stone or tree; and with this resolution I rose one morning at four o'clock and went into a solitary place at daybreak; there I made my invocations and conjurations, but all to no purpose. Nothing appeared. Then, believing that the powers of darkness might appear to one more readily in obscurity, I went down into a cellar, not without some fear. My trepidation became terror when, having begun my invocations in a loud voice, there issued from beneath the casks a big black cat, which rushed, miauing, between my legs, and which I took to be the devil. My hair stood on end and I fled hastily, believing that all hell was after me. This adventure made me reflect. Remorse followed reflection; I confessed first to my mother, who did not fail to frighten me with the enormity of my crime; she was too well educated, however, not to know how to appreciate it. I was only seven years old, but they made me confess to the grand vicar, and I was absolved. Since then I have not had much taste for sorcery.

We were studying, under Père Porée, the second book of Homer's "Iliad"; that second book, printed separately, was the only copy of the poet we had. Père Porée, in making us compose Greek verses, gave us as a theme in Latin prose a passage taken from the fourth book of the "Iliad." I dreamed at night of the Greek verses I had to make; I thought I had done them and kept repeating in my memory the verses I had just composed. I wrote down, on waking, the first four verses of my composition, having entirely forgotten the others. My composition finished, I gave it to Père Porée, who was much astonished to find that the four first verses were entirely from Homer. He thought at first that I had copied them, but he was fully convinced that I had no knowledge of the fourth book of the "Iliad." Cardinal de Polignac, who had no aversion to the marvelous, told me that the same thing had happened to him and in a still more surprising manner. Philosophers have not examined with sufficient seriousness the functions of the soul during sleep.—CARDINAL BERNIS, "Memoirs."

The following anecdote I hold from M. Firmin-Didot, who told me he had it from the original and from tradition. Bernis, in the days of his great poverty and his dinners with Diderot at six sous a head, was employed as proof-reader by the publishing and printing house of Didot, great-grandfather of my informant. There he had his lodging and breakfast with the family. One day, the head of the house, not seeing him, said, "Is not Bernis coming to breakfast?" "No," said one of the family; "he is busy just now; he is mending his breeches."—SAINTE BEUVE, "Causeries du Lundi."

From Cardinal Fleury, however, our abbé received a rebuff. Having, in order to humor his relative, the Princess de Rohan, who had lately taken him by the hand, applied to the minister for a convent, the latter sternly replied: "Monsieur Abbé, your debaucheries

render you unfit for the favors of the church. As long as I remain in power you shall obtain nothing." "Well, monseigneur," replied de Bernis, "I'll wait." This repartee was an event; it was repeated and applauded everywhere until it reached the ears of royalty itself.—*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1850.

The Cardinal de Bernis was the new prime minister. He had an easy talent for trifling poetry; it was his whole merit and his whole fortune. Madame de Pompadour was pleased with some of his incense offered to her and first sent him to Venice, then to the Hague, where he distinguished himself by an intriguing vivacity. The qualifications and his attachment to her seemed solid enough to the mistress to fit the abbé-comte de Bernis for the government of France, where even these superficial talents are not outshined, so exhausted in that country was the vein of genius. Bernis was made a cardinal and amassed benefits to the amount of £14,000 a year, but was scarce settled in that exalted station before he received a *lettre de cachet* as he was going to bed, ordering him to retire to his bishopric by ten the next morning. The cause of this rapid fall was imputed to his own folly. He, who had scrupled to receive no benefits from the mistress, nay, whose flatteries had obtained the greatest and whose conscience had stooped to owe to her interest the first dignity in the church, grew at once conscientiously ungrateful and arrogantly absurd, refusing to wait on her in her apartment and to communicate in the dignity of the purple with a woman of so unsanctimonious a character. The world laughed at his impertinent pretenses and she punished them.—HORACE WALPOLE, "Memoirs of George II."

BERRY, Charles Ferdinand, Duke of, 1778-1820. French peer.

A Monsieur Rochon, writing-master to the young princes, had experienced a considerable loss, caused by fire. The Duc de Berry begged his governor, the Duc de Serent, to give him twenty-five louis for poor Rochon. The duke consented but on condition that the prince gave satisfaction to his master for a fortnight, without saying anything to him about the twenty-five louis. And so Monseigneur set to work and traced big letters as little awry as he could. Rochon was astonished at this sudden change and did not cease to praise his pupil. The fortnight passed; the Duc de Berry received the twenty-five louis and carried them in triumph to Rochon. The latter, not knowing whether the governor approved of this generosity, declined to accept the money. The child insisted; the master objected. The young prince lost patience and, throwing the twenty-five louis on the table, exclaimed, "Take them; they have cost me dear enough; it is for this that I have been writing so well for the last fortnight."—R. NOEL WILLIAMS, "A Princess of Intrigue," citing Chateaubriand.

The Duc de Berry had got together at the Elysée a very fine gallery of pictures containing some admirable examples of the modern French and English schools, and to this he and his wife were continually adding. The collection contained evidences of the owners' goodness of heart, as well as their artistic sense. Visitors were often surprised to see side by side with the masterpieces of the great masters canvases which were obviously the work of 'prentice hands and in some of which it was difficult to perceive the smallest promise. Questioned one day about this, the duchess replied with a smile: "Poor men! To whom do you suppose they would sell their pictures, if I did not buy them?"—WILLIAMS.

It is due to the memory of the Duc de Berry to relate this anecdote: After a violent discussion, M. de la Ferronays, having been offended, left the house in which the prince lived. In the evening the Duc de Berry, astonished at not seeing him, sent out to ascertain whither he had gone, and inquired the cause of his sudden departure. "Monseigneur, you insulted me before your servants and I should not know how to endure such treatment." "Name those who were present." They were sent for and the prince said to them: "I failed yesterday in the respect that I owe to M. de Ferronays; I make my excuses and ask him to pardon me." Then, turning to my father-in-law: "Are you satisfied?" one can imagine the reply.—WILLIAMS, citing "Memoirs of Mme. de la Ferronays."

BERTHIER, Louis Alexander, 1753-1815. French marshal, Prince of Neufchâtel.

He was one of those selected by Bonaparte to accompany him to Egypt. Berthier could not bear to leave his "beloved general's" side; but, though forty-three years of age, he had conceived a violent passion for one Madame Visconti, that it quite upset his weak intellect and drove him into paroxysms of grief when he thought also of leaving the object of his passion. He hastened to Toulon and told Bonaparte he was sick and could not go and requested to be left behind. But his prayers and tears fell on a heart which had no sympathy for such nonsense and he was forced to

set sail. The long, tedious voyage—the separation of so many thousand miles—the new and glorious field to honor and fame which Egypt spread out before him—could not drive the image of his dear Visconti from his mind. He had a tent placed beside his own fitted up in the most elegant style, in which he suspended the portrait of his lady. Here "the Chief of the Staff of the Army of Egypt" would retire alone and, prostrating himself before it, indulge in the most passionate expressions of love and grief, and went so far at times as to burn incense before it, as if it were a goddess and he an ignorant devotee. At Alexandria his grief became so intense that he besought Bonaparte to allow him to return. Finding it impossible to drive this absurd passion from the head of his major-general, he at length granted his request. Poor Berthier bade his commander a solemn farewell and departed. In a few hours, however, he returned, his eyes swimming in tears, saying, after all, he could not leave his "beloved general." He accompanied Bonaparte on his return to France and with Lannes and Murat was his chief reliance to overturn the Directory. . . . On one occasion he presented him with a magnificent diamond worth nearly twenty thousand dollars, saying, "Take this; we frequently play high; lay it up against a time of need." In a few hours it was sparkling on the head of his lady love. . . . At the earnest request of Napoleon he finally married a princess of Bavaria. But scarcely was the marriage consummated, when, as if on purpose to complete his despair, the husband of Madame Visconti died.—J. T. HEADLEY, "Napoleon and his Marshals."

BEUGNOT, Jacques Claude, 1761-1835. French peer.

At a committee meeting they spoke of putting a crucifix in the hall of the electoral section. "I ask something more," said he, "that these words be inscribed beneath, 'My God, forgive them, for they know not what they do',"—ELIZABETH DE NOLDE, "Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant."

BEUST, Frederick Ferdinand, Count von, 1809-1886. Chancellor of Austria.

Like all great men he had his petty vanities, one of the most prominent of which was that he was proud of his small feet. On one occasion he made a bet with one of the leading ladies of the Court that he could wear her shoe. He won the bet, whereupon the lady, with great wit and presence of mind, observed, "It is singular that so great a minister should live on so small a footing."

With the exception of Prince Bismarck, Count Beust was probably the possessor of more foreign decorations than any other diplomatist. . . . I was with him one day in Vienna when he asked me to unlock a large drawer in which the cases containing the stars and crosses were tossed about in hopeless confusion. "The minister of —— has asked for an audience to-day," he said, "and I wish you would kindly get me out the grand cross of the order of the country he represents, as I learn from his letter that his visit is an official one." After looking in vain for the order he mentioned I told him it was not there. He was much annoyed at this and immediately despatched his secretary to the jeweler Roth, whose well-known shop on the Kohlmarket is the counterpart of that of Gretly in the Palais Royal, with instructions to buy the decoration in question and bring it back at once. This was done and the count, having put it on, waited for the foreign minister. In due course the latter appeared, carrying in his hand a piece of parchment and a case. Beust, being extremely short-sighted, took no notice of this, but engaged him in conversation and endeavored to elicit from him the object of his visit. The minister, Baron ——, seemed greatly embarrassed and Beust, thinking perhaps he had some important diplomatic secret which he might find difficulty in communicating before me, told him that he could speak without reserve. Whereupon the discomfited diplomatist, whose eyes had been constantly riveted on the cross with which Count Beust's coat was adorned, stammered out that he had been commanded by his royal master to confer on Count Beust the grand cross of ——; that he held in his hand the insignia and the diploma, but that as his excellency was, as he observed, already possessor of the order, his mission, so far as the investiture was concerned, was at an end. Beust's face at the denouement was a study. I made vain attempts to conceal my mirth and the plenipotentiary looked grave and sad. I was anxious to see how the count would get out of the dilemma, but he was quite equal to the trying occasion. "Your excellency," he said, "will readily excuse my error. So many great powers have honored me with their decorations that I could not believe that I did not possess one from his majesty, your sovereign." The answer was adroit, for although the minister represented a kingdom, he could in no way be considered the emissary of a first class power.—HENRY DE WORMS, "Introduction to the Memoirs of Count Beust."

On the day of my birth something extraordinary happened to me—I was drunk. It came about in this way. I always had the bad habit of keeping people waiting for me. I did so even on that day, and when at last I made my appearance my father was beside himself with joy, and gave my nurse a dozen bottles of old Rhenish wine of the year 1683. She was a Wendish woman, unable to understand a syllable of German, and thinking that the wine was for a bath, she poured it into a basin and bathed me in it. . . . I have heard it asserted that I owe my good temper to that immersion in old Rhenish wine. But it is certain that the physical effect was extremely injurious. Not only did a sleep of twenty-four hours give rise to grave fears for my life, but I remained in such a state of morbid excitement as to refuse all solid food for the first few years. This irritability, which I only mastered by degrees, gave me the reputation, as I afterwards heard, of being an unbearable child.

There was a state dinner at Schoenbrunn, and I, although chancellor of the empire, was placed at the end of the table as a junior councillor, so that those of my official subordinates who were present, Prokesch included, were seated above me. The latter audibly expressed his disapproval of this arrangement. "This is absurd," he said; "such things occur only in the West. In Oriental countries they would be impossible." After dinner I went to the court chamberlain, Prince Hohenlohe, with whom I was intimate, and said, "I do not make any pretensions or claims, but I must beg that on similar occasions I may not be invited." On the following day I received a letter in the emperor's handwriting conferring the same rank upon me as was conferred on old Prince Metternich, namely, the first place after the court chamberlain, so that I took precedence even of the Austrian princes. The precedence reserved for Prince Hohenlohe caused some embarrassment to the diplomatic corps, as it is a universal principle that the minister of foreign affairs always takes first place. Of course it was arranged that we should not be invited at the same time, and on occasions of great ceremony, such as the banquet given by Lord Bloomfield on the queen's birthday, I voluntarily gave up my place to Prince Hohenlohe. It was a good idea of one of the American ambassadors to write to me one day, of course with the best intentions: "Prince Hohenlohe was to have dined with me to-day. He has excused himself; will you not avail yourself of the opportunity?"

Soon after my appointment I received letters from time to time, addressed to me in a lady's handwriting, and containing maxims, proverbs and other useful advice in the Austrian dialect. I remember one of them, which I often quoted: "Learn every language spoken in the Austrian empire, so that you may be able to tell every man in his mother tongue that he is an ass."—COUNT BEUST, "Memoirs." [Beust had just been appointed prime minister of Austria after having been prime minister of Saxony.]

BIREN, Ernest Jean, 1687-1772. Prime Minister under Anne of Russia.

Biren's method of governing his principality was every whit as peculiar as the mode by which he acquired it. His post of Grand Chamberlain at the Russian court being the source of all his power and influence, he durst not quit it for an instant, and so it came about that his Courlanders never beheld their duke from one year's end to another. But if they never saw his face, they felt his heavy hand. Biren's spies kept him fully informed of all that was going on in the duchy, and it was soon remarked that very free-spoken gentlemen, sooner or later, mysteriously disappeared. Bands of masked men would pounce upon the offender when he felt most secure, hustle him into a closed carriage and he would not be seen again for years. Many of such abductions took place during the short reign of Duke Ernest John, but perhaps the most remarkable case was that of Herr von Sacken. This gentleman, while standing one day at the door of his country house, was seized from behind by two unknown persons, gagged and thrown into one of these closed carriages. For two whole years he was conveyed from place to place, his conductors never once showing him their faces unmasked. One night the horses were taken out of their traces and he was left in the carriage, where he remained until break of day, thinking that he would then resume his journey as usual. But when morning came and he still found himself alone, he ventured to put his head out of the window and found himself at the door of his own house whence he had been kidnapped two years before. Von Sacken complained to the duke, who affected the utmost astonishment and assured the aggrieved gentleman that if he could only recognize his mysterious abductors and bring them to justice, they should be severely punished.—R. NISBET BAIN, "Pupils of Peter the Great."

BISMARCK, OTTO EDWARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK-SCHOENHAUSEN, PRINCE, 1815-1898

Chancellor of Germany

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BEFORE THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

Youth and Exuberance

In the glade of the park at Schoenhausen is a moss-covered statue of Hercules. On one occasion little Otto, when returning empty-handed from shooting, passed at the rear of the mythological figure. The idea that it would be great fun to aim a loaded gun at Hercules's back no sooner crossed his mind than the deed was done. When Otto's father noticed the mischievous act, he said to his son, "It was you who did that." "Yes," said the boy; "but I should not have thought he would be so sensitive. As soon as I fired he laid his right hand on the spot at which I aimed, and he is still in that position." The fact is that Hercules is represented in the park with his hand on his back.—HOCHE.

A satiric paper called *Der Floh* (The Flea), published in Hanover, commented sarcastically on the brutality of the Goettingen

students' customs, making a reference which Bismarck interpreted as personal. He went forthwith to Hanover, marched into the office of *Der Floh* and, producing a copy of the offending article, endeavored to compel the editor literally to swallow his words. A scrimmage ensued, which comes to the ears of the university authorities, and Bismarck was summoned to appear before the rector. Instead of a submissive acceptance of the official reprimand, the daring undergraduate launched forth into a fiery speech against the assailants of dueling and went on to denounce reformers and innovators in general, styling them "Frenchmen in disguise," and wishing he had the sword of Joshua to exterminate them. "Well, my young friend," said the unwarlike rector, "you are preparing a great deal of trouble for yourself. Your opinions are those of a bygone age." "Good opinions," returned Bismarck, "reflower like trees after winter."—SCHWABTZ in *Munsey's Magazine*, July, 1892.

During his second year at the Goettingen University Bismarck was summoned to appear before the Academic Tribunal, accused of having compromised himself in the matter of a duel with pistols; he gave the following evidence: "I entered quite by accident into the Gurkenburg brewery and I found there some fellow students who were in a bit of a quandary. A duel with pistols had been arranged and the person chosen for umpire had not arrived. My comrades urged me to take his place and I consented. I did all I could to induce the young men to make it up, but all in vain; so I insisted on the conditions that the two adversaries should fire at ten paces and not over a handkerchief as had at first been agreed upon. My proposal having been accepted, I measured the distance, counting twelve paces. And when you consider the length of my legs, you will see, gentlemen, that my intention was to render the duel less dangerous. But this was not all: I stipulated that only just enough powder should be put into the pistols to force out the bullets. I think then I have some reason to believe that all the merits of the harmless issue of this duel belong to me." According to University archives, however, this pleading does not seem to have met with all the success it deserved, for it is therein written that the student Bismarck was condemned to three days' confinement in the black hole.—A FELLOW STUDENT.

Otto von Bismarck's closing days at Goettingen were marked by an adventure, which no doubt accounted for the resolution he made shortly afterwards to finish his studies in Berlin. He was invited by the students of Jena (who had heard of his exploits, and were anxious to make his acquaintance) to pay them a visit. Very much gratified by this attention, he went to Jena, accompanied by his friend Trotha. The few days they spent there were entirely occupied with feasting and reveling. One fine morning, however, when Bismarck was still in bed, he received a visit from the university beadle, who brought a notice from the Academic Council respectfully requesting him to leave town immediately, on the ground of the pernicious influence he was exerting over the youthful members of the University of Jena. Bismarck was the guest of the Thuringian Society, the members of which decided to manifest their indignation against such a dismissal, by arranging for their visitors a triumphal departure. For this purpose a landau, drawn by six horses, was engaged, and the delegates of the society, taking their seats with the two expelled students in their midst, conducted them in this way as far as the gate of the town, being joined en route by a crowd of fellow collegians who shouted lustily, "Wherefore we rejoice."—HOCHE.

He gave a practical lesson in the duties of punctuality to a dilatory bootmaker in the Kronenstrasse. Crispin had already disappointed him several times, when, early one morning, a messenger appeared at the shop, rang the bell and inquired, "Are Herr von Bismarck's boots ready?" The bootmaker replied in the negative and the messenger departed. Ten minutes later another appeared with the same inquiry, and so they went on all day long, ringing and asking, until at night-fall the boots, finished and brilliantly polished, were conveyed to Bismarck's lodgings.—BUSCH.

Mr. Droysen told me that once during the revolutionary days of 1848 Bismarck went into an inn to get a glass of beer. There was a man in the room talking to a very excited audience and speaking most disrespectfully of the queen of Prussia. Bismarck went up to him and instantly called on him to apologize. The man demurred, but he soon thought better of it and expressed his regret before the whole revolutionary crowd.—BLENNERHASSETT in *The Nineteenth Century*, April, 1890.

Towards evening Bismarck was wont to resort to Schwartz's beer house, at the corner of Friederica and Leipziger streets, in Berlin —a house which was the chief rendezvous of the Conservative party. At that establish-

ment "the little dog and all" was Conservative, and never failed to bark at any Democratic intruder. One evening, however, either Spitz was off duty, or Bismarck had strayed into a less Conservative beer house. He had no sooner taken his seat when some one at a neighboring table permitted himself to say something very disparaging about some member of the royal household. Bismarck thereupon reared himself to his full height and thundered at the offender, "Out of the room with you! If you are not out before I have emptied this glass, I will break it on your pate." An angry tumult arose over this apostrophe, such as was wont to arise over Bismarck's ebullitions in the Second Chamber. He went on, however, quietly drinking his beer and, when he had finished it, was as good as his word in shying the beer glass at the offender's head. Deep silence ensued and Bismarck called to the waiter as if nothing had happened, "Waiter, what's to pay for the broken glass?" The *coup de verre* had succeeded and the voice in the room was unanimous in the verdict of "served him right."—HESEKIEL.

Bismarck's own courage was that of a mastiff and in early life it often got him into scrapes. . . . Whilst he was doing his own year *Voluntariat* in the Prussian Infantry, he paid a visit to Schleswig, which was then under Danish rule. One day, wearing his uniform, he was seated in a *brauerei* when he heard two gentlemen holding a political conversation and expressing extremely liberal sentiments. With amazing impudence he walked up to their table and requested that "if they must talk nonsense they would use an undertone." The two Schleswiger told the *junker* to mind his own business, whereupon Bismarck caught up a beer jug and dashed its contents into their faces. This affair caused very serious trouble. Bismarck was taken into custody and ordered out of the country. On joining his regiment he was placed under arrest again and there was an interchange of diplomatic notes about him. He only escaped severe punishment through powerful intercession being employed at Court in his behalf.—*Temple Bar*, January, 1885.

The conversation turned to pistol practise and Bismarck said that as a young man he had attained great certainty of aim due to his sharp eyes and steady hand. One evening he happened into a restaurant and there met a man who was greatly annoyed at the wick of the only candle which he kept trimming with the candle shears. Tempted by these circumstances to show his skill with the pistol, Bismarck, using a pistol he always carried with him, trimmed the candle without putting the light out. The gentleman referred to said: "You seem to be a pretty good shot; let us shoot a match," whereupon both began to open fire at a window in a door leading into another room, the idea being to ornament the window with geometrical figures. Shortly after they had begun there was a noise in an adjoining room and to their great surprise a man dressed in a nightgown came tumbling out, yelling in a mixture of German and Dutch: "Help! Some one is shooting me! Thieves! Robbers! Some one wants to murder me!" The count was very amusing in his imitation of the plaintive cries of the alarmed Hollander and there was a marked change in his facial expression as he recalled this escapade of his youth, so much so that I saw pictured before me the "mad Bismarck" who was once wont to frighten his visitors with promiscuous discharge of fire arms.—KRAUEL.

A friend and myself intended to go to Naugard one evening, but, as it was rather late, we concluded to spend the night at Kniephof. Bismarck welcomed us very cordially and expressed regret that he could not entertain us the next morning as he was compelled to start for Naugard at seven o'clock. That suited our plan exactly. He urged me not to get up so early and finally said: "Well, if you will not have it any other way, I shall awake you at half past six." It was very late when he accompanied us to our bedroom. Before going to sleep my friend said, "I drank more this evening than is my custom and I would rather sleep in the morning than get up." "That will not do," I replied, "after we have made arrangements to be called at half past six." "We shall see," he replied. After he had closed the door he barricaded it with a large wardrobe. At half past six, Bismarck called out, "Are you ready?" No answer. He tried to open the door and then kicked it in, but could make no further progress on account of the wardrobe. The next we heard was a shout from the yard, "Are you ready?" Then followed two shots from a pistol; the glass in the window was shattered and plaster fell from the ceiling on the bed of my friend. He at once surrendered and as a token thereof fastened a handkerchief on a cane and stuck it out of the window. Bismarck received us at the breakfast table in the most cordial manner, never even referring to his victory. Shortly afterwards I with several others joined him in a hunt at

Kniephof. On our return we spent considerable time at our toilet, when suddenly we heard five pistol shots to the great damage of the glass in our windows. Bismarck was trying to annoy us and amuse himself. It did not seem to occur to any one that a bullet might strike one of us, for we all knew how sure Bismarck was with firearms, but the preparations for dinner were materially accelerated.—LIMAN, quoting von Marwitz, a neighbor of Bismarck.

Bismarck one day paid the presiding deputy a visit. Count Thun received him with a sort of brusk familiarity, went on coolly smoking his cigar, and did not even ask Bismarck to take a chair. The latter simply took out his cigar case, pulled out a cigar and said in an easy tone, "May I beg a light, your excellency?" Excellency, astonished to the greatest degree, supplied the desired light. Bismarck got a good blaze up and then took the unoffered seat in the coolest way in the world and led the way to a conversation. —HESEKIEL.

His superior pretended once that he had forgotten the presence of Bismarck and began nonchalantly to drum on a window pane. Bismarck at once stepped to the window and began to drum the March to Dessau. The same superior permitted Bismarck to wait an hour in the antechamber and then received to his question "What do you wish?" the answer, "I intended to ask for a furlough; now I shall ask for my discharge."—HOCKER.

The landowner Doerfschlag, a neighbor of Reinfeld, an old, pious man with whom Herr von Puttkamer was in constant communication, afterwards related that the latter came to him one morning, very excited, with the question, "Do you know the mad Bismarck?" On Doerfschlag's assurance that he had never heard of him, Herr von Puttkamer continued: "Fancy, this man, who is always called by every one 'Mad Yunker,' asks me for my Johanna's hand! It was just like receiving a slap in the face. How can he imagine that we will give her to him? I am quite upset. But I have written him a letter that will not hurry him to return; he will not put it up on the looking-glass." Certainly Bismarck did not put it on the looking-glass, but into his pocket and at once ordered his groom to bring around his horse, swung himself into the saddle and rode the sixty miles to Reinfeld at one stretch, with only few halts for baiting purposes. Having arrived there, he entered the house, where, by a happy chance, he was met by Mademoiselle Johanna and, after an explicit declaration of his feelings, he knocked at the door on the right and stepped hand in hand with her into her father's study. The latter's consternation may be imagined. But a short outspoken conversation showed that the "Mad Yunker" had become a zealous, earnest Christian. Herr and Frau von Puttkamer never repented having given him their only daughter.—ANDREA-ROMAN in *The New Century Review*, June, 1899.

Practical Joking

Bismarck played many practical jokes some forty years ago when he had turned his back on state service and was farming at Kniephof. His guests now and then underwent strange and startling surprises. One day, whilst he was chatting with his fair cousins, the door of the drawing room suddenly opened and four young foxes rushed in, jumping upon the sofas and chairs and tearing their coverings to tatters. Male visitors had need of steady nerves, for it not unfrequently happened that when they had fallen asleep, soothed with a comfortable nightcap lined with porter and champagne, they were suddenly aroused from their slumbers by pistol shots and the bullets, striking the ceilings above their heads, brought down showers of plaster upon them.—BUSCH.

An incident connected with the deputy's stay at Frankfort showed that Bismarck still retained some of the characteristics which marked his student days. He had taken up his residence in a stylish house, but one totally unprovided with bells. Bismarck mentioned this disadvantage to the landlord, asking to have a bell fixed at least in his bedroom. But the proprietor determined to ignore the request, and Bismarck received a reply to the effect that if he considered a bell necessary, it must be supplied at the expense of the tenant. Bismarck, however, maintained his idea firmly and at the dawn of the following morning the whole house was startled by a detonation. It appeared that a shot had been fired in the deputy's bedroom and, when the landlord hastened to the place to ascertain what had happened, Bismarck replied with perfect equanimity: "There is no cause for alarm; I am merely firing off a bulletless pistol in order to summon my servant. As I am without a bell, you will have to accustom yourself to this, for I shall have to make use of my gun very often." Before that day ended the landlord had ordered a bell for Bismarck's bedroom.—HOCHE.

The account of "Dicke" (portly) Daumer's intense fear of death, or anything connected therewith, especially amused the sons of the new Prussianized district of Wiesbaden. Bismarck continued: One fine morning I was out hunting with Dicke Daumer in the neighborhood of Frankfort. After a long and tiring climb among the mountains we sat down to rest on the edge of a forest, when, to my horror, I found that I had brought no luncheon with me. Dicke Daumer, however, drew forth a mighty sausage and, in the most noble and magnanimous manner, offered me half of it. Now, gentlemen, I confess to having a very good appetite, which the morning excursion in the mountain air had by no means lessened. The whole sausage would barely have sufficed to allay my hunger. Our meal began; I saw the end of my piece of sausage approaching; I was getting desperate. Then, suddenly turning to Dicke Daumer, I asked in the most innocent manner possible: "Can you tell me, Herr Daumer, what that white thing down there among the plum trees is?" "Good gracious, your excellency, you quite take away one's appetite," said Daumer, who so dreaded his latter end. "Why, that is the churchyard." "Is it really now? Why, Herr Daumer, it looks so pretty! Let us go down and select some nice, secluded, shady nook. How calm and peaceful it must be to rest in so sweet a spot!" "Oh, your excellency, there—there——" and he put down the sausage; "I cannot touch another mouthful." And old Daumer remained firm in this. So you see, gentlemen, I had a good luncheon after all.—*Chambers's Journal*, 1886.

I relate the following anecdote, although I doubt its authenticity, as an illustration of the "Yunker Otto's" fancies and freaks. One day, so runs the story, he went out snipe-shooting with a friend. They had gone into a verdant morass, into which Bismarck's companion, a short, stout, ponderous gentleman, suddenly sank up to his armpits. After struggling for some time to extricate himself and reach firm ground, he cried for help; and, seeing his friend picking his way slowly towards him, looking about all the while to see if a stray snipe would get up, he fervently implored him to let the confounded snipe alone and drag him out of the vile bog-hole, the muck of which was fast rising to his mouth and nose. "My beloved friend," answered Bismarck with the utmost calm, "you will certainly never be able to scramble out of that hole, and it is quite impossible to save you. It pains me exceedingly to see your futile struggles or to watch you slowly stifle in that disgusting filth. I'll tell you what, my boy; I'll spare you a protracted death agony through suffocation by lodging a charge of shot in your head. Thus shall you die with promptitude and dignity." "Are you beside yourself?" shouted the other, making frantic efforts to extricate himself; "I want neither to be suffocated nor to be shot; so help me out, in the name of the three devils." Raising his gun to his shoulder and taking careful aim, Bismarck replied in mournful accents: "Keep still for a second; it will soon be over. I will tell your poor wife all about your last moments." Stimulated to almost superhuman exertions by the danger threatening him so imminently, the unlucky sportsman contrived somehow to wrench himself out of the mud and crawled on all fours to *terra firma*. As soon as he felt himself safe he burst out into a torrent of vehement reproaches. Bismarck, smiling, listened to him for a while; then, simply remarking, "You see I was right; every one for himself," turned his back upon his infuriated companion and strolled off leisurely to look for more snipe.—BUSCH.

His Vein of Humor

Bismarck, when acting as clerk for the city counsel, was annoyed by the insolent conduct of a citizen who had come to the office on business. Finally he became exasperated and cried out: "If you do not alter your conduct I'll throw you out." The city counsel at once interfered with the declaration, "When it comes to throwing any one out of my office, that is my affair." Bismarck promptly turned to the object of his wrath with, "If you do not alter your conduct I'll have you thrown out by the city counsel."—POSCHINGER.

By way of indicating this gentleman's [Judge Prætorius, to whom Bismarck was assistant] character, it was told to us young people that when, in the course of a sitting, he was roused from a light slumber to give his vote, he used to say, "I vote with my colleague Templehof," whereupon it was sometimes necessary to point out to him that Templehof was not present.—BISMARCK.

While I was representing the president then on leave, I received an order from the government to compel the patron of Kuelz, that was myself, to undertake certain burdens. I put the order aside, intending to give it to the president on his return, was repeatedly annoyed about it and finally fined a thaler, to be remitted by post. I now drew

up a statement, in which I figured as having appeared, first of all as representative of the Landrath, and secondly as patron of Kuelz. The party cited made the prescribed representations to himself in his capacity as No. 1 and then proceeded in his capacity as No. 2 to set forth the ground on which he had to decline the application; after which the statement was subscribed by him and approved in his double capacity. The government understood a joke and ordered the fine to be remitted.—BISMARCK.

Bismarck was suffering with hunger and thirst and stopped at a roadside tavern in a little village through which he passed. The landlord supplied him with food to satisfy his hunger, but Bismarck found the wine hardly fit to drink and the beer abominable. There happened to be stopping at the same place a traveler in the wine trade. Bismarck asked to sample his goods and in a very short time had emptied all the bottles of samples; he then walked away, thanking the man for his kindness. But before leaving he gave him a large order for wines to be forwarded to him at his home.—A FELLOW STUDENT.

Often, as a young man, when drunkenness, shouting and all kinds of riotous ways were going on, which in those days were thought part of a gentleman's inheritance, and after drinking six bottles of wine while every kind of disturbance was going on, I was able to abstract my mind so as to find the cube roots of two or several given numbers.—RICHMOND, in *The North American Review*, September, 1914, quoting Bismarck.

The first positive information to be had of them shows them as members of the town council and of the very unaristocratic corporation of *Schwand-Schneider*, or merchant tailors. This joke at one time greatly amused and irritated the Chancellor. He did not fail to reply that his grace the Duke of Wellington must also have been a breeches-maker, since he belonged to the Tailors' Guild of London.—STAERKE in *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1885.

When the motto of the Hanover Club of Göttingen, to which as a student he had belonged *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, was quoted to him as applicable to his own life, Bismarck reflected: "Yes; no steps backwards, but a good many zig-zag."—LOWE.

Bismarck told us of an incident in a bear hunt in which a woman, the wife of the consul from Belgium, took part. She talked so much and so noisily that she awakened the honey-eater from his slumber and induced him to seek safety in the distance. Bismarck was so disgusted with this spoilsport, that he refused to address even a word to her when some days or weeks later she was his fellow passenger for three days on a steamer.—THADDEN-TRIEGLAFF.

He told of an incident of his holidays. He had landed on British soil and was wending his way inland, whistling a tune, when some one tapped him on the shoulder, telling him that he ought to remember the day, Sunday, and cease making noises. But he did not tell us at that time that he immediately retraced his steps to the vessel at the wharf. —THADDEN-TRIEGLAFF.

P——, determined not to be outdone, launched forth into raptures about Prussia—not, however, including the Berliners. "Well, you are quite right," said Bismarck. "I dare say you have heard the story of the Alpine host, who, after pointing out the glories of his native land, asked a Berlin youth if they had any such mountains in Berlin. 'No,' he replied, 'we have not got such mountains, but, if we had, they would be much finer than these.'"—*Chambers's Journal*, 1886.

Bismarck did not believe that the standing of a citizen should be affected by his faith. "Then you believe in saying, 'Do your duty as a citizen; I do not inquire as to your faith'?" said President Ludwig von Gerlach. "By all means," replied Bismarck. "Then," pursued Gerlach, "you certainly favor the emancipation of the Jews." "Not at all," said Bismarck, ending the interview; "I do not inquire as to the faith of a Jew; I can see that."—THADDEN-TRIEGLAFF.

There is a story told characteristic of Bismarck's shrewd humor, on the occasion of the first meeting of the newly constituted German diet. The British ambassador at Berlin having expressed some surprise to him that there should be so many Particularists in that assembly, Count Bismarck's answer was, "Oh, you don't know the Germans; if every German had money enough, every German would keep a Particular king all to himself." —*Quarterly Review*, January, 1871.

One of the representatives in Berlin gave dances where we danced until three o'clock, but where there was nothing to eat. I remember that I and a few friends attended one of these dances and at a late hour we ate some sandwiches which we had concealed in our pockets. The host took the hint and at the next dance refreshments were served,

but I and my friends were never again invited.—LIMAN.

The marvelous escape of the Minister-President naturally formed the topic of excited conversation at the table, and after dinner in the drawing room the Countess expressed her opinion of the would-be assassin by energetically avowing that "if she were in heaven, and saw the villain standing on the top of the ladder leading down to hell, she would have no hesitation in giving him a push." "Hush, my dear," whispered her husband, tapping her gently on the shoulder from behind, "you would not be in heaven yourself with such thoughts as these."—POSCHINGER.

One Liberal nobleman—Count Schwerin, who acted as president of the Chamber—asked Bismarck what he had against him. "That you were not shot at the battle of Prague" (like the great Frederick's general of the same name), was the curt reply.—POSCHINGER.

During the historical summer night (1866) when General Manteuffel was about to cross the Elbe and enter the Guelphic kingdom, Bismarck telegraphed to him: "Treat them as fellow countrymen, homicidically, if necessary."—BUSCH.

One day, on the very eve of the war of 1866, Count Karolyi, ambassador of Austria, and acting in the name of his government, summoned Bismarck to declare categorically whether he expected to break the treaty of peace, the treaty of Gastein. "No," was the reply, "but if I had would I answer you differently?"—KLACZKO.

"A war made by Prussia to establish the union would remind me of the Englishman who fought and overcame a sentry in order to hang himself in the sentry-box—that being a right which he considered it his duty to vindicate on his own behalf and that of every freeborn Briton."—BUSCH.

In the committee sittings of the Diet, he sometimes would desert his own political friends and take his seat among his opponents. One of these (Herr von Unruh) once asked him to what they were indebted for the honor of his presence on their side of the house. "Oh, that is very simple," replied Bismarck; "my friends over there bore me to death; here I can amuse myself much better."—POSCHINGER.

"Herr von Bismarck, among all the people you have been most decent and polite to our party. I will make you a proposition. If we gain the upper hand we will take care of you; if, vice versa, you do the same with us." Bismarck declined the proposition in the following manner: "If your party should prove victorious, d'Ester, life will not be worth living; if we gain the upper hand, there will be some hanging, but with the utmost politeness, even to the last step on the gallows."—LIMAN.

His wife showed me the following sentence in a letter she had received from him: "The Austrians here open all our letters and this can be proven to you by the ass who has read this one."—THADDEN-TRIEGLAFF.

On one occasion he had to meet Heinrich von Gagern at the house of Manteuffel on some business of a political character. Manteuffel left them alone to discuss the subject they came about. Gagern instantly drew himself up and began to talk in very loud voice, as if he were making a speech. Bismarck waited until he had finished and then offered some cold and curt remark. Gagern started off again and made a second oration. Then a third; at last he went away. Manteuffel came back and asked if everything had gone well. "We settled nothing," was Bismarck's reply. "That is a stupid fellow; he mistook me for a popular assembly."—BLENNERHASSETT in *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1890.

He was present at a public ball, where a member of the Corps Legislatif, M. Jouvois de Clancy, was pointed out to him as a notorious fire-eater. This gentleman had been a Republican, but had turned his coat after the *coup d'état*. He was a big man, with dandified airs, but evidently not much accustomed to society, for he had brought his hat—not a compressible one—into the ball room; and in waltzing he held it in his left hand. The sight of the big Frenchman careening around with his big hat extended at arms'-length was too much for Bismarck's sense of fun; so, as M. Jouvois revolved past him, he dropped a coin into the hat. One may imagine the scene. The Frenchman, turning purple, stopped short in his dancing, led his partner back to her place and then came with flashing eyes to demand satisfaction. There would have been assault and battery on the spot, if friends had not interposed; but on the following day the Frenchman and the Prussian met with pistols and the former was wounded. . . . His majesty instructed the Foreign Office to read the newly appointed diplomatist a severe lecture.—*Temple Bar*, January, 1885.

The French ambassador, the Marquis de Moustier, in a heated discussion charged him with leading Prussia to another Jena, whereupon Bismarck instantly replied, "Why not to another Leipzig or another Waterloo?"—WHITE.

Adrien Hebrard told us lately how Gambetta happened to meet Bismarck about this time [1867] in a café near the opera-house renowned for its excellent German beer. It was very hot weather just then and the exhibition was in full swing. Hebrard and Gambetta were seated before two mugs of foaming beer, chatting gaily, when Bismarck, in full uniform, accompanied by an aide-de-camp and probably on his way back from some official reception which had evidently made him thirsty, entered the café and called for four or five large mugs of beer which he drank off one after the other. The colossus seemed amused by the attention with which the two friends watched him; he had just vanquished Austria and Sadowa and annexed Hanover, notwithstanding the protests of his compatriots. Gambetta, without thinking what he was about, seized his companion's mug and was just going to drink its contents, when Hebrard caught his arm and said with a laugh: "I say, that's my beer you're going to drink; do you think you have got hold of Hanover?" Whereupon Bismarck, instead of being offended at this remark, burst into loud laughter with our two friends.—GHEUSI.

A very sober color proved the great one of the reign—that, of course, being the unforgetable Bismarck. It came upon Paris in 1866, it flourished throughout 1867, it was still in vogue at the end of 1868. Never, in all the annals of fashion, had a color so long and popular a run. It was after all a kind of Havana brown and owed its fortune solely to its name. But in the days of Sadowa that was a name to conjure with. At first this fashionable color appeared in a fairly warm shade, known simply as Bismarck—written Bismark by the way; but it suddenly took a duller tone and became known as Bismarck malade, until at last, assuming still warmer tints than before, it was christened successively Bismarck content and Bismarck en colore. There were also such varieties as Bismarck glacé and Bismarck scintillant. And it was Bismarck of one or another shade everywhere; there were Bismarck silks, satins and velvets, woolen stuffs and cotton fabrics, Bismarck boots, Bismarck gloves, Bismarck parasols and Bismarck bonnets. The last were naturally of Bismarck straw, trimmed with Bismarck lace, the only relief from the shades of the all-prevailing color being supplied by gold and scarlet berries. But not even the Bismarck bonnet was the "last cry," for there came the Bismarck chignon, which compelled the ladies to dye their hair the fashionable hue.—VIZETELLY.

Adventure

I believe that if I say that I have fallen off my horse fifty times, I am not up to the mark. To fall off your horse is nothing, but it is bad to fall with him and to have him lying on top of you. This occurred to me in Varzin, when I broke three of my ribs. I thought then that it was all over. There was not so much danger as appeared, but it was frightfully painful. Once before I had a remarkable tumble, which proves how people's power of thinking depends on the matter of the brain. I was riding home with my brother and we were riding as fast as the horses would go. Suddenly my brother, who was a little in front, heard a frightful crack. It was my head, which had knocked on the road. My horse had shied at the lantern of a wagon, which was coming up, and reared backward and fallen with me on its own head. I lost consciousness and when I came out of this state it was only a half recovery, that is to say a part of my thinking machinery was quite clear and sound, but the other half was not there. I felt over my horse and found that the saddle was broken. Then I called my groom, ordered him to give me his horse, and rode home. When the dogs there barked at me—a friendly greeting—I took them for strange dogs and was vexed with them and scolded them. Then I said that the groom had fallen with the horse and that he must be brought back on a litter. I was very angry when, on a sign from my brother, they did not carry out my orders. Did they mean to leave the poor man lying in the wood? I did not know that I was myself and that I had got home, or rather I was myself and the groom at the same time. I then asked for something to eat and went to bed. In the morning, after I had slept it off, I was all right. It was a very singular case: I had looked at the saddle, had got myself another horse, and had done other things like that, everything, in fact, that was practical and necessary. In all this the fall had produced no confusion in my ideas. It was a curious example to show what different powers of the mind the brain accommodates. Only one of mine was benumbed for any length of time by the fall.—BUSCH.

That the life of a servant was not a matter of trifling to him he had shown pre-

viously when with considerable personal danger he saved his groom from drowning. The medal awarded to him for this brave deed was for some time Bismarck's only order. A diplomatist who inquired somewhat superciliously about the meaning of the unpretending decoration, Bismarck silenced with the nonchalant reply, "I am sometimes in the habit of saving a person's life."—HUEFER in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1877. Orders he altogether set little value on. When he was prime minister and his breast was richly decorated with badges of honor, he once said: "The only order I value is the medal for saving life that I once received when I saved a Uhlan from drowning." "People say, indeed," I interposed, "that you had first thrown him into the water." "And people are nearly right," he continued. "He asked me if the water was deep where he wished to bathe the horses and I answered in the negative with a good conscience, but he rode too far and would have lost his life if I had not sprung to his aid."—ANDREA-ROMAN.

I have been trying very hard to think whether yesterday was not Friday after all, when I left; it was certainly a *dies nesfastus* (Zittelmann will tell you what that means). At Giessen I got into an abominably cold room, with three windows that would not close, a bed that was too short and too narrow, dirty, bedbugs. About two o'clock a shrewd idea occurred to me to put on the great fur coat, lie down on the bed with it and sleep for one hour; infamous coffee, than which I never knew worse. At Gunsterhausen some ladies entered the first class and smoking ceased. . . . Between Gunsterhausen and Gerstungen one of the pipes of the locomotive quietly burst; the water ran out; there we were one and a half hours in the open air, a pretty region and warm sunshine. . . . By reason of the delay we reached Halle three hours late; the Berlin train had left long before. I shall have to sleep here and travel on a freight train to-morrow morning at half past six, arriving at two. Here at the railway station there are two hostelries; through an oversight I happened into the wrong one; a policeman walked up and down in the room and critically contemplated my beard while I ate musty beefsteak. I am very miserable, but shall nevertheless eat the remains of the smoked goosebreast, drink a little port wine and then to bed.—BISMARCK, letter to Frau Bismarck, Halle, January 7, 1852.

It was in 1866. Bismarck—then Count Bismarck—was returning from the palace where he had been to see the king. While passing through the large street in Berlin called Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobiling have since attempted the life of Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply around and saw a young man who, with a smoking revolver, was aiming at him. He strode up at once to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with his other hand he grasped the throat of his would-be murderer. Blind, however, had had time to pass his weapon to his left hand and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in the shoulder and in one of his ribs, but he held his furious assailant fast until some soldiers came up and took hold of him. Then Bismarck walked home at a fast pace and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened. The countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing room. He greeted all in a friendly manner and begged to be excused for a few minutes, as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room, where his desk stood, and wrote to inform the king of the accident. Having attended to this duty he returned to the drawing room and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own unpunctuality and saying to his wife, "Well, are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting." He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him and it was only when dinner was over that he walked up to the countess, kissed her on the forehead and wished her in the old German way, *"Gesegnete Mahlzeit"* (May your meal be blessed), and then added, "You see I am quite well." She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me, but it is nothing, as you see."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, August, 1878.

In Sentimental Vein

"The value of a good cigar is really not appreciated until it is the last of its kind and no prospect of any more. At Koenigsgratz I had only one cigar in my pocket and I took as good care of it during the battle as a miser does of his treasure. I pictured to myself in glowing colors the pleasure of the hour when I should enjoy this cigar in peace after the battle. But I was mistaken for somebody spoiled my game for me." "And who was it spoiled your game?" "A poor dragoon. He lay there utterly helpless, both arms badly injured and he was wailing for refreshments. I searched through all my

pockets but I found only gold—and that was worthless. Then I remembered my precious cigar. I lit the cigar and placed it between his teeth, and you ought to have seen the grateful smile of the unfortunate. Never did a cigar afford me as much pleasure as this one—which I did not smoke."—POSCHINGER.

There are circumstances in which death on the scaffold is as honorable as death on the battle-field. I can figure to myself worse modes of death than capital execution.—HESEKIEL.

Bismarck told Mr. von Keudel one day that he had assisted a young man whom the police were after. "I received instructions from Berlin to cause the arrest of a young man who had been politically badly compromised. Now it is not at all proper that a young man who had made a mistake should be persecuted as a revolutionist. It is certainly possible that he may regain his common sense, for that has happened to many a one of the 1848. Early in the morning I called on this young man and said to him: 'You had better travel as quickly as possible into some foreign country.' He looked at me in surprise. I said: 'You do not seem to know me; perhaps you need money to get away with. Take these few gold pieces and get over the boundary line as quickly as you can, or it might be said that police energy was superior to diplomacy.' On the following day of course the police could not find him."

The following incident is narrated by a Swedish lady in the Swedish newspaper, the *Goeteborgpost*. When I was a young girl I was sent to Rome for a few months. I traveled with a lady companion of mature years and two maids. I had been told to spend a short time in Berlin. An aunt of mine had married a German and her son was at school in Berlin, but I had never seen him. My father wrote him a letter a few days before my departure from home, asking him to look after me while in Berlin. On my arrival in Berlin I was welcomed in the most cordial manner by my German cousin. He was a well-developed young man, with particularly bright eyes. For three days he was my faithful companion. Of course, he spoke no Swedish, but used elegant French. Never had I so pleasant a cavalier and I was very proud indeed of my German cousin. The hour of my departure came all too quickly. Just as I was about to leave he said to me: "Cousin, I have a confession to make. You see, cousin, I want to inform you—that—I am—not—your cousin. My friend, your German cousin, that is the original, is so busily engaged preparing for the coming examination that he requested me to do you the favor your father had asked for. My name is Otto von Bismarck." I looked at him with the utmost surprise, but just then the wagon started and ended the adventure. Many years passed and the unknown Bismarck became Prince and Chancellor. I had been married forty years when I again visited Berlin. I wrote a few words on a card and sent the message to the prince. The result was that within an hour I received an invitation to the palace of the Chancellor and very quickly found myself in a lively conversation with him. Bismarck was in the best of humor. Bismarck said to me: "It was due to you that I cultivated the muses in Berlin, but since that time I have had no success in that direction."—LIMAN.

At the time that Bismarck was Prussian ambassador at Paris the Hessian chargé-d'affaires in France was Graf Enzenberg. It was this nobleman's hobby to collect autographs of famous statesmen. On one of the pages of his album Guizot had written the following: "All through my long career I have learned to forgive much and often, but to forget nothing." M. Thiers had written underneath: "A little shortness of memory cannot detract from the sincerity of forgiveness." Bismarck was asked to inscribe something on the same page and so wrote at the bottom: "As for myself, existence has taught me to forget many things and get myself forgiven for a great many more."—A FELLOW STUDENT.

When Dohm was sentenced to imprisonment for publishing a gross joke against the little Princess of Heuss-Lobenstein, his powerful friend obtained his pardon from the king, and Bismarck himself allowed many things to appear in the paper which, if he had wished it, he might have punished with all the severity of the Prussian press laws. When, however, he was once ridiculed in the *Kladderadatsch* for his bad shooting at a chamois hunt at Gastein the pride of the noble sportsman was hurt and the unequal friendship was on the point of coming to a sad end. To attacks of this kind he is very sensitive. Accusations of perjury and violations of the constitution will not spoil his appetite; nay—and this is very characteristic of the man—he will bear any criticism, whether just or unjust, that is openly made against him with a quietness which is usually only the property of singularly noble

natures; but whoever casts a doubt upon his personal honor, his family, his nobility, or his courage, may be sure that the attack will not pass unnoticed.—SCHLESINGER in *The Fortnightly Review*, July 15, 1866.

On arriving at the Russian capital he found that it was the latest fashion among the Russian aristocracy to have mottoes on their carriages. Immediately he ordered the word *Nitchto*, a sort of Russian *Nil admirari* [to wonder at nothing] to be painted on his own carriage, and thus made his début in high society.—SCHLESINGER in *The Fortnightly Review*, June 1, 1866.

"People! What did they mean by people? No expression," he said, "has been more misused in recent years than this word. Everybody understands by it just that which suits his ends; namely, a certain number of individuals whom he has succeeded in winning for his views."—DAWSON in *The Fortnightly Review*, May, 1895.

On some occasion a lady, on being presented to the prince, remarked that as she had on that morning been introduced to Count Beust, she had had the honor of speaking in one day to the two greatest statesmen of her time. "Madam," the Chancellor replied, "you flatter me too much, calling me a great statesman compared to my Austrian colleague. His excellency has four and twenty great ideas every day of his life, and I in four and twenty years have had only one."—DICEY in *The Nineteenth Century*, March, 1894.

At a dinner in the Winter Palace when Alexander II. proposed a toast to his uncle, King William I., Bismarck promptly emptied his glass. The Czar, whose glass was still half filled, then proposed the health of Bismarck; the latter looked somewhat confused, then answered the Czar, saying: "I should like to oblige your majesty, but among us Germans there is an adage, 'He whose intentions are honest empties his glass.'" There was a twitching about the mouth of the Czar, but he ordered his glass filled before he drank the toast he had proposed.—POSCHINGER.

He told me further that he kept in his family papers a copy of the treaty of Nikolsburg on which the king had written with his own hand: "I sign, vanquished by the violence of my prime minister."—THIERS.

No sooner had the door closed behind the King of Saxony (Gastein, 1863) than Bismarck threw down a table with glasses on it and smashed them to pieces. "I must break something," he cried. "Now I breathe again."—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1890.

At the outset of the Danish war old Field Marshal or "Papa" Wrangel was at the head of operations. There was some fear that the western powers might object to the German troops entering Jutland; in consequence of which a telegram was sent to the Field Marshal, bidding him advance no further, who thereupon wired back to King William that "these diplomatists, who spoil the most successful operations, deserved the gallows." Bismarck took care to ignore Wrangel's presence whenever he met him on later occasions, which could not fail to annoy him. One day, however, they met at dinner, having both been invited to the king's table. It was a peculiarity of Wrangel that he always called everybody "Du," or "thou"; and, turning to Bismarck, who sat next to him, he said, "My son, canst thou not forget?" "No," was the curt reply. After a short pause Wrangel began again: "My son, canst thou not forgive?" "With all my heart," answered Bismarck, and the two remained friends until Wrangel's death. —POSCHINGER.

Examples abound of great men on the eve of great events a prey to despondency and unconscious of the brilliant career in store for them. Bismarck is one. "St. Petersburg, March 25, 1861. For the rest I have reconciled myself to the life here, do not find the winter at all as bad as I thought, and ask for no change in my position till, if it is God's will, I retire to Schoenhausen or Reinfeld, to set the carpenter at work on my coffin without unnecessary haste. The ambition to be minister quits a man now for manifest reasons, which are not at all suited for written communication. In Paris or London I should exist less comfortably than here, and not have more to say upon matters; a change in abode is half way in dying."—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1879.

Diplomatist

When Bismarck was Superintendent of Dikes, a meeting of property owners was called for the purpose of obtaining the signatures necessary for the construction of a new dam over some real estate. The meeting opened at nine o'clock in the forenoon; the farmers were well represented at the gathering in the large reception room of the hotel. The table, on which lay the agreements, stood near a door leading to a small adjoining room, which had also another entrance. Just

as the clock struck Bismarck appeared in the uniform of a reserve officer, took off his sword and placed it against the wall. The farmers were discussing noisily whether the dam was at all necessary, as the old dam had lasted so long, would probably last longer, etc. Bismarck listened for some time without saying a word; then he seized his sword, brought it with both hands down on the table, and cried out: "Now, you keep quiet; I have something to say." The farmers regarded the tall figure on the other side of the table with indignation, but were silent. In a short speech Bismarck called attention to the weak condition of the old dam and argued that it would certainly be better to take the little land necessary for a new dam than to sustain the serious damage almost sure to follow a spring freshet. The surveyor read the agreements and Bismarck asked for signatures. An old farmer, whose wrinkles were indicative of age, declared with deliberation: "You may be right, Mr. Superintendent, but I shall not sign." Bismarck's smile indicated that he had expected this refusal; he called the office boy and whispered a few words into his ear. Evidently following instructions, the lad passed through the crowd of farmers to the main door, locked it and placed the key on the table at Bismarck's hand. The farmers were nonplussed and inquired of each other what this procedure indicated. Bismarck arose: "It means that you will not leave here until you have signed," said he. The farmers regarded these words with complacency, but they adhered to their determination: "We do not sign." Bismarck lit a cigar, chatted with the surveyor and read the newspaper. An hour passed by without indications to surrender on the part of the farmers. Bismarck sent out for breakfast. The surveyor cleared the table and bread and butter, ham and eggs and beer were brought in. With the utmost nonchalance Bismarck disposed of his breakfast, to which he had invited the surveyor, the farmers being left to look on, not without curious eyes and grumbling stomachs. After the table had been cleared the agreements were again produced. After another hour had passed one of the farmers, who had evidenced a greater interest in the breakfast proceedings than any of the others, offered to sign. Having done so, he was permitted to pass out through the small door, the table being moved aside sufficiently to permit him to reach it. In less than half an hour all had signed and the surveyor expressed his surprise that everything had passed off so nicely. "Yes, dear, it is only necessary to know how to handle such a gang," said Bismarck.—POSCHINGER.

He had not been elected to the legislature [the United Diet at Berlin], but, the person chosen being ill, the young squire went as a substitute; nothing was expected of him: he tells us that at his first election speech he was pelted with stones and the only recorded parliamentary speech of his at that period was a protest in a little provincial assembly, "against the excessive consumption of tallow in an almshouse."—WHITE.

An amusing incident belonging to the early part of Bismarck's career may conclude this part of the subject. It is connected with his maiden speech, received by his audience with similar shouts of laughter and indignation as those which roused the ire of the youthful member from Maidstone. Bismarck did not, like Lord Beaconsfield, hurl a prophecy of future success at his antagonists, but his retort was none the less significant. Calmly he drew a newspaper from his pocket and began perusing its contents in the most unconcerned manner until the president had restored order.—HUEFFER in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1877.

When Count Schwerin, who occupied the presidential chair, remarked that he would be obliged to call the honorable member to order if he made the constitution of his country an object of derision, he insolently replied that he would not accept any warnings and that hitherto he had given the president no occasion to call him to order; when the president carried out his threat, he shook himself like a dog that has just come out of water and made some remarks which we will not repeat here.—SCHLESINGER in *The Fortnightly Review*, June, 1866.

In the summer of 1851, he told me, that the Minister, Manteuffel, asked him one day abruptly if he would accept the post of ambassador to Frankfort, to which (although the proposition was as unexpected a one as if I should hear by the next mail that I had been chosen Governor of Massachusetts) he answered, after a moment's deliberation, Yes, without another word. The king the same day sent for him and asked him if he would accept the place, to which he made the same brief answer, "Ja." His majesty expressed a little surprise that he made no inquiries or conditions, when Bismarck replied that anything which the King felt strong enough to propose to him, he felt strong enough to accept.—JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, Correspondence.

In May, 1851, shortly after his appointment as Chancellor of Legation, he wrote from Frankfort to his wife: "Intercourse here consists of little but mutual distrust and espionage. If there were really only something to find out or to conceal! Those here are worrying themselves about the merest rubbish and these diplomatists with their pompous peddling always appear to me a good deal more ridiculous than a member of the Second Cabinet in all the pride of his lofty station. Unless external accidents should accrue—and we super-sagacious creatures are incapable of either bringing them about or of dealing with them—I know exactly how much we shall effect in one, two or five years from the present time, and will engage to do it all myself within twenty-four hours, if the others be only truthful and sensible for a single day. I never doubted that, one and all, these gentlemen prepared their dishes of water, but such thin, mawkish water-soup as this, devoid of the least appearance of richness, positively astounds me. Send me your village schoolmaster or road inspector, clean-washed and combed—they will make just as good diplomatists as these. I am making tearing progress in the art of absolutely saying nothing in an indefinite number of words; I write letters, many pages long, which read as glib and smooth as leading articles; and, if after reading them Manteuffel can tell what they are about, he knows a good deal more than I do. Each one of us behaves as if he believes that his neighbor were stuffed full of ideas and projects, if he only chose to let some of them out; and in reality all of us put together know no more what is going to become of Germany than a grocer's paper bag knows about next summer. No one—not even the most malignant skeptic of a Democrat—could conceive what an amount of quackery and humbug there is in this diplomacy."—BUSCH.

When he represented Prussia in the Diet at Frankfort he strongly suspected that his letters and despatches were overhauled in transit, on behalf of Austrian diplomacy; indeed, he complained of it bitterly. Nor was he the only complainant. Others seem to have suffered in a like manner; though whether they were equally ingenious in discovering a remedy is doubtful. On one occasion, after a stormy meeting, Bismarck and the Hanoverian representative, or secretary of the Hanoverian representative, walked away together; and as they walked the Hanoverian touched upon this sore subject, asking Bismarck how he managed to get his letters safely through, if he did manage it. "You shall know by and by," was the answer, and on they strolled together, talking on indifferent subjects. Presently the Hanoverian representative remarked that Bismarck led the way out of the fashionable quarter of the town into more dingy and yet more dingy by-ways, and wondered a little, but went on. As they entered a street which would be called a slum in London, the Hanoverian observed with attention that Bismarck drew out his gloves, which usually reposed in his pocket; and not only did he clothe his left hand, but, more surprising still, he drew on his right glove also, buttoning each carefully. This done, he looked about him, and, apparently discovering what he sought, advanced to the little shops called "general," where the poor provide themselves with tea, cheese, pickles, dried fruit, lamp oil and many other commodities. "Come in with me," said Bismarck to his friend, after looking through the shop window; and as they entered he raised his voice and continued a conversation, of which the Hanoverian did not recollect the beginning. Ruse obvious, was at once understood. "Boy," said Bismarck to a dull-looking lad behind the counter—and interrupting his talk to do so—"do you sell soap?" "Yes, sir." "What soap? What sorts have you?" "This and this and here's another," said the boy, putting before Bismarck a variety of strongly-scented cakes. "Well, and how much is this?" the diplomatist asked, handling one of the cakes; "and how much is this?" fumbling with another. The price named, a piece was selected and the conversation went on while the soap was being wrapped in paper. Now Bismarck, as if suddenly recollecting himself, plunged his hand into a breast pocket and drew out an unenclosed letter. Apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness, he cried: "Do you sell envelopes, boy?—bring them out." Envelopes—wretched things—were produced; the letter was placed in one of them and, asking for pen and ink, Bismarck set out to write the address. But, with a monstrous thick glove on, and tightly buttoned up, this was not easy to do. So, flinging down the pen impatiently, he said, "Here, boy, you can write, I suppose? 'Mr. Smith——'" etc., etc. The scrawl finished, Bismarck took the letter and left the shop. "Now," said he to his friend as they passed outside, at the same time putting the letter to his nose, "what with the soap, the herrings, the candles and the cheese, I don't think they'll smell my despatch under that." The perfect detail of

this expedient is highly illustrative of Bismarck's way of doing things.—*New Review*, 1890, subsequently published by BARON DE MALORTIE in *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1898.

I asked the minister about the celebrated cigar story. "At the sittings of the military commission, when Rochow represented Prussia at the Diet, only Austria smoked. Rochow, being a passionate smoker, would certainly have liked to do likewise, but did not venture. When I came, I too longed for a cigar; and, as I saw no reason why I should not have one, I begged a light from the president, and my request seemed to strike him and the other gentlemen with astonishment. It was manifestly an event for them. Now only Austria and Prussia smoked. The other gentlemen thought the matter so important that they sent home a report upon the point. The matter required much consideration and for half a year only the two great powers smoked. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian Ambassador, began to support the dignity of his position by smoking. Nostitz, of Saxony, would have liked to join us, but seemed not to have received permission from his minister. On the next occasion, seeing the Hanoverian Bothwer indulging himself, he seems to have had an understanding with Rothberg; for he presently took a cigar from his case and smoked away. There were only left Wurttemberg and Darmstadt. But now the honor and importance of their states demanded a similar right; and so at the following sitting the Wurttemberg delegate took out a cigar—I see it before me now, it was a long, thin, yellowish thing—and smoked half of it as a sacrifice to the Fatherland."—BUSCH.

If a newspaper ventured to express the opinion that the Bismarck ministry did not possess the confidence of the nation, it was open to the charge of having preached "hatred and contempt for the government"; press trials for "failure in the respect which is due to the king," occurred every day; nay, it has even happened that Liberal newspapers were prosecuted for having printed a despatch of Earl Russell's which had been officially published and presented in due form by the British ambassador to the Prussian Minister-President. In this, too, was seen a failure in the respect that is due to majesty. Fortunately the poison of corruption had not yet entered into the core of the Prussian bench. The charges brought by the public prosecutor were not always followed by conviction; nay, the acquittals on the part of the judges (press trials not being decided by a jury in Prussia) were perhaps as frequent, or even more so, than the accusations of the government; but this had no effect in inducing the latter to cease its prosecutions. That those whom it accused should be convicted was not always the main object; all it sometimes wanted was to confiscate the copies of a Liberal journal or periodical, and thereby to inflict heavy losses on its proprietors. If, after several weeks, the case was decided against the government, and the confiscated copies had to be returned, this was but poor consolation for the proprietor; for he had no alternative other than to resign himself to be ruined by a systematic repetition of the procedure or to restrict his opposition to the government within the narrowest bounds. . . . In Prussia newspapers are paid for a quarter in advance; what advertiser would invest his money in it?—SCHLESINGER in *The Fortnightly Review*, July 15, 1866.

Roon [1859] urged him to stand firm. "Call Herr von Bismarck, your majesty," said Roon. "He will not be willing to undertake the task," said the king; "besides he is not here and the situation cannot be discussed without him." "He is here and at your majesty's orders," replied Roon. That afternoon Bismarck went to Babelsberg. When he was in audience the fate of Prussia trembled in the balance. The king [Frederick William IV.] sat at a table with papers on it. One of them was the act of abdication already signed. He asked Bismarck whether he would undertake to carry on the government in the face of a hostile majority. "Most certainly," was the reply. "Notwithstanding that the supplies may be stopped?" continued the king. "Yes," said Bismarck, and, as he used to tell the story, in as decided a tone as he could command. The powerful personality and attitude of the statesman so impressed the king that he then and there tore up the act of abdication and also a long memorandum of sixteen pages of foolscap which he had written for publication in justification of his policy and conduct.—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1898.

In 1865 I was at Gastein with Count Blome, an Austrian, discussing with him the so-called Gastein agreement. I was told that the count said that he judged the character of a man by his doings at the gambling table and that he frequently acted upon the impressions thus obtained. I thought, I will take care of you. On the next evening I played quinze with him and I gambled like a lunatic; I bet on all sorts of impossible cards so that in a short time I lost between

500 and 600 dollars. The count undertook to reprimand me for my lack of discretion, but I replied that it was all a matter of luck. He came to an agreement with me the following morning. The state ought to have repaid me those 600 dollars. With this exception I never gambled in my life, unless I had no money; later on I had too much sense to gamble.—EICHSTEDT-PETERSWALDT.

Prince Bismarck once said to me: "In 1866 I did not care to take any territory from Austria, because I wished to return thither after twelve or fifteen years without being hissed."—BLOWITZ, in *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1894.

"I rather envy you English statesmen," said the Chancellor, "the excitement of the House of Commons. You have the pleasure of being able to call a man a damned infernal scoundrel. Now I cannot do that in diplomacy."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1911, quoting VISCOUNT GOSCHEN.

Long ago an insignificant deputy so far forgot good manners as to charge the Chancellor with unveracity. Prince Bismarck's face flushed in an instant, as, throwing his hand upon his sword, he exclaimed wrathfully, "Say that again!" But there was no response.—*Temple Bar*, May, 1888.

I remember when in Göttingen, upwards of thirty years ago, laying a wager with an American concerning the probable union of Germany within twenty years. The stakes were, the winner was to give the loser twenty-five bottles of champagne, the loser to pay the winner a visit on the other side of the ocean. He had betted that Germany would not be united, I that it would be. When 1853 arrived I recollected the affair and intended to fulfil my part of the bargain. On making inquiries, however, I found that he was dead. I may add that the American's name was hardly suggestive of longevity—Coffin. The curious thing, however, is, that even so long ago as 1833, as the above narrative shows, I must have had firm faith that that which, with God's help, has happened, would happen, although at that time I was thoroughly opposed to the political societies that were laboring to that end.—BUSCH, quoting Bismarck.

There was undoubtedly great personal courage in provoking with such boldness the ill-will of the masses. "I have made up my mind to a lamp post," he used to say in those times, "but I will defend my skin against the mob to the last." And more recently he is said thus to have replied to the Crown Prince, when the latter made some earnest representations to him on the arbitrary violence of his internal policy: "The worst thing that can happen to me is that a halter will be put around my neck. What then if it serves to bind more firmly your highness's throne to the rest of Germany?"—SCHLESINGER in *The Fortnightly Review*, June, 1866.

He spoke of the good fortune he had met with. He had been chosen as a representative to the United Landstag, when he attracted the attention of the king, [Frederick William IV.] who offered him the position of consul to Frankfort. When Bismarck at once accepted the offer, the king expressed his astonishment and said: "I am surprised at your accepting so difficult an office without any deliberation." Bismarck replied that he was still more surprised at the courage of his majesty in offering such a post to an inexperienced newcomer. However, he concluded that both might try the experiment. He should promptly apply for his dismissal should he find himself incapable of handling the matters entrusted to him; on the other hand, the king could dismiss him at once if he found that the business of the position were not attended to properly. "If that is the way you feel about it," replied the king, "you may start at once without hesitation."—COHEN.

His patience tried to the utmost, he, the minister, would then go to the king [William I.] and tell him that such and such a rusty official could no longer be got along with and must necessarily give place to a more efficient person; whereupon "the old gentleman," melting with pity, would say, "Oh, he has so long been a faithful servant of the state, would it not be cruel to cast him aside like a squeezed-out orange?—no, I cannot do it." "And there," said Bismarck; "there we are." I ventured to suggest that an offer to resign on his part, if he could not have his way, might make the king less tender of his inefficient friends in high places. "Oh," said Bismarck with a laugh, "I have tried that often, too often, perhaps, to make it impressive. What do you think happens when I offer my resignation? My old gentleman begins to sob and cry—he actually sheds tears and says, 'Now you want to leave me too?' And when I see him shed tears, what in the world can I do then?"—SCHURZ in *McClure's Magazine*, August, 1908.

The Tocsin of War

Bismarck said that he was at one time tempted to take part in a military movement

and that he contemplated taking service in India under the British flag, emulating the example of Prince Waldemar. "In the meantime," said Bismarck, "I asked myself what those fellows in India had ever done against me."—THADDEN-TRIEGLAFF.

After the days of March the troops were in Potsdam and the king in Berlin. When I went out to Potsdam a great discussion was going on as to what should be done. General Moellendorf, who was there, sat on a stool not far from me, looking very sour. They had peppered him so that he could sit only half on. One was advising this and another that, but nobody very well knew what to do. I sat near the piano, saying nothing, but struck up a couple of notes, "Dideldum, dittera," [here he hummed the beginning of an infantry quick step]. The old fellow got up from his stool at once, his face beaming with delight, embraced me and said, "That's the right thing! I know what you mean—march on Berlin." As things fell out, however, nothing came of it.—POSCHINGER.

During the battle the king [William I.] rode into the danger zone and could not be induced to retire to a safe position. Bismarck galloped up to him and said pleadingly: "If your majesty has so little regard for your own person, kindly show some sympathy for the president of the council from whom your faithful Prussian people will demand their king; in the name of the people, I ask you to leave this place of danger." The king took Bismarck's hand and said, "Very well, let us ride on." As he said this he turned the head of his horse and rode along as leisurely as if he were on the drive to the menagerie at home. "My feet and hands were trembling," said Bismarck later in telling the incident; "I rode up close to the king and gave his horse a quick kick with the toe of my boot; the horse gave a jump and the king looked astonished—it was all done in a moment—I believe the king knew what had happened, but he said nothing."—"Zur Guten Stunde," 1895.

"It was an anxious moment" [Koenigsgratz], said Bismarck, "a moment on which the decision of the fate of empires depended. What would have become of us if we had lost that battle? Squadrons of cavalry all mixed up, huzzars, dragoons, uhlans, were streaming by the spot where the king, Moltke and myself stood and, although we had calculated that the Crown Prince might long have appeared behind the Austrian rear, no sign of the Crown Prince! Things began to look ominous. I confess I felt not a little nervous. I looked at Moltke, who sat quietly on his horse and did not seem to be disturbed by what was going on about us. I thought I would test it if he was really as calm as he appeared. I rode up to him and asked him whether I might offer him a cigar, since I noticed that he was not smoking. He replied that he would be glad if I had one to spare. I presented to him my open case in which there were only two cigars, one a very good Havana and the other of rather poor quality. Moltke looked at them and even handled them with great attention, in order to ascertain their relative value, and then with slow deliberation chose out the Havana. 'Very good,' he said complacently. This re-assured me very much. I thought, if Moltke can bestow so much time and attention upon the choice between two cigars, things cannot be very bad. Indeed, a few minutes later we heard the Crown Prince's guns, we observed unsteady and confused movements in the Austrian positions, and the battle was won."—SCHURZ in *McClure's Magazine*, August, 1908.

DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

In the conduct of the war Bismarck had, of course, no share. But he had nevertheless frequent opportunities of showing that, in his judgment, war was war, and that in war the sternest measures were on the whole the most humane. He over and over again declared that Paris should have been immediately stormed. He ridiculed the notion that its bombardment should be avoided because it contained works of art. "If the French wanted to preserve their monuments and collections of books and pictures from the dangers of war they should not have surrounded them with fortifications." The life of one German soldier was "worth more than all the trashy pictures" in Versailles. His voice, too, was always in favor of the extreme measures which war perhaps justifies. "Our people," he complains, "are very good marksmen, but bad executioners. Every village in which an act of treachery has been committed should be burned to the ground and all the male inhabitants hanged." When he was told that sixteen hundred prisoners had been taken on the Loire, he remarked, "I should have been better pleased if they had all been corpses. It is simply a disadvantage to us now to make prisoners."—WALPOLE.

The count [Bohlen] told us that a woman had come to the minister at Commercy to complain that her husband had been put in prison for having struck a hussar in the back

with a spade. The minister looked pleasant and heard her story out and, said my authority: "When she had done he said to her in the kindest tone, 'My good woman, you may take my word for it that your husband,' and he drew his fingers around his throat, 'will be hanged at once.' "—BUSCH.

It was on the morning of September 2; I had been riding around for several hours in the neighborhood of Sedan and had developed a great hunger. I had had very little to eat for twenty-four hours. I was riding near a woods when an odor resembling steak and onions greeted my olfactory nerves. Soldiers are doing some cooking, I thought; that is the place to go and get a square meal. I followed in the direction of the odor and came to Bazeilles, where it is known that the corpses of numerous Frenchmen were burned. It was these garlic-eating Frenchmen that emitted the tempting odor. Of course, my appetite was gone, despite my grumbling stomach.—BRAUER, quoting BISMARCK.

When the battle of the tenth was raging, the decisive struggle taking place at Gravelotte, Bismarck had advanced with the king rather too far and for a little while they were in danger. Afterwards, he, single-handed, was carrying water to the badly wounded.—BUSCH.

Our route led through the village of Gorze and here we found the streets so obstructed with wagons that I feared it would take us the rest of the day to get through, for the teamsters would not pay the slightest heed to the cries of the postillions. The count was equal to the emergency, however, for, taking a pistol from behind the cushions and bidding me keep my seat, he jumped out and quickly began to clear the street effectively, ordering wagons to the right and left. Marching in front of the carriages and making way for us through the blockade, he then resumed his seat, remarking: "This is not a very dignified business for the Chancellor of the German Confederation, but it's the only way to get through."—SHERIDAN in *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1888.

During tea time one evening at Versailles (November 23, 1870) he began to talk about his own death and indicated the exact age he was predestined to attain and the year appointed for his decease. "I know it," he wound up, saying, after some one present had remonstrated against his assertions; "it is a mystic number." Seven years later he repeated this assurance to me at Varzin, adding, however, "But God only knows."—BUSCH.

Then I handed him the Brussels *Indiscrete*. "There is a wonderful biography of me there, which is extremely comical. They would find it as true to my character as the pictures are to the text they illustrate. Possibly something in it might be made use of for our own papers."—BUSCH. [Frederick the Great also made lampoons on himself more accessible to the public.]

We had on the table cognac, red wine and sparkling Mainz wine. Some one spoke of beer and remarked that we had none. The minister rejoined: "That is of no consequence. The widespread use of beer is much to be deplored. Beer-drinking makes men stupid, lazy and impotent. It is the cause of all the Democratic pot-house politics which people talk over it. Good corn brandy would be better."—BUSCH.

It is perfectly true, as an officer remarked, that one sees hardly any Frenchwomen about. Count Bismarck said the other day that young and pretty girls were so rare that he makes a point of greeting them whenever he meets them.—Letter of HENRY ABEKEN, September 25, 1870, to Mrs. Abeken.

With Sheridan

The way the Chancellor always told this story was as follows: The Duke of Mecklenburg and General Sheridan were staying with me. I went out and managed to buy five eggs at a dollar each. I said to myself: "If I take these home I shall have to give two to the grand duke and two to Sheridan. There will be only one for me." So I ate two and took home three and there was one for each. I told the grand duke many years afterwards and he forgave me. Sheridan I could not tell. He died. He never knew.—*The Athenæum*, September 24, 1898.

On the other hand, Bismarck-Bohlen brought with him one great comfort—some excellent brandy. Offering the flask to his uncle, he said: "You've had a hard time of it; won't you refresh yourself?" The Chancellor, without wasting time to answer, raised the bottle to his lips, exclaiming, "Here's to the unification of Germany!" which sentiment the gurgling of an astonishingly long drink seemed to emphasize. The count then handed the bottle back to his nephew, who, shaking it, ejaculated, "Why, we can't pledge you in return—there's nothing left," to which came the waggish response, "I beg pardon; it was so dark I couldn't see," nevertheless there was a little remaining, as I myself can aver.—SHERIDAN in *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1888.

"I do not know how these Americans have bewitched me," he said to me one evening at Versailles, "but I cannot send them away, although I have so much to do that for me the day ought to have six hours over and above the twenty-four." Sheridan repeatedly dined with the Chancellor and accompanied him to the battle-fields of Metz and Sedan. They seemed to be mutually interested in and pleased with each other, so much so that when the American general had found shelter for the night at a peasant's hut at Rezonville, he was several times heard to murmur "Dear count" in his sleep.—BUSCH in *The North American Review*, July, 1880.

Negotiations for Peace

General Boyer, with despatches from Bazaine, came to Versailles on October 14, 1870, but Bismarck declined to entertain any serious business proposition on that day. He inquired at the office as to the day of the month and was told that it was the fourteenth. "Hochkirch and Jena also were on the fourteenth," he replied; "I shall not undertake anything serious on the fourteenth." —BUSCH.

The minister is sometimes very difficult to get along with. The worst thing is that he will not listen to plain facts brought before him. Things he ought to know, sometimes he will not know. Often I cannot help laughing at him and myself, after the first vexation is over. I always wish to give an exact answer to the questions he asks me. Very often he does not reply at all, or answers something quite different, not listening to what is said, only thinking of what he wants to say; it is frequently quite unintentional, but often, very often, quite intentional. He strikes hard sometimes, which I deplore, for people get blows they do not at all deserve.—ABEKEN, letter to Mrs. Abeken, Rheims, September 12, 1870.

A graphic picture of him [Thiers] at the work has been drawn by Prince Bismarck in an "interview" with a correspondent of the *Times:* "Ah, the French have not been just to that poor M. Thiers. He was a true patriot, however, and the most striking figure I have yet met with in contemporary France. I had a kind of pity for that poor little old man, who went over Europe in the rigors of winter to solicit impossible succor, who crossed and re-crossed the lines separating us from Paris, anxious to make peace, worried by the requirements of those who had remained in Paris, passing through musket shots fired at him by our outposts, notwithstanding the strict orders which had been given them." Here the prince paused an instant, half closing his eyes, as if recalling something; then resuming the conversation, he said: "I remember an incident I shall never forget. We had met to discuss the question on which we could not agree. M. Thiers fought like a *beau diable.* M. Jules Favre wept, made tragic gestures, and no progress was made. Suddenly I began talking German. M. Thiers looked at me with an amazed air and said: 'You know very well that we do not understand German.' 'Just so,' I said; 'when I discuss with men with whom I ultimately expect to come to an understanding, I speak their language; but when I begin to see that it is useless to discuss with them I speak in my own; send for an interpreter.' The truth is I was in a hurry to settle matters. I had been on thorns for a week. I was expecting every night to be woke up by a telegram bringing an English, Russian, Austrian or Italian demand in favor of France. I know, indeed, I should have disregarded it, but it would have been none the less a direct intervention and an interference in the quarrel between France and Germany. This had to be avoided at all costs and it was therefore that, despite my admiration for M. Thiers's patriotic tenacity, I was so offhand in talking German. These tactics had a strange effect. M. Jules Favre extended his long arms to heaven, his hair stood on end, and, concealing his face in his hands, he rushed into a corner of the room, pressing his head against the wall as if he would not be a witness to the humiliation inflicted on the representatives of France in forcing them to continue the negotiations in German. M. Thiers looked above his spectacles with a scandalized air, then rushed to a table at the end of the room, and I heard his pen dashing feverishly over the paper. In a short time he came back to me. His small eyes flamed behind his spectacles, his mouth was drawn up with anger, and he offered me the paper with an abrupt movement and in a husky and almost harsh voice said, 'Is that what you want?' I looked at what he had written; it was admirably drawn up and pretty nearly what I wanted. I then resumed speaking in French and the negotiations were completed in that language."—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1878.

Bismarck offered a Havana to Jules Favre and, upon his declining it, he remarked: "You are wrong there. When one has to start on a conversation which may involve discussion and violent argument, it is

always advisable to smoke. When smoking, you know," he added, lighting his Havana, "the physical movements are in some degree paralyzed by the cigar which one holds, and, without interfering with the mental faculties, it proves soothing by slightly dulling the mind. The blue smoke which arises in spiral form, and the windings of which one's eye follows with delight, cause one to be more conciliatory. One feels happy, the eye is engaged, the hand is retained, and the sense of smell is gratified, all of which disposes one to make mutual concessions. By not smoking you have one advantage over yourself, you are more alert; but, on the other hand, you are also at a disadvantage, you are tempted to be violent and to yield to your first impulse."—HOCHE.

One day when at Versailles, Lord Odo Russell went to call on Bismarck, but found that he was closeted with Count Harry Arnim. My lord had not waited long before the count came out, fanning himself with his handkerchief and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he exclaimed, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." Presently my lord entered the sanctum of the Chancellor, whom he found gasping for breath almost at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have," remarked the prince, after exchanging compliments with the British envoy. "Arnim has just been with me and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I could stand it no longer and had to open the window." Well may my good lord have asked, on afterwards relating the story: "What is historical truth?"—POSCHINGER.

Shortly before the Chancellor's departure from Versailles Madame de Jesse came to inquire on what day she would be able to resume possession of the house. Said Bismarck, in his most courteous manner, "I shall leave on the sixth, Madame, and, as you are here, I should greatly like to accompany you over the house in order that you may see that I have respected your property." Excepting that the floors were somewhat grimy—a detail, as the French would say—Madame de Jesse did not notice much amiss until she entered the principal drawing room. Once there, she looked in vain for a valuable old clock, surmounted by a curious figure of Satan, which had formerly stood on the mantel shelf. "Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "and my clock!" But Bismarck reassured her. "It has not been lost or stolen, Madame, it is in my room. Come and see. I removed it there because I admired it so much. Thiers did not like it. No, he didn't; though he is supposed to appreciate good bronzes. When he was here he kept on glancing at the timepiece and muttering, 'le diable, le maudit diable.' It seemed positively to horrify him—nevertheless we signed the preliminaries of peace in front of it." "I could hardly refrain," Madame Jesse used to say, when she told the story; "I could hardly refrain from retorting: 'Yes; I understand it was the Devil's peace.'" Bismarck admired the clock so much that he greatly desired to purchase it, but Madame de Jesse declined every offer. At the moment of the Chancellor's departure the pendulum was removed and to this day the clock marks the hour when he left the house, where the triumph of Germany was consummated. He gave the gardener a gratuity of fifty francs, to which he added another forty, to compensate Madame de Jesse, said he, for the loss of some guinea fowls, which he had eaten. "I feared she would not like it," he added, "but then I am so fond of guinea fowl, and, besides this, money will please her."—VIZETELLY.

On the twenty-ninth of October, at dinner, the Chancellor tells how Napoleon had asked him that Marshals Bazaine, Lebœuf and Canrobert should be allowed to join him at Wilhelmshoehe. "I see no harm in it," he said; "I will recommend the thing to the king. There will be four of them—just enough for a game of whist. So many extraordinary things happen in these days that it may come to pass that Napoleon will assemble the Legislative Chamber and the Senate at Cassell, to deliberate on peace. Then I will call together the Reichstag at Versailles. The various parties will all come, except the Fortschittspartei. These are like the Russians, who want to eat cherries in winter and oysters in summer. When a Russian goes into a shop he asks for *kaknje bud*, that is to say, What have you not got?" —*Fortnightly Review*, December, 1878.

Prince Bismarck is a great statesman but it may be doubted whether his greatness has gained much by the crusade he has undertaken against the clock caricatures in the French toy shops and comic papers. It may please him to know that the toy trade has suffered considerably by the interdicted sale of hundreds of thousands of miniature Prussians with timepieces under their arms, and that more than one French artist has been plunged into paroxysms of fury by the confiscation of plates representing himself

(Bismarck) and his imperial master with rows of watches on their breasts instead of medals; but it is difficult to see how a means can be found for stopping the allusions to clocks in the French New Year's extravaganzas. The Emperor Napoleon, who gave the matter much painful thought, had come to the conclusion at last that trying to check unwelcome allusions on the stage was a vain endeavor, and, during the latter years of his reign, French actors were allowed a certain amount of latitude. It is doubtful whether M. Thiers will succeed where his predecessor failed, and, indeed, he has not succeeded hitherto; for though the orders issued to Parisian actors have been formal, they have only obeyed the letter of them, not the spirit. At one theater an actor comes to the footlights, fumbles for his watch, does not find it, and resignedly makes a gesture descriptive of the peak of a Prussian helmet; not a word has been pronounced, but the audience understand and laugh. At another theater, where a burlesque is being performed, the king asks what time it is and his prime minister answers, "Excuse me, sir, but ever since our last war" and stops amid the great mirth of the whole house. The conclusion to be drawn is that the best way to kill a joke in France is to let it spend itself.—*Every Saturday*, February 24, 1872.

AFTER THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

"Oh, the prince dislikes sitting," was the answer. "He will hardly sit even to Lenbach." And he [Dr. Crysander] told us how the painter comes to Friedrichsruh and has to take his chance, or watch for his opportunities, talking to the prince and observing him as best he can. The last portrait he painted shows such a Bismarck fancy thundering at a stubborn majority in the Reichstag; full of righteous anger and stern purpose, lightnings in the eye and the mouth hard as iron. Well, the history of that portrait is this: Prince Bismarck hates crows because they are the enemies of the singing birds he loves. He and Herr Lenbach were walking in the woods when the prince caught sight of one of these detested crows on the branch of a tree. It was his sudden glance of anger at the crow which the artist seized —one can imagine that look, fierce, and even deadly, if a look could kill—and this it was which was put on paper when they got home and the sketch became the portrait which we see. It was no Socialist, no Particularist, no human Philistine of any species, which provoked this Olympian wrath which Lenbach has fixed forever on the speaking canvas —only a crow, with no love for music or for musical birds.—SMALLEY, in *The Fortnightly Review*, July 1, 1893.

One morning at Gastein, sauntering in the park, he became so interested in the household economy of sundry birds which nestled there that he utterly forgot and entirely missed an interview between the emperors of Germany and Austria at which his presence was especially important.—WHITE.

Even as a child and ever since I always went late to bed, never before midnight. I generally dropped off to sleep at once, but shortly afterwards awakened—about one or two o'clock, and then all sorts of ideas presented themselves, especially of instances where I had not been treated properly, and I began to deliberate. Then I began to write letters and despatches, of course always in my imagination. At times, when I had not been chancellor for any length of time, I used to get up and write. Then in the morning when I got up and read what I had written, I saw that it was worthless, nothing but platitudes, confused, worthless stuff, such as might be found in the Vossische newspapers.—LIMAN.

When Tiedemann conveyed to his chief the news of the murderous attempt that had been made, on June 2, 1878, by Nobiling, on the Emperor William I., Bismarck's first ejaculation was, "Now we will dissolve the Reichstag." Only after the ruling passion of political purpose had found involuntary expression did he inquire after the emperor's condition and seek details of the dastardly deed which had nearly robbed him of his beloved master.—DAWSON in *The Fortnightly Review*, September 1, 1898.

One day (it was in 1876, I think) the Chancellor went out for a ride along the boundary of the Varzin estate. To his great surprise he saw, though it was Sunday, a number of men at work in the fields with hoe and spade. "What men are these?" he asked of his overseer. "Our laborers, your highness," was the reply; "we cannot spare them in the six week days and now they must work their own fields on Sundays." The prince rode home and there immediately wrote a note to all the overseers of his estate to the effect that the cultivation of the laborers' fields should always precede that of his own, but that in future he would not permit any work to be done on Sunday. The result was that the laborers did what was necessary for their own fields in two or three

days and then went cheerfully to work on those of the prince, so that the head overseer was soon able to report that never before had the field work been done so quickly. —BUSCH in the *North American Review*, August, 1880.

He merely glanced through the books he had received and took a number of them to his room, but never any printed in Latin letters. No matter how much the publisher or the contents of such books might interest him, he invariably threw them aside with a scowl and once said to me: "Write to this person that I have no time to read German books printed in Latin letters." He had figured out that it took him eighty minutes to read in Latin letters what he could read in German in sixty.—BRAUER.

"All great cities," he said, "as being mere hotbeds of anarchy and revolution, ought to be swept from the earth," a saying which procured for him the sobriquet of *Stadtvertilger*, or town-destroyer.—POSCHINGER.

A good story comes to us from Ischl, where M. de Bismarck was spending a few days previous to his start for Biarritz. So was Mademoiselle L———, a most charming actress, celebrated alike for her genius and the rigid correctness of her conduct. The minister and actress met on the public street; the former recognized the favorite of last season, joined her and a conversation ensued until they found themselves at the door of a photographer's chalet. M. de Bismarck did not quit his agreeable companion, but chatted on, till suddenly the photographer, from under his black veil, rushed out and requested the Prussian minister to stand somewhat on one side, "as otherwise," he explained, "the person of your excellency will appear in the picture nigh to that of the prima donna." "Mademoiselle," exclaimed the terrified diplomatist, retreating precipitately. "Oh, pray remain where you are; the photograph is intended for the fiancé, and he will be much flattered by the honor," etc. M. de Bismarck could not refuse, and thus it happened that the Prime Minister and the Italian cantatrice appeared in the same *carte de visite*. The absurd part of the story is, that the Prussian police, imagining that the result had been obtained by cutting out the separate portraits of the personages with malicious intent, have seized the copies sold at Berlin, notwithstanding which the photograph has reached Paris and is to be purchased on the boulevards.—PEAT.

"To-day is the thirteenth and Friday into the bargain. That will not do; Sunday will be the fifteenth—Wednesday the eighteenth, on which the Ordensfest is always held—that will be a good day on which to issue the proclamation (one concerning the emperor and empire) to the German people." —BUSCH.

I got him to speak about himself, the most interesting subject to hear him talk about. He alluded to his twenty-eight years of incessant work and of the anxiety of those years. They had quite obliterated for himself, he said, the things cared for previously, riding and shooting, and he added, music and painting; but especially riding, he said again, of which he was once passionately fond; now he only regarded it as a healthy exercise and no longer delighted as of yore in his horses. . . . He then told me in a somewhat involved manner of General York, whose desertion from Prussia to Russia had had such an effect upon the deserter that his hair blanched in a single night; "and I," said the prince, "have had not only one such night as that, but dozens." . . .

As soon as the crowd saw him they set up a loud shout, *"Hoch fuer Fuerst Bismarck!"* A lady handed a bouquet to him and a little American lady rushed up and seized him by the hand. We then walked back together through the meadows and the woods.

Alluding to the incident of the American lady the prince said: "It was also yesterday that the American lady said something I did not understand, and who asked me to-day to shake hands with her, to which I answered that I would gladly do so."

Nothing can exceed the courtesy of the prince in his manner of returning the salutations of the people; he takes off his light brown-colored wide-awake even to the children who salute him. We were amused at a shout of *"Hoch"* proceeding from two peasants who passed in a cart, and the wide-awake was also lifted.—GOWER.

"All that nonsense about my superstitiousness had no more solid foundation than mere jokes on my consideration for other people's feelings. I will make one of thirteen at dinner as often as you please; and I transact the most important and critical business on Friday, if necessary." The Berlin Congress, presided over by Prince Bismarck, was both opened and closed on the thirteenth.—BUSCH.

Mr. Phelps [William Walter] told the writer that Prince Bismarck always kept a

case of American whiskey for visitors from the United States.—FISHER in *Munsey's Magazine*, August, 1895.

At the Table

An irreverent Frenchman once remarked that if "the Colossus [Bismarck] ever died," it would be in "consequence of a colossal fit of indigestion," and, indeed, the Chancellor had frequently exposed himself to danger in this respect. Once he remarked that he was very fond of "hard-boiled eggs, though now (in 1870) he could only manage three; but the time was when he could make away with eleven." "In our family," he said upon another occasion, "we are all great eaters. If there were many in the country with such capacity, the state could not exist. I should have to emigrate." And again, "If I am to work well, I must be well fed. I can make no proper peace if they do not give me proper food and drink; that's part of my pay."

"*Lieber* Otto," here interposed the Countess Bismarck, "you must not touch that dish; it is not good for your stomach in its present nervous state." "Ladies," replied the count, as he motioned away the proffered dish, "have you ever seen so fine an example of the obedient husband?" "Well, countess," threw in Prince Putbus, "you have the happiness to be the only one, apart from the king, to whom our Iron Count submits." "Oh, no," rejoined the countess, "there is still another to whom Otto sometimes bows." "And who is this powerful person?" "Well, you will never guess; it is—the cook." "Ah, yes," observed Bismarck, "it is surprising what a man will do to enjoy peace in his own house, after having had a thorough taste of war."

"I have received so many presents of wine," said the Chancellor once to some guests, "that I am afraid I shall not be able to drink it all in this world. I grudge my heirs nothing except my wine cellar."—POSCHINGER.

Bismarck's philosophy of eating and drinking is striking evidence of the man's character. "I have often regretted what I have eaten," said he, "but never what I have drunk." "But have you not been the worse for it?" Then Bismarck described his creed about potations by declaring, "I did not say I had not been the worse for them; I said I never regretted them."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1911, quoting Viscount Goschen.

Somebody thereupon mentioned that German champagne was coming into fashion and that some of it was very good. "I do not think so," said Bismarck. "At least it is not good for me, as my stomach does not take to it. I remember upon one occasion," continued the prince, "I was dining with his gracious majesty. I had some champagne in my glass, the taste of which made me suspicious. When the butler again passed around the table I tried to get a look at the label on the bottle, but this was impossible, for a napkin had been wrapped around it. I then turned to the emperor to inquire the name of that particular brand, when his majesty blurted out that it was indeed some German champagne—*Deutscher Schaumwein*. 'Yes,' the emperor said, 'I drink it from motives of economy, as I have a large family, and I have strongly recommended it to my officers for the same reason. Then I also drink it from patriotic motives.' Thereupon I said to the emperor, 'With me patriotism stops at the region of the stomach,' meaning of course that patriotism had its seat in the heart."—WHITMAN in *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1898.

He had always been a great eater, a deep drinker and a heavy smoker. In his earlier days he had been, indeed, what the Germans call a "chain smoker"—a species of the weed-consuming genus whose morning and night are connected with a cable of cigars, each link of which is lighted at the stump of its predecessor. Bismarck once related that in this way he had, for example, smoked all the way from Cologne to Berlin, a railway journey of about ten hours. "Happy man," once sighed Gambetta to a friend who was talking to him about the German Chancellor; "happy man, beer and smoke agree with him." But the time came when he could not even look at a cigar. "I have not given up cigars," he once said; "it is they who have given me up."—POSCHINGER.

Humor of Later Days

Two years ago an English friend of Prince Bismarck applied to him in behalf of a lady for his autograph, and the prince replied direct to the lady in his own hand: "Dear Lady ——. I have the greatest objections to giving my autograph and never do so. Very truly yours, Bismarck."—*The Athenæum*, July 5, 1890.

In 1871, after Odo Russell had succeeded Lord Augustus Loftus as ambassador to Berlin, he and Lady Emily attended a party where they met Count Bismarck. Lady Em-

ily was sitting beside the great man, when he suddenly said to her, "Never in my life was I more glad to hear anything than when I heard of your father's [Earl of Clarendon's] death." Lady Emily was naturally taken aback by such an extraordinary speech and showed it, whereupon Bismarck, patting her hand, said, "Ah, dear lady, you must not take it like that. What I mean is that if your father had lived, he would have prevented the war."—MAXWELL.

They were passing near the nest of a stork, where two male birds were quarreling about a female. "I see," said Bismarck to Aegidi, who was watching the quarrel of the birds with some interest, "you are fond of French novels, or you would not follow so intensely the marital drama which is going on up there."—POSCHINGER.

Lord Odo Russell, British ambassador at the Prussian court, visited Bismarck one day at his residence in William street. During the conversation Lord Russell suggested that a man of Bismarck's prominence was undoubtedly the victim of many annoying visits. "But you probably have some drastic means to end such annoyances?" inquired Russell. "Yes, certainly," replied Bismarck; "one of the most effective is to get my wife to call for me on any convenient pretext. Of course that is enough to end any visit." Just then the princess entered and said in a most innocent manner: "Otto, you know it is time for your medicine; do not forget it." Lord Russell recognized the humor of the situation, burst into a loud laugh, and took his departure.—LIMAN.

To Professor Lenbach, who in parting from him after his eightieth birthday said he trusted that Bismarck might have many happy years in store for him, he replied, "My dear Lenbach, the first eighty years of a man's life are always the happiest."—WHITMAN in *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1898.

The Italian minister had complained bitterly to Bismarck about Kalnocky. The Chancellor had made some very severe remarks concerning the matter under advisement on the margin of the reports and he sent for these reports when he was discussing the matter with Kalnocky. When I inquired as to the result of the conference the Chancellor answered quietly: "I gave him the reports for his perusal." "But, your excellency," I cried, badly frightened, "there are all sorts of plain remarks of yours on the margins; in one place you characterized Kalnocky's doings as silly, and you made similar remarks not intended for the eyes of Austrians." "Certainly," answered the prince, with a wink; "I could not verbally have told him the truth in so blunt a manner; it is better that he should read it." When Kalnocky subsequently appeared at the table the prince remarked very nonchalantly: "Mr. von Brauer has been scolding me, and that very properly, because I gave you those reports. I had forgotten some very uncomplimentary notes which you doubtless found in the margins. After the mischief has been done I can only ask your pardon for being too straightforward with you. You were not offended? And then," he added with a smile at Kalnocky's laughing mien, "perhaps it was better you should have my unvarnished opinion on the subject." The incident proved very useful. Kalnocky was so delighted over the marginal criticisms of the conduct of his colleague Crispi that he ignored those relative to himself. He and Bismarck parted the best of friends.—BRAUER.

I remarked that it was a strange fact that the population of wine-growing countries were usually moderate drinkers. "Yes," Bismarck said, "this is indeed a wonderful dispensation of Providence. For where wines grow people are usually 'half seas over' by nature, and if they were given to drink as well they would soon be perfectly mad."—WHITMAN.

"Tut," said his majesty one day, "look at me. I am a much older man than you are, Bismarck, yet I am still able to ride." "Ah, yes," rejoined the Chancellor, "but then your majesty must remember that a rider always lasts longer than his horse."

"Don't you know," said the prince, "that whenever there are three Germans there are always four opinions? But perhaps it was a wise thing of Providence to have thus infected the Germans with such a passion for contrariety, seeing that, if united in everything, such fellows as they would lift the whole world off its hinges."

Bismarck and Beust took a long drive to Klesheim. "I remained of course perfectly impassive to the cheers of the people," wrote Beust, "leaving the honors entirely to the illustrious visitor, who acknowledged them with unusual cordiality by military salutes. He said to me, 'I have arranged these things very well. In the days when people used to hiss me, I wore civilian clothes and had no occasion to take off my hat, while now, when they cheer me, I wear a uniform and need only touch my head."—POSCHINGER.

When, towards the end of our meeting, in fact as we were about to part, I told him that some people had paid me the high com-

pliment of calling me the Bismarck of the East, the prince tried to look serious, as if studying my meaning. Then he smiled under his bushy eyebrows and whispered to Captain Riffbach (who spoke the best Mandarin Chinese I ever heard a man use), "Tell his excellency that the French would not consider that a compliment at all." Of course, I understood and we shook hands over the agreement that the French did not love Bismarck at all.—LI HUNG CHANG, "Memoirs."

He described universal suffrage as "the government of the house by its nursery"; but, he added, "you can do anything with children if you only play with them." Some one observed, "You can make a mob cry anything by paying a few men among them a groschen apiece to start the shouting." "No, you need not waste your groschen," demurred the Premier, "there are always asses enough to bray gratis."

A doctrinaire politician advanced a very paradoxical statement at Bismarck's dinner table, and one of the guests set himself to refute it. "Pray do not trouble yourself," suggested the premier; "if you only have patience for two or three minutes the learned Herr Professor will contradict himself in the most brilliant manner."—POSCHINGER.

Domestic Affairs

At times Prince Bismarck amuses himself by reading aloud with visible gusto some of the gross abuse of which he has so often been the object in certain organs of the press. Princess Bismarck is not always in the humor to appreciate with equal zest the intellectual treat. Now and then she is so carried away as to express her displeasure rather forcibly. On such an occasion a visitor once ventured to say to the prince at table how much he was to be envied the possession of so loyal a champion. The speaker received no reply, but something very much like a tear glistening in Bismarck's eye told that he had heard the remark.—WHITMAN in *Pall Mall Magazine*, November, 1893.

The oldest son Herbert accompanied the emperor on his trip to the East. Both father and mother were very much out of humor if a single day passed without intelligence from Herbert, and consequently there was a great deal of worry and consternation when a telegram was received from Athens to the effect that Herbert was under the care of a physician on account of a slight accident that had happened to him when about to board a steamer. I had to telegraph at once to the consul at Athens demanding full and true particulars about the condition of the Secretary of State. It was really touching to watch the count and countess each trying to persuade the other that there were no grounds for apprehension. Suddenly the countess entered with a telegram in her hand and hurried into her husband's room. I heard her cry out, "Here is the answer from Athens," and then the door closed. My secretary entered immediately afterwards in a state of excitement. I demanded to know why the telegram had not been delivered to me according to the rules. He explained to me that after he had decoded the telegram he was on his way to my office when he met the countess, who had been lying in wait for him on the staircase; she had snatched the telegram from him and read it. What I apprehended took place. The count entered my room in a very angry mood. A serious neglect of duty had taken place. The secretary, in violation of the rules of the secret service, had handed an official telegram to a private person and it was necessary that drastic measures should be taken against the guilty official. I did my utmost to allay the anger of the count, fully explaining the matter to him. At first he insisted that there was no excuse for the official, who should have defended himself against all attempts to take from him an official document. "But, your excellency," I said smiling, "what should the poor fellow have done? He certainly could not have used force against the countess." The count looked at me very angrily. "Old women make poor officials," he growled as he left the room. Whether the imputation of old women and poor officials was intended for me or for my secretary has never been determined. The incident had ended. At any rate the contents of the telegram gave no cause for alarm and Count Herbert soon recovered.—BRAUER.

When one of his guests suggested that he must have had a happy life, he replied: "How do you define happiness? I have been very seldom happy. Were I to add together all the minutes when I was wholly happy the total would not amount to twenty-four hours." He then told that happiness came to him first when he shot his first rabbit—that lasted a very few seconds; the next occasion was when he made his declaration of love. Then he spoke in a most impressive manner of the affection of his deceased wife.—LIMAN.

The Philosopher

It was a dull, gray morning in November; the prince was standing near the moisture-covered window when he remarked: "As

I was getting up this morning the thought occurred to me that it is certainly remarkable that the sun is regarded as a divinity by people who suffer the most from it. All worshipers of the sun and fire live in the hot climates: the Assyrians, the Phoenicians, the Persians. Such a cult has never suggested itself to the people of the North. Yet in this climate we have more cause for gratitude and pleasure, here where we so seldom see the sun, than where the burning heat of the sun causes danger and destruction. The old Germans worshiped thunder and lightning, but not the sun." The prince paused and then, as if he had been meditating on the subject, he added, "and this shows the analogy between mankind and dogs. Both love and honor whatever they stand in fear of."—BRAUER.

At the table one day the conversation drifted to the doings of William Tell, a character Bismarck, even as a child, did not like, because he had shot at his child and then killed Gessler in a treacherous manner. "It would have been more natural and more noble," he said, "if he had shot the tyrant, certainly an easier mark than the apple. That would have been justifiable in his anger at the cruel demand. I did not like his lying in wait and his surreptitious conduct—that was not to be expected of a hero—not even of a Franc-tireur."—LIMAN.

Gambetta must certainly have had secret relations with Bismarck, which the press suspected, but was never able to prove. It is not our business to prove the fact here. Their communications were sometimes arranged by a discreet unofficial medium, one of Gambetta's devoted friends, M. Cheberry, who for many years had done considerable business in French wines with the German, Russian and Austrian courts. He constantly visited his powerful clients, Hohenlohe, Bismarck and the emperor's circle, the Russian grand dukes, etc. One day, at Varzin, in 1878, at Prince Bismarck's house, after having taken the Chancellor's usual order for fine champagne (which, by the way, usually amounted to two thousand francs), M. Cheberry purposely mentioned Gambetta, the high position he had won for himself in the country, and the progress made in the reorganization of France under his direct and indirect impulse. "I know, I know," Bismarck interrupts, rather annoyed at this panegyric. "He is the only one among you who thinks of revenge and who is at all a menace to Germany, but he will not last much longer." M. Cheberry starts violently on hearing this assertion. "What? What? but Gambetta is in very good health; his vitality and endurance are wonderful; he is the very picture of strength and health." Bismarck continues: "I am not speaking thoughtlessly. I know by secret reports exactly what sort of life your great man leads and I know his habits. Well, his life is a life of continual overwork. He rests neither night nor day. At night he works at his newspaper, by day he is at the Chamber, attending commissions, either in the provinces or abroad. Here he makes a speech; there he tries to recommence old alliances. All the political men who have led the same lives have died young. Your Mirabeau is the most celebrated example. To be able to serve one's country for a long time one must marry an old woman, have children like the rest of the world, a country place or a house to one's self, like any common peasant, where one can go and rest, nurse one's colds, wait calmly for the moment of action, and hide one's self from the bores and the rulers of the day. Look at M. Thiers! his career as a statesman has been the most beautiful career imaginable and he was not a star. Your Gambetta is burning the candle at both ends; that is my opinion. He had much better marry and settle down in the country. Tell him that from me, for after all I rather like him. He is the only man whose intentions I know at the present moment. At least he and I know what we want and, if he has so quickly and unexpectedly raised up France, I cannot be personally angry with him, any more than I can resent his mad dream of reconquering Alsace and Lorraine. So, as one man to another, I personally recommend to him this practical advice, which the Princess Bismarck would also give him, like the good housekeeper that she is."—LAUR.

Among the German universities there was considerable discussion as to the proper Latin phraseology in diplomas, as to the use of the phrase, "During the reign of William, German emperor, king of Prussia," etc. The German professors quarreled over this matter with their usual thoroughness and pertinacity. Some insisted on using "Germaniae Imperator"; others claimed that "Germanorum Imperator" was the proper form. Some even defended the phrase "Imperator Germanicus" (properly "Conqueror of the Germans"). Even "Imperator Germanus" was proposed. The matter was finally left to the decision of the German Minister of Culture. Herr von Goszler reported to Friedrichsruh, as in matters of this kind the cooperation of the Chancellor was desirable. Bis-

marck's decision was simple and to the point: In the first place the universities ought to use good German instead of Latin; he saw no reason at all why a Latin heading was at all necessary. In the second place, there was no reason why the name of the country of their own sovereign need be mentioned, but if it were absolutely necessary that Latin should be used, then the Prussian high schools should confine themselves to a simple "Imperator et Rex," and those beyond the confines of Prussia, "Imperator, Borussiae Rex." But, in order that he might not be charged with having dodged the issue, he added that the phrase "Germanorum Imperator" seemed to him the best.—BRAUER.

"What do you do when you are angry?" he asked; "I do not believe that you have as many causes for anger as I have." "Only the stupidity of mankind," I replied; "never their wickedness." "Do you not find that there is a great deal of relief obtained by smashing something?" "It is certainly a good thing that you are not in my position," I replied, "or there would not be a whole piece of furniture in the house." "I remember once when I was over there"—pointing to the apartments of the Emperor William—"something occurred that exasperated me; I left the room, slamming the door after me; I retained the key in my hand; I entered Lehndorff's room and threw the key violently into the wash-basin, breaking the latter to pieces. 'My God,' said Lehndorff, 'are you ill?' 'I have been ill; now I am well again."—LIMAN.

He said: "Hatred is as great an incentive to life as love is. The two factors that have beautified my life are my wife and Windhorst—the former representing love and the latter hatred."—SCHWENINGER.

When his majesty [William I.] opposed me, not from his own convictions, but as the result of repeated feminine pressure, I could see what had happened, for his arguments were not to the point and illogical. When he could not find any more arguments against what I had said, then he would end the discussion with the expression: "By the thousand, then I must plead earnestly." Then I knew that I had met, not the emperor, but his wife.—BISMARCK, "Thoughts and Recollections."

Concerning the more harmless incidents of court life Bismarck related the following: "It was occasionally my function to present all sorts of people to the king, and it now and then happened that my head was so full of more important matters that the very name of the person I was about to present passed from my memory. When that was the case I usually put a bold face on it and, there being no time to inquire after names, I bluntly presented a man I did not know as "Count Solms." You see, there are so many Count Solms that the king could not possibly know them all by sight. On the other hand, a man whose name might be Mueller or Schultze was not likely to take it very much amiss if he were presented as Count Solms, which, after all, is a good family name. I got out of my difficulty in this manner on more than one occasion and it never failed."—WHITMAN.

Deepening Shadows

Bismarck in his old age summed it all up by saying: "During the last three hundred years I have no ancestor who has not fought against France."—WHITE.

One evening, at Varzin, after contemplating for a while the darkening horizon, he complained to us that he had derived little pleasure or satisfaction from his political labors, which had won for him no friends, which had brought happiness to no one, either to himself, his family, or to others. We expressed dissent, but he went on to say that "on the contrary, they had made many unhappy. But for me three great wars would not have occurred, eighty thousand men would not have fallen in battle, and parents, brothers, sisters, widows would not have mourned." "Nor sweethearts," some one added. "Nor sweethearts," he repeated in monotone. "That, however, I have settled with God. Still, I have reaped little or no happiness from all I have done; but on the contrary, much vexation, anxiety, weariness and ill usage." He continued for a time in the same strain. The rest of us were silent and I was surprised. Subsequently I learned that of late years he had repeatedly expressed himself to the same effect.—BUSCH in *The North American Review*, August, 1880.

Last year, when Bismarck's favorite dog Sultan was dying, he watched beside the poor animal with such manifestly deep sorrow that Count Herbert, the prince's eldest son, at last endeavored to get his father away. The prince took a few steps towards the door, but, on looking back, his eyes met those of his old friend. "No; leave me alone," he said, and returned to poor Sultan. When the dog was dead Bismarck turned to a friend who was standing by and said: "Those old German forefathers of ours had

a kind of religion. They believed that after death they would meet in the celestial hunting-grounds all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions for life. I wish I could believe that."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, August, 1878.

On one occasion he expressed himself to Herr von Poschinger with regard to the doctrine of metempsychosis—a doctrine in which Count Moltke was also deeply interested. With Bismarck it may have been only a fleeting, fanciful thought—as Herr von Poschinger assures me it was—but what Bismarck said on the occasion was eminently characteristic of the man. "If I had to choose the form in which I should have to live again," he said, "I am not sure that I should not like to be an ant. You see that little creature lives in a state of perfect political organization; every one of them is obliged to work—lead a useful life—every one is industrious. There are complete subordination, discipline and order among the ants. They are happy, for they work."—WHITMAN in *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1898.

Whenever I go into a wood it makes me sad to think how badly we treat our dead. We put them away into the cold, dark earth, where no rays of the sun can ever reach them. When I die I would wish my remains to be suspended in a hammock between two trees, up high and free in the air. I should certainly prefer to be eaten by birds than by black bugs.—BISMARCK, to Eicksted-Peterswaldt.

Bismarck pointed up to two stately pine trees in front of us. "There, up in mid-air, between those trees, I should like to find rest, where the sunlight and fresh air can still get at me. The idea of being shut down, suffocated in a bandbox, has its terrors."—WHITMAN.

BLACK, Jeremiah Sullivan, 1810-1883. American statesman.

Attorney-General Hensel tells a good story about the late Jeremiah S. Black. Judge Black and David W. Sellers had just completed an argument before the Supreme Court at Harrisburg, where they had appeared on opposite sides, when the former discovered that he could not get a train for home before evening, although Sellers could have come to Philadelphia almost immediately. "Now, Sellers," said Judge Black, "there is a nice restaurant down the street here. Suppose you and I take a walk down the river to get up an appetite and about four o'clock we'll go to this restaurant and have a nice quiet dinner all to ourselves." Mr. Sellers was willing and the two lawyers started off on their walk. They went down the river, up to State street, around the capitol grounds, through several other streets until Mr. Sellers began to get very hungry and suggested that it was about time for that dinner. The judge stopped with a puzzled expression on his face and finally, bringing his large hand down on his knee with a whack, exclaimed: "By George, Sellers, that restaurant is in Baltimore."—*Albany Law Journal*, November 28, 1891.

BLAINE, James Gillespie, 1830-1893. American statesman.

The Democrats bethought themselves of Mr. Blaine's [Ephraim L., father of James G.] Roman Catholic wife, and they brought against him, as political enemies afterwards brought against his son, the accusation that he himself was a Catholic. Neither father nor son ever repudiated the charge in such a way as to imply that he regarded it as injurious. Ephraim Blaine's method was characteristic. He called upon his friend, Father Murphy, the priest in charge of the church his wife attended, and obtained from him this novel certificate, which settled the question and contributed a touch of humor to the campaign, whether or not it helped Mr. Blaine at the polls: "This is to certify that Ephraim L. Blaine is not now and never was a member of the Catholic Church; and, furthermore, in my opinion he is not fit to be a member of any church."—EDWARD STANWOOD, "James Gillespie Blaine."

The late John F. Edmonds, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, a gentleman of fine culture and popularity in the Southwest, relates that Professor Blaine stood bravely by him in trouble while he was a college boy at the Military Institute. "I shall never forget his manly, generous friendship," remarked that gentleman. "I was involved in a difficulty with a boy belonging to a wealthy and influential family, and in the course of the quarrel he applied a vulgar epithet to my mother, for which I knocked him down. I was arraigned before the faculty, sharply reproved for violating college rules and threatened with disgrace if I did not make an ample apology. The faculty were all against me except Professor Blaine. He arose and with much warmth of feeling said that he could not withhold his sympathy for a boy when love and reverence for his mother had involved him in trouble. 'This boy,' said he, 'only resented a foul insult to his mother. What boy of manliness and honor, especially with the peculiar train-

ing of a Kentucky boy, would not resent such an insult more quickly than an insult offered to himself? I will not only not consent to censure him, but I say that I think he did right, and that I feel more like praising than reproaching him.' This brief, magnetic speech worked like magic on the minds of the faculty and the offender was turned loose with a gentle admonition."—WALTER R. HOUGHTON, "Blaine and Logan."

His first public speeches were numerous. Soon after coming to Augusta he went with a large party to Farmington, where William Pitt Fessenden was to speak. It was one of the earliest Franklin county mass meetings of the Republicans. Fessenden was not there and the committee came to the Augusta delegation and asked if they had any speaker. Some one said that there was a young man named Blaine there who had just come to town and who spoke well at caucuses. He was called on and modestly stated that Fessenden was away and that he had accepted the invitation so that they might hear Republican doctrines instead of no speech. He then likened his situation to that of a farmer in New Hampshire who had a fast horse which he thought was worth $500. A jockey tried it and offered $75. The owner thought it over for a few minutes and then said: "It's a devil of a drop, but I'll take it." The aptness of the story and the manner of the speaker captivated the audience and his speech was pronounced the best of the year.—GAIL HAMILTON, "Biography of James G. Blaine."

Butler pressed eagerly his own claim for the chairmanship of the Appropriations. Blaine was altogether too shrewd to yield to that. The committees were not appointed until the following December. Butler suspected somehow that he was not to get the coveted prize. He accordingly went to the door of the Speaker's room, which was then opposite the door of the House of Representatives, by the side of the Speaker's chair. He found Blaine's messenger keeping the door, who told him Mr. Blaine was engaged and could not see anybody. "Very well," said General Butler, "I will wait." Accordingly he took a chair and seated himself by the door, so that he might intercept Blaine as he came out. Blaine, learning that Butler was there, went out the window, round by the portico, and entered the House by another entrance. Somebody came along and, seeing Butler seated in the corridor, said, "What are you about, General?" "Waiting for Blaine," was the reply. "Blaine is in the chair in the House," was the answer. "It isn't possible," said Butler. "Yes, he is just announcing the committees." Butler rushed into the House in time to hear Mr. Dawes's name read by the clerk as chairman of the Appropriations. He was very angry and bided his time.—GEORGE F. HOAR in *Scribner's Magazine*, April, 1899.

Great was his power of ridicule, as the few who ventured to expose themselves to his withering sarcasm learned to their cost. How many apt nicknames he invented for his political opponents! Early in his career, incensed at Conkling's overbearing manner and excessive pomposity, he applied to him the epithet of "turkey gobbler." Senator Conkling was asked if he would ever forgive Blaine. "Never," he replied, "so long as memory finds a place in this distracted brain of mine." Cox, of New York, owed to Blaine his sobriquet of "Sunset" and "Dewdrop," and Blaine has also been charged with describing Butler as a "lamentably successful cross between a fox and hog."—*New York Herald*, January 28, 1893.

Blaine was one day in New York and somebody asked him how matters were going with the new administration. "Things at Washington remind me," said Mr. Blaine, "of my experience years ago on a fishing excursion. We made up a party in Augusta to go to Moosehead Lake; we were to camp out and the work of the camp was to be performed by the members of the party in turn. We drew lots to decide who should be cook and before doing so it was agreed that the first man who found fault with the table should be installed in the office and the original *cuisenier* relieved. The man upon whom the lot fell determined to make his term of service as short as possible and the very first day he put about a pound of salt into the soup kettle. When we sat down to dinner the first man who tasted the soup exclaimed, 'How salt the soup is . . . but I like it, I like it,' he added almost in the same breath, and proceeded to work rapidly with his spoon until he had swallowed every drop of the brine."—THOMAS W. KNOX, "Lives of Blaine and Logan."

His light and half incredulous way of looking at his own prospects is illustrated by an incident of the time. One day he waved a telegram, just received, laughingly, with the remark: "Oregon has elected delegates for me, and as Maine also is for me it only remains for my friends to fill up the little gap between them."—EDWARD STANWOOD, "James Gillespie Blaine."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to cite a single incident during the present ad-

ministration where the ex-Secretary of State has been punctual at a state dinner. On one occasion, after waiting twenty minutes in the East room, where the guests were assembled, the president despatched a carriage for the tardy cabinet officer. The climax in this respect was reached during the season of 1891, when, after waiting half an hour, during which messengers sped back and forth between the White House and the red brick house on Lafayette square, word finally came that the feast would have to proceed without the important guest, as he had suddenly changed his mind and decided to dine with Senator Hale.—*New York Times*, January 30, 1893.

When Mr. Blaine went to London he had a very particular dislike for Lord Salisbury, who was then Foreign Minister. He was asked, as any visitor of distinction would be, to the Foreign Office party given by Lady Salisbury as wife of the Foreign Minister. He refused to go. "I have attacked Lord Robert Cecil," said the late Secretary of State, "in terms which make it unfit for me to be his guest." He refused for the same reason to meet Lord Salisbury privately.—GEORGE W. SMALLEY in *McClure's Magazine*, May, 1902.

BLÜCHER, Gebhard Leberecht, 1742-1819. German field-marshal.

The Poles at this time, like the Spaniards in ours, revenged by frequent assassination their subjection to the invader. A priest, whom Blücher suspected as the instigator of two of these enormities, was summarily condemned by him to military execution. The grave was dug with the usual formalities, the culprit blinded, and the muskets discharged—though with blank cartridges. The priest survived his fright, but this daring violation not only of justice, but of Frederick's conciliatory policy, was punished, mildly enough, by the degradation of the offender from the highest to the lowest on the list of captains in his regiment. This being followed by the promotion of an officer from another regiment to the next vacancy, the cup of Blücher's indignation boiled over and he demanded his retirement from the service. Frederick replied by placing him in arrest, with a view to give him time for consideration. The gentleman, however, insisted and his repeated applications at length extorted the following answer: "Captain von Blücher is released from this service and may go to the devil.—January, 1773."

While commanding within their frontier he caused a captured officer, who had died of his wounds, to be buried with all military honors—an attention to the fallen so unusual as to excite the greatest astonishment among the French inhabitants, who were further edified when he administered with his own hand an exemplary thrashing to the village carpenter who had given short measure and bad workmanship in the coffin.—*Quarterly Review*, September, 1842.

Among the prisoners [near Kaiserslauten, 1799] was one whose thighbone had been shattered. They had laid him near the fire and offered him bread and brandy, as to the others. He not only rejected this, but refused to be bandaged and repeatedly begged a bystander to shoot him. The latter said to another: "This is an obstinate, sulky Frenchman." Mueffling and myself were within hearing and approached the group. The wounded man lay still, drawn into himself, and saw nothing of what was passing. As he seemed to shiver, I caused cloaks to be heaped on him. He looked up at me on this and then again cast down his eyes. Not being master of the French language myself, I made my adjutant tell him that he ought to allow himself to be bandaged and to take nourishment. He answered nothing and I made them tell him further that I held him for a poor creature who did not know how to meet his destiny and that it became a soldier least of all men to take refuge in despair and that he should not give up the hope of recovery and might be assured that he found himself among men who would do everything possible to relieve him. He looked at me again, a stream of tears burst from his eyes and he reached me out his hand. Wine was offered him; he drank and offered no further resistance to the surgeon. I then asked him the cause of his previous obstinacy. He replied: "I have been forced into the service of the republic. My father was guillotined; my brothers have perished in the war; my wife and children are left in misery; I thought, therefore, that death alone could end my troubles, and I longed for it. Your kindness has brought me to better reflections. I thank you for it and am determined to meet my future lot with patience."—BLÜCHER, "Journal."

Marshal Blücher, though a very fine fellow, was a very rough diamond, with the manners of a common soldier. On his arrival in Paris he went every day to the salon and played the highest stakes at *rouge-et-noir*. The salon, during the time that the marshal remained in Paris, was crowded by persons who came to see him play. His manners of

playing were anything but gentleman-like and when he lost he used to swear in German at everything that was French, looking daggers at the croupiers. He generally managed to lose all the cash he had about him, also all the money his servant, who was waiting in an ante-chamber, carried with him. I recollect looking attentively at the manner in which he played: he would put his right hand into his pocket and take out several rouleaus of napoleons, throwing them on the red or the black. If he won the first coup, he would allow it to remain; but when the croupier stated that the table was not responsible for more than ten thousand francs, then Blücher would roar like a lion and rap out oaths in his native language, which would doubtless have met with great success at Billingsgate, if duly translated; fortunately they were not heeded, as they were not understood by the lookers-on.—CAPTAIN REES HOWELL GRONOW, "Recollections."

Old Blücher is the only one who shows no fortitude. He posts his servant in the ante-room, with his pockets full of gold, and the old field-marshal trots backwards and forwards between the ante-room and the green table until he has lost his last, his very last, crown, when he withdraws noisily, swearing like a trooper, insulting the croupiers and cursing France and the French in his abominable Teuton patois.—ROGER BOUTET DE MENEVAL, "Eminent English Men and Women in Paris."

When the University of Oxford made the king and emperor doctors, they also included Metternich and Blücher in the honors. Blücher characteristically remarked: "You ought to make Gneisenau apothecary, for he has worked the pills for me; we two always go together."—G. B. SMITH, "William I."

When messengers were despatched to Blücher in his retirement, with the stirring tidings of the escape of "the man of a thousand thrones," from his island prison, they found the marshal—believing he had been transformed into an elephant—exercising himself by running around the room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust. However, they told their tale. The name Napoleon acted like a charm upon the rough and tough old warrior; the cloud passed from his mind; Blücher was himself again, ready to go anywhere and do anything.—*Chambers's Journal*, January 2, 1875.

We laughed at poor Blücher's strange hallucination, which, though ludicrous, is very sad. He fancies himself with child by a Frenchman and deplores that such an event should have happened to him in his old age. He does not so much mind being with child, but cannot reconcile himself to the thought that he—of all the people in the world—should be destined to give birth to a Frenchman. On every other subject Blücher is said to be quite rational. This particular form of madness shows the bent of his mind, so that, while we laugh, our hearts reproach us. The Duke of Wellington assures us that he knows this to be a fact.—LADY SHELLEY, "Diary."

What Did Blücher Say?

Forty and odd years ago I heard more than once, from the lips of a German diplomatist who was in England with Blücher in 1814, that the Prussian marshal, struck as he rode through the streets with the show in our London shop windows, exclaimed: "My God, what a town to sack!" . . . Blücher, on looking on London from St. Paul's, is said to have exclaimed: "*Was fuer Pluender!*" i.e., what lumber, what a confused mass (of buildings). If the old warrior had meant plunder in the English sense of the word, he would have expressed himself differently.—*Notes and Queries*, July 12, 1879.

It is clear that if Blücher said, "*Was fuer Pluender!*" his words must have been devoid of the slightest ambiguity to every German, for the only possible meaning would be, "What rubbish!" But that the Germans do not understand him to have said this, and do understand him as we have always understood him, is evident from what his great-grandson, Prince Blücher of Wahlstadt, is reported in the *Times* to have said in answer, viz., that "the idea had been expressed only in jest." There can be no doubt, therefore, that Blücher did not say, "*Was fuer Pluender!*" But what were his exact words? This I cannot say; but the version given in Hermann, is "*Das waere die Stadt zum pluendern!*" (That would be the city to sack.)—F. CHANCE, in *Notes and Queries*, June 27, 1891.

My father was present as a Christ Church chorister at the grand banquet given at Oxford to the prince regent and all the royal and military personages who visited Oxford after the peace of 1814, and Blücher was among them. His speech was repeated everywhere and the received acceptation would surely have been contradicted if it were not the true one. Of course, it was in a certain sense a joke; but, after all, much the same was said by the Germans who accompanied Richard I. on his return from captivity: "Had our emperor known the riches of London, your ransom, O king, would have been

much larger."—CHARLOTTE G. BOGER, in *Notes and Queries*, November 21, 1891.

The Bonaparte family.

Among the many fabulous tales that have been published respecting the origin of the name Bonaparte, there is one which, from its ingeniousness and romantic character, seems deserving of notice. It is said that "The Man in the Iron Mask" was no other than the twin (and elder) brother of Louis XIV.; that his keeper's name was Bonpart; that that keeper had a daughter, with whom the Man in the Mask fell in love, and to whom he was privately married; that their children received their mother's name and were secretly conveyed to Corsica, where the name was converted into Bonaparte or Bonnaparte, and that one of those children was the ancestor of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was thus entitled to be recognized not only as of French origin, but as the direct descendant of the rightful heir to the throne of France.—*Notes and Queries*, February 5, 1853.

By the final fall of the Empire, the Bonapartes were condemned to live a rather precarious and unnatural life. "There is no justice in France for the Bonapartes," Louis XVIII. is reported to have replied to the Duc de Richelieu, who was supporting certain demands made by Queen Catherine, wife of Jerome. They were far from being penniless, however, and the stories of Louis Napoleon's poverty at any time of his years of exile have been undoubtedly exaggerated. The surveillance by the governments of Europe, however, was a continual source of worry and annoyance to the proscribed family. They were not allowed to live even outside of France, but the permission of the French government had to be obtained before a choice of residence was allowed them. When they wanted to go out and see one another they had to obtain the formal authorization of five governments, and it was always possible that this might be refused. At that time traveling was only possible by passports, and it was difficult to elude their obligations. The Bonapartes had not only to submit to these obligations, but in a highly aggravated form. Châteaubriand, writing about the position in Europe of the imperial family, said, "Diplomatic conventions, formal treaties, pronouncing the exile of the Bonapartes, prescribed even where they had to live and did not permit the ambassador of any one of the five powers alone to grant a passport to any relative of the Emperor Napoleon. The visé of the minister or ambassador of the four other powers was necessary. So greatly did the blood of Napoleon trouble the Allies, even when it flowed in other veins than his." When Minister of Foreign Affairs, Châteaubriand, in spite of treaties, sent a passport with his signature alone to Queen Julie (wife of Joseph Bonaparte), who wanted to go to see one of her sick relatives, and later when he was ambassador at Rome he showed his independence by inviting Cardinal Fesch to his table along with the other cardinals. But his conduct was quite exceptional. No other minister or ambassador cared, or dared, to imitate him. His predecessor at Rome had even ordered his servants to throw Cardinal Fesch down the stairs if he presented himself at the embassy. The Bonapartes found endless difficulties in their way when they wanted to travel from one place to another. They could never all meet together at one place, their residences being purposely widely distributed. If they had a rendezvous it was Rome, where Madame Mère, "the mother of all the Bonapartes," resided. She had been kindly received by the Pope, Pious VII., and most of her children were allowed to go and see her from time to time. But when she was dying and desired to see the four children who remained to her, only one was able to be present. Louis, it is true, was ill at Florence, but neither Joseph nor Caroline, in spite of reiterated demands and prayers, could obtain the requisite authorization. At her death even the court of Rome, friendly as it was to her, insisted that the funeral ceremony should be of extreme simplicity, in deference to the French government, and would not allow the imperial arms to be displayed outside of the church. Not only were the residences of the members of the family watched, and their journeys and travels superintended, but their least acts were under control. The five powers had to deliberate when Eliza wanted a new tutor for her son, and she was not allowed a second box at the theater at Trieste when she asked permission. Louis was not allowed to put an inscription on his son's tomb. Joseph, in 1832, was allowed to go and live in England, but nowhere else. Italy was specially forbidden him because of his facial resemblance to Napoleon. Indeed, the young Louis Napoleon was not far wrong when he wrote to his father from Augsburg, where he had been delayed a fortnight waiting for a passport, "Soon it will be necessary to hold a congress when we want to change from one place to another."—F. H. CHEETHAM, "Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire."

No true Bonaparte was ever musical. Though a Murat as well, I am no exception to the rule. For one year, when I was twelve, an Italian prima donna lost her time, and my father spent his money, but no efforts could make me turn a tune. To this day I am incapable even of singing "Yankee Doodle."—PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, "Memoirs."

BONAPARTE, Jerome, 1784-1860. King of Westphalia.

Jerome, one day having spent all his quarter's pocket money in advance, and urgently requiring twenty-five louis, did not know where to get them. All his brothers were away except the First Consul, whom he dared not ask; and his mother, fond as she was of him, was readier with good advice than with money. An inspiration came. He went to his uncle Fesch. The future cardinal had a large dinner party that night and asked Jerome to stop. He accepted. After dinner a move was made to the salon for coffee. Seeing his uncle enter an adjoining room Jerome followed and, drawing him into a window recess, asked for a loan. The abbé did not see his way to granting the request and was turning to rejoin his guests, when the boy suddenly drew a sword he was wearing. Fesch was an enthusiastic collector of pictures and had already begun to form a gallery, which later became celebrated. Pointing to a Van Dyck, Jerome remarked that the rascal in the picture looked as if he were laughing to insult him and that he must avenge himself. The agitated priest caught at his arm, beseeching him to stop. Jerome mentioned again the twenty-five louis, the uncle gave way, the sword was sheathed and an embrace followed the bargain. A few days afterwards the First Consul was told of the affair and was much amused.—PHILIP W. SERGEANT, "Jerome Napoleon."

It was the campaign of Marengo, the march over the Alps, the dash into the midst of the divided Austrian armies, the hard-fought battle that was at first all but lost and then won, and won to such decisive effect that it made Napoleon master of northern Italy. After the victory Joseph joined his brother at Milan and they traveled back to Paris together. When the conqueror returned to his home he found Jerome in a very bad temper, still disappointed that he had been treated as a mere boy. "Come, make friends?" said Napoleon, jestingly humoring him. "Make peace and I will give you something." "What will it be?" "Anything you like." "Well, give me the sword you wore at Marengo." Napoleon was wearing it. He unbuckled it and handed it to his brother.—A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE, "Napoleon's Brothers."

Shortly after Jerome's arrival and before the cares of government had been entirely entrusted to him, he was one day in the garden of the palace, surrounded by the chivalrous court his brother had created for him. His majesty was pleased to be gay, and the weather, in the first days of spring, being inviting, his majesty proposed a game of leapfrog, and in order to excel—it is the known character of the Bonaparte dynasty to excel all men in all things—he stripped himself even to his royal shirt, to facilitate his movements. Unhappily the windows of a private house overlooked this scene of princely revelry and, as his majesty was now an object of some curiosity, they were soon filled with spectators, who, however, did not, it seems, sufficiently approve the feats of royal activity. Next morning the house was seized by the king, who thus gave at once a striking proof of the gravity and justice with which he was likely to administer the government, from which the venerable house of Hesse had just been driven, as bigoted, stingy and illiberal.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1820.

BONAPARTE, Joseph, 1768-1844. King of Naples and Sicily, and of Spain.

In 1825, the ex-king of Spain, who with a numerous retinue was stopping at the United States [Saratoga Springs], was present at a dinner party given in his honor by Mr. Henry Walton. He was accompanied by his sister, Caroline Murat, and his two daughters. Though a king, he looked very much like other mortals. His manners, dress and equipage were wholly unassuming, quiet and unpretentious, as was the case with the ladies of his family. The rank was there and needed no demonstration. In the course of the dinner Bonaparte suddenly turned pale and, with the perspiration standing on his forehead, turned imploringly to his host, gasping out, "*Un chat! Un chat!*" "John," said Mr. Walton to the waiter, "take away the cat; it disturbs this gentleman." "Cat?" echoed John; "I can see no cat." The other members of the family now joined in the search; and at last, sure enough, crouched under the sideboard, was discovered a little frightened kitten. But it was not until Bonaparte had lain down for some hours that he recovered from the prostration into which the presence of the feline had thrown him.—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1876.

Joseph was himself a man of little apparent force of character and his time seems to have been largely spent at chess or draughts—games at which he had a truly royal objection to being beaten. He had his share, too, of the family peculiarities, and, while usually kindly and generous, was quick-tempered and wilful to obstinacy. His exhibitions of temper were sometimes amusingly childish, as on one occasion when Captain Morgan having been so unwise as to beat him three times in succession at backgammon, he shut the board in a pet and told his successful opponent to take it out of his sight, for he would never play on it again—a promise which he persistently kept, leaving the board in Captain Morgan's possession.—MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, *Scribner's Monthly*, October, 1877.

The story goes that Joseph offered to purchase from Stephen Girard the block from Eleventh to Twelfth and Chestnut to Market streets [Philadelphia]. The price was to be silver half dollars covering the tract, laid flat. This offer Stephen Girard would accept solely upon the condition that the half dollars should be set on edge.—F. B. LEE, *American Historical Magazine*, March, 1906.

I heard of the death of Prince Joseph Bonaparte at Rome a few days ago. At the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies—that is, after the coffin of the prince had been deposited in the family vault—the *maître d'hôtel* of the defunct walked up to the coffin and said in a grave tone: *"Vostra Altezza non comando viente?"* (What are your highness's orders?) No reply issuing from the coffin, the *maître d'hôtel* backed out and, on reaching the portico of the church, shouted to the coronetted carriages without, *"Tornate a casa, sua altezza non comando niente!"* (Home, his highness has given no orders.) The custom dates from the fifteenth century.—ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT, "Gossip from Paris."

BONAPARTE, Letitia, 1750-1836. Mother of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Most foreigners, especially Englishmen, who usually wore their hair short and used no powder, had their hair powdered and a queue attached to the collars of their coats when they attended Bonaparte's receptions. The younger ladies, though levity and vanity often led them to advocate everything belonging to the old régime, rose in arms against powder. They trembled lest these reforms should affect themselves and, beginning with chignons and patches, should finish with panniers and hoops, such as were recommended by the dowagers of the court of Louis XV., according to whom the downfall of morals dated from the time when hair *à la* Titus and tight-fitting costumes came into vogue. Madame Bonaparte, the most graceful and best bred lady of the court, was at the head of the opposition. She detested constraint and theatrical etiquette. She was often heard to say, "How all this bores me. I have never a moment to myself. I was born to be the wife of a workman."—A. C. THIBAUDEAU, "Bonaparte and the Consulate."

"You must see more company, *ma mère*," he said to her when First Consul, "not to live like a citizen's wife—company of another sort, befitting your rank. Above all you are not to lay by money," he added, laughing, well knowing her habits; "you must spend every franc you have." "Then you must give me two millions instead of one," she replied, "for I must save; it is my nature."—MINTO ELLIOT, "Roman Gossip."

BONAPARTE, Louis, 1778-1846. King of Holland.

The health of Louis Bonaparte was very bad. Since his return from Egypt he had suffered from frequent attacks of a malady which had so weakened his legs and his hands that he walked with difficulty, and was stiff in every joint. Every remedy known to science was tried in vain. Corvisart, who was medical attendant to the whole family, advised him to try, as a last resort, a disgusting remedy. He imagined that a violent eruption of the skin would perhaps draw out the poison which had defied other treatment. It was therefore decided that in the state bed of Louis, under its embroidered canopy, should be spread the hospital sheets of some patient suffering from the itch; and his imperial highness placed himself between them, and even put on the sick man's nightshirt. Louis, who wished to hide this experiment from every one, insisted that nothing should be changed in the habits of his wife. They usually slept in the same room, though not in the same bed; he had always obliged her to pass the night near him on a small bed placed under the same canopy. He imperatively demanded that she should continue to occupy this same bed, adding, in a spirit of strange jealousy, that no husband should ever omit to take precautions against the natural inconsistency of woman. Mme. Louis, notwithstanding her disgust, submitted in silence to this gross abuse of conjugal authority. Meanwhile Corvisart, who was in attendance on her, and who remarked a change

in her appearance, questioned her respecting the details of her life, and obtained from her an admission of her husband's strange fancy. He thought it his duty to inform the empress, and did not conceal from her that, in his opinion, the atmosphere of Louis's bedroom was very unwholesome for his wife. Mme. Bonaparte warned her daughter, who replied that she had thought as much; but, nevertheless, she entreated her mother not to interfere between her husband and herself. Then, no longer able to restrain herself, she entered into particulars which showed how grinding was the tyranny from which she suffered, and how admirable the silence she had hitherto kept. Mme. Bonaparte appealed to the emperor, who was attached to his stepdaughter, and he expressed his displeasure to his brother. Louis coldly replied that, if his private affairs were interfered with, he should leave France; and the emperor, who could not tolerate any open scandal in his family, and who was perhaps, like the others, daunted by Louis's strange and obstinate temper, advised Mme. Louis to have patience. Happily for her, her husband soon gave up the disgusting remedy in question, but he owed her a deep grudge for not having kept his secret.—MADAME DE REMUSAT, "Memoirs."

BONAPARTE, Louis Lucien, 1813-1891; **BONAPARTE,** Pierre, 1815-1881.

It was said that the two brothers, Prince Louis Lucien and Prince Pierre, in their early youth, when shooting mouflons in the mountains of Corsica, came across a beautiful peasant girl, with whom they both fell violently in love. Who she was, and whether she favored both brothers or neither, I cannot tell. Be that as it may, they quarreled. *Les preux chevaliers* of old would, no doubt, in a similar occurrence had recourse to the lance or the sword. The Corsican princes determined to play for their belle a game of cards. They went to the nearest inn and wrote and signed a paper agreeing that whichever won the game should marry the lady fair. Prince Lucien won and, faithful to his word, a short time afterwards married her. She was Matilda Cecchi, of Lucca. He married her in 1833 and was separated from her in 1850.—PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, "Memoirs."

BONAPARTE, Lucien, 1775-1840. Prince of Canino.

It was when brought down by many adversities that the youth [Beranger], in a fit of sudden hope or despair, enclosed a couple of his verses to Lucien Bonaparte, telling no one. Two hours after, his friend Judith laughingly predicted to him the arrival of a letter which should overwhelm him with joy. He went home and went to sleep, pleased in spite of himself with the prophecy and dreaming delightful dreams of the postman. "But I awoke—and adieu, ye bright illusions!—the damaged boots met my sight—and moreover, this old pair of trousers must be patched by the tailor's grandson. Needle in hand I continued ruminating on some misanthropical rhymes, such as I was then in the habit of composing, when my portière enters out of breath and hands to me a letter, the address of which was in a writing unknown to me. . . . The Senator Lucien Bonaparte had read my verses and desires to see me." . . . Lucien Bonaparte, the gentlest, the most lovable of the whole family, established at once the fortunes of the young poet. He made over to Beranger the little income to which he himself was entitled as member of the Institute—a thousand francs—or somewhere about forty pounds a year. The arrears of three years were paid at once to the fortunate rhymester. He could help his father; he could maintain himself. So far as his worldly concerns went, he had no greater ambition. Fortune had come to him in a moment.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1858.

Count Lucien (I do not know in what year) established himself in the good graces of Mademoiselle Meserai, an actress of the Théâtre Français, who was both pretty and sprightly. The conquest was not difficult, in the first place, because this had never been her character towards any one, and, secondly, because the artiste knew the great wealth of the count and believed him to be prodigal. The first attentions of her lover confirmed her in her opinion, and she demanded a house. He at once presented her with one richly and elegantly furnished, the deed being put into her hands on the day she took possession; and each visit of the count added to her wardrobe or jewel case some new gifts. This lasted some months, at the end of which Lucien became disgusted with his bargain and began to consider by which means he might break it without losing too much. Among other things, he had made Mademoiselle a present of a pair of girandoles, containing diamonds of great value. In one of their last interviews, before the count had allowed any signs of coldness to be seen, he perceived the girandoles on the toilet table of his mistress and, taking them in his hands, said, "Really, my dear, you do me injustice. Why do you not show more confidence in me? I do not wish you to wear jewelry so much out of date as these." "Why, it is only six months since you

gave them to me." "I know it; but a woman of good taste, a woman who respects herself, should never wear anything six months old. I will take the ear-rings and send them to de Villiers [the count's jeweler] with orders to mount them as I wish." The count was tenderly thanked for so delicate an attention, and put the girandoles in his pocket, with one or two necklaces which had also been his gifts, and which did not appear to him sufficiently new in style, and the breach took place before any of these had been returned. Notwithstanding this, Mademoiselle believed herself well provided for with her furniture and her house, until one morning the true proprietor came to ask her wishes as to making a new lease. She ran to examine her deed, which she had not yet thought to do, and found that it was simply a description of the property, at the end of which was a receipt for two years' rent.—LOUIS CONSTANT, "Memoirs."

The emperor urged his brother to dissolve a disgraceful marriage, holding out a crown or his displeasure as the alternative. Lucien refused to abandon the "mother of his children." The altercation became more and more violent. "We shall see," cried Napoleon, "to what you will be reduced by your obstinacy and foolish passion for a woman of gallantry." "At least," retorted Lucien, "my woman of gallantry is young and handsome." This allusion to the empress stung Napoleon to the core. He held his watch in his hand, which he dashed into fragments on the floor, exclaiming: "I could crush you as I do this bauble; but you are my brother—go!" The angry conference lasted above an hour. Lucien came out of it in a state of terrible agitation, pale, trembling, his eyes inflamed and overflowing with tears. Its issue seemed to have greatly affected Napoleon; for he scarcely uttered a single word during the remainder of the evening.—JOHN S. MEMES, "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."

BONNIVARD, François de, 1493-1570. French general.

It is needful to caution enthusiastic tourists that nearly all the details of Byron's poem are fabulous. The two brothers, the martyred father, the anguish of the prisoner, were all invented by the poet on that rainy day at the tavern at Ouchy. Even the level of the dungeon, below the water of the lake, turns out to be a mistake, although Bonnivard believed it; the floor of the crypt is eight feet above high water mark. As for the thoughts of the prisoner, they seem to have been mainly occupied in making Latin and French verses of an objectionable sort not adapted for general publication.—L. VULLIEMIN, "Chillon, A Historical Study."

Byron apparently believed Bonnivard to have been a Protestant martyr for conscience' sake, but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Byron knew nothing whatever about him. Not only did he credit the prisoner with three wholly imaginary brothers; he was entirely wrong about his religious opinions. It was not until after his release from prison that Bonnivard embraced the Protestant faith and the duke's quarrel with him was of a purely political character. . . . Bonnivard tells us that he occupied himself during his captivity with the composition of "any number of trifling fancies and ballads, both in the French and Latin languages." . . . He married four times after his release from prison. His first wife was Catherine Baumgartner, of Berne, a lady of good quality. The town council of Geneva on one occasion voted her half an ell of velvet in consideration of her good offices in persuading her husband to sell a house which the town wanted to buy. His second wife was Jeanna Darmeis, an elderly lady, the widow of two husbands and the mother of a Syndic; this was the wife of whom Bonnivard declared that she thoroughly deserved to be beaten. . . . Of the third wife we only know that her name was Pernette Mazue, and that she was a widow.

Concerning the fourth wife there is a painful story to be told. She was called Catherine de Courtavonne and was a nun who had run away from a convent. . . . Three years afterwards his wife was arraigned before the Consistory on a charge of infidelity to her husband. . . . He testified that he found nothing to complain of in her conduct, except that she had urged him to be more devout than he cared to be, had taunted him for not preaching the gospel and had beaten him for inviting his friends to drop in upon him and drink a glass of wine. It was in vain, however. The guilt of Madame Bonnivard was proved. Her paramour was beheaded; she herself, in accordance with the cruel custom of the age, was sewn up in a sack and thrown like a load of rubbish into the Rhône.—J. F. CHAPONNIÈRE, in a publication of the Geneva Historical Society.

BORGHESE, Marie Pauline, 1780-1825. Italian princess.

She appeared delighted to go with her "little Leclerc," as she called him, but she was desolated about it and one day I found

her in a paroxysm of despair and tears, very alarming to any one who did not understand her as well as I did. "Ah, Laurette," she said as she threw herself into my arms, "how happy you are. You are remaining in Paris, you . . . *Mon Dieu*, how bored I shall be! And then how came my brother to have so hard a heart, so spiteful a disposition, as to send me into exile, in the midst of snakes and savages? . . . And then I am ill. Oh, I shall be dead before I arrive there." And her sobs choked her, so that for a moment I feared that she was ill. I approached her settee and, taking her hands in mine, I spoke to her, as one would to a child of playthings and toys. I told her that she would be queen over there; that she would ride in a palanquin; that a slave would be attentive to her least movement in order to execute her will; that she would walk about under flowering orange trees; that the snakes would do her no harm, if there were any in the Antilles; that the savages were equally innocuous; that it was not there that people were roasted on spits, and I concluded my speech by telling her that she would look very well dressed *à la creole*. As I spoke Madame Leclerc's sobs became less violent. "And dost thou believe then, Laurette, that I shall be pretty, more pretty than I am, with a bandanna worn *à la creole*, a little corset, a petticoat of striped muslin?" She rang for her maid. "Bring me all the bandannas you have," she said. And the coiffure *à la creole* was so ravishing, that Pauline became quite resigned to her fate, and talked gaily about the picnics she intended to give among the mountains of St. Domingo.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

You are well aware that our reminiscences fall like leaves of spring, summer or autumn. Some come from the heart, some from I know not where. The imagination has no system; thus, I am thinking, I know not why, of the beautiful Princess Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's sister. Our dear Wilhelmina Hoehenegg, lady in waiting to the Empress (of Austria), was telling us one evening how, when at Rome with the Princess Ruspoli, who had given her a home after the death of her mother, the conversation turned to pretty feminine feet. Princess Ruspoli knew how frivolously vain the imperial princess was, and did not forget to go into raptures over her foot. "Would you like to see it?" said Princess Borghese quietly. "Come to-morrow at twelve." Great was Princess Ruspoli's astonishment, but there was no means of escaping this peculiar invitation. She presented herself at the Palazzo Borghese with Madame de Hoehenegg and was ushered into an exquisite boudoir. The princess was reclining at her ease in an invalid's chair, her little feet well in view; but that was not the treat in store. A page, pretty as Cupid, and dressed as pages are in medieval pictures, entered, bearing a costly ewer, a silver-gilt basin, a napkin of fine cambric, perfumes and other cosmetics. He drew a velvet hassock up to the chair, the princess graciously put forth one of her legs, the little page took off the stocking, the garter, too, I think, and began to massage, to rub, to wipe, to perfume this beautiful foot, which really was incomparable. The operation was a lengthy one and the astonishment of the lookers-on so great that they lost the faculty of enthusiastic praise which was doubtless expected of them. I told Madame Hoehenegg that that would be a pretty subject for a genre picture; she was delightfully gifted in that way. We laughingly reproached her for having neglected a completely new subject. While the little page drew off and drew on her stockings, perfumed her beautiful feet, filed and refined the nails, she was chatting and to all appearances quite devoid of self-consciousness as regards her toilet.—BARONESS DE MONTET, "Souvenirs."

She was traveling to Germany and one fine morning a courier in her livery came kicking at the prefect's house. He had come to announce the arrival, he said, of her imperial highness, who would ask him to give her some breakfast; nothing simpler so far; but the messenger was instructed moreover to order that, when she stepped out of her carriage, a milk bath should be in readiness for her, to be followed by a shower bath of the same liquid. It was not an easy thing to do, in a small town; nevertheless, means must be found. The prefect despatched to a neighboring village the whole force of his departmental guard. Each soldier brought back his can of milk and they were beginning to heat it when the fair traveler arrived. "Carry me as you used to do, dear little brother," said she; and the prefect assumed his former functions and sat the princess down in the handsomest room in the house. "And my bath?" she asked in a wheedling voice. "It is ready for you." "And my shower bath?" "Ah, that is more difficult; we have no apparatus for it." "Have holes pierced in the ceiling just over the place where my bath will stand when it is brought in. Forgive the trouble, dear little brother, but it is necessary for my health." They did the best they could and the result was that the prefect received

many gracious adieux, the furniture was splashed with milk stains and the room smelled long like a badly kept dairy.—DUCHESS DE REGGIO, "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot," giving as her authority M. Leclerc, Prefect of the Meuse, brother-in-law of the princess.

Princess Borghese pulled down a church next to her palace because the incense made her feel sick and the organ produced headache.—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

"If he [Napoleon at Elba] wanted to beat me," she would say, "I should resign myself with a good grace. It would be painful, of course, but I should bear it if it gave him pleasure."—PONS DE L'HERAULT, "Memoirs."

It was she, who, finding that a lady was surprised at her having sat naked while a statue of her was being molded by Canova, believed she had satisfactorily explained matters by saying, "but there was a fire in the room."—MARSHAL MARMONT, "Memoirs."

It [Canova's famous statue of the Princess Borghese] appealed to Borghese's taste only to a moderate degree. He shared Kotzebue's opinion, "I should not like to expose my wife to the public gaze in that way," and acted on it. He put the indecent statue under lock and key in a private apartment and a special authorization was necessary to those students who wished to admire it.—HECTORE FLEISCHMANN, "Pauline Bonaparte and Her Lovers."

Prince Borghese, the emperor's brother-in-law, was one of our frequent visitors, but no one took any notice of him. I shall never forget how, in the short periods in which the conversation became a little serious, he went for some chairs, arranged them two by two in the middle of the room, and amused himself by humming tunes and dancing square dances with these mute supers.—PRINCESS POTOCKA, "Memoirs," copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.

At this moment [Napoleon on his way to Elba meeting his sister Pauline] they entered the chamber of the princess. She extended her arms to him and burst into tears. All at once her attention was arrested by the Austrian uniform which he wore, and she turned pale. "How is this?" asked she; "why this uniform?" "Pauline," replied Napoleon, "do you wish me dead?" The princess, looking at him steadfastly replied, "I cannot embrace you in that dress. O Napoleon! What have you done?" The emperor immediately retired and, having substituted for the Austrian uniform one of the Old Guard, entered the chamber of his sister, who ran to him and embraced him with a tenderness which drew tears from the eyes of all present.—D'ABRANTES.

BRAUN, Johann Carl Ludwig, 1771-1835. Prussian general.

The part of the lover was to be played by Einsiedel, who fell ill shortly before the performance began, and his place was taken by Commander Braun, who learned his part and got Einsiedel to coach him, so that it went fairly well, especially as there was a good prompter, who promised to keep his attention on the new recruit. All went smoothly until the scene where the lovers are surprised by the jealous husband, who is hidden behind a curtain and has to rush out when he gets his cue. This word was utterly forgotten by Braun, who was stricken by a terrible attack of stage fright. He stuttered and stuttered. The husband waited in vain. At last, seeing there was no alternative, Bertuch (who played the part of the jealous husband) rushed forth from his concealment, sword in hand, to take his life and make an end of it. The captain, however, was too upset to grasp this idea and absolutely refused to be killed. In vain Bertuch whispered in his ear, "In the devil's name, why don't you die?" Nothing would restore common sense to the distracted actor. Finally, Goethe, out of all patience, called out in a stentorian voice, "If he won't die like a brave man, let him die like a coward! Stab him in the back!" But even this did not restore the nerves to the victim of stage fright; he continued stuttering until Bertuch, stealing behind him, gave him a tremendous shove, which precipitated him on to the stage, where he lay helpless and was borne away on a shutter amidst peals of laughter from the audience.—FRANCES GERARD, "A Grand Duchess."

BRIGHT, John, 1811-1889. English statesman.

Bright liked punctuality in all things—in social matters as well as in business affairs. Upon one occasion he was dining at Mr. Potter's and a lady and gentleman arrived late for dinner. Bright sat next the lady. He said, apropos of nothing: "There are two unpardonable sins—one writing an illegible hand and the other being late for dinner."—R. BARRY O'BRIEN, "Life of John Bright."

I used to go with Bright to Millais, when his picture was being painted. He was a great trouble to Millais; he would not keep

quiet, or do as he was told. He would keep getting out of the chair, walking to the painting, looking at it, saying: "It is not a bit like"; and then going back to the chair, asking how much longer he was to remain, and suddenly getting up and saying that he would not stop any longer. I think his picture by Millais was a failure and it was his fault. He was so impatient and restless.—R. BARRY O'BRIEN, "Life of John Bright," quoting a friend of Bright.

I once had a house in Scotland and —— (a Tory magnate) was living near me. Bright was coming to stay with me and —— knew it. Lady —— said to me that she knew Mr. Bright was going to stay with us and that she and her husband would like to meet him. "Of course," she said, "we don't like his politics, but we admire his oratory and we admire him and we should like to make his acquaintance." I promised that I would bring Bright to see them when he came. I told Bright on his arrival. "I won't go," said he. "But you must," said I; "I have promised to take you." "I don't care," said he; "I won't go." I explained to him that this would place me in an awkward position, but it was no use. He said I ought to have made no promise about him. One day I ordered the carriage and determined, if I could, to drive him to the ——s. He and I drove off. After a time he asked me, "Where are you driving to?" I said, "I am going to call on ——." "Then," said he, "you must drop me in the middle of the road; I won't go," and so, of course, we returned without making the call.—R. BARRY O'BRIEN, "Life of John Bright," quoting a friend of Bright.

One rudeness of which Bright was constantly guilty was this: When Disraeli in the course of a great speech was approaching a point of exceptional brilliancy, Bright would rise from his place and walk slowly out of the House, immediately returning behind the Speaker's chair; I have known him to do this over and over again, for the sake of insulting Disraeli.—WILLIAM FRASER, "Disraeli and His Day."

John Bright came to Scourie in my absence with a letter of introduction from the Duke of Sutherland asking me to give him fishing on the river Laxford. He was sent there by my son. It turned out that he went there with a small trout rod and he broke it soon after beginning to fish and came back without any sport. I returned home that evening and went to the hotel to call on him. I found him reading and smoking and the room so full of smoke that I could scarcely breathe. I found him in shocking bad humor. He said he had remained a whole day, spent ten shillings in driving to the Laxford, broke his rod and had no sport. I said all I could to restore him to good humor but in vain, offered him the use of a salmon rod, which he declined—said he would leave next morning. I parted with him, concluding that he was the most uncouth, ill-tempered man I had ever met in his rank.—EVANDER MACIVER, "Memoirs of a Highland Gentleman."

BROUGHAM, Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux, 1778-1868. Lord Chancellor of England.

Brougham made his first explosion while at Fraser's class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good-natured old fellow, on a small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared the next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class and compelled Honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school.—HENRY COCKBURN, "Memorials of His Time."

Brougham alternated hard mental labor with relaxation which sometimes took the form of what would in these days be called blackguardism. After philosophy, tavern suppers; after supper, an issuing forth of the roystering students, who spent a sportive hour in wrenching off the brass knockers and bellhandles which adorned the newly built mansions in Edinburgh New Town. Brougham had a closet full of such spoils in his own house, but he could not show and did not dare to sell them. These expeditions had not lost their charm for him in 1803, when he was in his twenty-fifth year. A farewell dinner was given to Horner on his leaving Edinburgh for London. On breaking up the elevated company rushed down to a druggist's shop. Brougham, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed himself on the top of the doorway, held on by a board, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which was the druggist's sign. He and the rest had to run for it. In his ninetieth year he alluded to this freak with exultation. The flash of youthful fervor, however, gave way to aged wisdom and he exclaimed with Scott's Ochiltree: "Aye, aye! They were daft days then, but they were a vanity and waur."—*Temple Bar*, April, 1871.

Orange-sucking was found a great help and relief in debate. On February 7, 1828,

during a famous deliverance on law reform, Brougham had his hat beside him full of this fruit, sucking them almost incessantly and in an audible aside abusing Bellamy if he came across a bad one.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Club Makers and Club Members."

Brougham was always threatening or praying, or both together; and in his speech on the second reading of the Reform bill he tried the effect of kneeling by way of giving efficacy to the concluding prayer. The experiment was not successful and was on the verge of becoming ludicrous. During a four hours' speech he largely availed himself of the privileges of the Lords to support his strength and voice with something stronger than oranges. Five tumblers full of mulled wine, with a *soupçon* of brandy, were brought to him at due intervals. Whilst he was imbibing the fifth, a Tory peer, near the bar, exclaimed, "There's another half hour good for us and be damned to him." When he came to his final sentence, "I warn you, I implore you—yea, on my bended knees I supplicate you—reject not this bill," he knelt down on the woolsack; and fortunately it was at the last sentence that he knelt, for he was helped on his legs by friends who hurried up to congratulate him and doubts prevailed whether he could have risen without their help. "He continued for some time as if in prayer; but his friends, alarmed lest he should be suffering from the effects of mulled port, picked him up and placed him safely on the woolsack."—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1869.

The general attitude of the House was much more that of William Scott, older than Brougham, and himself a barrister of fame, who, on the verge of a speech, inquired cautiously: "How does the House seem? Is Brougham there? Does he look very savage?"—EDITH L. ELIAS, "In Victorian Times."

At the public dinner next day, responding to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers," he exclaimed, extending his hands, "My fellow citizens of Edinburgh, after being four years a minister, these hands are clean." They happened to be remarkably dirty, which raised a titter among all who were near enough to see.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1869.

He knew many cultivated and intellectual women, but this seemed to be of no effect. If not able to assume towards them his ordinary manner towards silly women, he was awkward and at a loss. This was by no means agreeable, though the sin of his bad manners must be laid at the door of the vain women who discarded their ladyhood for his sake, went miles to see him, were early on platforms where he was to be and admitted him to very broad flirtations. He had pretty nearly settled his own business, in regard to conversations with ladies, before two more years were over. His swearing became so incessant, and the occasional indecency of his talk so insufferable, that I have seen even coquettes and adorers turn pale and the lady of the house tell her husband that she could not undergo another dinner party with Lord Brougham as a guest. —HARRIET MARTINEAU, "Autobiography."

One invention has given him a reputation which promises to be as permanent as the fame of Lord Sandwich or Lord Spencer. The "odd little sort of garden-chair belonging to the Chancellor," which piqued Moore's curiosity, was made to his order, in the days of his popularity, by Robinson, the coachmaker, and called after its illustrious designer. Possibly the brougham will be his most lasting monument. The Duke of Wellington, who one day told him so, was met with the retort that the conqueror at Waterloo had not disdained to identify his illustrious name with a pair of boots. "Damn the boots," replied the duke; "I'd forgotten them; you have the best of it."—J. B. ATLAY, "The Victorian Chancellors."

We remember once hearing the Earl of Harewood say that Brougham was exceedingly popular with children. The earl had been at some youthful party where the great lord chancellor was also present, and where he seated himself on the carpet, and, with youthful groups sitting or lying about or around him, he kept them enthralled by telling them rattling fairy stories which he invented as they listened. He was as young and delighted as any of them.—*Temple Bar*, April, 1871.

He gave me, too, a very sound piece of advice as to how to avoid confusion in diction and to grasp that inestimable prize, the art of finding the next passage in your speech. "When you are speaking," he said, "always try to think that you can see semicolons between your phrases." The punctuation of thought is, I take it, one of the most valuable elements in public speaking. —G. A. SALA, *Temple Bar*, June, 1868.

One day I went with him to dine at the Trafalgar, at Greenwich. We were a party of six; it was a picnic dinner and each of us

paid our share. Lord Brougham called for writing materials and wrote a check. One of us suggested that if he did not have any money we could lend it. "No, no," said Lord Brougham, "I have plenty of money; but, don't you see, the host may prefer my signature to the money."—LORD LAMINGTON in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1890.

A new piece, called "The Jolly Topers," by the unfortunate Robert Heron, was produced at the Edinburgh theater; it staggered through four acts under increasing marks of disapprobation till the curtain finally rose on a party seated round a table with bottles and glasses before them. The gentleman in his chair rose solemnly from his seat and said: "All charged; give us a toast." An unexpected answer came from the pit. The lanky figure of Henry Brougham was seen drawn up to its full height and in courteous tones he responded, "I humbly propose Good Afternoon." The cry was taken up from all parts of the house and the hint was acted on by the audience, leaving "The Jolly Topers" disconsolate and the piece damned.—J. B. ATLAY, "The Victorian Chancellors," citing Brougham's Autobiography.

The usher had been requested by the judge several times to obtain silence in the court and the usher had not been successful in carrying out the judge's orders. At last Brougham, irritated by the noise around him, said: "Usher, pray, preserve silence; the next time I speak it will be to your successor."—*Chambers's Journal*, November 11, 1865.

He could roar, however, on occasion. At that same Huddersfield festival I told you of anon there arose in the course of the speech-making a tremendous disturbance. A baronet, member for the borough, was present and for some reason I know nothing of had become very unpopular. His appearance on the platform was a signal for a storm of hisses, hootings, cat-calls and Kentish fire. Brougham was in the chair, nodding, as I thought. Suddenly he rose. His eye flashed; the famous nose seemed to quiver and the snowy mane to be stirred. "Silence!" he thundered; "Silence, or you shall hear *my* voice." The people of Huddersfield had heard it with a vengeance. In an instant there was silence, as dead as that you might imagine to reign after the explosion of a powder mill. The proceedings came to a most harmonious termination. Lord Brougham was then in the eighty-third year of his age.—G. A. SALA, *Temple Bar*, June, 1868.

In later life Lord Brougham, though his dress was always odd, was as neat and trim an old gentleman as you would wish to see; but in his days of political power, he was said to have been a terrible sloven. An old lady I knew many years in Westmoreland—she had been the proprietor of a newspaper at Kendal and had helped Brougham materially in one of his electioneering contests, in return for which he made her the practical present of a horse and gig—told me that he "just chucked t' clouse upon him like hay on to th' tynes of a fork;" that it was easier to get him to drink a bowl of punch than to shave himself and that when he left his lodgings in the morning for the assize court his servant had frequently to run after him with the white neckerchief he had forgotten to don.—G. A. SALA, in *Temple Bar*, June, 1868.

As every one knows he retained his extraordinary mental and bodily vigor almost to the last and, when in his eighty-sixth year or thereabouts, eagerly availed himself of an invitation from the headmaster to be one of the distinguished visitors on speech-day. As a compliment to the veteran orator one of the monitors was tolled off to recite a "purple patch" from some perfervid speech on which it was known that he particularly prided himself. This attention greatly flattered Lord Brougham's vanity, which had not diminished with the march of time; and at the conclusion of the recital, depositing a very seedy-looking hat on his chair, he sprang to his feet and vehemently applauded the interpreter of his bygone eloquence. But unfortunately on resuming his seat he forgot that it was occupied by his hat, upon which he sank with very disastrous consequences. Of this, however, the expectant crowd of boys in the yard knew nothing and when at the end of the speeches the head of the school called from the top of the steps for "Three cheers for Lord Brougham," we were convulsed to see them acknowledged by an individual in rusty black, with an "old clo'" broken-crowned hat resting on a nose the shape of which has since been emulated by Ally Sloper. But Lord Brougham's adventure did not end there. Evidently highly gratified with his reception, he passed on to the headmaster's house, where, with the élite of the visitors, he was bidden to lunch. There, however, his self-esteem encountered a rude shock, for the policeman stationed at the door to keep off "loafers" and other undesirable company, sternly asked the dilapidated-looking old person his business. "I

am invited here to lunch," growled out the indignant guest. "Gammon," curtly responded the guardian of the peace. "I am Lord Brougham," was the furious rejoinder. "Bah," contemptuously retorted the bobby, "yer wants me to believe that, do yer? Move on!" At this critical juncture the old lord, inarticulate with rage, was fortunately espied by another guest, who, taking in the situation at a glance, succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the policeman.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1903.

Great Brain Not all Gray Matter

Brougham is said to have made pancakes on the Great Seal for the amusement of a duchess.—R. D. McGIBBON in *The Green Bag*, October, 1905.

He was verging on the chancellorship when he told a friend that he had discovered a very pretty property of numbers, which he thought had not been noticed: nothing less than if three consecutive numbers be added together, the sum is divisible by three. In the clever and telling tract in which he opened the Library of Useful Knowledge, it stands patent that you must have algebra to tell how long the cutter at ten miles an hour will need to overtake the smuggler eighteen miles ahead at eight miles an hour. —*Athenæum*, May 16, 1868.

On Monday, October 21, 1839, a report spread like wild fire through the London clubs and out into the streets that Lord Brougham had been killed in a carriage accident near his home in Westmoreland. Crabb Robinson has described how at the Athenæum, excitement broke the icy fetters of club etiquette and how John Gibson Lockhart spoke to him, though they had never been introduced. The intelligence was contained in a letter signed by Mr. Shafto, who had been one of the carriage party, and it was addressed to Mr. Alfred Montgomery. Montgomery rushed off to Lady Blessington and then started in a post chaise to break the news to Lord Wellesley at Fernhill. The press treated the authority as being too distinct and circumstantial to admit of doubt and the following day the papers, with the solitary exception of the *Times*, pronounced the accustomed funeral oration on the departed statesman. On Wednesday came the *démenti*. The carriage had been upset but nobody had been injured. . . . That the rumor originated from Brougham Hall and with Brougham's sanction is beyond dispute. He was promptly taxed with it in the current issue of the *Examiner* in a biting article which bore the motto, "And is Old Double Dead?" Mr. Shafto promptly denied that he had written the letter to Mr. Montgomery. . . . Whether sheer love of mischief, curiosity to obtain a peep at the verdict of posterity, or the hope of arousing sympathy, was the predominant motive it is impossible to say.—J. B. ATLAY, "The Victorian Chancellors."

Altogether the trick is a wretched sample of Brougham's love of notoriety and characteristic cunning.—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections."

He had posed before the world as an orator, a politician, a lawyer, an Edinburgh reviewer, a propounder of startling theories in science, a translator of Demosthenes, a novelist, a royal correspondent and a "body." He was now going to perform his greatest feat and become a mighty potentate—the ruler of the world's destiny—President of the French Republic. In the beginning of the year 1848 Brougham crossed over to France. While there the revolution took place. The provisional government had placed in power a national assembly to be elected by universal suffrage and Brougham offered himself as a candidate for representative of the department of Var, in which his château was situated. His candidature was well received by the inhabitants of Cannes, but before he could be elected it was necessary for him to produce an *acte de naturalisation*. In order to obtain this he posted to Paris and addressed a letter to the minister of justice requesting an act of naturalization. The minister in reply apprized him of the consequences of the demand. "If France adopts you for one of her sons, you cease to be an Englishman; you are no longer Lord Brougham, you become Citizen Brougham. You lose forthwith all titles of nobility, all privileges, all advantages, of whatever nature they may be, which you possess, either in your quality of Englishman, or by virtue of rights hitherto conferred on you by British laws or customs, and which cannot harmonize with our laws of equality between all citizens." Brougham had built up airy visions of the presidency, but he had no notion of renouncing his peerage and becoming plain Citizen Brougham, and so, much disgusted with the minister's exposition of the coveted act of naturalization and its consequences, he hastily retraced his steps across the channel and once more entered that country whose bounds could not contain his ambition.—*Temple Bar*, June, 1881.

BRUNE, William Marie Anne, 1763-1815. French marshal.

Brune showed splendid nerve in action, but he suffered tortures in his first battles, for the noise of cannonading and the sight of blood made him sick. Every time a field piece was discharged near him, he felt a shock in the pit of the stomach which would have made him bend double with pain if he had not stiffened his legs in the stirrups and thrown his body rigidly back. To do this, however, required such an amount of nervous tension, that sometimes his muscles remained as if paralyzed for hours. At the battle of Arcola, where his masterly command of a division helped to win the day, the rebound of a cannon ball threw a cloud of earth into his face and knocked him, blinded, off his horse. His sword got snapped as he fell, but he continued to grasp the hilt so tightly that his fingers seemed to be clamped around it. For more than half an hour they would not relax, and all this time, while the mud was being washed out of his eyes, his teeth were set as if in lockjaw. These symptoms of physical distress, like Nelson's tendency to seasickness, were never quite overcome, but in time Brune was able to conceal the outward signs of them.—*Temple Bar*, August, 1883.

BRUNSWICK, August Ludwig Wilhelm Maximilian Friederich, Duke of, 1806-1884. German nobleman.

The duke's mania for wigs of various hues is well known, as well as the precautions he took to secure the safety of his diamonds in his strawberry-tinted palace, rue Balzac. Every spike of the gilt railing which surrounded it was movable, on the slightest touch setting hundreds of bells in motion. The diamonds were encased in a chest under his own bed, on opening which, unless provided with his serene highness's own key, a dozen revolvers fired in the intruder's face. Notwithstanding these prudential measures, his own footman, a man named Smith, quietly walked off one summer evening with some few millions' worth of the said diamonds.—ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT, "Gossip from Paris."

BUCHANAN, James, 1791-1868. President of the United States.

The dress question, after much difficulty, has been finally and satisfactorily settled. I appeared at the levee on Wednesday last in just such a dress as I have worn at the president's a hundred times. A black coat, white waist-coat and cravat and black pantaloons and dress boots, with the addition of a very plain black-handled and black-hilted dress sword. This to gratify those who have yielded so much and to distinguish me from the upper court servants. I knew that I would be received in any dress I might wear; but could not have anticipated that I should be received in so kind and distinguished a manner. Having yielded, they did not do things by halves. As I approached the queen, an arch but benevolent smile lit up her countenance; as much as to say, You are the first man who ever appeared before me at court in such a dress. I confess that I never felt more proud of being an American than when I stood in that brilliant circle "in the simple dress of an American citizen."—JAMES BUCHANAN, letter, London, February 24, 1854, to Harriet Lane.

When the Japanese commissioners came, bringing with them curious and costly gifts, some of which were intended for the president, he sent them all to the Patent Office as the property of the country. He even went so far as to insist, at all times, upon paying his fare whenever he traveled, never receiving a pass, even when he was out of office. He would have been horrified at the idea of traveling free when he was president. I have often heard him say, "I will pay my way while I can afford it. When I cannot afford to pay I will stay at home."—GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, "Life of James Buchanan," quoting Miss Annie Buchanan.

Rev. Dr. W. M. Paxton, of New York, contributes an interesting sketch of a visit to him, while President, in 1860. Mr. Buchanan invited the interview and, after a long and remarkable conversation on religious subjects, said: "As soon as I retire from my office as President, I shall unite with the Presbyterian Church." To this Dr. P. replied, "Why not now, Mr. President?" To this he answered with deep feeling and a strong gesture: "I must delay, for the honor of religion. If I were to unite with the church now, they would say hypocrite from Maine to Georgia." He fulfilled his determination and died in the communion of the Presbyterian church at Lancaster.—WILLIAM C. PRIME in *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1884.

BUCKINGHAM, George Villiers, first Duke of, 1592-1628. English statesman.

There is an amusing description given in an old chronicle (Harleian Library) of these times and the sumptuousness and extravagance of his dress, which was beyond all

precedent and example: "It was common with him, at any ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hatbands, cockades and earrings, to be yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl—in short, to be manacled, fettered and imprisoned in jewels; insomuch that, at his going once to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes, made the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were his sword, girdle, hatband and spurs."—*Dublin University Magazine*, July, 1853.

Buckingham now introduced the practice of being carried on men's shoulders. This so shocked the people that he was hooted on the streets; yet, like other vices and silly habits, so corrupting is evil example, that soon the displeasure ceased to be manifested, so common had the practise become.—*Dublin University Magazine*, July, 1853.

BUCKINGHAM, George Villiers, second Duke of, 1628-1687. English statesman.

In one of Dryden's plays there was this line, which the actress endeavored to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could: "My wound is great, because it is so small," and then she paused and looked very much distressed. The Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the boxes, rose from his seat and added in a loud, ridiculing voice, "Then 'twould be greater were it none at all," which had so strong an effect upon the audience (who before were not very well pleased with the play) that they hissed the poor woman off the stage; and (as this was the second time only of the play's appearance) made Dryden lose his benefit night.—Rev. Joseph Spence, "Anecdotes."

BULWER, Edward George Earle Lytton, Baron Lytton, 1803-1873. English author and statesman.

I [aged eight] must certainly have got ankle deep in the great slough of metaphysics, for I remember as if it were yesterday, after sitting long silent and musing, I addressed to my mother the following simple and child-like question: "Pray, mama, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?" My mother looked up at me in amazed alarm. Quoth she: "It is high time you should go to school, Teddy."—"Autobiography."

Poets fall in love precociously, but in that poetic privilege I was a match for the best of them. At six years old Cupid and I were already playfellows; and I declare gravely that love it was, just the love poets sing of; so timid and so happy when I sat near her; and once at blindman's buff, when she ran into my arms, I thought that the earth was gone from my feet, that we were both snatched up into the heavens. With what a beating heart I set out one day, after she went to school, to pay her a visit! and what fine things I fancied I should say when I saw her! and when we met in the cold, formal parlor of the prim school, how awkward and shy I was! We stood opposite to each other, both looking down. At last she opened her pretty lips, called me Master Edward and hoped my mama was well. I could have beat her, but when I got out I was much more inclined to beat myself.—"Autobiography."

The mell of Bulwer's suburban school had dared to report young Bulwer's insubordination to the head master. There then entered the arch pedagogue, a tall, gaunt, lame man, of stern Cameronian countenance, with a cast in his eyes. As a step towards restoring order, he actually dared to give Master Bulwer a box on the ear. Now resulted an incident related in full in "The Student" (p. 233) and evidently suggesting a personal encounter of the boy Godolphin in the novel of that name with the schoolmaster, Dr. Shallowell. The boy who would never take a licking from a school fellow was not slow to return the blow of the master. A pitched battle between the two was only prevented by the refractory scholar being walked out of the school room by the ruler of that establishment into an almost uninhabited parlor; without saying a word the mortally offended preceptor turned on his heel and left him to two days' solitary confinement—his food being mysteriously put in by an invisible hand through a half-open door and his bed being made up on a black horse-hair sofa. At first literary consolation was allowed him in the shape of Beloe's "Sexagenarian." That solace, however, was soon removed and the prisoner had no companion but his own thoughts. On the third morning, his mother, terrified by the sentence of expulsion passed on her son, arrived in her carriage. Hardening himself in impenitence, the boy volunteered no apology which might have had the effect of revoking the fatal sentence; he merely walked out of the house with his mother, handed her into the car-

riage and called to the coachman, "Home!" The incident had closed itself; the school days were at an end.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Life of Lord Lytton."

"Shall I tell your fortune, my pretty young gentleman?" was the question rousing Edward Bulwer from a reverie in the course of his progress through southern Yorkshire or the Midlands. The good looks of the Zingari girl who had come up to him of course brought her the answer, "Yes." Having crossed her palms with silver, he heard that he had in infancy lost his father, that he had brothers, but no sister, and that as a boy he had a sweetheart whose loss nearly killed him and made it impossible for him ever to be gay again. What an opportunity, it struck him, for learning astrology, chiromancy and other modes of occultism, which he afterwards mastered by himself, and which, he lets it be seen in "Disowned," he had generally found a sealed book to the gipsies themselves. Now, however, introduced by the gipsy girl, he stayed at her encampment for a week, drinking out of the Romany cup and feeding on the Romany fare. Naturally, the original fortune-teller fell in love with the stranger, who then was one of the handsomest young men in England. "If you love me," she pressed, "marry me—not," she at once added, "that I mean, as you mean, according to your fashion, but in grandmother's presence by breaking a tile with me into two halves and only binding ourselves for five years." "Alas!" summing up the whole incident, exclaimed Bulwer, "I went further for a wife and fared worse."—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Life of Lord Lytton."

I listened in the gallery of the House of Commons to the first great speech made by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton after he had got back to the House, determined to retrieve his former failure. It was an extraordinary speech in every sense. It proved to be a piece of labored eloquence so far as felicitous phrase-making, speaking paradox and appropriate illustration could constitute eloquence. But it had one terrible defect—the utterance of the speaker was so imperfect that until our ears got accustomed to the peculiarities of his articulation, even those of us who were in the best places for hearing could not fully understand what he was saying; and those who were less favorably placed found it hard to understand him at all. After the speech was over a reporter for one of the daily papers consulted me on what would naturally seem to him a very important point. He asked me if I could tell him why Sir Edward had quoted so often from Joe Miller, and what were the quotations he had introduced. I assured him that to the best of my belief the quotations were not from Joe Miller but from John Mill, and I did all I could to help him in the exact passages which the orator had cited as authority in support of his propositions.—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences."

After breakfast the pipe was brought into requisition in his sitting room, a weapon or instrument, some six or seven feet in length. Observing as I invariably did, a large quantity of Latakia tobacco spread out on his mantelpiece, I said one day, "You appear to me, Sir Edward, to smoke a great deal"; to which he replied in his usual cheerful, good-humored way, "Well, indeed, I do not. I take a few whiffs and then I put my pipe down." Not being exactly satisfied with this denunciation, I took the freedom of inquiring of his valet how much tobacco his master really consumed. He informed me that Sir Edward usually smoked from eight to ten ounces of tobacco in a week, "and," said he, "I always place seven cigars on the little table beside Sir Edward's bed, and when I go into his room at eight o'clock in the morning (for being deaf the servant's footsteps were not readily heard), if I see two cigars left, I awake him and take his orders; if I find that he has smoked them all, I let him lie another hour." —Bulwer's life by his grandson, quoting Dr. Garret of Hastings.

He was not often seen in the parks or places of public resort, but was well known in the neighborhood of the Portland Club, where he spent a couple of hours every afternoon during the season. . . . I came upon him suddenly one wet, stormy November evening near the South Saxon Hotel. It was blowing a gale and his slender figure wavered and reeled almost as he tried to make head against the blast. He had no overcoat and that which he did wear looked, I thought, faded and shabby. I was trying to slip past him unobserved, for he never met me without stopping and saying a few kind words; but he recognized me at a glance and asked me to come home with him to the Queen's Hotel, at Hastings, where he was staying, and dine. I found that he occupied apartments on the ground floor of the hotel. They seemed in a sad state of confusion. The floor was strewn with a litter of books and papers and copiously sprinkled with Turkish tobacco, an odor of which pervaded the air. The tables were

laid with covers for three, but only myself and the host sat down. He ate, I observed, but sparingly and drank nothing but water with a dash of sherry in it. In the evening, as I was taking my departure, I came upon the German waiter who had attended at table and hinted that the room might be kept in a little better order. "Bless you, sir," said the *Kellner*, "the place has not been swept or dusted for a fortnight; that 'ere gent is outrageous like if a book or a paper is touched. The manager wants to get him away, but he has taken the rooms for a month and won't go; and he is such good pay that our governor don't like to disoblige him." "Waiter," said I sternly, "do you know who that 'ere gent, as you call him, is?" "Yes, sir—no, sir," replied the waiter in a breath, puzzled by my solemnity of tone. "That is Lord Lytton," I said, "the greatest man in all England. If you see much of him and note down what he says or does, you may become a second Boswell." "Lor', sir," said the waiter, "you don't say so. Our manager thinks this gent is cracked; he goes out in all weather without any great-coat and won't even take an umbrella; then he never examines his bills, but scribbles off a cheque on any scrap of paper that comes to hand. It was only day before yesterday a poor woman comes with one of them scraps of paper. She said that the outlandish-looking gent what lives in our house had given it to her and she did not know what to do with it. He had come into her cabin to light his pipe, while her husband, a poor fisherman, who had been drowned in the late gale, lay there dead. He wrote it on the back of an old letter and said he hoped it would do her good. You can't think of the poor creature's surprise when I brought her back ten sovereigns which the manager gave me when he saw the paper. Surely, sir, the gent cannot be right here," and the waiter significantly touched his forehead.—PERCY BOYD, *Belgravia*, May, 1874.

William Macready donned his most gentlemanly airs and excited Bulwer to write for the stage.—FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "Victoria Regina."

Bulwer wrote his first novels in full dress, scented.—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1852.

The only occasion on which many of his visitors ever heard him mention his own writings was to illustrate a story about the founder of the Mormon polygamy. Brigham Young, with his numerous wives, had attended a performance of "The Lady of Lyons"; he sat through it quietly until the agony was piled up a little too high. Then, followed by his spouses in procession, he left the theater, remarking, "I won't stand such a damned row being made about one woman."—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Life of Lord Lytton."

"Occult studies, comprising the magic of ancient times as well as the spiritualism of the present, had a great charm for him, and he entered on them with the earnestness which marked the pursuit of less mysterious knowledge. He dived into wizard lore, equipped himself with magical instruments, rods for transmitting influence, and crystal balls in which to discern coming scenes and persons, and communed with mediums and spiritualists. There can be little doubt, whatever faith he might have in particular manifestations, he believed in certain occult powers of nature, to deal with which is the object of these mysterious arts. On more than one occasion we have known him to dilate on such themes with great copiousness of knowledge and apparent trustfulness in the reality of the marvels. Once, as he stood before the fire in a large old room in which a séance had lately been held by the well-known spiritualist Home, and his aspect rendered more weird by the theme and the twilight, he described the ghostly things that had been apparent—hands and arms rising through the table, touching those who sat round, revealing, when grasped, the startling fact that they ended at the elbow, and finally rising into the air, clad in grayish drapery and floating out of a particular corner of the room; he almost gave a listener the impression of a veritable necromancer.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1884.

The association of his name with that of the notorious medium D. D. Home in the séances at Florence and elsewhere marks Lytton's spiritualistic enthusiasm as having reached its height 1850-6. Thereafter it gradually declined. The possibility of communicating with his daughter's spirit attracted him to Home; the vulgarity of one of Home's female clients began to repel him. This lady, as Lytton used to tell the story, had been brought into converse with her departed husband's spirit. "Are you," she asked, "quite 'appy, dear—as 'appy as when you were with me?" The reply came, "Oh, far, far 'appier." "Then, indeed, you must be in 'eaven," sighed the lady. "No," returned the gentleman, "I'm in 'ell."—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Life of Lord Lytton."

The separation of 1836 had been followed on the lady's part by open acts of war

against her husband. These for some time took the form of violently abusive letters addressed directly to him or published against him in the newspapers, and by the circulation of incriminating anecdotes, in some cases purely vindictive rather than rigidly historical. One such story, only set going by the lady a few days earlier, August, 1858, was to this effect. When she had for the last time been traveling with her husband abroad, as their carriage passed through a hamlet in the Italian Alps, it excited the attention of a very handsome peasant girl. With incredible want of tact, Lytton is reported to have drawn his wife's attention to the girl's admiring gaze. "It is," rejoined the lady, "not you, but that ridiculous eccentric dress of yours which excites notice." "We will soon see," said Lytton, "whether the object of attention is the costume or the wearer." With these words he proceeded to divest himself of his outer garments, afterwards settling himself in his place stripped to his underclothing.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Life of Lord Lytton."

"That asp, his wife," to use the description given not by the husband's partizans, but even by Lady Lytton's own friends, had timed a vituperative epistle from Paris to the *Morning Post*—so that it might appear on the morning of the day fixed for producing his drama. On this subject it is necessary here to mention only an incident connected with the reelection, by his Hertfordshire constituents, of the Colonial Secretary of 1858. He left Knebworth for the neighboring county town, on a summer day of exceptional beauty—everywhere the Conservative colors blew conspicuous, not more in the sky above than in the jackets of the post boys and in the favors of the crowd. He was in the middle of his address of thanks when, in a complete suit of deep yellow, the Hertfordshire Liberal color, there advanced a female brandishing a yellow umbrella, with rouged face and yellow-dyed hair. Mounting the hustings the lady saluted the newly made minister with, "Fiend, villain, monster, cowardly wretch, outcast. I am told," she hissed out, "you have been sent to the colonies. If they knew as much about you as I do they would have sent you there long ago." The rest is silence. For once Lytton's presence of mind failed him, or rather, he fainted, and knew no more until he found himself back in Knebworth in his bed.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Life of Lord Lytton."

BURGOYNE, John, 1722-1792. English general.

Burgoyne continued to represent Preston until his death. Local annals have preserved an anecdote connected with his election in 1784. A party of his political opponents, assembled in a bar room of an inn, proposed playing a joke upon him, or, as they called it, "trotting the general." A woolen manufacturer of the name of James Elton accordingly pulled out a valuable watch and, giving it to Burgoyne's servant, requested him to take it to his master and request him to inform them if he could tell them the time of the day. Burgoyne, unable, as we all probably are, to discover the point of the joke, but seeing that a liberty was attempted to be taken with him, placed the watch and a pair of pistols on a tray and desired his servant to accompany him to the persons who had despatched him upon the message. Arrived at the tap room, he asked each of the assembled party whether he was the owner of the watch. In view of the pistols no one was found to acknowledge the ownership, whereupon Burgoyne said, "Since the watch belongs to none of you gentlemen it remains my property," then, turning to his servant, he presented it to him, saying, "Take this watch and fob in remembrance of the Swan Inn at Bolton." The chronicler states that Elton, whose stupid joke had thus rebounded upon himself, bore the name of Jemmy Trotter to his dying day.—E. B. DE FONBLANQUE, "Life and Letters of John Burgoyne," citing "History of Bolton-le-Moors" by P. A. Whittle.

BURKE, Edmund, 1729-1797. British statesman.

Burke came to London with a cultivated curiosity and in no spirit of desperate determination to make his fortune. That the study of law interested him cannot be doubted, for everything interested him, particularly the stage. Like the sensitive Irishman that he was, he lost his heart to Peg Woffington on the first opportunity.—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, in *The Contemporary Review*, July, 1886.

Burke, being one day at a country fair, observed a lot of boys at a show of attractive aspect, looking on with eager and longing countenances, but evidently with pockets too empty to enable them to penetrate to the interior. Burke forthwith went up to the showman and agreed for the admittance of the whole youthful crowd at his expense. On his friend asking him the reason for this strange proceeding, "I could not," he said,

"miss the opportunity of making so many urchins happy."

"I impute inattention to the petitions of these poor people not to the policy of discouraging beggars, but to unwillingness to part with money." "That old fellow," observed a friend one day to Burke, "will no doubt spend the sixpence you have given him in gin." "Well," replied Burke, "if he even do so, the poor wretch seems to have had so few of the enjoyments of this life, that it would be churlish to grudge him this chance of an occasional pleasure."—PETER BURKE, "The Public and Domestic Life of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke."

Where a loud-tongued talker was in company, Edmund Burke declined all claims upon attention, and Samuel Johnson, whose ears were not quick, seldom lent them to his conversation, though he loved the man and admired his talents.—RICHARD CUMBERLAND, "Memoirs."

Johnson, who denied him scarcely any other talent or merit, would not admit that he possessed wit; he always got into the mire, he said.—JAMES PRIOR, "Edmund Burke."

Whenever Burke found himself indisposed he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes as much as four or five quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour out about a pint at a time in a basin, and drink it with a spoon, as if it had been soup. Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He certainly thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint, and not only took it himself, but prescribed it, with the confidence of a Sangrado, to every patient that came his way.—*Dublin University Magazine*, January, 1870.

Edmund Burke, it has been remarked, seldom introduced Latin quotations in his speeches. Dr. Summer, in conversation with him, asked him the reason for such omissions from declamations, which, splendid as they are, would have had still greater claims to admiration if illustrated by pertinent embellishments of classic lore. It would not, the provost observed, arise from want of memory on the part of the great orator, nor from paucity of materials, nor from propriety of adaptation. Burke admitted the fact that he made but little use of such accessories. "I have," he said, "plenty of such things at my command, but I am afraid to make use of them, simply because I am afraid of making false quantities in their use and of incurring ridicule thereby from people who would avail themselves of my defects to laugh at and perhaps to correct me."—REV. J. RICHARDSON, "Recollections."

Burke had once risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand on the subject on which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member readily started up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. Burke was so swollen, or so near suffocated, with rage, as to be incapable of utterance and absolutely ran out of the house.—JOHN MOTTLEY, "Joe Miller's Jest Book."

At the beginning of the session of 1791, Fox made some reference to the French Revolutionary government in tenor extremely distasteful to Burke, who failed in his attempt to reply at the moment. No opportunity occurred until some months later, when, on May 6, the debate came to be renewed. All this time Burke had been nursing his wrath and now poured it forth seething hot upon his ancient friend. He brought a speech of tremendous vehemence to conclusion in these lamentable words: "It is indiscreet at any period, but especially at my time of life, to provoke enemies, or give my friends occasion to desert me. Yet if my firm and steadfast adherence to the British Constitution place me in such a dilemma, I am ready to risk it, and with my last words to exclaim: 'Fly from the French constitution.'" Here Fox broke in with a remonstrance, saying there was no injury to friendship. "Yes, yes," Burke vociferated, "there is a loss of friends. I know the price of my conduct. Our friendship is at an end." When the House rose that same night it was raining, and Mr. Curwen, a member who sat on the same benches with Burke, offered him a seat in his carriage to go home. Burke immediately began referring with bitterness to some of the passages in the debate, so bitterly that Curwen hazarded something in a contrary sense. "What!" exclaimed Burke, seizing the checkstring, "are you one of these people? Let me down." It is said that Curwen kept his companion in the carriage by main force and that when they reached his house Burke alighted and left him without a word of acknowledgment.—

HERBERT MAXWELL in "The Nineteenth Century and After," July, 1895.

During the trial of Warren Hastings, Dr. Parr was among the throng in the anteroom and went about in his pedantic fashion growling out praises of the speeches of Fox and Sheridan, but making no reference to Burke. "Did you like my speech, doctor?" Burke asked at length. "No, Edmund," said Parr; "it was oppressed by metaphor, dislocated by parentheses and debilitated by amplification."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1879.

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Their first duty, he [Lord Thurlow, who had been suspected of intriguing with the prince regent during the temporary disability of George III.] said, was to preserve the rights of that sovereign entire, so that, when God should permit him to recover, he might not find himself in a worse situation than before his illness. The Chancellor dwelt on his own feelings of grief and gratitude, and wrought himself up at last to these celebrated words: "and when I forget my king, may my God forget me." It seems scarcely possible to exaggerate the strong impression which this half sentence made. Within the House itself the effect was perhaps not so satisfactory. Wilkes, who was standing under the throne, eyed the Chancellor askance, and muttered, "God forget you! He'll see you damned first." Burke at the same moment exclaimed, with equal wit and no profaneness, "The best thing that can happen to you."—EARL OF STANHOPE, "Life of the Right Honorable William Pitt."

Lord John Russell states that Burke, on hearing this, remarked, "And the best thing He can do for him."—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1861. [Pitt satisfied himself with the exclamation, "Oh, the scoundrel."]

Burke said Lord Sandwich had so lost all credit that no man would take his evidence even against himself.—GEORGE ROSE, "Diaries and Correspondence."

As even Homer sometimes sleeps, so Burke sometimes blunders; but he was always ready to turn ill-consequence aside. In 1772 he spoke of the minister coming down with his budget, attended by his creatures, beasts clean and unclean. "The dull minister," he added, "emptied one-half the house by his dullness. A duller member following sent away another half; and at one still more tedious another half of the House scattered in dismay." At this Burke's hearers laughed. He knew wherefor. "Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I take the blunder to myself and confess my satisfaction at having said anything that can put the House in good humor."—W. S. JOHNSTONE, "Book of Parliamentary Anecdote."

During one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Dr. Johnson repeated his gradation of liquors—claret for boys, port for men and brandy for heroes. "Then," said Burke, "let me have claret; I love to be a boy and have the careless gaiety of boyish days."—PETER BURKE.

If English punning be a proscribed species of wit . . . yet classical puns take rank in all lands and languages. Burke's pun on the "divine right of kings and toastmasters"—*de jure de-vino*—perhaps stands at the head of its class.—GEORGE CROLEY, "Life of George IV."

Boswell, speaking in the club of an intention of going to view the Isle of Man, Burke repeated Pope's words, "The proper study of mankind is man."—ROBERT BISSET, "Life of Edmund Burke."

Edmund Burke's pun on Brockleby's name is a good instance of elaborate ingenuity with which the great orator adorned his conversation and his speeches. Preeminent among the advertising quacks of the day was Dr. Rock. It was therefore natural that Brocklesby should express some surprise at being accosted by Mr. Burke as Dr. Rock, a title at once infamous and ridiculous. "Don't be offended," said Mr. Burke, with a laugh; "Your name is Rock; I'll prove it algebraically: Brock less B equals Rock."—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1862.

Mr. Fox, or Mr. Burke, said of him [Lord Thurlow] that he looked wiser than any man ever was. Burke, I think, speaking of his unbending manners in Parliament and his courteous behavior when in the presence of the king, said, "Thurlow is a strong oak at Westminster and a willow at St. James's."—LORD ELDON, "Anecdote Book."

Burke was a very indolent man and once, talking of the North-American Indians, said: "They enjoy the highest boon of Heaven, supreme and perfect indolence."—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections," quoting R. B. Sheridan.

On the first day (in the autumn of 1791) that Mr. Burke ever dined with Mr. Pitt, it was in a *partie quarrée* at Downing street, the others being Lord Grenville and the then Speaker, Lord Addington. Mr. Burke endeavored to alarm Mr. Pitt on the aggressive nature of French principles and the propagandism of revolution. Mr. Pitt

made rather light of the danger and said in colloquial phrase that "this country and constitution were safe to the day of judgment." "Yes," said Mr. Burke quickly, "but 'tis the day of no judgment that I am afraid of." This anecdote the writer took down many years ago from the mouth of one of the party.—*Quarterly Review*, March, 1845.

BURNSIDE, Ambrose Everett, 1824-1881. American general and statesman.

Entering upon his second year, Cadet Burnside's soldierly bearing and perfection in drill secured his appointment as cadet-corporal, and he also became somewhat noted for the practical jokes with which he initiated the newly appointed cadets. One of these, who came from the far West, had such a profusion of long, bleached sandy hair hanging down over his shoulders while his face was partially covered with a light red beard, that he was at once nicknamed "The Bison." A day or so after his arrival he was met by Cadet Heth, who told him that he could not be aware of the regulations of the academy, or he would have been to the barber-shop; and that cadets who did not have their hair cut and their whiskers trimmed by the cadet barber, within twenty-four hours after their arrival at the academy, were liable to be imprisoned twenty days, during which time they would be fed on bread and water only. "The Bison" innocently fell into the trap and asked his informant if he would kindly show him the cadet barber-shop. This was exactly what was wanted and the newcomer was escorted to the room occupied by Burnside and Heth, which had been arranged somewhat to resemble a barber-shop. A large chair was placed in the center of the room, and at its side was a table, on which were arranged hair brushes, combs, scissors, cologne water and perfumery. Burnside, personating the cadet barber, was in his shirt sleeves, with a large white towel pinned before him like an apron. When asked if he could cut the hair off and shave the new cadet before drumbeat for evening parade, he replied that he thought he could. The victim accordingly took his seat and Burnside began to ply the scissors, timing his movements by his watch. He had cut the hair from one side of the young man's head and had trimmed the beard from one side of his face, when the drum beat and he said, "I must go to parade, but if you will return in an hour I will finish the job." They accordingly left, taking with them their victim, from whom they departed at the door. It so happened that just then the superintendent of the academy came along and "The Bison" seeing several of the cadets around him take off their hats and caps, took his hat off also, his appearance exciting a roar of laughter from the cadets who saw him. The superintendent angrily asked him how he came to appear in such a half-shorn condition, to which the prompt reply was, "The cadet barber is cutting my hair and shaving me according to regulations." "Cadet barber," exclaimed the superintendent, "where is the cadet barber?" "Up in the cadet barber-shop," was the reply, pointing to the North barracks. "Come with me, sir," said the superintendent, "and show me this cadet barber." "The Bison" accordingly led the way to the room in which he had been partially despoiled of his locks. On entering the superintendent saw on the floor the evidences of the tonsorial operation, while Cadets Burnside and Heth, lying on their beds, were roaring with laughter. "So," said the superintendent, "this is the cadet barber-shop, and pray who is the barber?" Burnside arose to his feet and, paying the usual military salute, said, "I am, sir; I am the one to be blamed." "Well," replied the superintendent, "let me see you finish your job." The young man was told to resume his seat in the chair and Burnside cut off the remainder of the hair and beard, receiving for some time the sobriquet of the "cadet barber."

While at home on a previous visit Lieutenant Burnside had made many acquaintances at the neighboring town of Hamilton, Ohio. Among them was a Kentucky belle, who united to the vivacity of the North the soft and languid style of the South. She was highly educated and her industry in acquiring knowledge was only surpassed by her conversational powers to impart it to others. The young officer was dazzled by her personal beauty and accomplishments, charmed by her affability and bewitched by her fascinations. Offering his hand, it was accepted, the necessary license was procured and on the appointed day the young couple stood up before a clergyman to be united in wedlock. Asked whether he would take the bride to be his wedded wife, Burnside responded affirmatively, but when the question was put to her, whether she would take him to be her husband she said No! and could not be prevailed upon to change her mind. This, of course, terminated the proposed marriage, to the great annoyance of the disappointed bridegroom. The amazement with which youth receives its first defeat in love came to deaden the smart of the rebuff and then the flame which Cupid had so suddenly kindled was extinguished without a sigh. A few years afterwards, a distinguished Ohio lawyer ob-

tained from the same lady a promise that she would marry him and the wedding day was fixed. He showed her, on the way to be married, a revolver, and told her that she would return either his wife or a corpse. Prompted either by love or by fear she replied, "I will," and she made a most devoted wife. By a curious coincidence, when during the rebellion General Burnside was placed in command of the military district of Ohio, the lady's mother and sister were arrested as they were about to go South, carrying correspondence and munitions of war concealed on their persons. General Burnside ordered them sent through the lines into "Dixie," and the husband of his old lady love had hard work to obtain from President Lincoln permission for them to return to their home.—BEN: PERLEY POORE, "Life of Burnside."

"Did you hear what I've been saying?" he asked of each of his division generals as he issued orders on the night of the battle of Antietam. "Yes." "Then say it over." And the generals, like school boys in a class, repeated their lessons.—*New York Herald*, September 14, 1881.

BURR, Aaron, 1756-1836. American statesman.

When Aaron was about four years old he had some misunderstanding with his preceptors, in consequence of which he ran away and was not found until the third or fourth day after his departure from home.

When about ten years old Aaron evinced a desire to make a voyage to sea; and with this object in view ran away from his uncle Edwards and came to the city of New York. He entered on board an outward bound vessel as cabin boy. He was, however, pursued by his guardian and his place of retreat discovered. Young Burr, one day, while busily employed, perceived his uncle coming down the wharf, and immediately ran up the shrouds and clambered to the topgallant masthead. Here he remained and peremptorily refused to come down, or be taken down, until all the preliminaries of a treaty of peace were agreed upon. To the doctrine of unconditional submission he never gave his consent.

In the college there was a literary club, consisting of the graduates and professors, and still known as the Clio-Sophic Society. Dr. Samuel S. Smith, subsequently president of the college, was then (1773) a professor. With him young Burr was not a favorite and their dislike was mutual. The attendance of the professors was supposed to be regular. The members of the society in rotation presided over its deliberations. On a particular occasion it was the duty of young Burr to take the chair. At the hour of meeting he took his seat as president. Dr. Smith had not then arrived, but shortly after business had commenced he entered. Burr, leaning on one arm of the chair (for, although now sixteen years of age, he was too small to reach both arms at the same time), began lecturing Professor Smith for his non-attendance at an earlier hour, remarking that a different example to younger members was expected of him and expressing a hope that it might not again be necessary to recur to the subject. Having finished his lecture to the great amusement of the society, he requested the professor to resume his seat. The incident, as may be well imagined, long served as a college joke.

After his return from Europe in 1812, he met a maiden lady in Broadway somewhat advanced in life. He had not seen her for many years. As she passed him by she exclaimed to a gentleman on whose arm she was resting, "Colonel Burr!" Hearing his name mentioned he suddenly stopped and looked her in the face. "Colonel," said she, "you do not recollect me." "I do not, madam," was the reply. "It is Miss K., sir." "What," said he, "Miss K. yet?" The lady, somewhat piqued, reiterated, "Yes, sir; Miss K. yet." Feeling the delicacy of his situation, and the unfortunate error he had committed, he gently took her hand and emphatically remarked: "Well, madam, then I venture to assert that it is not the fault of my sex."

The best definition of law, he said, was "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained."

Mr. P. had long been an inmate of his house; he had been connected with him in many respects and for many years. Colonel Burr and two other lawyers were discussing a proposed motion in a chancery suit in which P. was the plaintiff, the colonel himself having an interest in the result. P. was then out of town. A letter was brought in and handed to the colonel, which, telling us to proceed with our debate, he carefully read and then placed in his customary manner on the table, with the address downward. Our discussion proceeded earnestly for some ten minutes at least, when the colonel, who had listened with great attention, asked in his gentlest tones: "What effect would the death of P. have on the suit?" We started and asked eagerly why he put the question. "P. is dead," he replied, "as this letter informs me; will the suit abate?" The colonel himself was ill at

the time and unable to leave the sofa; and, even if there was some affectation in his demeanor, there was certainly remarkable collectedness.

"Now move slowly; never negotiate in a hurry." I remember a remark made on this subject, which appeared to be original and wise. There is a saying, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." "This is a maxim," said he, "for sluggards; a better reading of the maxim is, 'Never do to-day what you can as well do to-morrow; for because something may occur to make you regret your premature action.' "—MATTHEW L. DAVIS, "Memoir of Aaron Burr."

When he received a sum of money of his own, he used to make a kind of well of books for its reception in the middle of his large, crowded table; and then lucky was the applicant who made the first claim on it. He gave and gave and gave until the well ran dry, and was filled in again with law papers and books; when, too often, a creditor would present himself and go away disappointed.—JAMES PARTON, "Life of Aaron Burr."

"Was Hamilton a gentleman?" inquired some foreigner with a note-book. The reply is filled with quiet resentment, "Sir, I met him."—F. S. OLIVER, "Life of Alexander Hamilton."

The late honest, but poor, Matthew L. Davis, his executor, received from him, while living, trunks full of feminine correspondence, by which Burr sought to make Davis's fortune, but which were generously returned, without fee or reward, to the grateful recipients. Lobbying—now an anomaly—was then in full force. Several important bills had passed the New York legislature and some were so uncharitable as to intimate that improper influences had been resorted to. Davis was accused of being engaged in bringing about the successful result. A lady of rank and fashion condescended—and ladies rarely condescend to mingle in anything out of their appropriate sphere, the limits of the domestic circle—to say hard things of Davis; she went so far as to intimate that she could calmly look on and see him hung. Davis went to her door, rang the bell, sent up his name, and was promptly answered that she was not, and never would be, at home to Davis. "Pray, ask her if she has heard from her husband at Niagara?" He was forthwith invited upstairs. The lady entered in trepidation and alarm. "Has any calamity happened my beloved husband?" said she. "This will explain all," Davis said, handing her a letter in her own chirography, addressed to Colonel Aaron Burr. "Good heavens, sir," said she, "for what purpose is this letter destined to remain in your possession?" "Madame, to be disposed of by you, at your discretion," was the reply. "My kind friend," exclaimed she, "how can I ever repay such an act of unparalleled magnanimity? I, who have spoken so unkindly, so unjustly, of so noble a friend?" "Ever afterwards," said Davis, "she almost broke her neck in extending her head out of the carriage window to greet me as I passed."—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1857.

BUTLER, Benjamin Franklin, 1818-1893. American general and statesman.

Student

When a student at college it was binding on students to attend college church—a duty which to him was very irksome. On one occasion he heard the preacher (who was also a professor) advancing propositions like the following: (1) That the elect alone would be saved. (2) That among those who, by the world, were called Christians probably not more than one in a hundred belonged really and truly to the elect. (3) That the others, by reason of their Christian privileges, would suffer more hereafter than the heathen, who had never heard the gospel at all. Mr. Butler, whose audacity was as conspicuous as his lack of reverence, made a note of these propositions and on the strength of them drew up a petition to the faculty, soliciting exemption from further attendance at church, as only preparing himself a more terrible future. For, said he, the congregation here amounts to six hundred persons, and nine of these are professors. Now, if only one in a hundred is to be saved, it follows that three even of the faculty must be damned. He (Benjamin F. Butler) being a mere student, could not expect to be saved in preference to a professor. Far be it from him, he said, to cherish so presumptuous a hope. Nothing remained for him, therefore, but perdition. In this melancholy posture of affairs he was naturally anxious to abstain from anything that might aggravate his future punishment; and, as church attendance had been shown in last Sunday's sermon to have this influence on the non-elect, he trusted that the faculty would for all time coming exempt him from it. The result of this petition, written out in an imposing manner, and formally presented to the faculty, was that Butler received a public reprimand for irreverence and, but for the influence of one or two friends of the family, would have been expelled.—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1871.

Soldier

The call for troops found General Butler arguing a case in court, but he dropped his law and the next morning at eleven o'clock he had his regiment, the Sixth, drawn up on Boston Commons ready for duty. Then he effected a loan of $50,000 to help off the troops and when an order came from Washington for the full brigade he was appointed to the command.—*New York Times*, January 12, 1893.

Sometimes it was discussed before me how superior all West Pointers were to volunteer officers. I thought I would put a stop to that, so I invited some of the officers to a dinner party at my headquarters with some of my personal staff who were volunteers. I believed that at that dinner party such discussions might be renewed, so I called Captain Haggerty, of my staff, a very bright young lawyer, and told him to go to the library and read the descriptions of one or two of Napoleon's famous battles, naming Marengo, and to ascertain the pivotal point or movement upon which the battles turned, so as to be able clearly to tell me what it was when I asked him. We all came to dinner in a very pleasant mood, but between one or two of the officers, regulars or volunteers, the discussion broke out and became quite animated and I feared that it would go so far that it might become necessary for the general to take notice of it. The claim was very loudly made that nobody could be fit to command troops who had not been to West Point. I never had been there except to examine the institution, as a member of the board of visitors, having been appointed in 1857 by Jefferson Davis while Secretary of War, for my supposed military knowledge as a civilian. I at that time held the title of brigadier general and was met there by General Scott, who reminded me that he was the oldest and I was the youngest general in the United States. I knew the young gentlemen at the table meant no harm, but I thought it well enough to give them a little lesson. I said: "You gentlemen of the regulars can doubtless give me, a volunteer general, some information by answering a question. Can any of you tell me the movement of Napoleon at the Battle of Marengo which was the one upon which he wholly relied for his success in that famous battle?" They looked one to the other and the other to the one, but nobody replied. I then turned to Captain Haggerty, who sat well down the table, and said: "Captain, can you answer that question?" "Yes, General, I think I can." "Then explain to us what that movement was." Haggerty gave a very exact account of it and I said: "I am very much obliged to you, Captain. You see, gentlemen, it will be convenient during this war to have some volunteer officer along with us, so that if we get into a like predicament with Napoleon we shall have somebody who knows what was done under like circumstances." The victory of Marengo, which produced greater results to Napoleon than any other in his career, was confessedly fought in the utmost confusion without any plan or order of battle, nearly lost by a series of blunders, and won by an accident of which and over which Napoleon had neither knowledge nor control.—BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, "Butler's Book."

General Butler is a notable raconteur and is particularly clever when telling anything in which his own name occurs, whether the hit be at or by him. While he was in command at New Orleans a native Louisianian was observed one day by a wag reading a staring placard on a wall in a public street, "Buy your shirts at Moody's." The reader inquired of the wag what that meant. "Oh," said the joker, in a solemn tone, "that is one of the edicts of the tyrannical Butler." The Louisianian remarked, "But I don't want any shirts." "Well," said the wag, "you'd better buy a few; it is the safest course to comply with the order, for Butler is a perfect despot, you know." So the frightened Creole sought out Moody and bought a quarter dozen shirts. In due time a Paris paper arrived in New Orleans in which the facts were narrated, as proving that Butler was both tyrannical and mean, using his power to compel citizens to buy shirts of one Moody, who was undoubtedly his partner.—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1868.

Shortly after our arrival in New Orleans the sisters in charge of the Orphan Asylum of St. Elizabeth called upon the general and represented that institution as in a state of literal destitution from lack of provisions and the money with which to procure them. This unfortunate condition of suffering was one of the legitimate consequences of active secession and no one could be held responsible for it but the leaders of the rebellion. But the general did not stop to discuss the question of responsibility; he knew that here were several hundred children crying for bread and with characteristic promptitude gave them an order on the Chief Commissary for a very large amount of stores—to be charged to his personal account—adding the sum of five hundred dollars in money from his own pocket.—*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1863.

During an interview between the general and Rev. Dr. Leacock (rector of Grace Church in New Orleans, and one of the three Episcopal clergymen who refused to read the prayer for the president and were therefore sent North as prisoners in my charge) in which the general urged upon the doctor his views on the injurious influence of disloyalty in the pulpit, sustaining his argument by prolific quotations from Scripture, recited with an accuracy and appositeness that few theologians could exceed, the doctor replied: "But, General, your insisting upon taking the oath of allegiance is causing half my church members to perjure themselves." "If that is the case, I am glad that I have not had the spiritual charge of your church for the last nine years" (just the term of Dr. Leacock's pastorate), the general answered promptly. After a lengthy conversation the doctor finally asked: "Well, General, are you going to shut up the churches?" "No, sir; I am more likely to shut up the ministers."—*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1863.

It will be remembered that the transport on board of which General Butler took passage for Ship Island was run ashore on some shoal out South and for a time was in great peril. There was more or less alarm among the soldiers. The boats were got ready to land the troops and among the first to rush for a safe place was a chaplain. As he was about to step from the transport to the boat General Butler seized him by the collar, exclaiming: "Look here, my long-haired friend, you came here to pray for us, and now, the first time we really need your services, you desert your post. Step back."—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1862.

I was plied with every conceivable story of heart-rending woe and misery, related to induce the granting of passes, which the general, in consequence of the fact that in almost every instance where he had yielded to such importunities his confidence had been abused by the carrying of supplies and information to the rebel army, had ordered me invariably to refuse. Ordinarily I succeeded in steeling my heart against these urgent entreaties; but occasionally, some story peculiarly harrowing in its details, seemed to demand a special effort in behalf of the applicant, and I would go to the general and, in the desperation of my cause, exclaim, "General, you must see some of these people. I know, if you would only hear their stories, you would give them passes." "You are entirely correct, Captain," he would reply. "I am sure I should, and that is precisely why I want you to see them for me."—*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1863.

Politician

When General Butler made a partial tour of New York State in 1884 as the candidate of the People's Party he traveled in what was then the most elegant private car in the country. . . . Said he: "I have deliberately chosen this car and would have got a better one, if there were such a thing. The people like their champion to look well and to cut as much dash as they would if they could. . . . When I was a young man I ran for Congress in Massachusetts against Richard H. Dana, the author of 'Two Years Before the Mast.' He led a simple life in the country and when he canvassed his district he rode around in an old dusty chaise—not a tumble-down thing, but yet far from a new and good carriage. I determined to make a far better appearance and impression. I hired a very showy carriage and four horses and went around the district in the greatest style that any candidate for Congress ever put on. One day Mr. Dana spoke in one of the towns and complained of me. He said that he had met his opponent on the road and that he had been covered with dust. When I got to that town I told the people that I had heard that Mr. Dana had complained that I had covered him with dust and then I added: 'Stick to me and I will promise you that you will take no man's dust.' That caught the crowd and was quoted until it became the cry of my partizans. Oh, I believe that if you are going to stand for office you want to appear as well as you possibly can."—*New York Sun*, January 12, 1893.

In his speech on the platform at the Chicago Democratic convention, General Butler pointed to the picture of General Washington above him and said in substance that the father of his country could not have passed the present civil service examination for a twelve-hundred dollar clerkship. In proof of this he mentioned the fact that in Washington's will, which was in his own handwriting, the word "clothes" was spelled "cloaths." This allusion to Washington's will was another instance of a great lawyer going wrong. A hundred years ago the word was commonly spelled as Washington spelled it. —*American Law Review*, July-August, 1884.

The story in regard to his wholesale appropriation of silver spoons while he was in command at New Orleans has been industriously circulated and still survives his repeated denials. . . . As late as the campaign of 1888, when he was making speeches for

Harrison in the Northwest, the silver spoon incident was brought conspicuously forward. He spoke on one occasion on a platform against a tall tree. Some one had thrown a line over the branches of the tree and had attached to it several spoons. When General Butler was in the midst of his speech the spoons were lowered until they dangled in front of his face. Stopping in his address he looked at them a moment until the laughter in the crowd had subsided and said: "Those are some of the spoons I did not get at New Orleans." His audience cheered this remark and he was allowed, without further interruption, to finish his speech.—*New York Times*, January 12, 1893.

In his campaign as a friend of labor, notices were posted in the Lowell factories that employees who voted for him and his eleven-hour day would be discharged. He called a public meeting and, after a speech protesting against this interference with the suffrage, he said, "As God lives, as I live, by the great Jehovah, if one man is driven from his employment by those men because of his vote, I will lead you to make Lowell what it was twenty-five years ago—a sheep pasture and a fishing place—and I will commence by applying the torch to my own house. Men of Lowell, you have right arms and you have torches!" This threat brought down the offensive notices and resulted in his election.—*New York Times*, January 12, 1893.

Lawyer

He always carried with his papers to court a lunch case containing a sandwich and usually a bottle of beer. It was his habit to remain in the court room continuously, taking his lunch in that way. In the years when he was in robust health the beverage with which he accompanied his sandwich was of a stronger character.—*New York Times*, January 23, 1893.

Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court recently recalled a personal anecdote connected with the late General Benjamin F. Butler. "General Butler was on his way to Boston to try a case before Judge Shaw. I met him on the train and asked him if I might look at the notes on the case. Butler acquiesced. To my astonishment I saw written on the top of the page, 'Insult the judge.' 'You see,' said Butler in answer to my question, 'I first get Judge Shaw's ill will by insulting him. Later in the case he will have decisions to make for or against me. As he is an exceedingly just man, and as I have insulted him, he will lean to my side, for fear of letting his personal feeling against me sway his decisions the opposite way.'"—*The Green Bag*, February, 1911.

In one of his cases he requested that notice be given by publication. "In what paper?" asked the clerk. "In the *Lowell Advertiser*," the lawyer replied. This paper was a Jackson organ and it was little short of offensive to mention in a Middlesex County court. The clerk drew himself up and with disdainful nonchalance said: "I don't know any such paper." "I pray you, Mr. Clerk," General Butler interrupted, "do not interrupt the proceedings of the court. If you begin to tell what you don't know there will be no time for anything else."—*New York Times*, January 12, 1893.

General Butler, who had drooping eyelids [cross-eyed] and was near-sighted, was trying a case in which John P. Treadwell was opposed to him. Treadwell, while reading law to the court, inadvertently turned towards the jury. Butler said: "That will not do, Brother Treadwell, reading law to the court and looking at the jury." When the general arose to reply and read his citation of the law Treadwell thought Butler was doing the same thing and said: "Ah, Brother Butler, you are doing what you rebuked me for, reading law to the court and looking at the jury." The general, with a most comical grimace, looking round to the bar and the audience, said: "You can't tell which way I am looking."—JOSEPH A. WILLARD, "Half Century with Judges and Lawyers."

One story about him which survived for many years was that when a young lawyer he won a case for a factory girl in Lowell by attaching the wheel in the mill where the girl had been employed. When he finally thought it worth while to deny this story in print, he said that he had allowed it to be circulated for about fifty years, not feeling it his duty to expose it, because so many lies had been told against him that he thought he had a proprietary right in the only one told in his favor.—*New York Times*, January 12, 1893.

Congressman

The question of adjournment was now under consideration and General Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed. "Bad as I am I have some respect for God's day," said the Democrat, "and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day." "Oh, pshaw," responded Butler, "doesn't the

Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of the House that I want to get out of this ditch tomorrow and I think I am engaged in a holy work." "Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Sam; "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world." "You'll be there as you are here," retorted Butler, quick as thought, "a member of the lower House."—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1875.

BYRON, George Gordon Noel, Baron Byron of Rochdale, 1788-1824. English poet and nobleman.

Youth

When Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant, some few years older, whose name was ——, claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain: —— not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practise, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel was writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend, and, although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight ——, with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action and, with a blush of rage and tears in his eyes and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if —— would be pleased to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict. "Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?" "Because, if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half."—THOMAS MOORE, "Life and Letters of Lord Byron."

Moore has published the legend that Byron, in whose form Peel was, offered with tears to take half the thrashing. But like other legendary historians, he is out in his dates. The incident occurred in March or April; and Byron did not come to Harrow until some months later.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1891.

My acquaintance with Lord Byron began very early in life, on my first going to school at Harrow. I was then just twelve years old. I was lame from an early accident and pale and thin in consequence of a severe fever, from which, though perfectly recovered in other respects, I still continued weak. This dilapidated condition of mine—perhaps my lameness more than anything else—seems to have touched Byron's sympathies. He saw me a stranger in a crowd; the very person likely to tempt the oppression of a bully, as I was utterly incapable of resisting it; and, in all the kindness of a generous nature, he took me under his charge. The first words he ever spoke to me, as far as I recollect them, were, "If any fellow bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him, if I can." His protection was not long needed—I was soon strong again and able to maintain my own; but, as long as his help was wanted, he never failed to render it.—"An Octogenarian, Under the Crown," 1864.

(This same author tells an incident of kindness of heart on the part of Byron later in life: At the time when Coleridge was in great embarrassment, Rogers, when calling on Byron, chanced to mention it. He immediately went to his writing desk and brought back a check for a hundred pounds, and insisted on its being forwarded to Coleridge. "I did not like taking it," said Rogers, who told me the story, "for I knew that he was in want himself.")

The roof of the library of Trinity College is surmounted by three figures in stone, representing Faith, Hope and Charity. These figures were accessible only from a window of a particular room in Neville's Court, which happened to be occupied by the poet. To reach them, after getting out of this window, any one had to climb a perpendicular wall, sustaining himself by a frail leaden spout. He had then to traverse the sloping roof of a long range of buildings, by moving carefully on his hands and knees, at the imminent risk of being precipitated fifty feet into the court below. When the library was gained, a stone parapet had to be crossed—altogether a very dangerous performance indeed. Byron, however, duly performed the feat one Sunday morning, while the heads of the dons and dignitaries were yet buried in their pillows. Before setting out he had abstracted three surplices from the college chapel, which he bore with him in his dangerous progress. When the bell at eight o'clock rang out its deep-toned summons to the usual morning devotions, and the fellows and undergraduates were hurrying on their way to the chapel, they were startled to behold Faith, Hope and Charity clad in surplices which reached in snowy folds to their feet, while their heads were surmounted, helmet-wise, with bedchamber water ewers. An inquiry

was instituted by the indignant college authorities, but it resulted in nothing. A few select friends knew the truth and the rest of the college guessed who the author of the outrage was; nevertheless, it was never brought home to him.—RALPH NEVILLE, "The Man of Pleasure."

"No boy cornet," says Trelawney, "enjoyed a practical joke more than Byron." He relates that on their sea voyage together from Genoa to Greece, the captain wore a scarlet waistcoat and, as he was very stout, Byron wished to see whether it would button around both of them. He got hold of it and, while the captain was having a siesta, he, standing on the gangway, with one arm in the garment said: "Now put your arm in there; we will jump overboard and take the shine out of it," and so they did, the geese and hens, which Trelawney had released, and the two big dogs swimming about them. All the crew were laughing at the fun till the captain, hearing the row, came on deck, and seeing what was up, roared out: "My lord, you should know better than to make a mutiny on board ship. I won't heave to, or lower a boat; I hope you will both be drowned." "Then you will lose your frite" (for so the captain pronounced the word "freight") shouted Byron. But they pacified the skipper later on.—RODEN NOEL, "Life of Byron."

Affectation and Peculiarities

Lord Byron, when he first dined with Mr. Rogers, the banker-poet, to whose breakfasts I have been when a girl, was asked if he would take soup. "No; he never took soup." "Would you take some fish?" "No; he never took fish." Presently he was asked if he would eat some mutton. "No; he never ate mutton." Mr. Rogers then asked if he would take a glass of wine. "No; he never tasted wine." It was then necessary to inquire what he did eat and drink and the answer was, "Nothing but hard biscuits and soda water." Unfortunately neither hard biscuits nor soda water were at hand, and he dined upon potatoes bruised down upon his plate and drenched with vinegar. Some days afterwards, meeting Hobhouse, Rogers said to him, "How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?" He replied, "Just as long as you continue to notice it." Rogers subsequently ascertained that Byron, after leaving his house, had gone to a club in St. James's street and eaten a hearty meat-supper.—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Under Five Reigns."

[Lord Sligo] described Byron after his illness at Patras looking in the glass and saying, "I look pale; I should like to die of a consumption." "Why?" "Because the ladies would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying.' "—MOORE.

Byron had one preeminent fault—a fault which must be considered as deeply criminal by every one who does not, as I do, believe it to have resulted from monomania. He had a morbid love of a bad reputation. There was hardly an offense of which he would not, with perfect indifference, accuse himself. An old school fellow, who met him on the Continent, told me that he would continually write paragraphs against himself in foreign journals and delight in their republication by English newspapers as in the success of a practical joke. Whenever anybody has related anything discreditable to Byron, assuring me it must be true, for he heard it from himself, I always felt that he could not have spoken on worse authority and that, in all probability, the tale was a pure invention. If I could remember, and were willing to repeat, the various misdoings which I have heard him from time to time attribute to himself, I could fill a volume. But I never believed them. I very soon became aware of this strange idiosyncrasy; it puzzled me to account for it; but there it was—a sort of diseased and distorted vanity. The same eccentric spirit would induce him to report things that were false, with regard to his family, which anybody else would have concealed, though true. He told me more than once that his father was insane and killed himself. I shall never forget the manner in which he first told me this. While washing his hands and singing a gay Neapolitan air, he stopped, looked round at me, and said, "There was always madness in the family." Then, after continuing his washing and his song, he added, as if speaking of a matter of the slightest indifference, "My father cut his throat." The contrast between the tenor of the subject and the levity of the expression was fearfully painful; it was like a stanza of "Don Juan." In this instance, I had no doubt that the fact was as he related it; but in speaking of it only a few years since to an old lady [Mrs. Villiers, Lord Clarendon's mother] in whom I had perfect confidence, she assured me that it was not so. Mr. Byron, who was her cousin, had been extremely wild, but was quite sane, and died very quietly in his bed.—"An Octogenarian."

I have no personal knowledge whatever of any evil act or any evil disposition of Lord Byron's. I once said this to a gentleman (the Rev. Henry Drury), who was well acquainted with Byron's London life. He expressed himself astonished at what I said. "Well," I re-

plied, "do you know any harm of him but what he has told you himself?" "Oh, yes; a hundred things." "I don't want you to tell me a hundred things; I shall be content with one." Here the conversation was interrupted. We were at dinner—there was a large party—and the subject was not again renewed at table. But afterwards in the drawing room Mr. Drury came up to me and said: "I have been thinking of what you said at dinner. I do not know any harm of Byron but what he has told me himself."—"An Octogenarian."

I frequently heard him say, "I especially dread in this world two things to which I have reason to believe I am equally predisposed—growing fat and growing mad, and it would be difficult for me to decide, were I forced to make a choice, which of these conditions I would choose in preference." To avoid corpulence, not satisfied with renouncing the use of every kind of food which he deemed nourishing, he had recourse almost daily to strong drastic pills, of which extract of colocynth, gamboge, scammony, etc., were the chief ingredients; and, if he observed the slightest increase in the size of his wrist or waist, which he measured with scrupulous exactness every morning, he immediately sought to reduce it by taking large doses of Epsom salts, besides the usual pills. . . . Besides the medicines I have mentioned, he had daily recourse to soda powders and calcined magnesia, in order to neutralize the troublesome acidities which the immoderate use of Rhenish wines and ardent spirits continually generated in his debilitated stomach. Nothing could be more strange, and at the same time more injurious to health, than the regimen which he had been induced to adopt, and to which, during several years, he unalterably adhered. He rose at half past ten o'clock, when, by way of breakfast, he took a large basinful of a strong infusion of green tea, without either sugar or milk, a drink that could not but prove exceedingly prejudicial to a constitution so essentially nervous. At half past eleven he would set out on a two hours' ride, and on his return his singular and only meal was served up. Having dined, he immediately withdrew to his study, where he remained until dark, when, more willingly than at any other time, he would indulge in conversation; and afterwards he would play at draughts for a while, or take up some volume on light subjects—such as novels, memoirs or travels. He had unfortunately contracted the habit of drinking immoderately every evening and almost at every page he would take a glass of wine, and often of undiluted Hollands, till he felt himself under the full influence of liquor. He would then pace up and down the room until three or four o'clock in the morning, and these hours, he often confessed, were the most propitious to the inspiration of his muse.—Dr. Julius Millingen, "Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece."

Lord Byron, saying to me the other day: "What do you think of Shakespeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug."—Moore.

Told him [Sir Walter Scott] Lord Byron knew nothing of music, but still had a strong feeling of some of those I had just sung, particularly "When He Who Adores Thee"; that I have sometimes seen the tears come into his eyes at some of my songs. Another great favorite of his was, "Though the Last Glimpse of Erin," from which he confessedly borrowed a thought for his "Corsair," and he said to me, "It was shabby of me, Tom, not to acknowledge that theft." "I dare say," said Scott, "Byron's feelings and mine about music are pretty much the same."—Moore.

James Smith told me that he heard Byron say that he could not enter the "Maid and the Magpie," as he had never been innocent of stealing a silver spoon.—Lord Broughton, "Recollections."

Sir James Bland Burgess, who had something to do with negotiating Jay's treaty, came into the room and said abruptly, "My lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries and Bonaparte is entirely defeated." "But is it true?" said Lord Byron. "Yes; my lord; it is entirely true; an aide-de-camp arrived in town last night; he has been in Downing street this morning and I have just seen him as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He thinks Bonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris." After an instant's pause Lord Byron replied, "I am damned sorry for it," and then, after another slight pause, he added, "I didn't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I shan't now."—George Ticknor, "Journal," June 16, 1815.

Mr. [W. S.] Rose has been known to his own countrymen for some years as an original poet and accomplished Italian scholar. For the former character he is indebted to a little mock-chivalric poem, entitled, "Prospectus of an Intended National Work, by W. & R. Whistlecraft." Mr. Rose sent a copy of his poem to Murray, who, doubting its success with the public, transmitted it to Lord Byron, then in Venice, requesting his opinion of it. His lordship returned it in a very short time with his "Beppo," telling his publisher that he found the only way of getting Rose's rhymes out of his head was to write something in the same way himself. "Beppo" was immediately printed with great success

and "Whistlecraft" came limping after as a follower of the same school.—*North American Review*, October, 1824.

No consideration can now induce me to undertake anything on a Friday or a Sunday; I am positive it would end unfortunately if I did.—BYRON, quoted by Dr. Julius van Millingen, *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1897.

When the symptoms of immediate danger began to show themselves Lord Byron requested Dr. Millingen to inquire in the town "for any old and ugly witch." The doctor laughed and he proceeded thus "with a serious air": "Never mind whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell."—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1831.

Vanity

When Byron was at Cambridge, he was introduced to Scrope Davies by their mutual friend Matthews, who was afterwards drowned in the river Cam. After Matthews's death Davies became Byron's particular friend and was admitted to his rooms at all hours. Upon one occasion he found the poet in bed with his hair *en papillote*, upon which Scrope cried, "Ha, ha, Byron, I have at last caught you acting the part of the Sleeping Beauty." Byron, in a rage, exclaimed, "No, Scrope; the part of a damned fool, you should have said." "Well, then, anything you please; but you have succeeded admirably in deceiving your friends, for it was my conviction that your hair curled naturally." "Yes, naturally every night," returned the poet; "but do not, my dear Scrope, let the cat out of the bag, for I am as vain of my curls as a girl of sixteen."—CAPTAIN REES HOWELL GRONOW, "Recollections."

He [Father Aucher] related to us that on the first arrival of the poet [1816] at the convent, quite unaware of his title, he addressed him no otherwise than as Mr. Byron. The nobleman asked him if he had a dictionary of English proper names and, if so, to look up the word "Byron." The hint of the lord was not misunderstood.—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 1839.

No *petit maître* could pay more sedulous attention than he did to external appearance, or consult with more complacency the looking-glass. Even when in negligée he studied the nature of the postures he assumed as attentively as if he had been sitting for his picture, and so much value did he attach to the whiteness of his hands, that in order not to suffer "the winds of heaven to visit them too roughly" he constantly, and even within doors, wore gloves. The lameness, which he had from his birth, was a source of actual misery to him and it was curious to notice with how much coquetry he endeavored, by a thousand petty tricks, to conceal from strangers this unfortunate malformation.—DR. JULIUS MILLINGEN, "Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece."

Domestic Affairs

A person who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—who was to be the object of his choice; and, while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Millbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected—remarking that Miss Millbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; and she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done; and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that Miss Millbanke is after all to be the person; I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter—but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one." "Then it shall go," said Byron; and, in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate.—MOORE.

October 27, 1836.—Lady George Murray gave me an interesting account of Lady Byron, whom she challenges anybody to know without loving. The first present she made to Ada was a splendid likeness of Lord Byron, an edition of whose works is in her library, to which Ada had free access. She has done nothing to prejudice her against her father. The celebrated "Fare Thee Well" was presented in such a manner, as rather to take off from the sentiment of the thing: He wrapped it up in a number of unpaid bills and threw it into the room where she was sitting and then rushed out of the house.—CAROLINE FOX, "Journals."

It is quite determined that Lord and Lady Byron are to separate, though it is very much against the inclination of the former. His conduct, according to every account, has been very culpable. What is to be said, for instance, of his never sitting down to table with his wife, alleging that he disliked to see a woman eat, of his taking no notice of her friends, and not even asking her father or mother to his house when they were living at the hotel a few doors off for some time last spring?—JOHN WISHAW, letter, March 27, 1816, quoted by Lady Seymour, "The Pope of Holland House."

C

CALHOUN, John Caldwell, 1782-1850. American statesman.

In the early days of his political career, Mr. Calhoun had a powerful rival in the Abbeville district. South Carolina was at this time in a state of high excitement and party feeling raged fiercely in a struggle to overthrow an aristocratic feature of the constitution. The issue was upon topics that enlisted the interests and prejudices of parties and they waged the contest with the energy of a civil war. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Yancy were on opposite sides, the leaders of hostile bands and the idols of their respective hosts. There was and is, for he still lives, a man named Marvin, one of the most violent of Mr. Yancy's party, warmly attached to him as a personal and political friend and following him blindly as an infallible guide. He was a very eccentric man and his peculiarities had perhaps led the people to call him Uncle Jacob, by which name he was better known than by that of Marvin. Bitter in his prejudices and strong in his attachments, he could see no right in an enemy and no wrong in a friend. On the other hand Mr. Yancy was one of the most amiable and candid of men. The strength of his mind, combined with the tolerance of his feelings, raised him above the meanness of clinging to error when reason opposed it. In the discussion that ensued, Mr. Calhoun's arguments overpowered him and he candidly confessed himself a convert to his great rival's opinions. Great was the rage of Uncle Jacob when he heard that Yancy had struck his colors to Calhoun. He swore a big oath that he would thrash Calhoun if the story were true. He soon found that it was so and started at once to put his threat into execution. He found Mr. Calhoun walking slowly back and forth, for exercise, on the piazza of the hotel where he was boarding. Mr. Calhoun had been informed of Marvin's intention and, as soon as he saw him coming, prepared himself for a triumph, not of force, but of manner and address. Marvin took his stand where Mr. Calhoun was to pass and awaited the trying moment. Mr. Calhoun approached, spoke kindly and passed on with the blandest smile. Again he passed, and again, each time repeating his soothing salutation and expecting the man to commence his attack. But a strange fascination had seized upon Uncle Jacob. The spell which genius throws over those who approach it had unmanned him. At last he could stand it no longer, but, bursting into tears, grasped the proffered hand of Mr. Calhoun, told him frankly the errand upon which he had come and begged his pardon. Mr. Calhoun then began to press his argument cautiously but forcibly and in a few minutes Marvin was one of his converts and a decided friend. From that day on Mr. Calhoun had no more ardent follower than Marvin.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1856.

The Pendletonians were justly proud of Mr. Calhoun and sensitive as to the impression he made upon strangers. When Judge Prioleau became a resident, we were anxious to know his impressions of our Ajax. I was present when they first met. As soon as he left the table, the question was eagerly asked, "How do you like him?" "Not at all," was the reply; "I desire never to meet him again." This was a sad rebuff to our local vanity. An explanation was demanded. "I hate a man who makes me think so much," replied the judge. "For the last three hours I have been on the stretch, trying to follow him through heaven and earth. I feel wearied with the effort and I hate a man who makes me feel my own inferiority." As the judge could safely venture to disparage himself the implied compliment was accepted and Pendleton was appeased.—CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1898.

Dixon H. Lewis, the senator of 436 pounds and long a close friend, wrote in 1840, "Calhoun is now my principal associate, and he is too intelligent, too industrious, too intent on the struggle of politics to suit me except as an occasional companion. There is no relaxation with him. On the contrary, when I seek relaxation with him, he screws me only the higher in some sort of excitement." And a rather favorable newspaper account has it that some senator once changed his mess in Washington so as "to escape thought and Mr. Calhoun."

Perry . . . adds that he once heard Warren Davis speak of a difference of opinion as to the trade winds between Calhoun and an English sea captain, the burden of which was that, though the captain said he had often crossed the equator and that his observations did not sustain Calhoun's theory, the latter maintained his view and the arguments he advanced satisfied his hearers that he was right and the captain wrong.—WILLIAM M. MEIGS, "Life of John C. Calhoun," copyright, The Neale Publishing Company.

We have heard a well-known editor, who began life as a page in the Senate chamber, say that there was no senator whom the pages took so much delight in serving as Mr. Calhoun. "Why?" "Because he was so democratic." "How democratic?" "He was as polite to a page as to the president of the Senate and as considerate of his feelings." We have heard another member of the press, whose first employment was to report the speeches of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, bear similar testimony to the frank, engaging courtesy of his intercourse with the corps of reporters.—*The North American Review*, October, 1865.

He allowed anybody to stay all night who chose to stop at his house. An ill-mannered person on one occasion refused to attend family prayers. Mr. Calhoun said to the servant, "Saddle that man's horse and let him go."—MEIGS.

Thus began a friendship which lasted through his life and was attested by long letters on governmental subjects, written as though to an intellectual equal. . . . His letters were all lost during the war; but it was I and not posterity that sustained the misfortune, for his handwriting, though it looked neat, was almost undecipherable. I once sent him back his letter to read for me and he responded: "I know what I think on this subject but cannot decipher what I wrote."—MRS. VARINA DAVIS, "Jefferson Davis."

CAMBACÉRÈS, Jean Jacques Regis de, 1753-1824. French statesman.

Among the many stories told of Cambacérès, it is said that on one occasion, being detained in conversation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour for dinner, when the fate of the Duke of Enghien was under discussion, he was observed to grow restless and impatient. At last he wrote a note, the contents of which Napoleon suspecting, nodded to an aide-de-camp to intercept the despatch, which he found to be a note to the cook, conveying this message: "Take care of the *entremets;* the roasts are lost."—T. F. THISTLETON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

Cambacérès, a gourmet of the first rank, asked the duke [Wellington] to dine with him and after the banquet asked his guest what he thought of it. The duke replied that he had not noticed what he was eating. "Then," said Cambacérès, "why did you come here?"—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1904.

His table was in fact an important state engine, as appears from the anecdote of the trout sent to him by the municipality of Geneva and charged three hundred francs in their accounts. The Imperial Cour de Compts, having disallowed the item, was interdicted from meddling with similar affairs in the future.—FAUVELET DE BOURIENNE, "Memoirs of Napoleon."

CAMERON, Simon, 1799-1889. American statesman.

Mr. Cameron's father, the celebrated war secretary, was once asked why his son, who was clever and popular, and who entered politics with all the family prestige and influence, had not scored such a success as his friends had predicted. "Don is a likely fellow and will do well," Simon replied, "but you must remember that I started in life with a big advantage over him." "What was that?" "Poverty."—*Munsey's Magazine*, January, 1897.

CAMPBELL, John, Baron Campbell of St. Andrews, 1779-1861. British jurist and statesman.

It is comical to find that at the mature age of thirty-four, he actually took lessons in dancing. After dwelling at some length (October 11, 1813) on the disagreeable position in which he was placed by his deficiency in this accomplishment, he writes: "I was at last driven to the resolution of applying to one of the dancing masters who teach grown gentlemen. Accordingly upon my return from the circuit I waited upon a celebrated artist from the Opera House. Chassé! Coupé! Brisé! One! Two! Three! I may say that I devoted the long vacation to this pursuit. I did not engage in special pleading with more eagerness. I went to my instructor regularly every morning at ten, and two or three times a week. I returned in the evening. You may be sure that I was frightened out of my wits lest I should be seen by any one I knew. I might have met an attorney's clerk accustomed to bringing me papers, or possibly my own clerk. It required some courage to face this danger and I give myself infinite credit for the effort I have made. I

have been highly lucky: not recognized a single face I had seen before. My morning lessons were private, but to learn figures it was of course indispensably necessary to mix with others. I met several dancing masters from the country, dashing young shopkeepers, ladies qualifying themselves for governesses, etc., etc. I have attended so diligently and made such progress that I verily believe that I pass for a person intending to teach the art myself in the provinces. I entered by the name of Smith, but my usual appellation is 'the gentleman.'"—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1881.

Lord Campbell was amusingly careful of the Great Seal. In a journey from the North he had it with him in the railway carriage and took it under his arm when he alighted for refreshments, refusing to trust it to his traveling companions, though one of them was a privy councilor and a member of the government.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1869.

He was at the Assizes at Warwick on a certain Sunday, when Parliament had been prorogued the previous day. The officiating clergyman, not knowing this fact, began the prayer for the high court of Parliament. Lord Campbell stood up in his pew and cried out: "There is no Parliament sitting!" The clergyman was confused and, not catching what he said, began the prayer again. "I tell you, sir," cried out the chief justice, "there is no Parliament sitting!"—REV. F. ARNOULD, *The New Quarterly Review*, October, 1877.

At a literary dinner Lord Campbell asked leave to propose a toast and gave the health of Napoleon Bonaparte. The war was at its height and the very mention of the name of Napoleon, except in conjunction with some uncomplimentary epithet, was in most circles regarded as an outrage. A storm of groans broke out and Campbell with difficulty could get a few sentences heard. "Gentlemen," he said, "you must not mistake me. I admit that the French emperor is a tyrant. I admit that he is a monster. I admit that he is the sworn foe of our own nation and, if you will, of the whole human race. But, gentlemen, we must be just to our great enemy. We must not forget that he once shot a bookseller [Palm]." The guests, of whom two out of every three lived by their pens, burst into a roar of laughter and Campbell sat down in triumph.—G. O. TREVELYAN, "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." (A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1844, says the poet Campbell—1777-1844—was famous for this anecdote.)

To him was reserved the honor and profit of making legal sages an object of interest in drawing rooms and a topic of animated discussion in clubs. The comic alarm expressed by ex, actual or expectant Chancellors was also calculated to quicken curiosity. "He has added a new pang to death," was their cry.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1881.

My second series of "The Lives of the Chancellors" was now published, "from the Revolution in 1688 till the Death of Lord Thurlow." Its success was not at all inferior to that of the first. I printed 3,000 copies and 2,050 were sold the first day. To lessen my vanity I was told that at the same time three thousand copies were sold of a new cookery book and five thousand of a new knitting book.—December 16, 1847, "Life and Letters of Lord Campbell."

Yesterday my third series was published at Murray's trade sale, where 2,200 copies were disposed of. I had a malicious pleasure in showing Brougham, as we sat in the Judicial Committee, a note from Murray communicating the intelligence. He said people were obliged to make up their sets, having bought the former volumes.—The Same.

Although on the rare occasions when it was my duty to speak while a member of the House of Commons I had the good fortune to experience a favorable hearing, I must observe that there existed in this assembly down to our times an envious antipathy to lawyers, with a determined resolution to believe that no one can be eminent there who has succeeded at the bar. The prejudice on the subject is well illustrated by a case within my own knowledge. A barrister of the Oxford circuit taking a large estate under the will of a distant relation, left the bar, changed his name under a royal license, was returned for a Welsh county and made his maiden speech in top boots and leather breeches, holding a hunting whip in his hand. He was most rapturously applauded until he unluckily alluded to some causes in which he had been engaged while at the bar, and when it was discovered that he was a lawyer in disguise, he was coughed down in three minutes. In the other House of Parliament there is no such prejudice against lawyers.—LORD CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," note to Lord Commissioner Whitelock.

Sir John Sylvester, Recorder of London, was in my time robbed of his watch by a thief whom he tried at the Old Bailey. During the trial he happened to say aloud that he had forgotten to bring his watch with him. The thief being acquitted for want of

evidence, went with the Recorder's love to Lady Sylvester, and requested that she would immediately send his watch to him by a constable he had ordered to fetch it. Soon after I was called to the bar, and had published the first number of my Nisi Prius reports, while defending a prisoner in the Crown Court, I had occasion to consult my client and went to the dock, where I conversed with him for a minute or two. I got him off and he was immediately discharged. But my joy was soon disturbed; putting my hand into my pocket to pay the junior of the circuit my quota for yesterday's dinner, I found that my purse was gone containing several banknotes, the currency of that day. The incident caused much merriment, it was communicated to the Lord Chief Justice Baron MacDonald, the presiding judge, who said, "What! Does Mr. Campbell think no one is entitled to take notes in the court except himself!"—The Same, Footnote to Thomas More.

I am again M. P. for Stafford. The return is made and member I must remain till I am turned out by a committee. Bribery and treating might be proved enough to unseat the whole House of Commons; but there is not the remotest danger, for by immemorial usage such things are done here with impunity.—LORD CAMPBELL, letter to his brother, 1831.

You will see that Beaumont is returned for Stafford. I sent him there that the world might see what Stafford is and not blame me for relinquishing it. On his entering the town, by way of foretaste, he gave a one pound Bank of England note to every voter who applied for it; and he soon distributed as many banknotes as there were voters in the place. They put them in their hats and openly paraded the streets with them by way of cockades. No credit would be given for voting money for more than five minutes after the vote was given. Having voted, the voter had a card, which he carried to an adjoining public house and instantly produced him eight guineas. When election was over, Beaumont, in a public oration, told them that he had obtained their suffrages by means perhaps not altogether constitutional but he hoped the money would do them good and be of service to their families —upon which they loudly cheered him.—LORD CAMPBELL, letter to his brother, 1826.

The teetotal system now gaining ground is certainly infinitely preferable to the habitual soaking of port wine or whiskey punch; but I cannot help thinking that an occasional booze has a favorable tendency to excite the faculties, to warm the affections, to improve the manners and to form the character of youth. Of course, it is understood that excess is to be avoided, which is not only contrary to morality but inconsistent with true enjoyment.—LORD CAMPBELL, "Autobiography."

CARLETON, Sir Guy, First Baron of Dorchester, 1724-1808. English general.

While the gallant defense of Quebec by General Carleton evinced the excellence of his military talents and his liberal treatment of the vanquished did honor to his humanity, particular credit is due to him for his skilful management even of the prejudices of the troops under his command. Apprehending during the protracted siege that the return of St. Patrick's day would occasion the soldiers of the garrison, chiefly Irishmen, to indulge too freely in generous libations to the memory of the patron saint of Erin, and that his vigilant adversary would profit by their intemperance to attack the town, in orders issued on the 16th of March, he invited "all true Irishmen to meet him on the following day at twelve o'clock, on parade, to drink the health of the king, St. Patrick's day being, for that year only, put off till the fourth of June." An Irishman himself, and highly honored by all who served under him, his proposition was applauded and perfect sobriety reigned where, according to all former experience, riot and disorder alone were to be looked for.—ALEXANDER GARDEN, "Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America."

CAROLINE, Wilhelmina Dorothea of Anspach, 1683-1737. Queen to George II. of England.

He [Sunderland] presumed to treat the princess with disrespect. He held a conversation with her in the famous Queen's Gallery and spoke so loud that Caroline "desired him to speak lower, for the people in the garden would hear," to which he answered, "Let them hear." The princess replied, "Well, if you have a mind, let 'em, but you shall walk next the window, for in the humor we are both in, one of us must certainly jump out of the window and I am resolved it shan't be me."—ALICE D. GREENWOOD, "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England," citing P. Wentworth.

What seems to have particularly annoyed Mrs. Howard was that when the queen washed her hands, she, as bedchamberwoman, was expected to present the basin and ewer kneeling. She told the queen positively that she would not do it. "Yes, my dear Howard,

I am sure you will; indeed you will," was the queen's composed but irritating reply; "go, go; fie, for shame! Go, my good Howard; we will talk of this another time." But Mrs. Howard could not persuade herself to adopt the kneeling posture until she had got her friend Arbuthnot to find out from Lady Masham (who had been bedchamberwoman to Queen Anne) what had been the practise of the English court in former times. Arbuthnot's reply concerning this momentous point of court ceremonial was as follows: "The bedchamber*woman* came into waiting before the queen's prayers, which was before her majesty was dressed. The queen often shifted in the morning. If her majesty shifted at noon, the bedchamber*lady* being by, the bedchamber*woman* gave the shift to the *lady* without any ceremony, and the *lady* put it on. Sometimes, likewise, the bedchamber*woman* gave the fan to the *lady* in the same manner, and this was all that the bedchamber*lady* did about the queen at her dressing. When the queen washed her hands the page of the backstairs brought and set down upon a side table the basin and ewer; then the bedchamber*woman* set it before the queen and knelt at the other side of the table over against the queen, the bedchamber*lady* looking on. The bedchamber*woman* poured the water out of the ewer upon the queen's hands. The page of the backstairs was called in to put on the queen's shoes. When the queen dined in public, the page reached the glass to the bedchamber*woman* and she to the lady in waiting. The bedchamber*woman* brought the chocolate and gave it without kneeling. In general, the bedchamber*woman* had no dependence on the *lady* of the bedchamber." Having thus satisfied herself that no special indignity was intended her, Mrs. Howard resumed her duties.—JOHN FYVIE, "Wits, Beaux and Beauties of the Georgian Era."

Archbishop Blackbourn seems to have been a man of sense and wit and a lucky reply of his contributed to the exaltation of the excellent Bishop Butler. Butler was living in great obscurity in a country parish. Queen Caroline one day happened to ask the archbishop whether the pious Mr. Butler was not dead. "No, madam," answered Blackbourn, "but he is buried." The witty reproach had its effect and Butler became a bishop.—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1822.

Caroline loved the broad English comedy of her time. She was especially fond of the "Queen of Comedy," Mrs. Oldfield, but affected to be a little shocked at the way she was living with General Churchill. One day, when Mrs. Oldfield had been reading at Windsor and was walking on the terrace with the court, the queen said to her, "I hear, Mrs. Oldfield, that you and the general are married." "Madam," answered the actress, playing her very best, "the general keeps his own secrets."—JOHN DORAN, "Lives of the Queens of England."

Caroline said to the eccentric divine that, bold speaker as he was, he was perhaps not bold enough to tell her of her faults. Whiston proved that her majesty was mistaken, by denouncing her very unseemly behavior at divine service. Caroline laid part of the blame on the king, acknowledged her fault, promised amendment, and asked what was her next offense. "Nay, madam," said Whiston, "it will be time enough to go to the second fault when you have fairly amended the first."—JOHN DORAN, "The History of Court Fools."

CAROLINE, Amelia Elizabeth of Brunswick, 1768-1821. Queen to George IV. of England.

There was about this time (1809) an extravagant furore in the cause of the Princess of Wales. She was considered an ill-treated woman and that was enough to arouse popular feeling. My brother was among the young men who helped give her an ovation at the opera. A few days afterwards he went to breakfast at a place near Woolwich. There he saw the princess in a gorgeous dress, which was looped up to show her petticoat, covered with stars, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree with a pot of porter on her knee; and as a finale to the gaiety she had the doors opened of every room in the house and, selecting a partner, she galloped through them all, desiring all her guests to follow her example. It may be guessed whether the gentlemen were anxious to clap her at the opera again. —AMELIA MURRAY, "Recollections."

The next day we saw in the streets of Genoa a sight which we shall never forget. There was a kind of phaeton, constructed like a sea-shell, covered with gilding and mother-of-pearl, colored outside, lined with blue velvet and decorated with silver fringes; this was drawn by two very small piebald horses driven by a child who was dressed like an operatic angel with spangles and flesh-colored tights, and within it lounged a fat woman of fifty years of age, short, plump and high-colored. She wore a pink hat, with seven or eight pink feathers floating in the wind, a pink bodice cut very low and a short white skirt which hardly came below the knees, showing two stout legs with pink top

boots; a rose-colored sash, which she was continually draping, completed the costume. The carriage was preceded by a tall and handsome man [Bergami] mounted upon a little horse like those which drew the carriage; he was dressed precisely like King Murat, whose gestures and attitudes he attempted to imitate. The carriage was followed by two grooms in English livery and upon horses of the same kind. This Neapolitan turnout was a gift from Murat to the Princess of Wales, who exhibited herself in this ridiculous costume and in this strange carriage. She appeared in the streets of Genoa on this and the following mornings.—MADAME DE BOIGNE, "Memoirs."

She was at Carlsruhe on March 26, 1817, and was known as "the mad princess" from the Turkish costumes she and her suite appeared in. . . . She then appeared in a pasha's dress and finally at the opera as the guest of the Grand Duke of Baden, in the Margravine's box, in the costume of an Oberländer peasant with huge head-dress, flying ribbons and glittering spangles. Bergami was also dressed as an Oberländer.—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, "Diary."

The story also goes that when the princess was at Baden, and the Grand Duke made a *partie de chasse* for her, she appeared on horseback with a heavy pumpkin on her head. Upon the Grand Duke expressing astonishment, she replied that the weather was hot and nothing kept the head so cool and comfortable as a pumpkin.—CHARLES E. PEARCE, "The Beloved Princess," quoting Hon. Miss F. W. Wynn.

On the Titus head of the princess [1817], sat with an air of foolhardiness a cap of black velvet, with white feathers dangling downwards. In what a roystering and unembarrassed style the red Amazon laughed and chatted, while she flung herself flauntingly into the saddle, so that her dress, flapping in the breeze, flopped into the abashed eyes of the numerous onlookers an unavoidable glimpse of flesh-colored tights. The Grand Duke had apparently the wind quite knocked out of him by these flourishes on the part of his merry cousin, who, coming a smart stroke with her riding whip between the ears of her horse, dashed off with a laugh, leaving her dumfounded cavalier to try and follow up as best he could.—CAROLINE BAUER, "Diary."

When Queen Caroline came out of her trial an undivorced and undivorceable queen, in the exuberance of her delight she bade Brougham take the £7,000 she had at her banker's, keep £3,000 for himself and divide the remainder among her other defenders. Her attorney-general informed her that he and his colleagues could accept only their fees; but when her banker (Kinnaird) suggested that these should be paid, her capricious majesty refused, saying that she must settle her debts before she paid her fees—which amounted to only £200. The fees were not paid until after her death and then the amount came out of the treasury.—*Temple Bar*, February, 1872.

A curious circumstance occurred while she was on her deathbed, the night or rather the morning on which she expired. A boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate; they were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburg House; and at the same moment a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body; it impressed those who were present with a sense of awe and added to the solemnity of the scene.—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, "Diary."

CARROLL, Charles, 1737-1832. Signer of American Declaration of Independence.

"Will you sign?" says Hancock to Charles Carroll. "Most willingly," was the reply. "There goes two millions with the dash of a pen," says one of those standing by; while another remarks, "Oh, Carroll, you will get off; there are so many Charles Carrolls." And then we may see him stepping back to the desk and putting that addition "of Carrollton" to his name.—ROBERT C. WINTHROP, Centennial oration, Boston, July 4, 1876, and others to like purpose [including Lord Brougham and S. J. Burr]. None of these stories have more than a shadow of truth for a basis. It is barely possible that when Carroll stepped forward and affixed to the Declaration the name that he invariably signed since he had first learned to write—that of "Charles Carroll of Carrollton"—some such conversation as Mr. Winthrop records may have occurred. But it is not possible that Carroll signed his name this time by instalments. . . . The second was always designated as "Charles Carroll, Barrister," and his name will be found invariably so recorded in the early history of the colony. The third was always known from his childhood as "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," not only to distinguish him from the barrister, but because Carrollton Manor was his entailed estate. . . . His biographer, J. H. B. Latrobe,

Esq., now dead, wrote me in 1877, "I have a bond signed by him as 'Charles Carroll of Carrollton,' dated and filed many years before the Declaration. In Maryland the 'pretty story' of the signing was long, long ago dropped."—HORACE E. HAYDEN, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton."

CASS, Lewis, 1782-1866. American general and statesman.

It was stated by the late Colonel Hamer that on one of General Cass's recent tours his carriage was one day stopped by a man who, addressing the general, said, "I can't let you pass without speaking to you. You don't know me, general." General Cass replied that he did not. "Well, sir," said he, "I was the first man in your regiment to jump out of the boat on the Canadian shore." "No, you were not," said General Cass; "I was the first man myself on shore." "True," said the other, "I jumped out first into the river to get ahead of you, but you held me back and got on shore ahead of me."—GEORGE H. HICKMAN, "Life of General Cass."

Mr. Cass was testy sometimes, but it was the testiness of an overworked man, not an ill-natured one. Nothing annoyed him so much as being called a Michigander; he said the name was suggestive.—MRS. VARINA DAVIS, "Jefferson Davis."

The good humor of his intense earnestness is illustrated by the story of his rising to speak with the statement that he was not going to make a war speech, nor use the word "inevitable." He had not proceeded far, however, before the use of the familiar word put the House into roars of laughter, in which he joined as heartily as any.—ANDREW B. MCLAUGHLIN, "Lewis Cass," citing Nathan Sergeant's "Public Men and Events."

An amusing incident once arose from the striking resemblance that existed between the late General Lewis Cass and a certain Mr. Guy, a Washington hotelkeeper. A newly elected Southern congressman who had put up in Guy's hostelry did not like his room and went downstairs to complain about it. On the way he met General Cass and, taking him for the landlord, treated him to some very emphatic comments upon the indignity he felt he had received. "Sir," the general sternly replied, as soon as he could get a word in, "you have made a mistake. I am General Cass of Michigan." "General Cass," the congressman stammered; "I beg a thousand pardons; I took you for Mr. Guy, who is an old friend of mine. Pray excuse me, sir." The general bowed stiffly and went out, but immediately returned and happened again to meet the Southerner. The latter had seen General Cass go out and felt sure of his man this time. He came up, slapped him heartily on the shoulder and said with a laugh, "Say, Guy, I've a good joke to tell you. I met that stupid old Cass just now and thought it was you and began to abuse him about my room." "Young man," replied the general, drawing himself up more sternly than ever, "you've met that stupid old Cass again."—*Munsey's Magazine*, November, 1893.

CASTIGLIONE, Virginicchia Oldoni, Countess of, 1835 or 1843-1901. Cavour's envoy to the court of Napoleon III.

At one of the few houses where she was a frequent visitor, before her voluntary retirement, she was informed of an addition to the family. She came running in to see the child, kissed it, hung round its neck an amber necklace, and said to the young mother, "When he is grown up you will tell him that the first kiss he ever received was given to him by the most beautiful woman of the century."

Sometimes she would reply to the mute questioning of their glance, "You would like to see my arm?" and thereupon drew back the lace sleeve which half hid the pure outline. "Is it my foot you want?" and, slightly lifting the skirt, she showed the faultless ankle. In her own house, as they knew, Madame de Castiglione received in bare feet and she wore rings on her toes and gold bands on her ankles. One would have said these feet had never known how to walk, so trim and delicate were they.

For the benefit of some charity Countess Stephanie de Tascher had planned a brilliant evening party, to which the Countess de Castiglione was one of the first to be invited. The news soon spread abroad and the journals placed the coming entertainment in high relief. The story was circulated from one drawing room to another that Madame de Castiglione meant to appear in the lightest of costumes and to reveal to the spectators, for the sake of the poor, that perfection of form which their eyes had so far only had a chance of divining from the suggestive outlines of a ball dress. She determined to punish such impertinence by completely deluding those who had paid a high price in advance for the pleasure of an exhibition which was to be refused them. When the stage setting was being arranged she demanded for her scene an artificial grotto with the inscription, "The Hermitage at Passy."

Under its rocky vault what charming deity would be discovered? No doubt she would have imagined the most seductive of disguises and great was the impatience of the audience. When at last she showed herself they rubbed their eyes with astonishment; they could hardly believe it was she. There she was, however, concealed by the graceless folds of a baize dress, her head covered with a hood as austere as the religious habit of the order, which was only too entirely in keeping with this hermit's retreat. Then she disappeared for the rest of the evening. Murmurs were general and vexation was all the keener, as not only had their eyes been cheated, but also their purses.

Unlike certain ladies of her acquaintance she did not say to her guests, "Monsieur, will you give my friends and myself infinite pleasure by inscribing on this blank page a motto, a distich, some verses, or whatever you please?" Instead, she asked them for a formally worded statement certifying the pleasure they had experienced in looking at her or in talking to her. Among others, Thiers, Jerome Napoleon, Caro, Nieuwerkerke, Lord Cowley acceded to her request and gave the desired testimony.

When her son was twelve years of age the countess kept him out of her sight because he made her appear old. She dressed him like a groom and kept him in the anteroom with the servants. One fine day he left the maternal dwelling and took refuge with his uncle Clement, who was a brother of his father and who brought up Georges de Castiglione, helped him on to a diplomatic career and married him to a San Marzano.—FREDERIC LOLIÉE, "The Romance of a Favorite."

A chapter in the style of Ponson du Terrail or Emile Richbourg might be written about the means she adopted some twenty-eight years ago to recover her jewels, which she had placed in a safe hiding-place at the outbreak of the Franco-German war. The casket had been carried to a distant part of Italy and deposited in a small Calabrian village of dramatic memory. The transaction had been made without any interchange of legal receipts, in fact without any formality whatever, either financial or official. A card had been cut in half, and one piece given to the upright and simple-minded man to whom she entrusted her property, while the second, fitting the first exactly, she kept herself, on the understanding that the bearer of her half of the card would be authorized to demand he restitution of the jewels. The arrangement was faithfully adhered to. She entrusted its execution to a lawyer in whom she had great confidence. He undertook the journey. On his arrival at its end, after a tortuous and varied course, he had some difficulty in finding the place he sought. It was a strange-looking building and its owners were even more peculiar. How attentively they listened to his explanations! He produced his half of the card. The other piece was brought out. The two matched perfectly. Then they consented to hand over to him the diamonds and pearls, which had been carefully hidden in the wall. Among them was the famous necklace of black and white pearls, in six rows, such as no empress had ever worn.—FREDERIC LOLIÉE, "The Women of the Second Empire."

We are all three of us [she and her two dogs] ill from the mad excitement in the street. . . . Sleep impossible. What a night! Up till two o'clock, a howling mob, fire engines, charges of cavalry, arrests. They are very much afraid of the 3d of December, whether Ferry remains or not. . . . It is getting more and more on my little dogs' nerves.—Letter of the Countess, quoted by Frederic Loliée, "The Romance of a Favorite."

In this house mirrors had been proscribed, for its mistress was beginning to fear them. In place of them, a number of precious portraits of herself, vaguely indicated against a somber background, reflected the more smiling aspect of the past; particularly in the evening, in the twinkling light of the candles, or when the gas, usually kept low like a night light, had been turned up. In the daytime the heavy curtains are kept pinned together, so that the room was in semi-darkness, but at night the countess had only to raise her eyes to behold again her fine mouth with its original expression and that line at the corner of the lips, the melancholy droop of the smile; to see her capricious hand sowing flowers like jewels and to admire the undulating form that she had molded into so many poses and attitudes. There were show cases, filled with bibelots and relics of the past. She lived over again the hours and circumstances when she had worn this or that sumptuous brocade, this or that satin or silk gown of bright colors, or these light cambrics so becoming to her graceful walk.

The first presents to arrive [at her engagement] were a diamond cross and necklace of pearls of the size of a hazel nut. Attributing to these jewels a fatal influence on her Nina's future, she [her mother] did not hesitate to throw them into the sea, and a

handsome prayer-book, bound in ivory, nearly met with the same fate, because it had been presented on an inauspicious day.—FREDERIC LOLIÉE, "The Romance of a Favorite."

Custom required that the bride should pay a visit to her husband's mother immediately after the ceremony. The marriage had not been brought to a satisfactory conclusion without some little trouble, and the bride showed a marked disinclination to perform this duty. No adequate reason can be found for her refusal to comply with this custom and call on the Countess de Castiglione. Her resolution, however, would not be shaken. The count tried every means of persuasion, but in vain. He implored, argued, commanded; he used severity; then stooped to coax. She remained unmoved, and nothing he could urge induced her to go through this simple act of courtesy. One day, when they were out driving together, finding her in a softer mood than usual, the count seized the opportunity to give the coachman his mother's address, hoping she would allow herself to be taken there. Not a word did she say until the carriage was crossing the river. Then, drawing off her shoes, she flung them in the twinkling of an eye into the water below, saying, "I suppose you will hardly compel me to walk into her house barefoot."—FREDERIC LOLIÉE, "The Women of the Second Empire."

A story in regard to this visit, from the pen of a French woman, made the rounds, being accepted and repeated by everybody without scruple, but it turned out to be untrue in every particular and made entirely out of the whole cloth.—FREDERIC LOLIÉE, "The Romance of a Favorite."

Where did this writer see me throwing my shoes out of the carriage window? It would serve her right if I were to say of her what you have not mentioned.—Letter of the Countess, quoted by Loliée, "The Romance of a Favorite."

CASTLEREAGH, Robert Stuart, Viscount Castlereagh, Marquis of Londonderry, 1769-1822. English statesman.

During the congress at Vienna it was his habit to dance for two hours every evening, an exercise which he declared was indispensable to him, as a relief to his mental work. When he could get no other partner, he used to dance with Lady Castlereagh, and if Lady Castlereagh were not available, he would gravely dance with a chair.—ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL, "Eminent Englishmen and Women in Paris."

CATHERINE I., 1680-1727. Empress of Russia.

The imperial mantle [at the coronation] had been made in France of very heavy and costly materials, besides being literally encrusted with hundreds of double-headed gold eagles. The empress had a splendid physique and her strength was prodigious, yet on this hot spring day a hundred and fifty pounds of gold and purple hanging from her shoulders (for that was the weight of the mantle) was almost too much for her powers, especially as the preceding three days' fast had somewhat reduced her, so that it is no wonder that she had to pause and rest once or twice in her passage between the two cathedrals.—R. NISBET BAIN, "The Pupils of Peter the Great."

She had a dozen orders and as many portraits of saints and relics fastened all along the facings of her dress, so that when she walked she jingled like a mule.—MARGRAVINE OF BEYREUTH, "Memoirs."

She forbade the ladies of her court to copy her dresses.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "Peter the Great."

The gross abuse of making the ladies drink as much as the men on public occasions was also done away with.—R. NISBET BAIN, "The Pupils of Peter the Great."

CATHERINE II., 1729-1796. Empress of Russia.

This is the kind of life I led at Oranienbaum: I rose at three o'clock in the morning and dressed myself alone from head to foot in male attire; an old huntsman whom I had was always waiting for me with the guns; a fisherman's skiff was waiting on the seashore; we traversed the garden on foot, with our guns upon our shoulders; entered the boat together with a fisherman and a pointer and I shot ducks on the reeds which bordered on both sides of the canal of Oranienbaum, which extends two versts into the sea. We often doubled this canal and consequently were occasionally for a considerable time in the open sea in this skiff. The grand duke came an hour or two after us; for he must needs always have a breakfast and God knows what besides, which he dragged after him. If we met we went together; if not, each shot and hunted alone. At ten o'clock, and often later, I returned and dressed for dinner. After dinner we rested; and in the evening the grand duke had music or we rode out on horseback. Having led this

sort of a life for about a week, I found myself much heated and my head confused. I saw that I required repose and dieting; so for twenty-four hours I ate nothing, drank only cold water and for two nights slept as long as I could. After this I recommenced the same course of life and found myself quite well.

After this fête Leon Narichkine renewed his visits to me. One day, on entering my boudoir, I found him impertinently stretched on a couch there and singing an absurd song; seeing this, I went out, closing the door after me. Going immediately to his sister-in-law, I told her we must get a good bundle of nettles and with them chastise this fellow, who had for some time behaved so insolently towards us, and teach him to respect us. His sister-in-law readily consented, and we forthwith had brought to us some good strong rods, surrounded with nettles. We took along with us one of my women, a widow, named Tatiana Jourievna, and we all three entered the cabinet, where we found Leon Narichkine singing his song at the top of his voice. When he saw us he tried to make off, but we whipped him so well with our rods and nettles that his hands, legs and face were swollen for two or three days to such a degree that he could not accompany us to Peterhof on the morrow, which was a court day, but was obliged to remain in his room. He took care, besides, not to boast of what had occurred, because we assured him that on the least sign of impoliteness, or ground of complaint, we would renew the operation, seeing that there was no other means of managing him. All this was done as a mere joke, and without anger, but our gentleman felt it sufficiently to recollect it, and did not again expose himself to it, at least not to the same extent as before.—CATHERINE II., "Memoirs," written after her marriage to the grand duke, subsequently Peter III., but before her accession to the throne.

Her majesty's progress [to the Crimea in 1787] was a continuous triumph through a populous country, covered with villages and flocks and herds and smiling amidst plenty and universal prosperity. This was equally the case, whether in her bark she was wafted along the Volga, was driven in her state carriage along the level and excellent smooth roads, repaired on purpose, in the south, or stopped in palaces especially constructed for a day's repose. Portable villages, erected in the morning and destroyed in the evening, on the following day arose like creation on some other spot and under some new arrangement. Cattle were driven to the banks of the Volga, or to the line of the roads by which Catherine was to pass, and peasants were obliged to quit their houses at the distance of twenty or thirty versts for the same purpose, and to inhabit new dwellings for the day; and thus her majesty was duped, whilst she thought she was treading over fairyland.—ROBERT LYALL, "The Character of the Russians."

Her proverbial munificence is not only in ostentation. Grimm often distributed large sums for her anonymously. And she put a charming grace and delicacy in some of her gifts. "Your royal highness," she writes to the Comte d'Artois, who is leaving Russia, "wishes doubtless to make some small presents to the people who have done you service during your stay here. But, as you know, I have forbidden all commerce and communication with your unhappy France, and you will seek in vain to buy any trinkets in the city; there are none in Russia, save in my cabinet; and I hope your highness will accept these from your affectionate friend Catherine."—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

In September, 1795, the hereditary princess set out with her three beautiful eldest daughters for St. Petersburg, on a bridal show. The Empress Catherine, who had before summoned three princesses from Wurttemberg to Berlin, and three princesses from Darmstadt, as also two from Baden, to St. Petersburg, that her son Paul and grandson Alexander might choose themselves consorts from among them, had now ordered these princesses of Coburg, to make a selection out of them for her still almost boyish and always knavish grandson Constantine. In spite of all the warnings of the sad fates which had overtaken so many German princesses in Russia, the poverty-stricken princesses of Coburg were unable to resist the golden winks of the all-powerful Czarina. And what humiliations were in store for them in St. Petersburg! Catherine and her whole court made sport of their modest toilet and shy demeanor. The empress sent her tailors and milliners to render the German princesses presentable at court. And how did Constantine treat these poor beggars? Pretty much in the same style as he did the recruits given him as playthings; of whom, in putting them through their exercises, he would occasionally bash in an eye or whisk off an ear. He would have none of the princesses drawn up for his inspection and selection. They were too maidenly coy for his taste. The empress had, therefore, to come to his help and proceeded

in an original manner. She stood at the window and looked down on the princesses as they alighted from their carriage. The first got entangled in the unwonted court train and fell to the ground. The second, taking warning from that catastrophe, sprawled out on all fours. The third and youngest, the pretty little Juliana, hardly fourteen, took up her train in both hands and sprang gracefully to the ground. "That's the one! She will do for our wild Constantine," said Catherine. "Very well then, if so it must be, I'll wed the little ape. It dances very prettily," chimed in Constantine, carelessly. . . . The marriage of Princess Juliana in St. Petersburg, who on changing to the Greek profession, took the name of Anna Feodorovna, was celebrated with great gala at the court of Coburg on the 24th of February, 1796.—CAROLINE BAUER, "Diary."

There is a legend to the effect that she was once approached by a deputation who petitioned her to grant the nation a constitution. It is said that she thereupon ordered her counselors to search the archives and ascertain what reply had been given by Peter the Great under similar circumstances. The archives were searched and the reply of Peter the Great was found to be of too coarse a nature to be repeated to Catherine. She is reported to have rejoined, "Oh, very well. Give the deputation the same answer."—E. A. B. HODGETTS, "Life of Catherine the Great of Russia."

Catherine bared her arm to the lancet on the 26th of October, 1768. A week afterwards she had her son inoculated. On the 22d the members of the legislative commission and all the chief dignitaries assembled in the Church of Our Lady of Kasan, where a decree of the senate was read, commanding public prayers for the occasion; after which they went in a body to present their compliments and thanks to her majesty. A boy of seven, named Markof, who had been inoculated first of all, in order to use the lymph found on him, was ennobled in return for it and received the surname of Ospiennyi (*ospa*, smallpox). Catherine took a liking to him and had him brought up under her eyes. The family of this name, now occupying a high position in Russia, owes its fortune to this ancestor.

Count Horn, a Swede who was on a visit to St. Petersburg, and a friend of Poniatowski, was in the "set" of the grand duchess. One day, as he entered the room, a little Bolognese dog belonging to her began to bark furiously. It did the same to all the other visitors, until at last Poniatowski appeared, and the little traitor rushed up to him with an air of the greatest delight and with all the tender demonstrations in the world. "My friend," said the Swede, taking the newcomer aside, "there is nothing so terrible as a little Bolognese dog; the first thing I have always done with the women I was in love with was to give them one and I have always found out by their means whether there was any one more favored than I."—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

Potemkin complained that he was the sixteenth; Catherine protests that before him there had been only five.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "Paul the First."

She (the Princess Czartoryska) had rendered herself particularly illustrious by a rivalry with the late empress of Russia, who, as she was surpassed in beauty (the most loved and coveted source of female power) set no bounds to her spite. It seems that in several instances they interfered in respect to gallants; and one of the instances is said to have been the king of Poland—an offense which her imperial haughtiness could not brook. On the partition of Poland the Russian army had particular directions not to spare the town and palace of Pulawy; and they were accordingly twice pillaged and almost destroyed. The best rooms of the palace were perfectly gutted; every article of furniture, pictures and ornaments of every sort were all taken out and immersed in a basin of water in the court; and the walls were then besmeared with ordure. The prince with his family was driven from home—all his estates confiscated—and from a condition of splendor he saw himself reduced in a moment to a state of complete poverty. He was obliged during two years to subsist only on the bounty of his friends. Such were the effects of imperial jealousy. It was not till the death of the empress that he with many others was reinstated in their rightful possessions.—GEORGE BURNET, "View of the Present State of Poland" [1807].

Habits, Whims and Eccentricities

Her hearing, though very sharp, was affected by an odd peculiarity; each of her ears heard sounds in a different way, not merely in loudness but in tone. This no doubt was the reason why she could never appreciate music, hard as she tried to acquire the taste. Her sense of harmony was completely lacking.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

Catherine was fond of neither poetry nor of music and she often confessed it. She

could not endure the noise of the orchestra between the acts of a play and she commonly silenced it.—CHARLES F. P. MASSON, "Secret Memoirs of the Court of Petersburg."

I am enthusiastically fond of music but she was far from being so and Prince Dashkow, though with some taste for it, was as little of a performer as the empress. She was nevertheless fond of hearing me sing and sometimes when I had done, secretly passing a sign across to Prince Dashkow, she would gravely propose a duet, which she would call the music of the spheres, and which, without either of them knowing how to sing a note, they both performed in concert. A sudden burst of the most exalted and ridiculously discordant tones was the consequence—one seconding the other, with scientific shrugs and all of the solemn, self-complacent airs and grimaces of musicians. From this, perhaps, she passed to the cat concert and imitated the purring of poor puss in the most droll and ludicrous manner, always taking care to add appropriate half-comic, half-sentimental words, which she invented for the occasion; or else, spitting like a cat in a passion, with her back up, she suddenly boxed the first person in her way, making up her hand into a paw and mewing so outrageously that instead of the great Catherine nothing but the wrongs of a grimalkin remained upon one's mind.—PRINCESS DASHKOW, "Memoirs."

Catherine II. did not care for elaborate cookery; her favorite dish was boiled beef with salted cucumber; her drink, water with gooseberry syrup. Among her cooks there was one who cooked abominably; but when this was pointed out to her she refused to dismiss the man as he had been in her service too long. She merely inquired when his turn came and, sitting down to the table, would say, "Ladies and gentlemen, we must exercise our patience; we have a week's fast before us."—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

Catherine II. of Russia kept her perruquier for more than three years in an iron cage in her bedchamber, to prevent his telling people that she wore a wig.—T. F. THISTLETON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

One day the Countess Bruce enters the empress's bedroom and finds her majesty alone, half-dressed, with her arms folded in an attitude of one who is patiently waiting because she is obliged to wait. Seeing her surprise, Catherine explains the case: "What do you think? My waiting maids have all deserted me. I had been trying on a dress which fitted so badly that I lost my temper; so they left me like this and I am waiting until they have cooled down."—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

Rogers told an anecdote of the Empress Catherine which Lord St. Helens had related to him. At one of her private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card table to card table looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come; she looked agitated and impatient and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room and did not again return and conjecture was of course busy as to what might be the fate of the inattentive page. Shortly after, however, some one having occasion to go into the antechamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards and the empress seated playing along with them. The fact was, she had found the page she rang for was so interested in the game he was engaged in that he could not leave it to attend to her summons; and accordingly she had quietly taken his hand for him, to play it out, while he went on the errand. So meekly can they who have the power of life and death of those around them sometimes deal with their slaves. Lord St. Helens himself was one of the empress's company on the occasion.—THOMAS MOORE, "The Journal."

Catherine, according to the general custom of the time, even among young and pretty women, took snuff. She acquired the habit at an early age and clung to it all her life.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

The People She Ruled

She was given to inspecting the domestic accounts and she was puzzled by finding among them a bottle of rum daily charged to the *Naslednik*, or heir apparent. Her imperial majesty turned over the old expenses of the household to discover at what period her son had commenced his reprobate course of daily rum drinking; and found, if not to her horror, at least to the increase of her perplexity, that it dated from the very day of his birth. The bottle of rum began with the baby, accompanied the boy and continued to be charged to the man. He was charged as drinking upwards of thirty dozen of fine old Jamaica yearly. The imperial mother was anxious to discover if any other of the Czarevitch babies had exhibited the same alcoholic precocity; and it appears that they were all alike; daily, for upwards of a century back they stood credited in the household books

for that terrible bottle of rum. The empress continued her researches with the zeal of an antiquary and her labors were not unrewarded. She at last reached the original entry. Like all the succeeding ones it was to the effect of "a bottle of rum for the *Naslednik*," but a sort of editorial note on the margin of the same page intimated the wherefore: "On account of violent tooth-ache, a teaspoonful with sugar is to be given, by order of the physician of the imperial court." The teaspoonful for one day had been charged as a bottle and, the entry once made, it was kept on the books to the profit of the unrighteous steward until discovery checked the fraud—a fraud more gigantically amusing than that of the illiterate coachman who set down in his harness room book, "Two penn'orth of whipcord, 6d."—JOHN DORAN, "Table Traits." [For a similar anecdote see Prince Consort Albert of England.]

At the time of my first stay in St. Petersburg, in 1859, I had an example of another Russian peculiarity. During the first spring days it was then the custom for every one connected with the court to promenade in the Summer Garden between Paul's Place and the Neva. There the emperor had noticed a sentry standing in the middle of a grass plot; in reply to the question why he was standing there, the soldier only could answer, "Those are my orders." The emperor therefore sent one of his adjutants to the guard room to make inquiries; but no explanation was forthcoming except that a sentry had to stand there winter and summer. The source of the original order could no longer be discovered. The matter was talked of at court and reached the ears of the servants. One of these, an old pensioner, came forward and stated that his father had once said to him as they passed the sentry in the Summer Garden, "There he is still standing to guard the flower; on that spot the Empress Catherine once noticed a snow drop in bloom unusually early, and gave orders that it was not to be plucked." This command had been carried out by placing a sentry on the spot and ever since then one has stood there all the year round.—PRINCE BISMARCK, "Thoughts and Recollections."

A curious document has come down to us, a list of punishments inflicted in the year 1751 and onward, on the estates of Count P. Roumiantsof. It is distressing to read: a veritable nightmare. For entering his masters' room while they were asleep and thus disturbing their sleep, a servant is flogged and condemned to the loss of his name; he is to be called only by an insulting nickname; any one infringing this order to suffer five thousand blows of the stick, without mercy. Five thousand blows of the stick, however, are far from constituting the maximum. A sort of criminal code, in use on the same estates, includes much severer chastisements. It is further provided that the application of these penalties is not to cause too much inconvenience to the proprietor, by depriving him too long of the services of the beaten servants. It is ruled that a man who has received seventeen thousand blows of the stick, or a hundred blows of the knout—the two are considered equivalent—is not to remain in bed more than a week. If he is longer in returning to work he will be deprived of food. This code was in force during the reign of Catherine.

Chechkofski [chief of police] had neither official titles corresponding to his position nor apparent organization of his inquisitorial work. But his hand and eye were everywhere. He seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity. He never arrested any one: he sent out an invitation to dinner, which no one dared refuse. After dinner there was a conversation and the walls of the comfortable and discreet abode betrayed none of the secrets of these conversations. A particular chair was, it seems, set aside for the guest, whom a word, amiable but significant, had induced to cross the formidable threshold. Suddenly the chair, in which he had been politely motioned to be seated, tightened upon him and descended with him to the floor below, in such a manner, however, that the head and shoulders of the personage remained above. The victim thus preserved his incognito from the assistants of Chechkofski, who subjected the lower part of the body to more or less rigorous treatment. Chechkofski turned away at this moment and appeared to ignore what was passing. The performance finished, and the chair restored to its place, the host turned about and smilingly took up the conversation at the point where it had been interrupted by this little surprise. It is said that a young man, forewarned of what awaited him, used his presence of mind and his great muscular strength, to thrust Chechkofski into the place reserved for him on the fatal seat. After this he took to flight. The rest can be imagined.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

CATHERINE, of Braganza, 1638-1705. Queen to Charles II. of England.

A member of Catherine's household, Edward Montague, Master of Horse, felt pity

for the queen's forlorn condition and fell in love with her. He had no way of showing his affection except by squeezing her hand when he led her to the coach. The queen, who was very simple-minded and did not understand English etiquette, inquired of the king, "What do you English mean when you squeeze a lady by the hand?" Charles promised to tell her, if she would first inform him who had occasioned the question; so without intending it Catherine was the innocent cause of Montague's dismissal. Feeling miserable, he took service abroad and was mortally wounded off Bergen.—MRS. ARTHUR COLVILLE, "Duchess of Marlborough."

CATHERINE de Medici, 1519-1589. Queen to Henry II. of France.

Seeing that the men crowded round Diana, Catherine had recourse to the women; she formed her celebrated Amazonian brigade, in which were enlisted the chief beauties of France, or, as they were called by a sour Puritan, "the graces and disgraces of the kingdom." These ladies were more formidable than armies; Admiral Coligny declared that an encounter with the queen's phalanx was more to be dreaded than the loss of a battle; patriotism might meet undaunted a whole park of artillery, but it was unable to sustain a battery of ladies' eyes.—WILLIAM C. TAYLOR, "Biography of the Age of Elizabeth."

The destined victim, on some pretext or other, is lured to the court. He comes, not ill pleased to be afforded an opportunity of airing his grievances in the royal presence, but very resolved not to allow the queen to penetrate the secrets of his party or to obtain from him the least concession. He is very coldly received, informed that his demands are unreasonable and that the queen fears that it will be impossible to accede to them. However, she has not the leisure to go into the matter any further at that moment; let him return at the same hour the following day, when she will hope to find him less exigent. And the audience is at an end almost as soon as it has begun. Somewhat piqued at the abruptness of his dismissal, he takes his departure, without the faintest suspicion that the most accomplished actress of the sixteenth century has been playing one of her many parts. Passing through the ante-chamber, he perceives, apparently awaiting her royal mistress' summons, a demure damsel of disturbing beauty—it is always the freshest and most innocent-looking of the squadron who is detailed for this kind of service—who modestly lowers her eyes as they meet his, but not before he has had time to remark that they are in keeping with her other perfections. Our Huguenot, who, though he yawns through the long sermon every Sunday and conducts family worship every day of the week, that is to say, when he does not happen to be engaged in burning his Catholic neighbors' chateaux over their heads, finds himself wondering who the lady can be, and goes on his way not without a lingering hope that he may see her again. On the morrow he returns. This time he is informed that the queen is giving audience to one of the foreign ambassadors, and that he will have to wait a few minutes. A quarter of an hour passes and he is beginning to grow impatient, when the damsel whom he has seen on the previous day enters and advances to the door of the queen's cabinet with something for her royal mistress in her hand. Here, however, she is stopped by the usher; Mademoiselle can not be allowed to enter; her majesty has given orders that she is on no account to be disturbed, and she, too, must wait. In the circumstances, Monsieur, who is of course a great noble, and may therefore be permitted what in others would be considered a liberty, ventures to address her. She answers with a modesty which charms him, and they converse very agreeably until presently he is summoned to the royal presence. Here some other pretext is invented for detaining him for some days longer at court, but he resigns himself to the delay with a good grace. . . . A few hours later he receives a courteous note from Catherine, greatly regretting the inconvenience to which he is being subjected and inviting him to a ball she is giving the following evening. He looks with scant favor on such worldly pleasures, but he tells himself that it would be churlish, perhaps impolitic, to refuse. Naturally he meets Mademoiselle, arrayed in a ravishing toilette—very probably a present from the queen—and looking more alluring than ever. He requests to be presented to her; they dance together, and he finds her as charming as she is beautiful. Opportunities for further meetings will not be wanting, for by this time the girl has received her instructions from headquarters; and soon there will be no further need for Catherine to devise pretexts for keeping the gentleman at court. When our Huguenot's partisans learn what is going on, they will write letter upon letter, warning him that an ambush is being laid for him, and reproaching him for bringing discredit upon the Faith. But he is now fairly in the toils . . . and some very useful information, which has es-

caped his lips in unguarded moments, will find its way into Catherine's cabinet.—H. NOEL WILLIAMS, "Henry II."

Catherine de Medici was the first to use snuff in France and it was called from her *"l'herbe de la reine."* Its earliest use seems to have been a medical one. Sternutatories were the fashion of the day for colds and the new plant was seized upon.—EMILY HILL, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1900.

CAUMARTIN, Jacques Etienne, 1760-1825. French statesman.

One day when the Baron [de Breteuil] was dining at M. de Pontchartrain's house among a number of guests, he began to speak rather bumptiously. Madame de Pontchartrain, who was perhaps a little annoyed, wished to take him down a peg or two. She said to him that, although he appeared to know everything, she felt sure that he did not know who composed the Paternoster. Thereupon Breteuil began to laugh and joke. His hostess pressed the point and always returned to the same subject. He defended himself as well as he could and then rose from the table and left the room. Caumartin, who was aware of his embarrassment, followed him and whispered "Moses." The baron, who had grown a little confused, thought this was all right and when coffee was served he brought up the subject of the Paternoster triumphantly. This time Madame de Pontchartrain had no difficulty in getting her way and Breteuil, after reproaching her a number of times for the doubt she showed in him and the shame he felt in being obliged in answering a question so trivial, said that every one knew that Moses was the author of the Paternoster. There was a loud burst of laughter. The poor baron, utterly confounded, did not know where to hide his diminished head. Every one repeated his remark until it was worn threadbare. He quarreled with Caumartin and the Paternoster was held up against him for a long time.—FRANK HAMEL, "An Eighteenth Century Marquise."

CAVALIERE SERVENTE.

The custom of the *cavaliere servente* is more rigorous here than in any other part of Italy. In Venice he is absolutely obligatory; two women would not dare to go about alone together, nor is a lady ever seen except on the arm of at least one man. Each has her own habitual cavalier, who never leaves her for an instant, neither in street nor theater, in piazza, ball room or café, nor even in her gondola. A lady of the nobility can only choose her *cavaliere* from among the nobles; and so strict is this rule that, if she quarrel with her usual attendant and cannot find another in her own circle, she is obliged to take a *barnabote*, to whom she gives half a sequin a day, or more, to act as her equerry in public. She gives him his orders for the day, as though he were a servant. *Barnabote* is the name applied to certain Venetian nobles who sell their votes to their richer patrons. Ladies may go out alone in the morning, either on foot or in gondolas, provided they be dressed in black and enveloped in a large hood of taffeta, called a calash.—COUNT D'ESPINSCHAL, "Journal," Venice, May, 1790.

It was very pleasant to return to the Countess Max Lutta, who expounded to me the various usages of the place. She pointed out to me her *cavaliere servente*. Every lady has one; he is a necessity. A woman cannot with propriety go anywhere alone; she must have a man constantly with her—driving or walking, or in the theater. This is the custom throughout Italy. Often he is her companion from choice, but often, on the other hand, he bores her as much as her husband. The countess assured me that her own *cavaliere* was a burden to her, but she could not rid herself of him on account of the proprieties. He does not understand a word of French and she was able to discuss him freely. She treats him very unceremoniously and allows herself, I am told, many distractions.—The same, Milan, September, 1789.

CAVOUR, Camillo Benso di, 1810-1861. Italian statesman.

In 1816 he was taken by his parents to Geneva on a visit to de la Rives, whose impression of him at this period has fortunately been handed down. "He was an arch, roguish little fellow, with a lively physiognomy, indicating decision, a very amusing playfulness and inexhaustible spirits. He wore a red coat, which gave him a resolute and at the same time an agreeable air. On his arrival he was very much excited and told my grandfather that the postmaster at Geneva, having supplied execrable horses, ought to be dismissed. 'I demand his dismissal,' he repeated. 'But,' replied my grandfather, 'I cannot dismiss the postmaster; it is only the first syndic who has this power.' 'Well, I desire an audience with the first syndic.' 'You shall have one to-morrow,' replied my grandfather, and he immediately wrote to his friend, M. Schmittmeyer, the first syndic, to announce that he was about to send him a very droll little fellow. The next day he presented himself at the first syndic's, is

ceremoniously received, and after three formal bows makes a clear and calm statement of his complaint and demand. On his return, as soon as he caught sight of my grandfather, he called out, 'All right; he will be dismissed.'" He was then hardly six.

He was born on the first of August, 1810, and bred up in a domestic circle regulated by a kind of patriarchical feeling. So striking indeed were old customs, especially the prerogative of primogeniture, observed in it, that when Cavour, in the height of his fame, was occupying the Town House at Turin with his elder brother, he still retained the position of a cadet and was obliged to take his place every day at the table with the family factor (intendant) whom he detested. "People fancy me very powerful," he remarked one day in the hearing of M. d'Idlewild; "Well, I have never been able to get rid of Barnabo. I must endure it, whether I like it or not."

To his family he seemed an abnormal and unnatural young man. A conversation is on record which took place between two childless aunts who lived with the Cavours. The date was just before Cavour's departure on a first visit to Paris. "Did you remark," said Madame Vistoire, "how indifferent Camille seemed to be when I spoke to him of the Paris theatres? I really do not know what will interest him in his travels; the poor boy is entirely absorbed in revolutions." "It is quite true," replied Madame Henrietta, "Camille has no curiosity about things; he cares only about politics." And the two ladies went on to draw melancholy prognostics from their nephew's study of political economy, "an erroneous and absolutely worthless science."—EVELYN M. CESARESCO, "Cavour."

When twenty-four years old, at a time when the prospects of Italy inspired but little hope, Cavour wrote to a friend: "I am a very, an enormously ambitious man and when I am minister I shall justify my ambition; for, I tell you in my dreams, I already see myself minister of the kingdom of Italy."—RUPERT S. HOLLAND, "Builders of United Italy."

Work never frightened Cavour. He made a bed up at the War Office on which he slept for an hour or two when necessary. The work of the office went on day and night, and Persano, the Piedmontese admiral, gives a graphic picture of the statesman in dressing gown and night-cap hurrying from one department to another. The tassel on his night-cap was an index to his staff of the progress of events. In moments of depression it depended languorously over his forehead. Then a cypher telegram would reach him and it would wag in triumph. He must have been a strange figure in that homely attire, never without his round spectacles, or doubtless, his ever faithful companion—the cigar which bore and still bears his name. —*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1910.

Cavour hardly ever contested the account of a tradesman. At Paris, the keeper of a hotel, where he had passed forty-eight hours, without dining once in it, presented a bill of twelve hundred francs. "Only think," said he to a friend with a laugh, "my secretary absolutely refused to pay it. I had a great deal of trouble in bringing him to reason. He did not comprehend that to be robbed without saying a word formed part of my policy." With all this, he never neglected the main chance; and the proof is that when he became minister his private fortune amounted to nearly two million of francs.

M. de la Rive relates that one day when he was playing at whist with Cavour, on his complaining of a persistent run of ill luck, Cavour replied, "The fact is, you have not sufficient respect for the small cards." His own success through life was greatly owing to his having for the details of management and administration the respect which he commended for the small cards at whist.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1879.

Cavour was still under thirty when he made up his mind never to marry, because of his "unequal temper he feared he could not make a woman happy."—G. S. GODKIN, *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1890.

Cavour himself usually inhabited a small, half-furnished chamber in which he transacted business. On holidays his *fattore* or bailiff, the village doctor and priest, and one or two farmers of the neighborhood generally dined with him at his midday meal. In appearance and dress he was not unlike one of them. His simple, easy manners, his hearty laugh and cordial greeting were those of an honest country gentleman. There never was a man who looked less like a statesman upon whom rested the fate of nations. He was full of frolic and fun. He would slily hint to the doctor that the stranger who had just arrived was Mazzini himself, or he would invent for the priest, with the humor and gravity of Charles Lamb, some marvelous stories of discoveries in unknown regions made by an English traveler who had joined the party. He would enjoy the joke like a child, rubbing his hands quickly together, as he was wont to do when pleased,

and keeping up the mystification with infinite relish.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1861.

He used to say, "Whenever I want anything done quickly I always go to a busy man; the unoccupied man never has any time."—COUNTESS EVELYN M. CESARESCO, "Cavour."

CHAMBERLAIN, Joseph, 1836-1914. Colonial Secretary.

At the age of eight the little lad trotted off to a school a few doors off. . . . The child founded a Peace Society—a supposed charitable society—the funds of which amounted to fivepence halfpenny, of which the young founder subscribed fourpence, a "tip" from his uncle. Unfortunately the members of the Peace Society quickly fell out as to the disposition of so large a sum and finally the dispute and the society ended together by the handing of the funds in question to an adjacent crossing-sweeper.—LOUIS CRESSWICKE, "Life of Joseph Chamberlain."

Mr. Jesse Collings tells a story illustrating the difficulty strangers had in believing Mr. Chamberlain of mature years. They were abroad together [Chamberlain was then thirty-nine years of age] and, not finding at Malaga the boat they wanted to take them to Gibraltar, they went on board a small steamer and tried to arrange with the captain to take them over. He refused, having, as he declared, no accommodation for passengers. Under pressure, however, he consented to give up his cabin to Mr. Collings, saying, "You can take the berth; the youngster must knock it out on the sofa."—N. MURRELL MARRIS, "Joseph Chamberlain."

"On every committee of thirteen," he said, "there are twelve men who go to the meetings having given no thought to the subject and prepared to accept some one else's lead. One goes having made up his mind what shall be done. I always make it my business to be that one." I told that illuminating story to a distinguished political hostess. "That is interesting to me," she said, "for I have just seen one of the Senate of Birmingham University and he tells me that Mr. Chamberlain came to the last meeting and said, 'I have come to the conclusion that what we want is a Sienna tower.' The Senate looked up in astonishment. 'What we want is a chair for this and a chair for that.' 'What we want is a Sienna tower,' said Mr. Chamberlain implacably, 'and in order to lose no time I have got a plan here.' And he drew from his pocket a sketch of his proposed tower. 'And,' added my informant, 'we found ourselves outside an hour later, having agreed to the erection of a tower which we didn't want, at the cost of money we hadn't got and which, if we had got, we needed for other purposes.'" If you go to Birmingham you will see that tower to-day—the enduring monument of an iron will.—A. G. GARDINER, "Pillars of Society."

Viscount Haldane has recalled that in 1898, being very anxious to get a bill through Parliament for the establishment of a teaching university in London, he went to Mr. Chamberlain, who was then very influential with the government. Mr. Chamberlain said, "Excellent; but, dear me, there is Birmingham." "And before I knew where I was," added Viscount Haldane, "he had got a charter through for Birmingham and a teaching university established there."—ALEXANDER MACINTOSH, "Joseph Chamberlain."

"I would rather have the hatred of any man than his contempt," said he some years since.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1903.

His natural pugnacity has always been in evidence; so much so that on one occasion while at dinner Mr. Gladstone good-humoredly remarked, "I can see Mr. Chamberlain is looking at me through his glass, only waiting until I have finished to get up and protest against what I am saying."—LOUIS CRESSWICKE, "Life of Joseph Chamberlain."

He told me in confidence that he had been very ambitious to be accepted as a successful playwright. At the time of our conversation he was known far and wide as one of the foremost of British statesmen. When I told him jokingly that the rejected manuscripts of long ago would certainly be accepted now, he laughed and said: "Very likely, but I have other things to do and the plays must be left out of them." I should not mention this little episode if Mr. Chamberlain had not soon afterwards revealed his secret—possibly I should say his secret sorrow. On July 16, 1889, presiding at the "send-off" dinner given to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, prior to their first visit to America, he said: "I myself do not believe that there is anybody here who can say, as your chairman can proudly say, that he has written a comedy which had the honor of being submitted to the late Mr. Robson, and by him immediately rejected as totally unsuited for his own or any other theater."—T. E. PEMBERTON, *Munsey's Magazine*, April, 1905.

A story that he tells against himself relates to a dinner in an important city, at which he was the guest of honor. The mayor

presided and when coffee was being served he leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying, "Shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer or had we better have your speech now?"—ALEXANDER MACINTOSH, "Joseph Chamberlain."

His love of flowers we all knew and he was fond of collecting black and white furniture. He had some rather elementary views about the arts—architecture for one—but for literature (except French novels, of which he had a large assortment) he had not the slightest feeling. When I first knew him he rented from Lord Acton a house in Prince's Gate, which, as was natural in a house of Acton's, contained a considerable library. When he left it for Prince's Gardens, I said, "You will miss the library"; to which he replied with indescribable emphasis: "Library? I don't call that a library. There isn't a single book of reference in it."—G. W. E. RUSSELL, *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1914.

Mr. Chamberlain's orchid was almost as constant a companion as his eye-glass. Day after day in the House of Commons he wore one in his coat—an exquisite glint of color in a somber scene. At Highbury he occupied himself with the collection of the various species of orchids, their cross-breeding and the consequent production of hybrids and the rearing of seedlings. An eminent authority in 1914 expressed the opinion that the collection was worth £25,000.—ALEXANDER MACINTOSH, "Joseph Chamberlain."

The Chamberlain eye-glass was worn because it was really wanted and used. The Chamberlain orchid only began to bloom at Westminster eight years after the eye-glass had ceased to be a novelty. The wearer of the blossom was a cabinet minister when he and it became the subject of an anecdote, not the less suggestive or characteristic because altogether imaginary. The President of the Board of Trade, as he had then become, was attracted to a florist's shop in Paris by an extremely beautiful orchid priced at five hundred francs. "Is this particular plant," asked Mr. Chamberlain, "at all common in France?" "On the contrary," answered the shopkeeper, "no one has it except myself and I have had it only a very little time." The reply had scarcely been given when the visitor produced a five-hundred-franc note, took the orchid, tore it to pieces and proceeded to trample it under his feet. "The truth," he explained, "is, I, too, have one of that kind at home and do not wish anybody in Europe to have another."—T. H. S. ESCOTT, *British Review*, September, 1914.

Until he was seventy he seemed to hold the secret of perpetual youth. He throve on a regimen of his own. Some one asked him what the secret was. He smiled and said: "Never to walk if you can drive; and of two cigars always choose the longest and the strongest."—SIR E. T. COOK, *The Contemporary Review*, August, 1914.

People seldom saw Mr. Chamberlain out of doors without a cigar—a big one—in his mouth. Mr. Chaplin jocularly remarked that he did not know a man who smoked more big, black, nasty-looking cigars. At public luncheons and dinners he would sometimes smoke during his speech.—ALEXANDER MACINTOSH, "Joseph Chamberlain."

I do not suppose that in the whole of the United Kingdom there is any man who is less of an athlete than I am. I do not cycle; I do not ride; I do not walk when I can help it; I do not play cricket; I do not play football; I do not play tennis and I do not even play golf, which I have been assured is an indispensable condition of statesmanship. The fact is that I do not take any exercise at all. —JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, quoted by Alexander MacIntosh, "Joseph Chamberlain."

"So many of the pleasures of life are illusory," he once said to me, "but a good dinner is a reality."—G. W. E. RUSSELL, *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1914.

"Exercise was invented by the doctors to bring grist to their mill. They know that men who went in for exertion soon came to them as patients. When I was a young man I believed them and I constantly suffered from congestive headaches. Now I defy them and am perfectly well. I eat and drink what I like and as much as I like. I smoke the strongest cigars all day and the only exercise I take is to walk up to bed. That is quite enough for a man who has worked his brain all day—and I mean to live a hundred." —Joseph Chamberlain, quoted by G. W. E. RUSSELL, *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1914.

CHARLES I., 1600-1649. King of England.

A tradition is still current at Huntingdon of an accidental meeting between the son of the brewer and Charles I., when children, and nearly of the same age, at Hinchinbrookehouse, the seat of his uncle, Sir Oliver. This occurrence is said to have taken place in the year 1603, on occasion of the journey of Charles, then Duke of York, from Scotland to London; but it must have occurred, if at all,

in September, 1604, to which year the coming of the young prince was deferred on account of indisposition. The story, however, derives support from the known fact, that the mansion of this singularly worthy and loyal knight was generally one of the resting places of the royal family when on their journeys from the north to the English capital. In the former year, for instance, when James was on his way to take possession of his new kingdom, he paid a visit to Sir Oliver, and accepted of a splendid entertainment at his hands. But what fixed the attention of political prophets in the succeeding age was the memorable fact that the two boys had not been long together before Charles and his companion disagreed; and as the former was then as weakly as the other was strong, it is no wonder that the royal visitant was worsted. Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignity that he made the royal blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose. This, observes Mr. Noble, was looked upon as a bad presage for that king when the civil war began.—M. RUSSELL, "Life of Cromwell."

However, the story goes, one day my lady Countess [Mary Villiers, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham] took it into her head to desire some fruit from the king's private garden. Her ladyship scrambled up into the tree, but there her black dress and fluttering veil attracted the king's attention and made him think some strange bird had alighted into the garden. He called Mr. Porter, who was a good marksman, and desired him to take his fusee and secure the bird. But when Mr. Porter arrived at the tree, he was received with a shower of fruit and, looking up, he saw the laughing face of the girl above him. "Oh, heavens!" he cried, "did you know the reason that brought me here? I have promised the king to kill you and bring him some of your feathers." "You must be a man of your word," answered the countess, laughing, and she sent off in haste for a large hamper and got into it, and then she made one of her gentlemen take one end and Mr. Porter the other, and so was carried to the king, Mr. Porter saying that he had had the good fortune to take the bird alive. His majesty, eager to see the booty, opened the basket when the little lady sprang out and flung her arms around his neck, giving him, we are told, a very agreeable surprise. —DOROTHEA TOWNSEND, "Endymion Porter."

When Charles came to his palace on these occasions, we may presume that he sometimes dined in public in the great hall or some other of the state rooms, as he did when in London. At any rate we have an interesting reminiscence of the custom in an old picture preserved at this palace, which was painted by Van Bassan for Charles and is inscribed with the date 1637. Although the architecture indicates that the chamber depictured was not one at Hampton Court, yet in other points the picture is sufficiently illustrative of similar scenes at this palace. The king and queen are seated at the table side by side, with the little prince (afterwards Charles II.) at the end of the table. They are being served by gentlemen-in-waiting. At the end of the room is a raised and recessed gallery or dais, where the public are looking on.—ERNEST LAW, "History of Hampton Court."

The government, actuated by that absurd policy which appeared in almost all its public deeds, meant to check the rising spirit of the people, issued a proclamation prohibiting every one from leaving the country who had not obtained a royal license. This being found insufficient, an order in council was set forth, commanding the lord treasurer "to take speedy and effectual course for the stay of eight ships, then in the river Thames, prepared to go to New England, and for putting on land all the passengers and provisions therein intended for the voyage." In these vessels were embarked Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, Hampden, Pym and Oliver Cromwell. It has been well observed that the king had afterwards full leisure to repent this exercise of his authority.—M. RUSSELL, "Life of Cromwell."

Scarcely had King Charles and Henrietta begun their married life when dissensions arose. It was indeed well nigh impossible that it could be otherwise. The queen was a Catholic and a woman of spirit, surrounded by Catholic nobles and ecclesiastics who were incapable of accommodating their views to the bitter prejudices of their new country. A ridiculous example of the strife that was waged at court is vouched for in the annals of the day. The queen's chaplain was eager to have the privilege of saying grace before meals, but was outmaneuvered by his Protestant rival, much to his chagrin, while the courtiers shared the feelings of the belligerents according as they were English or French. The climax was an inimitable farce. The two chaplains waited like hounds of mettle for the last mouthful to be swallowed. Again the English chaplain scored. Rome, however, was not to be altogether eclipsed and the Frenchman in a loud voice essayed

to drown his rival's prayers with his own. In the end the king heard neither, for he walked away from the table in disgust.—P. F. W. RYAN, "Stuart Life and Manners."

In the year 1621, when the long pending negotiations for the marriage of Charles with the Spanish Infanta began to be pursued with a new prospect of success, Dr. Hakewill, moved solely, as it would appear, by a sense of duty to religion, to his country and to the prince himself, drew up a small tractate calculated to dissuade him from marriage with a Catholic princess. This he offered to him in manuscript, entreating him at the same time to conceal it from the king, "or he should be undone for his good will." Charles took the piece, as we are told, with many thanks, and promised that "it should never go further than the cabinet of his own breast," but at the same time inquired to whom it had been communicated previously. Hakewill replied that he had shown it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, on returning it, said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Two hours afterwards, the prince, regardless of his promise, carried the piece to the king, by whose illegal command Hakewill, in common with all others who had ventured to declare their opposition to this favorite measure of his policy, was thrown into prison.—LUCY AIKIN, "Memoirs of the Court of Charles I."

Charles I. was actually playing at it [chess] in the Scots camp when intelligence was brought to him of their final resolution to betray him. In due praise of the royal steadiness, the historian observes, "that he continued in the game without interruption." See Hume's "History of England," or, as Lord Chatham once called it, "his apology for the house of Stuart."—JOHN ALMON, "Anecdotes and Speeches of the Earl of Chatham."

CHARLES II., 1630-1685. King of England.

The husband of my son's nurse going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait that I sent the queen, my mother. He [subsequently Charles II.] is so ugly that I am ashamed of him; but his size and features supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help deeming him wiser than myself. . . . He is so fat that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for the present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him.—Letter from the queen of England to Madame de Motteville, A. C. A. BRETT, "Charles II. and His Court."

A few days before or after Charles's concealment in the oak, he happened to seek refuge in a farm house the mistress of which (I imagine Dame Joane) dressed him like a clown and set him to turn the spit. His pursuers, having an idea of his being on the premises, examined them very closely and in their search entered the kitchen. On their approach Charles looked around; which his protectress observing, she seized the basting ladle and with it gave the king a severe blow on the back, saying to him very angrily, "And what do you stare at, you dog, you? Why do you not mind what you are about?" This reprimand furnished Charles with a pretext for keeping his eyes fixed downward upon the spit, which attitude, together with the slouched hat, effectually concealed him from the recognizance of his enemies.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1793.

The dogs to which O'Neil alluded were a pack of hounds thoughtlessly sent from England as a present to the king [Charles II. in exile in Holland]. Their arrival proved a serious embarrassment, and the king, unable to incur the expense of keeping them, ordered their immediate return to the donor. But that also required money, and O'Neil had none. His request to the Princess Mary that she would either keep the hounds for her own use or pay for their removal met with a decided refusal and in the end he judged their despatch to Cologne the most economical plan.—EVA SCOTT, "Travels of the King."

"The king," wrote Shaftesbury, "had he been so happy as to be born a private gentleman, had certainly passed for a man of good parts, excellent breeding and well-nurtured." It was Charles's misfortune to have been born a prince. Easy, familiar, ready to give and take a jest, his tastes lay in a way far removed from kingship. He gloried in cock-fighting, horse-racing, the theater, dancing and gambling. Few men understood navigation better than he did. He played tennis exceedingly well and a scribbled note handed to Clarendon across the council table, runs, "I am going to take my usual physic at tennis," which physic he often "took by five o'clock in the morning." He wore out his people with early rising and walked so fast that few could keep pace with him. Much of his time was spent

in his laboratory in Whitehall. Wherever he went he was followed by a train of little spaniels. They slept in his room and accompanied him to the council chamber.—DOROTHY SENIOR, "The Gay King."

"Had this king but loved business as well as he understood it, he would have been the greatest prince in Europe," declared Sir Richard Bulstrode. "He was not a king a quarter of an hour together in his whole reign," wrote Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.—DOROTHY SENIOR, "The Gay King."

The race for the 2000 guineas at Newmarket is over the Rowley mile. It is said that the name of Rowley mile had its origin in the time of Charles II. and was taken from a nickname of the king. Why was Charles II. called "Old Rowley"? (Charles II. was so named after a goat of very amorous propensities, but very good-humored and familiar, which used to dwell in the Privy Garden. Lord Braybrooke, 1st series, IX, 477, says that the animal was a stallion in the royal stud and adds that its reputation is preserved in the Rowley mile. See 1st series, passim.)—*Notes and Queries*, May 6, 1905.

Dress, immediately after the restoration burst into a wild and joyful efflorescence after the "close time" of the Commonwealth, an efflorescence largely of ribbon, which appeared wherever possible. The men wore "short coats and slit sleeves, shewing much linen; ruffled petticoat, or long, wide breeches, adorned with canons or frills of lace or ribbons at the knees, lace cravats, broad-brimmed feathered hats, small cloaks, shoes square-toed, high-heeled and tied with a long-ended bow of ribbon. The ladies have short slit, be-ribboned sleeves, low-necked bodices, full skirts, usually of satin." In 1667, the king announced his intention of breaking away from the French fashion of dress and assuming the Persian style, "a long cassock, close to the body of black cloth and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black ribands like a pigeon's leg." The king soon decided that black and white made them look like magpies and took to an all-black velvet suit. Louis XIV. revenged himself by dressing his footmen in this style and thus caused the noblemen who had bet the king he would not keep to the new fashion, to win their wagers. Men's gloves were fringed, scented with jasmine or orange; ladies (and sometimes men also) wore long gloves which came up the arm, and preferred those from Martial's at Paris. Both women and men used muffs. For a short time after the restoration men usually wore their hair long, but periwigs soon came in, the king being behindhand in this, as in most other fashions. Gradually the periwig assumed a disproportionate place in daily life, both as an expense and as an object of attention, affection, even of veneration, a white peruke being the *ne plus ultra* of elegance. The gentlemen always carried special pocket-combs wherewith to dress their wigs in the anteroom on paying a call, or on entering the theater; and these combs were more important than the side-glass wherewith they quizzed the ladies from their boxes, or as they passed them in the Mall or in the Park. The wig was at first more or less even at the top, though long and curly, but it became exaggerated in height, length and curliness, swelling out above into a great excrescence called the fore-top, which was made to wag or bow portentously when a gallant made a reverence to a lady.—A. C. A. BRETT, "Charles II. and his Court."

The supply of actresses was not sufficient and handsome young men still had to wear petticoats. Performances commenced at three in the afternoon. On one occasion the king arrived too early and, growing impatient, sent to ask why the play did not begin. The distracted manager went to the royal box to explain: "May it please your majesty, the queen is not yet shaved."—DOROTHY SENIOR, "The Gay King."

The palm among courtly repartees must be given to Waller's, on Charles II.'s asking him how it happened that his panegyric on Cromwell was better than his verses on the restoration, "Poets, your majesty, succeed better in fiction than in truth."—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1861.

His majesty's connection with the [Royal] Society is both historically and traditionally ludicrous. He granted them lands in Ireland, but failed to give them possession. He gave a paltry sum to found an observatory, but he gave no instruments with which to observe. He appointed Flamsteed his astronomer; but he both overwrought and starved him. He gave the Society a mace constructed especially for its use; but it would have possessed more interest if it had been the bauble Cromwell kicked instead of the mace which the sovereign gave. It was not given to make the Society respected, but to make it royal. He presented the Society with five little glass bubbles—a suitable emblem of the generosity of the donor. He sent a poisoned dagger to the president, but the kitten lanced with it refused to die. He gave the Society a gift

of Chelsea College; but he got it back again when repaired, a great bargain. . . . His majesty, through the president, wagered £50 to £5 "for the compression of air by water." Hooke made the experiment and the Society acknowledged in its minutes "that his majesty had won the wager."—*North British Review*, January, 1854, citing Charles R. Weld's "History of the Royal Society."

Quick in Reply and Action

King Charles of England, spending a cheerful evening with a few friends, one of the company, seeing his majesty in good humor, thought it a fit time to ask his majesty a favor and was so absurd as to do so. After he had mentioned his suit the king instantly and very acutely replied, "Sir, you must ask your king for that."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1809, quoting "Anonymiana."

The king asked Bishop Stillingfleet "how it came to pass that he always read his sermons before him, when, he was informed, he always preached without a book elsewhere?" To which he replied that "the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but, chiefly, the seeing before him of so great and so wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself." With which answer the king was very well contented. "But pray," says Stillingfleet, "will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question too? Why do you read your speeches in Parliament, where you can have none of these same reasons?" "Why, truly, doctor," responded the king, "your question is a very pertinent one and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."—J. C. Hore, "History of Newmarket," quoting Jonathan Richards, "Richardsoniana."

This "slothful way of preaching," for so the king called it, had arisen during the civil wars; and Monmouth, when Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in compliance with the order of the king, directed a letter to the university that the practise of reading sermons should be wholly laid aside.—Peter Cunningham, "The Story of Nell Gwyn," citing Wilkin's "Concilia."

When King Charles II. came to see the hunting palace which Sir Christopher Wren had built him at Newmarket he told him he thought "the rooms too low." Sir Christopher, who was a little man, walked round them and looking up and about him, said, "I think, and it please your majesty, they are high enough." The king squatted down to his height and, creeping down in this whimsical posture, cried, "Aye, Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough."—Jonathan Richards, "Richardsoniana."

His barber, whom he admitted to considerable freedom, was one morning shaving him, when the fellow, as was customary with him, commenced hazarding one of his trifling remarks. "I consider," he said, "that none of your majesty's officers have a greater trust than I." "How so, friend?" said the king. "Why," said the fellow, "I could cut your majesty's throat whenever I liked." Charles started up at the idea. Using his favorite oath, "Ods fish!" he exclaimed, "the very thought is treason; you shall shave me no more."—Jonathan Richards, "Richardsoniana."

James instantly alighted and, after paying his respects to the king, expressed his uneasiness at seeing him with so small an attendance and his fears that his life might be endangered. "No kind of danger, James," said the king, "for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king." This story, says Dr. King in his "Anecdotes of His Own Time," Lord Cromarty frequently related to his friends.—John H. Jesse, "England Under the House of Stuart."

The court of the restoration were passing the summer at Winchester while Ken belonged to the capitular body. A fragment of dialogue between Canon Ken and Lord Weymouth, relating to this period, has been preserved: "They are going, I hear, to billet Madame Eleanor Gwyn upon your prebendal residence." "They will do no such thing," Ken replied. And when Nell announced her arrival beneath the canonical roof she received the polite but firm reply that no accommodation could be offered. "This fellow," remarked the king to Thynne, "may be a hypocrite, but he is no sycophant. Ods fish! I must make a bishop of him." Very shortly after the royal mistress had very nearly seen the prebendal door closed in her face, the see of Bath and Wells fell vacant. It was at once offered to and accepted by Ken. The only time Charles appears to have seen Ken was on his deathbed. "That prelate of mine," murmured the moribund sovereign, "has spoken to me as a man inspired."—T. H. S. Escott, "Society in the Country House."

A gentleman in King Charles II.'s time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place and had a thousand promises, at

length resolved to see the king himself; so getting himself introduced he told his majesty what pretensions he had to his favor and boldly asked him for the place just then vacant. The king, hearing his story, told him that he had just given the place away; upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king and thanked him extremely, which he repeated very often. The king, observing how over-thankful he was, asked him the reason why he gave such extraordinary thanks when he had denied his suit. "The rather, please your majesty," replied the gentleman, "because your courtiers have kept me waiting here these two years and gave me a thousand put-offs, but your majesty has saved all that trouble and generously given me my answer at once." "Cods fish, man," said the king, "thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty."—JOHN MOTTLEY, "Joe Miller's Jest Book."

He [the Duke of York] was perpetually in one amour or other, without being very nice in his choice: Upon which the king said once he believed his brother had his mistresses given him by his priests for penance.—BISHOP GILBERT BURNET, "History of his Own Time."

July 15, 1662. The Royal Society, on this day of its creation, was the whetstone of the wit of its patron, Charles II. With a peculiar gravity of countenance he proposed to the assembly the following question for solution: "Suppose two pails of water were fixed in different scales equally poised and which weighed equally alike, and that two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails, he wanted to know the reason why that pail with such addition should not weigh more than the other pail which stood against it." Every one was ready to set at rest the royal curiosity, but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One at length offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh, when the king, turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation and told his majesty in plain terms that he denied the fact. On which the king, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Odds fish, brother, you are in the right."—SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, "Lectures on Metaphysics"; RICHARD WHATELY, "Logic."

For his atrocious verses on the king Rochester was occasionally banished from the court; and it is likely that during one of these periods of exile he revenged himself by writing his well-known lines:

"Here lies a mighty monarch,
Whose promise none relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one,"

and fastening them to the gate at Whitehall. When the king heard of it he is said to have replied: "That is easily accounted for; my words are my own; my actions those of my ministers." So it is stated in the "Miscellaneous Works of Lords Rochester and Roscommon" (1707). But Sir Walter Scott says the lines were the result of a playful request from the king that Rochester would write his epitaph. This version runs: "Here lies our sovereign lord, the king; Whose word no man relied on," etc.—"Rochester and Other Literary Rakes of the Court of Charles II.," ANONYMOUS.

The Lord Rochester verses upon the king on account of his majesty's saying he would leave every one to his liberty in talking, when himself was in company, and would not take what was said at all amiss, viz.: "We have a pretty witty king," etc. The version I have been used to being, "God save our mutton-eating king," etc.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1857.

Penn, thinking proper to carry his sectarian prejudices into the presence of royalty, had continued standing before the king without removing his hat. Nothing could be more characteristic than the quiet rebuke of Charles: he merely took off his hat and stood uncovered before Penn. "Friend Charles," said the future legislator, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" "'Tis the custom of this place," replied the witty monarch, "for only one person to remain uncovered at a time."—JOHN H. JESSE, "England Under the House of Stuart," citing Grey's "Hudibras" and "Grainger's Biographical Dictionary." [Agnes Strickland, "Queens of England," substitutes James II. for Charles II.]

In December, 1660, Charles granted an interview to Thomas Moore, of Hartswood, who had been a justice of the peace, in order to receive a petition upon Quaker suffering. There was much debate amongst the courtiers, in the presence of the king, what they should do with this sturdy Quaker's hat. All agreed that he could not be called in with his hat on and that he would never take it off himself. Some one proposed that it might be removed gently by the clerk of the council. The king, the greatest gentleman of them all, declared that the hat should not be taken off

at all, unless Thomas himself should choose to remove it; no other should take it off. "When I saw the king at the head of the table with the council," says Moore, "I made a stop, not knowing but that I might give offense, when one of the council spoke to me and said, 'You may go up; it is the king's pleasure that you may come to him with your hat on.'" His whole account of the interview shows that there was not a particle of rudeness or impertinent self-assertion in the sturdy Quaker. Six years later, when Adam Barfoot, "came out of Huntingdonshire to warn the king," he met Charles at Whitehall, "betimes in the morning, going a-hunting." "Adam stepped to the coach-side," says Ellis Hook in a letter to Margaret Fell, "and laid his hand upon it and said, 'King Charles, my message is this day unto thee, in behalf of God's poor, afflicted, suffering people.'" When he came to the coachside the footman took off his hat, "but the king bid him give the man his hat again and was very mild and moderate." Similar testimony to the good-natured and gentle manner of Charles II., from men who were the very opposite to his courtiers and cavaliers, occurs frequently in the autobiographies and letters of the first generation of Quakers.—*The Saturday Review*, February 12, 1876.

Every one has heard of the famous Dr. Busby, headmaster of Westminster, who while showing Charles II. over the school, apologized to that merry monarch for keeping his hat on in the presence of royalty, "for," said he, "it would not do for my boys to suppose that there existed in the world a greater man than Dr. Busby."—Captain Rees Howell Gronow, "Recollections."

A thief dressed like a courtier managed to get into the palace at Newmarket and picked Lord Arlington's pocket of a snuff-box. As he did so he saw that the king was watching him, when he had the supreme impudence to put his finger to his nose, to wink at his majesty and then to decamp. Charles said nothing, but watched Lord Arlington and was presently much amused by seeing him feeling in one pocket after another for his snuff-box. "You need not give yourself any more trouble about it," said his majesty, "your box is gone and I own myself an accomplice. I could not help it; I was made a confidant."—J. C. Hore, "History of Newmarket."

The jester Killigrew frequently had access to Charles II., when admission was denied to the first peers of the realm. Charles, who hated business as much as he loved pleasure, often disappointed the council either by not attending or by withdrawing before the business was concluded. One day the council sat a considerable time in expectation of his majesty, when the Duke of Lauderdale, so distinguished for his haughty demeanor, quitted the room in a great passion. On his way he met Killigrew, to whom he expressed himself more freely than courteously, respecting his majesty. Killigrew bade his grace be calm, for he would lay a wager of a hundred pounds that he would make his majesty attend the council in less than half an hour. Lauderdale took him at his word and Killigrew, getting immediate admission to the king, told him all that had happened, adding, "I know your majesty hates Lauderdale, though the necessity of your majesty's affairs oblige you to receive him; now, if you wish to get rid of a man you hate, come to the council, for Lauderdale is a man so boundlessly avaricious, that rather than pay the wager, he will hang himself and never plague you more." The king laughed at the observation and attended the council.—"Percy Anecdotes."

Leti, being one day at Charles II.'s levee, the king said to him, "Leti, I hear that you are writing the history of the court of England." "Sire," said he, "I have been for some time preparing material for such a history." "Take care," said the king, "that your work give no offense." "Sire," replied Leti, "I will do what I can, but if a man were as wise as Solomon he would scarce be able to avoid giving some offense." "Why, then," rejoined the king, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not history."—"Grainger's Biographical Dictionary," Supplement.

He [Rochester] one night accompanied the king to a celebrated house of intrigue, where the finest women in Europe were to be found during the races. The king made no scruple to assume his usual disguise and to go with him. While he was engaged with one of the ladies, she, having been previously instructed by Rochester, picked his pocket of all his money and his watch, which the king did not immediately miss. Neither the people of the house nor the girl herself knew or had the least suspicion of the quality of the visitor. After some time he inquired for Rochester, but was told that his companion had quitted the house without taking leave, but what was his embarrassment when, upon searching his pockets to discharge his reckoning, he discovered that his money was gone. He was then induced to ask the favor of the mistress of the

house to give him credit till the next day, as the gentleman who had come with him and had not returned was to have paid for both. The consequence of this request was that he was much abused and laughed at; the woman of the house plainly told him that she had seldom been served such dirty tricks and would not permit him to stir until the reckoning was paid. She then called one of her bullies to take care of him. In this ridiculous dilemma stood the British monarch, prisoner . . . , and the life on which were fixed a nation's hopes was thus put into the hands of a ruffian. After much altercation the king at length proposed that she should accept a ring which he took off his finger in pledge of her money, which she refused, telling him that she was no judge of the value of the ring; she did not choose to accept such pledges. The disguised monarch then desired that a jeweler be called to give his opinion of the value of it, but he was answered that this expedient was impracticable, as no jeweler could be supposed to be out of bed. After much entreaty his majesty at last prevailed upon the fellow to knock up a jeweler and show him the ring. The jeweler found the ring so immensely rich that he exclaimed, "But one man in the nation can afford to wear it and that is the king." Astonished at the circumstance, he went out with the messenger, in order to be fully satisfied of such an extraordinary affair, and as soon as he entered he fell upon his knees and with the utmost respect presented the ring to his majesty. The people of the house, finding the extraordinary quality of their guest, were confounded and asked pardon in the most submissive manner. The king with great good humor forgave them and, laughing, asked whether the ring would not bear another bottle. . . . Rochester he never forgave, nor would ever see him after this adventure.—J. C. HORE, "History of Newmarket."

He had been, he said, an unconscionable time dying, but he hoped they would excuse it.—LORD MACAULAY, "History of England."

With His Mistresses

Among the most reprehensible of the minor frailties of his life, for which he must be considered personally responsible, was his squandering on his mistresses the £70,000 voted by the House for a monument to his father. . . . The excuse that his father's grave was unknown was silly in the extreme and has since been proved to be without foundation.—PETER CUNNINGHAM, "The Story of Nell Gwyn."

Mr. Hunt [Rev. W.], usually so accurate and careful, affords an amusing instance of the importance of not mistaking a 6 for an 0. He gives the well-known story of the first Duke of St. Albans: "It is said that one day, when the king was with Nell Gwyn, she called to the child, 'Come hither, you little bastard, and speak to your father.' 'Nay, Nelly,' said the king, 'do not give the child such a name.' 'Your majesty,' she answered, 'has given me no other name by which to call him.' Upon which the king gave him the name of Beauclerk and created him Earl of Burford," and he then adds that "the story can hardly be accurately told for the child was created Baron Heddington and Earl of Burford, both in Oxfordshire, before the end of 1670, the year of his birth." In fact it was in 1676, not 1670, that the boy was created Earl of Burford.—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1887.

One water excursion, Nell Gwyn had provided angling rods with silk lines and hooks of gold. The king fished like the rest, but caught nothing. The ladies so ridiculed him that he declared he would fish no longer and, putting up his line, found half a dozen fried smelts tied to the hook with a silken thread. Every one laughed and Nelly said, "So great a king ought to have something above the rest; even poor fishermen catch fish alive; it was proper that the king's should be ready dressed."—MRS. ARTHUR COLVILLE, "Duchess of Marlborough."

One day she was driving her coach to Whitehall, when a dispute arose between her coachman and another who was driving a countess, who in the midst of the discussion told his rival that he himself drove a countess, whilst his lady was neither more nor less than a prostitute. The indignant Jehu jumped from his seat and administered to the offender a severe beating. When Nell learned from him the cause of the quarrel, she told him "to go to and never risk his carcase again but in defense of truth."—SCOTT'S edition of "Grammont's Memoirs."

"Oh, Nell," said Charles to her one day, "what shall I do to please the people of England? I am torn to pieces by their clamors." "If it please your majesty," she answered, "there is but one way left." "What is that?" said the king. "Dismiss your ladies, may it please your majesty, and mind your business."—SCOTT'S edition of "Grammont's Memoirs."

CHARLES IV., 1748-1819. King of Spain.

He had for his first violin teacher the celebrated Alexander Boucher, with whom he

greatly enjoyed playing; but he had a mania for beginning first without paying any attention to the measure; and if M. Boucher made any observation in regard to this, his majesty would reply with the greatest coolness, "Monsieur, it seems to me that it is not my place to wait for you."—LOUIS CONSTANT, "Recollections of Napoleon."

As to the king, he had also a passion for music, but a very unfortunate one. Every day on returning from hunting, he had a concert in his private apartment. The king took his violin and bore a part in a quartette of Haydn or a quintette of Boccherini. The reader may judge what some of our most famous violinists, who were then in Spain and were required to play with the king, must have suffered. Libon, whose enchanting talent is well known, passed some time in Madrid and, like others, was of the royal party. One of these poor martyrs informed me that one evening a terrible confusion arose in a tutti passage. It was not the fault of the professors and, after a little consultation, Olivieri, whom I often heard at Lisbon, where he was first violin at the Grand Opera, ventured to tell the king that the fault was his. His majesty had hurried on without waiting during three bars' rest which occurred in his part. The good-natured monarch appeared quite thunderstruck. He gazed at Olivieri with amazement and then, laying down his bow, he said majestically in Italian, *"Il Re n'aspettano mai"* (The king never waits for any one.)—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

I spoke above of the fondness of the king of Spain for watches. I have been told that while at Fontainebleau he had half a dozen of his watches worn by his valet de chambre, and wore as many himself, giving as a reason that pocket watches lose time by not being carried. I have also heard that he kept his confessor always near him, in the antechamber, or in the room in front of that in which he worked, and that when he wished to speak to him he whistled, exactly as one would whistle for a dog. The confessor never failed to respond promptly to this royal call and followed his penitent into the embrasure of a window, in which improvised confessional the king divulged what he had on his conscience, received absolution and sent back the priest until he felt himself obliged to whistle for him again.—LOUIS CONSTANT, "Recollections of Napoleon."

Charles IV. of Spain had all the spirit and wit of his father. On requiring the presence of Losada at his toilet, and when told that Spanish etiquette forbade the presence of any one lower in quality than a Spanish grandee, he exclaimed, "Very well; I now make him one; so let him come in and help me on with my shirt."—T. F. THISTLETON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

I was very much amused by the account which Lord Albemarle gave me last night of the ceremonies which take place between the death of a king of Spain and his burial. Every day the royal table is prepared for dinner and the dead body of the king is suitably dressed. After a time the chamberlain comes in to announce to the nobles in attendance that the king does not choose to dine on that day, whereupon they all sit down to table. The dead body is then conveyed to the vault. After the funeral service has been read all the attendants remain until the proper officer makes a solemn announcement that it pleases his majesty to remain where he has been laid. Thus a dead king of Spain is treated to the last as if he were actually alive and a free agent.—LADY SHELLEY, "Diary," 1819.

CHARLES V., 1500-1558. King of Spain and Emperor of Germany.

It would appear that Charles was naturally timid. A mouse or a spider could produce effects denied to the Grand Turk or the French king. He sometimes had trembling fits; for instance, in his bed at Ingoldstadt, when the approach of the Lutheran army was announced. Yet here it was, pinned against the town wall, and plied by more than a hundred guns, he proved, as in the terrible retreat from Algiers, the fine temper of his courage.—EDWARD ARMSTRONG, "The Emperor Charles V."

It is said that before rising in the morning potted capon was usually served to him, prepared with sugar, milk and spice, and, after partaking of which, he would turn to sleep again.—T. F. THISTLETON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

Indifference in dress, as with other men, probably grew upon the emperor after marriage, for the costumes of earlier days might be envied by modern German royalty. During the twenty months from 1519 to 1520 he ordered fifty-three pairs of stockings and one hundred and sixty-three pairs of shoes and slippers.—EDWARD ARMSTRONG, "The Emperor Charles V."

Charles in his intervals of relaxation used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of the meanest subjects concerning himself and his administration; therefore often went out incog,

and mixed himself with such companies and conversations as he thought proper. One night, his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler. Unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined to work, he was in the height of jollity among his acquaintances. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted and offered a handsome gratuity. "What, friend," says the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask any one of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Were it Charles V. himself I would not do a stitch for him now. But if you'll come in and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome. We are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted the offer but, while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosted him: "What! I suppose you are some courtier-politician or other by that contemplative phiz—Nay, by your long nose, you may be an illegitimate offspring of the emperor. But be who and what you will, you are heartily welcome. Drink about —here's Charles V.'s health!" "Then you love Charles V.?" the emperor replied. "Love him?" says the son of St. Crispin; "aye; I love his long noseship well enough, but I should love him much more were he to tax us a little less. But what the devil have we to do with politics—round with the glass and merry be our hearts." After a short stay the emperor took his leave and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you are welcome to, but I would not to-day have dishonored St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor." Charles, pleased with the honest good nature and humor of the fellow, sent for him the next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise to see and hear that his late guest was his sovereign; he feared that his joke on the long nose would be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality and as a reward for it bid him ask for what he most desired and take the whole night to settle his surprise and ambition. Next day he appeared and requested that for the future the Cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot with the emperor's crown upon it. That request was granted and as so moderate was his ambition the emperor bid him make another. "If," says he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command that for the future the Company of Cobblers shall take place of the Company of Shoemakers." It was accordingly so ordained and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders adorned around with a boot and the imperial crown upon it and in all processions the Company of Cobblers take place of the Company of Shoemakers.—*Universal Spectator*, February, 1740.

When Charles V. returned from Tunis he traveled by land through Calabria and to Naples and did much good by the road. Seeing Calabria without corn, and being told it was too mountainous and too cold for it to ripen, he ordered rye seed to be brought from Germany. It succeeds well and is now universal in these parts, where it is known by the name of Germano. At La Cava the town council met to consider what present they should give the emperor. Some were for pine-apples, the kernels of which are of vast size, but the majority carried it in favor of a kind of fig, which they cover with mats in winter, and in March (the time of the emperor's passing) the fruit is very ripe and delicious eating. The emperor received the deputies very graciously and, expressing surprise at the fineness of the fruit at that season of the year, inquired whether they could preserve any quantity of them and whether they were in abundance. "Oh," said the wise mayor, "we have such plenty that we give them to the hogs." "What?" said Charles; "to your hogs? Then take your figs back again," and, so saying, he flung a ripe one full in the face of the orator. The courtiers, following the example of their sovereign, the poor deputies had their faces all besmeared and their eyes bunged out with the fruit. As they were returning from the audience, one of the sapient senators, taking the whole to be a part of the ceremonial of reception by an emperor, observed to his brethren how lucky it was they had carried the point in favor of the figs; for, had they presented pine-apples, they would undoubtedly have had their brains knocked out.—HENRY SWINBURNE, "The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century."

When confined to his apartment he confined his leisure hours in making curious works of mechanism. Charles had always taken great delight in mechanics and in order that he might indulge his taste in his retreat he engaged Turiano, one of the most ingenious artists of the age, to accompany him thither. With him he labored in forming models of the most useful machines, as well as in making experiments in regard to their respective powers and it was not seldom that the ideas of the monarch assisted or perfected the inventions of the artist. He relieved his mind at intervals with slighter and more

fantastic works of mechanism, in fashioning puppets, which, by the structure of internal springs, mimicked the gestures and actions of men, to the astonishment of the ignorant monks, who, beholding movements which they could not comprehend, sometimes distrusted their own senses, and sometimes suspected Charles and Turiano of being in compact with invisible powers. He was particularly curious in regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and, having found after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go alike, he is said to have exclaimed, "Behold, not even two watches, the work of my own hands, can I bring to agree with each other according to law; and yet, fool that I was, I thought that I should be able to govern like the works of a watch so many nations, all living under different skies, in different climes and speaking different languages."—BENTLEY'S "Miscellany." November, 1848.

The emperor was fond of talking over his feats at arms with the veteran who had shared and recorded them. One day, in the course of such conversation, Don Luis said that he had caused a ceiling of his house to be painted in fresco, with a view of the battle of Renti and the Frenchmen flying before the soldiers of Castile. "Not so," said Charles; "let the painter modify this, if he can, for it was no headlong flight, but an honorable retreat." This was not the less candid that French historians claim the victory for their own side.—*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1851.

Cloister Life

The grave was now in all his thoughts. One morning, his barber, a malapert of the old comedies, ventured to ask him what he was thinking of. "I am thinking," replied Charles, "that I have here the sum of two thousand crowns, which I cannot employ better than in performing my own funeral." "Do not let that trouble your majesty," replied the fellow; "if you die and we live, we will take care to bury you with all honors." "You do not perceive, Nicholas," said the emperor, rather pursuing his own train of thought than replying to the barber, "that it makes a difference in a man's walking whether he holds the light before or behind him." The same opinion has been held by a bishop of Liége, Cardinal Erard de la Mark, whom Charles must have known and whose example perhaps suggested the idea. For many years before 1528, the year of his death, did this prelate rehearse his obsequies, annually carrying his coffin to the tomb which he had prepared for himself in his cathedral.—*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1851.

He asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. "But," persisted Charles, "would it not be good for my soul?" The monk said that certainly it would, pious works done during lifetime being far more efficacious than when they were postponed until after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot! a catafalque which had served before on similar occasions was erected and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. "The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies." While the mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of the desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker.—WILLIAM STIRLING, "Cloister Life of Charles V."

After his death the scourge of cords he used was found stiff and dyed with blood. He debarred himself all his former amusements; his whole time was passed between religious exercises and acts of penance.—BENTLEY'S "Miscellany," November, 1848.

CHARLES VII., 1403-1461. King of France.

The brave La Hire, coming to the king one day for the purpose of discussing with him some important business, found him actively employed in arranging one of his pleasure parties; the king asked him what he thought of his preparations. "I think, sire," said he, "that it is impossible for any one to lose his kingdom more pleasantly than your majesty."—T. F. THISTLETON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

A legend is told that one day, when Agnes [Sorel] was particularly anxious to urge Charles to do his duty, she paid a group of singers to chant some of the derisive songs outside of the castle windows. Charles flew into a temper and threatened to hang the of-

fenders, being goaded by their taunts. When Agnes confessed to him what she had done he owned that she had stirred him into activity.—FRANK HAMEL, "The Lady of Beauty."

CHARLES IX., 1550-1574. King of France.

Margaret [of Valois] dwells with great complacency on the splendor of her dress, the magnificence of her train, and the homage she received from the spectators. She, however, omits to record the occurrences at the altar, a deficiency which we are enabled to supply from other authentic sources. When asked "would she accept the bridegroom for her wedded husband?" the princess "stood mute of malice" and the ceremony was awkwardly interrupted. The king, her brother, grew impatient; he rushed behind her, grasped her rudely by the hair and forcibly bent her head forward so as to make a more awkward bow than any the court had ever witnessed. This compulsory nod was received as a sign of assent and the ceremony was speedily brought to a conclusion. —W. C. TAYLOR, "Biography of the Age of Elizabeth."

CHARLES X., 1757-1836. King of France.

M. de Montbel rode with him and to this faithful gentleman Charles remarked: "Montbel, do you know that you accumulate in your own person the offices of First Gentleman of the Chamber, Captain of the Guards and Chief *Ecuyer?* I was never before struck with the inordinate character of your ambition."—DR. JOHN DORAN, "Monarchs Retired from Business."

King Charles X. said a few kind words to M. de Brézé, grand master of the ceremonies [at the obsequies of Louis XVIII.], thanking him for the excellence with which he had prepared and organized the details of the funeral. "Oh, sire," he replied modestly, "your majesty is very kind, but there were many defects. Next time we will do better." "Thank you, Brézé," replied the king with a smile, "but I am not in a hurry."

One evening the king, after uttering a thousand insults, called M. de Verac a driveler. M. de Verac, red with anger, raised his voice and replied: "No, sire; I am not a driveler." The king, who was also very angry, raised his voice and replied: "Well, sir, do you know what a driveler is?" "No, sire; I do not know what a driveler is." "Well, sir, no more do I." The dauphin could not refrain from a loud burst of laughter, in which the king joined, with all the company.—COUNTESS DE BOIGNE, "Memoirs."

Persons of the suite came to tell us that they could not find a square table for the king's dinner. There were only round tables. Now, at a round table all the guests are of the same rank; a square table alone permits of giving the king his due preeminence. We solved this difficulty and important problem by advising them to saw a round table so as to convert it into a square one, which was done.—ODILON-BARROT, "Posthumous Memoirs."

CHARLES XII., 1682-1718. King of Sweden.

He feared only one power in the world, the power of beauty; only a handsome woman could boast of making him quail—she put him to flight. He said: "So many heroes have succumbed to the attractions of a beautiful face! Did not Alexander, my pet, burn a town to please a ridiculous courtesan? I want my life to be free from such weakness; history must not find such a stain upon it." He was told one day that a young girl had come to sue for justice on behalf of a blind, octogenarian father, maltreated by soldiers. The first inclination of the king, a strict disciplinarian, was to rush straight to the plaintiff, to hear the details of the misdemeanor himself. But, suddenly stopping, he asked, "Is she good-looking?" And being assured that she was both young and unusually lovely, he sent word that she must wear a veil, otherwise he would not listen to her.—COUNTESS POTOCKA, "Memoirs," copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, 1720-1788. The Young Pretender.

Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century we find an example of a woman taking personal part in actual warfare. During the rebellion of '45, the MacIntosh of MacIntosh, laird and chief of the clan, remained loyal to the reigning sovereign and held a commission in Lord Loudon's army. But his wife, Anne, a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, was one of the Pretender's most active partizans, even going so far as to raise a small body of troops to uphold his cause. "Colonel Anne," as she was nicknamed, led this corps in person and a story is told of the MacIntosh being captured by the insurgents and brought as a prisoner to his wife's headquarters. "Your servant, captain," said the fair lady, as the captive was led into her presence, "Your servant, colonel," was the laird's laconic reply. Charles Edward remarked at the time that the prisoner "could not be in better security nor more honorably treated," and subsequently fav-

ored the gallant "Colonel Anne" with a visit to Moy.—HARRY GRAHAM, "A Group of Scottish Women," citing R. Chambers.

The same writer [the author of "Genuine Memoirs of John Murray of Broughton"] says that when Charles and his brother Henry were at their devotions in this Anglican chapel, "a small piece of the ceiling detached itself from the rest and a thistle fell into the lap of the elder, on which he started and, on looking up, a rose fell immediately after; this, together with a star of great magnificence the astronomers pretended appeared at his nativity, . . . might have had some share in exciting him to his rash enterprise."

We casually learn that Charles wore curl papers in the morning. Murray asked Captain Redmond, who saw the royal hair in curl papers, not to mention it at Dublin, where these artifices might be thought effeminate.—ANDREW LANG, "Prince Charles Edward."

CHARLOTTE Sophia, 1744-1818. Queen to George III. of England.

She observed that a draper announced a sale of calico at sixpence a yard for ready money and, as she required a quantity for charity work, she sent to purchase his entire stock and then kept him waiting until quarter day for the money. The poor women who lost their bargains and the disappointed salesman chorused together their indignation and Weymouth was sure that her majesty was a miser.—ALICE D. GREENWOOD, "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England."

The English people did not like me much, because I was not pretty; but the king was fond of driving a phaeton in those days and once he overturned me in a turnip field and that fall broke my nose. I think I was not quite so ugly after that.—AMELIA MURRAY, "Recollections," quoting Queen Charlotte.

Queen Charlotte, the grandmother of our gracious queen, was so fond of snuff that she was the principal cause of making it fashionable. I recollect having seen her majesty on the terrace at Windsor, walking with the king, George III., when, to the great delight of the Eaton boys, she applied her finger and thumb to her gold snuff-box, out of which her majesty appeared to have fished a considerable quantity, for the royal nose was covered with snuff, both within and without. —REES HOWELL GRONOW, "Recollections."

I had this morning early for the first time a visit from one of the princesses. I was preparing for my journey, when a little rap at my door made me call out "Come in," and who should enter but the Princess Royal. I apologized for my familiar admittance, by my little expectation of such an honor. She told me she had brought the queen's snuff-box to be filled with some snuff which I had been directed to prepare. It is a very fine-scented and mild snuff, but required to be moistened from time to time to revive the smell. . . . She had left me but a short time before she again returned. "Miss Burney," cried she, smiling with a look of congratulations, "Mama says the snuff is extremely well mixed, and she has sent another box to be filled." I had no more ready. She begged me not to mind, and not to hurry myself, for she would wait until it was done. —MADAME D'ARBLAY, "Diary."

CHASE, Salmon Portland, 1808-1873. American statesman and jurist.

A ridiculous attempt I made to dry up a small pond of water by building a fire on an extemporized plank of rafts and setting it afloat upon it. I had somehow lost a shoe in the pool and, knowing that water can be dried up by heat, I undertook to dry up the pool. It would probably have been no great undertaking if the fire had been under instead of over it, for the quantity of water was not considerable. As it was, I was not long in finding that I was not likely to recover my shoe in that way and abandoned the experiment in disgust.

I remember the fall by the black cherries in the big black cherry tree, which I climbed for the fruit and from which, climbing too venturously one day on a branch of it, I fell dislocating my wrist; but, determined not to show a faint heart to my older brother, who was with me and hastening down the tree to my relief, I sprang up and shouted to him, "I got down first." And when he asked me, "Are you much hurt?" answered, "No, only broke my wrist."

The bishop and most of the older members of the family went away one morning—he having ordered me to kill and dress a pig while they were gone, to serve for dinner that day or the next. I had no trouble in catching and slaughtering a fat young porker. And I had a tub of hot water all ready for plunging him in, preparatory to taking off his bristles. Unfortunately, however, the water was too hot, or otherwise in wrong condition, or, perhaps, when I soused the pig into it I

kept it in too long. At any rate, when I undertook to take off the bristles, excepting when they would almost come off of themselves, to my dismay, I could not start one of them. The bristles were set, in pig-killing phrase. I picked and pulled in vain. What should I do? The pig must be dressed. In that there must be no failure. I bethought myself of my cousin's razors, a nice new pair, just suited to a spruce young clergyman as he was. I got the razors and shaved the pig from toe to snout.

I was the only one from New England and the other boys, whose ideas of a Yankee, derived from their parents, were, I fear, not altogether just, were much inclined for a time to twit me with being one. Every now and then they called me Yankee in tones not altogether respectful. At length I could not bear it any longer and said to Tom James, when one day he called me a Yankee, "Tom, if you call me Yankee again I'll kick you." "Well," said he, "you are a Yankee." As good as my word I kicked him and made the kick just as severe and just as disagreeable as I could. He was older than I and I expected a fight. But instead of attacking me he went after the bishop and complained. I was at once summoned into his presence. "Salmon," said the bishop very gravely and severely, "Tom James says you have been kicking him. Is it true?" "Yes, sir." "What did you kick him for?" "Because he called me a Yankee." "Well," said the bishop, "are you not a Yankee? Your father was and I am and we were never ashamed of the name." "Yes, sir," said I, "I don't just mind being called a Yankee, but I won't be called a Yankee so," with a pretty decided emphasis on the last word. The bishop could not help smiling and dismissed me with a reprimand, which I did not mind much. I was not called a Yankee so after that.—Letters from Salmon P. Chase to J. T. Trowbridge, quoted by R. P. WARDEN, "Private Life and Public Services of Salmon P. Chase."

His first visit to Washington was to seek a place in the departments and he applied to his uncle, who was then in the senate, to secure him an appointment. The old senator, who understood a great deal more about Washington departments than his nephew, promptly refused and said, "My boy, I'll give you half a dollar to buy a spade and you may dig your way into something of a place in life, but I will not get you a place in the government office. I have already ruined one or two young men in that way and am not going to ruin you. The man who enters the government service seldom does anything more. He is swallowed up in these departments and that is the last heard of him." Chase then opened a private school in Washington.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *The North American Review*, August, 1888.

His amusements were few and simple. At one time chess occupied a portion of nearly every evening. Croquet he was fond of and played it with the same zest when his hand had lost much of its strength and precision. The sight of cards was intolerable to him; he would not suffer their presence in his house. Backgammon was one of his favorites and he would often join in some children's game with as much delight as the children themselves.—DEMAREST LLOYD, *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1873.

It was an inflexible rule with Mr. Chase never to transact business with ladies. I never knew him to depart from this rule. On one occasion, a rude and persistent office-broker, of considerable personal attractions, literally thrust herself into his presence and demanded an interview: but his refusal was so emphatic and his manner so stern that she retreated thoroughly frightened. On another occasion, Mrs. W., wife of an old acquaintance and herself intimate with Mr. Chase's family, and a lady of great elegance, boasted that she would make him forego his rule. She went to the office and sent in her card. He sent back a very courteous message, explaining his regulation, and invited her at the same time to make known her wishes through the messenger. But Mrs. W. had no wish except to make him break his rule in her favor. Presently she sent her card a second time, and received again the same message. She then resolved upon another expedient. She gave the messenger at the office door no opportunity to intercept her, except by an act of great rudeness, and deliberately opened it and, stepping inside, asked the secretary if she could have an interview. His reply was a stern and unmistakable "No!" She burst into tears and retreated; Mr. Chase, instantly full of regret, followed Mrs. W. into the hall and, seating himself at her side upon one of the sofas, expressed his sorrow at what had happened; repeated the rule he had prescribed for himself and explained its necessity, as he thought, and again asked her to state her wishes; but did not invite her into the office. However, a shrewd and intelligent young woman from New Hampshire once managed to get into his library before breakfast and extorted from him a promise of a place before he was well

aware of what he had done. He explained, after this young person had departed, his reason for his rule upon this subject. He said that no amount of statement or explanation was sufficient to convince a woman that to grant any particular request was either inexpedient or impossible, and he instanced the case of one poor wife who, while he was governor of Ohio, came to his house with her luggage and two or three children, and announced her fixed purpose to stay until she had procured the pardon of her husband, who was a convict in the penitentiary.—J. W. SCHMUCKER, "Life of Salmon P. Chase."

While the bar was treated with the utmost consideration, on the other hand no laxity of demeanor was permitted. It is related, though I do not know with what accuracy, that the Chief Justice once rebuked a lawyer openly for certain gaudiness of attire and requested him, when again appearing, to present himself in more sober garments.

Not only were Latin terms banished so far as possible, but he abjured even the unoffending and popular particle "said."

He seldom told a story without spoiling it. As an instance of this he once related himself in rehearsing old scenes with a friend who had been his ally in many political campaigns. In making a stumping tour together, they had used a peculiarly apt and good story in common and, to divide it fairly, told it on alternate days. He added, with a grim smile, "B—— always makes the people laugh, but I never could."—DEMAREST LLOYD, *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1873.

When the late Chief Justice Chase chose to unbend himself he could be witty as well as wise. At a social gathering at his house during the war, the subject of taxation having been mooted, a distinguished naval officer present said he had paid all his taxes except his income tax. "I have a little property," he said, "which brings me in a yearly rental, but the tax gatherers have not spotted it. I do not know whether I ought to let the thing go that way or not. What would you do if you were in my place, Mr. Chase?" There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Secretary Chase as he answered archly, "I think it is the duty of every man to live unspotted as long as he can."—*The Green Bag*, April, 1889, quoting "Splinters."

CHATEAUBRIAND, François René, Vicomte de, 1768-1848. French statesman and writer.

During his stay in Rome Châteaubriand was corresponding with a certain Marquise de V——, who, shut up in a château at Vivarais, cultivated religiously a kind of adoration for the author of the "Genius of Christianity." He did not know her; at least he had never seen her. He did not know that she was about fifty years old; he thought she was young and had replied with passion to her protestations of friendship. As a matter of fact, this passion is to be traced more particularly in Châteaubriand's letters before his departure for Rome; but after that date he still wrote to her in a sufficiently animated way for Juliette [Madame Récamier] to have reason to complain if she had known about this intrigue. On the 14th of September he wrote to Madame Récamier that letter in which he calls her his "beautiful angel," beseeches her not to cry any more, and entreats her to come to Rome. On the evening before, Saturday, the 13th, he had sent to the Marquise de V——, "the expression of a tender and sincere sentiment." From Milan on the same day he wrote to Juliette and to Marie (the name of the unknown woman) and this without too much consideration for Madame Châteaubriand, who was traveling with him. "Rome has left me cold," he says to the one; "Rome has not affected me," he writes to the other. It is true that the letter to Madame Récamier is much longer and more detailed. The same thing occurs on October 21st, November 15th and November 20th. The very day on which he declared to Madame Récamier that she need not give him any warnings—"Do not fear anything; I am case-hardened"—he wrote to Marie: "What is it that you feel for an unknown man, a stranger you have never seen? Passion? I accept it." On the 11th of December, after having sent to Madame Récamier the description of his *ricevimento*, he declares that she is wrong in complaining and that he has "never written such long letters to any one as to her." When he is about to leave Rome he is curious to meet his unknown friend in Paris. He meets her there. He asks for an appointment on the 28th of May, the very evening of his arrival. He sees her again on Saturday, May 30th, and on the following Saturday, June 6th. On the 9th of June he sends her a note assuring her that he "loves her tenderly," which he has already told her often in his interviews with her, mysterious interviews during which the Marquise de V—— acquires the right of calling Châteaubriand her "darling friend."—EDWARD HERRIOT, "Madame Récamier."

It was always Madame de Châteaubriand who introduced or aroused the piquant element in conversation. She said to me one

day, "M. de Châteaubriand is so stupid that if I were not there he would never speak evil of any one."—COUNT DE FALLOUX, "Memoirs."

CHATHAM, William Pitt, Earl of, 1708-1778. English statesman.

He had said the last year to the Duke of Devonshire: "My lord, I am sure I can save this country and no one else can."—HORACE WALPOLE, "Memoirs of the Reign of George II."

The next remarkable speech which is reported is that celebrated reply of Mr. Pitt to Horace Walpole, the elder—beginning "The atrocious crime of being a young man." We know that this speech was modeled into its present shape by Dr. Johnson, and it is certainly a striking specimen of sententious sarcasm, but the balanced structure of the phrases and the measured amplification of ideas are so entirely Johnsonian—so ultra Johnsonian indeed—that we are satisfied that it offers little resemblance to the vivid and energetic invective of the original. Archdeacon Coxe asserts indeed (and Parliamentary history adopts this statement) that this "celebrated retort existed only in Johnson's imagination," and repeats an anecdote, told him by Lord Sydney, to show "how slender was the foundation on which this supposed philippic was founded." In a debate in which Mr. Pitt and some of his young friends had violently attacked old Horace Walpole, the latter complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men of the day, upon which Mr. Pitt got up in great warmth, beginning with these words: "With the greatest reverence for the gray hairs of the honorable gentleman"—upon which Walpole pulled off his wig and showed his gray hair, which occasioned a general laughter, in which Pitt joined and the dispute subsided." ("Life of Lord Walpole," ii. 184.) Now, Lord Sydney's anecdote is perfectly true, for we find it told at the time it happened in one of the younger Horace's letters to Sir Horace Mann, but this does not decide the question: for, however strange and improbable it may appear that there should have been two incidents of this nature between the same parties, the fact seems certain. The affair of the wig occurred on the 21st of November, 1745, whereas the celebrated retort was delivered on the 10th of March, 1741, and is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year.—*Quarterly Review*, June, 1840.

Immediately after he had finished a speech in the House of Commons, he walked out of it and, as usual, with a slow step. A silence ensued until a door was opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the honorable member." Lord Chatham turned back and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb; then his lordship returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil: *"Ast Danaum proceres"* [continuing for five lines]. Then, placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, "Now, let me hear what the honorable member has to say to me." On the writer's asking the gentleman from whom he heard this anecdote if the house did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member, "No, sir," he replied, "we were all too much awed to laugh." —*The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1822, quoting Butler's "Reminiscences."

Sometimes, to produce an effect, he would seclude himself from public business, giving rare audience to a colleague, or some dignified emissary of the court. Then, after due attendance, the doors were thrown open and the visitor was ushered into a chamber, carefully prepared, where the Great Commoner himself sat with the robe of sickness artfully disposed around him. Occasionally, after a long absence, he would go down to the House in an imposing panoply of gout, make a great speech, and withdraw. At a later period, he affected almost regal state. His colleagues in office, including members of the great nobility, were expected to wait upon him; at one time he did not even deign to give them audiences and went so far as to talk of communicating his policy to the House of Commons through a special agent of his own unconnected with the responsible government. The under-secretaries of his department, men of considerable official position, were expected to remain standing in his presence. When he went abroad he was attended by a great retinue; when he stopped at an inn he required all the servants of the establishment to wear his livery.—WILLIAM MASSEY, "History of England Under George III.," quoting Lord John Russell's "Memoirs and Correspondence of Fox" as follows: "The story of Lord Chatham's dressing up the waiters at the Castle Inn at Marlborough, in his livery, is confirmed by Lord J. Russell, who states that Lord Shelburne told the story to his son, the present Marquis of Lansdowne."

He became very extravagant; he did not shrink from great outlay in purchasing houses and land to free himself from intrusive neighbors; he could not even bear to have his own children under the same roof with him. Ridiculous sums were spent on the

adornment of the grounds of Burton Pynsent; an extensive hillside was planted with cedars and cypresses which had to be carted from London. Chatham drove in a coach and six, with ten outriders, in the manner of the richest nobles of the day, though it was a style quite beyond his means. His sickly and uncertain appetite added greatly to the expense of housekeeping. It was uncertain when he would desire to eat; a succession of chickens had to be kept boiling and roasting at every hour, so that one might be ready whenever he should call.—ALBERT VON RUVILLE, "William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham."

No man could be more abstemious than Pitt, yet the profusion of his kitchen was a wonder, even to epicures. Several dinners were always dressing, but, as we have already explained, his appetite was fanciful, and at whatever moment he felt inclined to eat, he expected a meal to be instantly on the table.

Pitt was scrupulously exact in his dress. It is said that he was never seen on business without a full dress coat and a tie wig. He was also a rigid observer and exactor of respect for himself and others when in authority and never permitted his under-secretaries to sit down before him. Charles Price used to say that, at the levee, Lord Chatham was accustomed to bow so low that persons behind him could see the tip of his hooked nose between his legs.—JOHN TIMBS, "Anecdote Biography."

A fellow stole Lord Chatham's large gouty shoes: his servant, not finding them, began to curse the thief. "Never mind," said his lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is that the shoes may fit him."—JOHN MOTTLEY, "Joe Miller's Jest Book."

The story of his [Newcastle] conference with Pitt when Pitt was in bed with the gout, and of his getting into a vacant bed and discussing from thence to his colleague, is one of the choicest pictures of absurdity that survive. The two leading ministers were found storming at each other from adjacent couches, disputing as to whether Hawke's fleet should put to sea or not. Pitt fortunately prevailed. —LORD ROSEBERY, "Life of Lord Chatham."

CHESTERFIELD, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of, 1694-1773. English statesman.

According to gossip Elizabeth Chudleigh [Countess of Bristol] is made to say to Chesterfield, "Do you know, my lord, the world says I have had twins?" "Does it?" said his lordship; "for my own part I make it a point of believing only half of what it says."—CHARLES E. PEARCE, "An Amazing Duchess."

Once in the House of Lords, the debate turning on the subject of the late rebellion, Lord Chesterfield observed to the peer next to him: "I could effectually annihilate the power of the Pretender; the best way would be to make him Elector of Hanover, for we shall never again send to that country for a king."—J. H. JESSE, "England Under the House of Hanover."

Soon after Lord Chesterfield came into the privy council, a place of great trust happened to become vacant to which his majesty [George II.] and the Duke of Dorset recommended two different persons. The king espoused the interest of his friend with some heat and told them that he would be obeyed, but, not being able to carry his point, left the council chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he had retired the matter was warmly debated and at length carried against the king, because, if they gave him his way, he would expect it again and it would at length become a precedent. However, in the humor the king then was, a question arose as to who should carry the grant of the office for the royal signature and the lot fell upon Chesterfield. His lordship expected to find his sovereign in a very unfavorable mood and he was not disappointed; he therefore prudently forbore incensing him by an abrupt request and instead of bluntly asking him to sign the instrument, very submissively requested to know whose name his majesty would have inserted to fill up the blanks. The king answered in a passion, "The devil's, if you will." "Very well," replied the earl, "but would your majesty have the instrument run in the usual style, 'our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counselor'?" The monarch laughed and signed the paper.—JOHN MOTTLEY, "Joe Miller's Jest Book."

One anecdote is related of Lord Chesterfield by his friend and correspondent, Dr. Chevenix, Bishop of Waterford, which admirably illustrates his wit and presence of mind during the heat of the rebellion: The vice-treasurer, Mr. Gardner, a man of good character and considerable fortune, waited upon him one morning and in a great fright told him that he was assured upon good authority that the people in the province of Connaught were actually rising. Upon which Lord Chesterfield took out his watch and with great composure answered him, "It is nine o'clock and certainly time for them to rise; I therefore believe your news to be true." The same story is related, though with some trifling difference, by Horace Walpole.—JOHN H. JESSE, "England Under the House of Hanover."

The late Lord R., with many good qualities and even learning and parts, had a strong desire to be thought skilful in physic and was very expert at bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew this foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of a headache and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me by trying your lancet upon me?" "Apropos," said Lord Chesterfield after the operation, "do you go to the House to-day?" Lord R. answered, "I did not intend to go, not being informed sufficiently of the question that is to be debated; but you, who have considered it, which side will you be of?" The earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment; he carried him to the House and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say that none of his friends had done as much as he, having literally bled for his country.—H. BARTON BAKER, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1877, quoting Dr. Maty.

A curious anecdote of Heidegger is mentioned in Schoelcher's "Life of Handel"—James Heidegger, commonly called the "Swiss Count." He was said to be the ugliest man of his time and his portrait in this character was engraved at least ten or twelve times. Lord Chesterfield laid a wager that it was impossible to discover a human being so disgraced by nature. After having searched through the town a hideous old woman was found, but it was agreed that Heidegger was handsomer, but, as Heidegger was pluming himself on his victory, Chesterfield required that he should put on the old woman's bonnet; thus attired, the "Swiss Count" appeared horribly ugly and Chesterfield was unanimously declared the winner amid thunders of applause.

He inserted a clause in his will that if his godson, Philip Stanhope, should reside one night at Newmarket, "that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners," during the course of the races there, etc., that he should forfeit the sum of five thousand pounds for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.—MARY GRANVILLE (Mrs. Delany), "Life and Correspondence."

Once, speaking of old Lord Tyrawley, he said, "We have both been long dead, but we do not choose to have it mentioned."—J. H. JESSE, "England Under the House of Hanover."

About half an hour before he dies, Mr. Dayrolles (whom the Earl, in times past, has very earnestly recommended to curry royal favor by means of Lady Yarmouth) comes to see him. My lord has just strength to say, "Give Dayrolles a chair." He never speaks again. What imagination could have invented half such a characteristic end?—S. G. TALLENTYRE, *Longmans's Magazine*, July, 1899.

CHITTY, Joseph, 1776-1841. English jurist.

The *Law Times* (London) says that Mr. Justice Chitty heard a case concerning some agricultural implements and household furniture. One of the lawyers was very prosy, and, after talking about the agricultural implements until the court was nearly asleep, said, "And now, my lord, I will address myself to the furniture." "You have been doing that for an hour already," replied the learned judge.—*American Law Review*, May-June, 1887.

CHOATE, Joseph Hodges, 1832-1917. American statesman and lawyer.

His gallantry is proverbial, like the spotlessness of the Bayards. It has had some charming exhibitions. He and Mrs. Choate were recently dining with some New York friends. Some one asked him who he would prefer to be if he could not be himself. He hesitated for a moment, apparently running over in his mind the great ones on earth, when his eye fell upon Mrs. Choate. "If I could not be myself," he suddenly replied, "I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."—JOHN E. MILHOLLAND, "Joseph Hodges Choate, Lawyer, Statesman, Humorist, Orator."

Talking to a group of Radcliffe alumnæ he gave his own idea of what he considered his best speech. "I made it to an audience consisting of one young lady some forty years ago," he said with a bow and a glance towards Mrs. Choate, who sat across the table from him at the Radcliffe girls' luncheon. "That was the shortest and, I am quite sure, altogether the most difficult and at the same time the most successful speech of my life."—*New York Sun*, May 15, 1917.

His response to a toast to the fair sex is well known, but it will bear repetition. "And then women, the better half of the Yankee world, at whose tender summons even the stern pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved their historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they had not only to bear

the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers suffered, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim fathers besides."—MILHOLLAND.

He was often alluded to as "our first citizen." But this aroused his wit at a commencement luncheon at Columbia University in June, 1916. When referred to as such it called forth this humorous response: "Your president, accidentally I think, dropped, at the end of his address to me, two words that I did not at first understand. He said something about a first citizen. He must have spoken in a Shakespearian sense, for you know this is a Shakespearian year, and President Butler is a wonderful Shakespearian scholar, and he was thinking of Shakespeare at that moment. You remember that in many of the plays of Shakespeare citizens are introduced as a decoration, or fringe, to embellish the stage, and they were numbered First Citizen, Second Citizen, Third Citizen, and in every case none of them has much to say and doesn't say that very well, but they were all equally good, one as good as another, and they might just as well have exchanged numbers and nobody would have known the difference." When he concluded the chairman said, "Mr. Choate, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts; we will take you to our bosom and will hold you there during the rest of our lives." To which Mr. Choate, looking at the graduates of Barnard College, wittily remarked, "I hope the graduates of Barnard College will join you in that."

During his sojourn in England Mr. Choate's well-proportioned figure underwent quite a transformation. He, who had been rather slight, returned with a corpulence quite astonishing. Some one, observing this, remarked, "Why, Mr. Choate, you have been getting stout since you went abroad." "Oh, yes," replied he, "it was necessary to meet the Englishmen half way."

The cockneyism of London must have afforded him opportunity for making a great deal of fun. The dropping of the h's called forth a delicious *mot*. Observing on a street a box marked "Drop Letter Box," he said, "Well, that box must be full of h's."—THERON C. STRONG, "Joseph H. Choate," copyright, 1917, Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

A pompous young man called on Mr. Choate at his office. He was asked to take a chair. The lawyer was busy, but the youth was impatient, and in a moment interrupted the lawyer again with the remark, "I am Bishop Blank's son." "Please take two chairs," said Mr. Choate.—MILHOLLAND.

CHOATE, Rufus, 1799-1858, American jurist and statesman.

That touch of human sympathy for inanimate objects, of which Dr. Adams speaks in his funeral address. When as a boy he drove his father's cow "he has said that more than once, when he had thrown away his switch, he has returned to find it, and carried it back, and thrown it under the tree from which he took it, for, he said, 'Perhaps there is after all some yearning of nature between them still.' "—SAMUEL G. BROWN, "The Life of Rufus Choate."

One stormy night, during his residence in Danvers, he was called upon at a late hour to draw the will of a dying man who lived several miles distant. He went, performed the service and returned home. But after going to bed, as he lay revolving in his mind each provision of the paper he had so rapidly prepared, there flashed across his memory an omission that might cause the testator's intention to be misunderstood. He sprang from his bed and began dressing himself rapidly, to the great surprise of his wife, only answering her inquiries by saying that he had done what must be undone, and in the thick of a storm rode again to his dying client, explained the reason of his return and drew a codicil to the will which made everything sure. Mr. Choate then added, "A clever man will blunder sometimes, but a blockhead blunders *ex vi termini*."—GEORGE W. MINNS, *American Law Review*, October, 1876.

He used manuscript a great deal, even when speaking to juries. When a trial was on, lasting days or weeks, he kept pen, ink and paper at hand in his bedroom, and would often get up in the middle of the night to write down thoughts that came to him as he lay in bed. He was always careful to keep warm. It is said that he prepared for a great jury argument by taking off eight great-coats and drinking eight cups of green tea.—GEORGE F. HOAR, *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1901.

Always after speaking he was obliged to wrap himself up in two or three overcoats to prevent taking cold, and almost always after a strong effort suffered from an attack of sick headache.

He was, indeed, almost indifferent to money, careless of keeping it, and losing, without question, thousands of dollars every year from neglecting to make any charge at all for his services. "I remember," says a gentleman who studied with him, "that one

morning he came rushing into the office for five hundred dollars, remarking in his sportive way, 'My kingdom for five hundred dollars; have I got it?' He went to his bank book and said, 'Not a dollar; not a dollar,' and was going out, either to borrow or collect, when I stopped him. The old book had been filled and the teller had given him a new one without entering in it the amount to his credit, the month not being ended when the accounts were usually balanced. I showed him the old book and there was a balance to his credit of $1,200. He looked surprised and said, 'Thank God.' But if the $1,200 had disappeared, he never would have been the wiser."—SAMUEL G. BROWN, "The Life of Rufus Choate."

I never remember seeing him collect any money or make any charge in any books. Indeed, I never saw any account books in his office. He himself never seemed to have any money. If he wanted any he would get me to draw a check for him, even for five dollars, and he would sign it. If he drew the check himself, he made sad work of it. It used to be said around the Entry, that when he had to go to Washington to argue cases, or to Congress, he often was obliged to ransack the Entry to find some one with money enough to lend him to go on with. Unlike some others of the fraternity of great men, however, he very often paid what he had borrowed. His accounts of who owed him, or how much, he must have chiefly carried in his head. His office partner could not have known them, and there was not seen any book of original entries. One of his old students of former years, however, used to come in to us and tell the story of a traditional set of books which Choate commenced with the intention of keeping them by double entry. So, on the first day he opened them he had occasion to send out for a gallon of oil—it was before gas days; accordingly he entered in the bulky volume, "Office debtor, one gallon of oil," so much. A few days after an old client came in and asked for his bill. Choate told him he was really very busy and if he'd call again in a week he would have it ready for him. In a week he called and demanded his bill. "Oh, yes," said Choate, "I really—you must pardon me—but I've not had time to draw it off; but you may pay whatever you think right." This did not suit the client, who said he'd call once more; and so he did a fortnight after. This time Choate was in despair. "Well, there," said he, "just take the books and draw off a minute of it yourself." The worthy man took the book, despairing of other information, opened it and there on the top of the page, in staring characters of vast size to make them legible, was the entry, "Office debtor, one gallon of oil," standing as lonely on the page as its author in his life. He never asked for his bill again, but paid what he thought was fair and asked for a receipt in full which Mr. Choate promised to have ready for him the next time he called.—EDWARD G. PARKER, "Reminiscences of Rufus Choate."

He had no taste for music and I am told that his daughter once persuaded him to go to the opera; he looked at the libretto helplessly and said, "Helen, expound to me this record, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion."—MONCURE D. CONWAY, "Autobiography and Memories."

With his vast command of language, he delighted to use some expressive slang phrase in familiar conversation. I remember one that tickled him hugely. A man in the office told him a story of some fight that he was a witness of and, after describing it graphically, said, "And then the stones flew my way and I dug." He never could resist the use of this last expression and never used it without laughing heartily. And this reminds me that I rarely—I may say never—heard him laugh out loud. He would throw his head back, open his mouth wide and draw in his breath with a deep respiratory sound, while his whole face glowed with fun.—SAMUEL G. BROWN, "The Life of Rufus Choate," quoting Joseph M. Bell.

He told Judge Warren that he was going to write a book. "Ah," said the judge, "what is it to be?" "Well," replied Mr. Choate, "I've got as far as the title page and the motto." "What are they?" "The subject is 'The Lawyer's Vacation,' the motto—I've forgotten. But I shall show that the lawyer's vacation is the space between a question put to a witness and the answer."—SAMUEL G. BROWN, "The Life of Rufus Choate."

One day a poor fellow from Charlestown, who had a snug trifle accumulated by daily labor, came in with his tax bill to "consult Rufus Choate" as to whether it was rightly levied or not. Choate turned him over to me, at the same time vaguely indicating the principle and authority which must be looked up. Occupied in trying a large case, he did not come back to the office for three or four days. Meantime, I had brooded laboriously over this almost the first professional matter ever entrusted to my hands. The "opinion of Rufus Choate" was elaborately prepared by me and,

when at last he did come to the office, I presented it to him for his scrutiny and signature. He looked it over and scrawled his autograph at the bottom. "What shall I tell him is your charge, Mr. Choate?" was my next inquiry. "Well," said he, "I think we ought to have twenty-five dollars for that, don't you?" Of course I acquiesced, though it seemed to be a fabulous sum for so trifling a matter, for the whole tax bill was only ten dollars. When the client came I presented him the "opinion," and told him the charge. "Twenty-five dollars," he exclaimed, "why, I think that is too much; I haven't got but fifteen dollars ready money in the world." Of course he was let off on the payment of fifteen dollars, but not without much misgiving on my part, lest the master of the office should be displeased. When Mr. Choate came in I hastened to tell him that I had given the Charlestown man the opinion, and waited then anxiously for what, in my ignorance of him, I supposed would be the inevitable question, "Did you give him the bill?" But no such question came, or would have come to the day of judgment. So in a moment, during which the whole subject seemed to pass from his mind, I ventured timidly to suggest that I could not collect the bill. "Ah," was the only reply. "No," said I, "the man said he hadn't but fifteen dollars in the world and he paid that." "Oh," said Choate, with a rich smile mantling over the lower part of his face, "you took all he had, did you? Well, I've nothing to say to that—that's strictly professional." It need hardly be added that he never saw or asked for a dollar of the money. It was divided between the students in the office.—EDWARD G. PARKER, "Reminiscences of Rufus Choate."

His enthusiasm was so great that I found it a pleasure to reveal to him all I knew of the subject under examination. During the course of the evening a hand organ was playing in the street under his window. He sprang to the bell, spoke to his servant, and said, "John, go and hire that man to go out of the street," at the same time giving him fifty cents.—JUDGE NEILSON in the *Albany Law Journal*, March 17, 1877.

Mr. Choate was once walking on commencement day in Hanover when a lady attempted to pass him in the crowd, wearing one of those elegant shawls, whose knotted fringe always catches the button of the pew door of country churches, when he suddenly found himself caught by the button of his coat. He turned and said, "Madam, I beg pardon; I should be delighted to go with you, but I have an engagement in the opposite direction."—E. D. SANBORN, *Albany Law Journal*, April 21, 1877.

We had a story at Divinity Hall that in the course of a speech against the introduction of the slavery question in the pulpit Rufus Choate exclaimed, "I go to my pew as I go to my bed—for repose."—MONCURE D. CONWAY, "Autobiography and Memories."

It is affirmed that he could not decipher his own handwriting after a case was concluded and that he had to call in experts to explain it to himself. He congratulated himself on the fact that if he failed to get a living at the bar he could still go to China and support himself with his pen, that is, by decorating tea chests.

Mr. George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, was once called as a witness in a case in which Mr. Choate was engaged. After his examination he sat by the side of the eminent counselor within the bar. He was attracted by the notes which Mr. Choate had made of the evidence and remarked that the handwriting reminded him of two autograph letters in his possession, one of Manuel the Great of Portugal (dated 1512), and another of Consalvo de Cordova, the great captain, written a few years earlier. No one who has looked over such collections as those of Mr. Ticknor or Mr. Prescott can refrain from feeling a sensation of wonder that any sense can be elicited from such seemingly unintelligible scrawls. "Those letters," said Mr. Ticknor to Mr. Choate, "were written three hundred and fifty years ago, and they strongly resemble your notes of the present trial." Choate, with that droll, quizzical expression which lent such humor to his face, replied: "Remarkable men, no doubt; they seem to have been much in advance of their times."—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, "Some Recollections of Rufus Choate."

Mr. Choate, being in court in an important case, took exception to a statement by the opposing counsel of several words employed by a witness on the previous day. "How do you know," said the judge to the opposing counsel, "that the witness stated what you just said he did?" "Your honor," was the reply, "I remember, sir, distinctly what he said." "Why do you differ with him?" asked the judge of Mr. Choate. "I have the witness's statement in writing," replied Mr. Choate. "Please let me see your notes pertaining to this part of the case," said the judge. His honor carefully examined the papers which were handed to him but was

unable to read them. He called the lawyer aside and said, "Mr. Choate, please read to the court what you have there recorded." Choate read aloud to the court as instructed. The judge then continued, "Mr. Choate, do you now solemnly declare that what you have read to the court are the exact words as recorded on the paper now in your hand?" "They are the exact words, your honor." "Then," said the judge, "we shall be obliged to depend on your word and the court now accepts your statements as to what the witness in dispute said."—*The Green Bag*, August, 1914.

Mr. Choate was a classical scholar of a kind very rare in these, or indeed any, days and he always insisted on the earnest study of the Latin and Greek authors as the very best mental and rhetorical training for the profession of the law.—WILLIAM EVERETT, *New England Magazine*, November, 1896.

A leading member of the bar and Mr. Choate took the deposition of a witness produced by the latter. After the business was finished counsel came into the office. "Well, Brother Choate," said he; "I don't think you have made anything out of that witness; there are too many *hiati* in his testimony." "Impossible," said Choate. "But there were; you must have noticed them yourself." "I couldn't," replied Choate. "You couldn't? Why not?" "Because *hiatus* is of the fourth declension." And then Choate gave his peculiar silent laugh, drawing in his breath deeply, while his whole face glowed with fun. —GEORGE W. MINNS, *American Law Review*, October, 1876.

The Lawyer

A blacksmith having failed in business, a friend, to enable him to start once more, loaned him some iron, which a creditor attached at the forge. The friendly owner sued in trover for his iron. Choate appeared for him and pictured the cruelty of the sheriff's proceeding as follows: "He arrested the arm of industry as it fell towards the anvil; he put out the breath of his bellows; he extinguished the fire of his hearth-stone. Like pirates in a gale at sea, his enemies swept everything by the board, leaving him, gentlemen of the jury, not so much as a horse shoe to nail upon his door post to keep the witches off." The tears came into the blacksmith's eyes at this affecting description. One of his friends, noticing them, said to him, "Why, Tom, what's the matter with you? What are you blubbering about?" "I had no idea," was the reply in a whimpering tone, "I had no idea I had been so much abused." Nor had he, until Choate told him.—GEORGE W. MINNS, *American Law Review*, October, 1876.

After the junior counsel had thoroughly prepared the case he took the client, who wished to state his case to Mr. Choate personally, to see the senior counsel. The client began, "Of course, Mr. Choate, you understand the principle of the Jacquard loom." "Certainly," said Mr. Choate, who had never heard of the loom before, "of course, of course. But assume for the moment that I do not understand the principle of the Jacquard loom and expound it to me as a preliminary." —HENRY C. LODGE, "Early Memories."

Rufus Choate, once while addressing a jury, several times repeated a certain part of his plea—repeating the same words and accent. Certain that the great advocate had some reason for so strange a proceeding—a reason not obvious to others—the late E. P. Whipple took an opportunity to ask for an explanation. Mr. Choate's answer in substance was: "There was a numbskull on the jury who was paying no attention to what I was saying; I would have kept up the repetition until he listened if it had taken the entire day."—*The Green Bag*, February, 1898.

I went into court to see Mr. Choate and found him addressing a jury. Chief Justice Shaw had occasion to suspend the proceedings for a few minutes and, while Mr. Choate was standing before the jury, I went to him and said, "We want an interview in B's case; how long will you be in closing your argument?" He said, "I don't know; that red-headed juror in the back seat doesn't seem to understand the case yet and I must feel of him and put some points in a new light." I went back to my seat and Choate remained looking at the jury, now directly, now furtively, but without apparent concern, until the chief justice came on the bench. Mr. Choate turned suddenly and said, "If your honor please, I shall detain you no longer. Gentlemen of the jury, that is our case." He had a verdict. As we walked to his office I told him how amazed I had been and asked why he changed his plan. He said, "When you gave me that imploring whisper for B., I was conferring with my red-headed juror and, after exchanging a few additional looks, I saw I had him."—*Albany Law Journal*, November, 1877.

Gates, a lawyer from Lynn, was contemporary of Choate and Saltonstall. He was in the habit of writing for publication in the newspapers. He wrote and published a lengthy article for which he was indicted,

He was a poor man and intended to try his own case. Choate, hearing of his trouble, said to Saltonstall, "Gates is in trouble; don't you think we ought to help him out?" To this Saltonstall agreed and was sent to Gates by Choate to talk it over and see what could be done. Gates was very grateful and desired that Choate should try the case for him. The case was called and the article was read to the jury with such explanations made that showed Gates to be the author of it. This closed the government case. Mr. Choate then arose for the defense and, taking the paper from his pocket, proceeded to read the same article slowly and with such intonation that when he had finished reading it the complainant arose and said, "If that is the meaning of the article just read we have no reason to find the slightest fault with it," and the case was abandoned.—*The Green Bag*, November, 1902.

The lawyer closed his argument with the remark that he was more confirmed in his view of the law in the case, because the distinguished counsel opposed to him had taken the same ground in an argument a few days before at Lowell. Instead of denying the false assertion, which most lawyers would have done, Choate quietly replied, "Yes, and was overruled by the court."—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, "Some Recollections of Rufus Choate."

In answering a lawyer who had addressed the court in a loud tone, Mr. Choate playfully referred to his "stentorian powers." To his surprise, his opponent rose and hotly replied that nothing in his mode of address would justify such a stricture. As he went on thus his voice again rose to a high key and rang through the court house; Choate half rose and said in the blandest tones, "One word, may it please the court, only one word, if my brother will allow. I see my mistake. I beg to retract what I have said." The effect was irresistible; the court was convulsed with laughter.—JOSEPH NEILSON, "Memories of Rufus Choate."

I sometimes feel when a case has gone against me like the Baptist minister who was baptizing in winter a crowd of converts through a large hole made in the ice. One brother—Jones, I think—disappeared after immersion and did not reappear; probably drifting ten or fifteen feet from the hole and was vainly gasping under the ice as many inches thick. After pausing a few minutes the minister said, "Brother Jones has evidently gone to kingdom come; bring on the next." Now I am not unfeeling, but after all has been done for a client that I could do —and I never spared myself in advocating his legal rights—the only thing left for me is to dismiss the case from my mind and say with my Baptist brother, "Bring on the next." —EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, "Some Recollections of Rufus Choate."

CHOISEUL, Etienne François, Duke of, 1719-1785. French statesman.

Choiseul once visited London when the vagaries of the climate of that smoky city had the happy result of evoking a characteristic repartee. During a fog of particular density and duration, some one inquired why cannons were being fired off. "Apparently some one has perceived the sun," replied the duke with great promptitude.—LADY YOUNGHUSBAND, "Marie Antoinette, Her Early Youth."

Once, incensed by a foul lampoon directed against his private life, he offered a reward to discover the author. The latter, tempted by the bait, had the hardihood to claim it in person. Choiseul was for a moment speechless with amazement, then, offering the fellow his hand, he said lightly, "Yes; it is true that I promised a reward. If my friendship is of any use to you, accept it and grant me yours in return."—W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE, "Daughters of Eve."

CHOUAN.

The very name of "Chouan" is a mystery and the etymologists have hitherto hit on nothing better than *chat-huant* (owl), which the insurgents were supposed to resemble, from their practise of moving principally by night.—*The Quarterly Review*, June, 1842.

CHRISTINA, 1626-1689. Queen of Sweden.

Her hair was rough, her hands dirty, her clothes tumbled, she cursed and swore like a musketeer, but she rode divinely on horseback, could kill a hare with a rifle, slept on a hard bed and profoundly despised women—their ideas, their occupations, their conversations. When she tore by at a gallop, bold and free, with a man's hat and jacket on, her hair streaming in the wind and her face sunburnt, Sweden felt uncertain whether she did not indeed possess a prince, she was not sure that the figure before her was that of a princess. . . . She owned eleven Corregios and two Raphaels but she cut up some of her finest canvases to fit heads, hands and feet into the panels of her apartments. . . . In 1653 there was wandering about Germany an unfortunate black man who was looking for something, but could not explain what, for

nobody understood his language. A learned man from Erfurt, Job Ludolf, author of some works on Ethiopia and the Ethiopian language, happened to be in Stockholm. He assured Queen Christina that the black man was an Ethiopian and was, no doubt, in search of him, to compliment him on his works about his country. He added that the traveler's name was Akalaktus. It was a grand opportunity for Christina to extend her glory to Ethiopia. She wrote a beautiful Latin letter to her "very dear cousin and friend," the king of Ethiopia, *consanguineo nostro clarissimo, eadem gratia Ethiopium regi*, etc. She wished him all sorts of prosperity in this, "the beginning of their interchange of letters." The package was forwarded to the black man in Germany. Whether he ever received it, or what he did with it nobody knows. . . . She could not eat; she could not sleep; she fainted away constantly and thought her time was come. Her physician in ordinary could make nothing of her illness. She sent for Bourdelot, who saw the case at once. He took away all her books, ordered rest and amusement and soothed the regret of his patient by assuring her that in the French court learned ladies were considered ridiculous. Christina tried the treatment and found it to her taste. She grew better at once and the remedy was agreeable. She amused herself a little, then much, then passionately; got rid of her man of science, her ministers and her senators, threw her dictionaries sky-high and set herself to make up for lost time. She was now twenty-five; she was, indeed, behindhand. But she did not despair and that with good reason. Few women ever enjoyed more amusement than Queen Christina. The royal palace seemed transformed by a magic wand. It had been a Sorbonne; Bourdelot turned it into a little Louvre of the days when Louis XIV. frolicked so wildly with the nieces of Mazarin. Christina passed her days in parties of pleasure. Christina danced ballets. Christina rambled in disguise. Christina made fun of her savants. She forced Bochard to play battledore and shuttlecock; Naude to dance the antique dances, about which he had written learned monographs; Meibon to sing the Greek airs he had discovered, and she laughed loudly at the cracked voice of the one and the grotesque capers of the other. . . . On the 11th of February, 1654, Christina assembled the senate and announced her intention to surrender the crown to her cousin, Charles Gustavus. . . . She abdicated partly that the pit might applaud her. She, however, had two other reasons; she had not a penny left and her queenly profession bored her. She was tired of both Sweden and the Swedes. . . . She had sent away her collections, her gold and silver plate, her furniture and the crown jewels. It is said that her successor found nothing in the palace but two carpets and an old bedstead. When well out of Stockholm, the Queen of Sweden dismissed her suite, cut off her hair, assumed men's clothes, put on boots, took a gun in her hand and said that she was going into Flanders to join Condé's army, *faire le coup de pistolet*. For some time there was no certain news of her. Sometimes she passed quite out of sight. Sometimes her course was made plain by some extravagance or absurdity. When she reached the frontier of Norway she leaped over the boundary line with shouts of joy at being out of Sweden. . . . Queen Christina disembarked in Denmark, assumed a false name, mounted on horseback in a man's dress and on a man's saddle, and set off for Hamburg, accompanied by four gentlemen and several valets, who served her as ladies' maids. "She passed like a vagabond," says Montglat in his "Memoirs" "from state to state, visiting all the courts of Europe." Christina's tour was very much like that of some wandering circus. Here and there she gave a public performance. On such occasions she got up an improvised suite to sustain her royal character, picking up the performers where she could. She would put on all her finery and make a solemn entry into some city, receiving the honors due to her rank with a pride of bearing that charmed the crowd. The population flocked to look at her, for she was one of the curiosities of Christendom. She responded to official harangues with ease and tact, speaking to each audience in its own language, presiding as a monarch at fêtes made for her and treating men of learning as her comrades. "She can talk of everything under the sun," writes one of her hearers, "not like a princess, but like a philosopher." . . . The pope thought it the best plan to order cardinals always to attend her. The cardinals could not restrain her; she led away the cardinals. There was no fuss of any kind in Rome, no scandal, either at mass or at the theater, on the street or on the Corso, but Queen Christina was sure to be in the midst of it, with her cardinals in their red robes. Then came all sorts of pranks and young favorites. And at the same time she was insolent to the nobility of Rome, insatiable as to honors, always quarreling with somebody and oblivious to the fact that she no longer reigned. One day when

Cardinal de Medici had displeased her, she had cannon pointed at the door of his house and fired the first shot herself. The marks were still there during the last century. "Patience," she said, "is the virtue of those who lack courage and strength." She made it a point of honor to have nothing to do with such a virtue. . . . Six months after she reached Rome Christina was worried by her creditors. She applied to the pope, who paid her debts and then thought it a good time to put some check upon her. He offered her two thousand crowns a month, provided she behaved herself. It was too soon for such a bargain. Christina flew into a rage, sent the rest of her jewelry to a pawnbroker, who gave her ten thousand ducats on it, and she then embarked for Marseilles. . . . When she chose to please she pleased, in spite of her ridiculous costumes, her masculine manners and her want of cleanliness. Only she never pleased long; the feelings she inspired were as changeable as her temper. At Compiègne she frightened people for the first half hour and charmed and amused them for the second. She was witty; she made graceful repartees; people admired her. But before night came they stood in dread of her impertinences. She requested the services of the king's valet de chambre to undress her and to serve her in private, which shocked every one. There was a revulsion in her favor the next morning when she came forth well washed and her hair well dressed, lively and gay. She amused the young king [Louis XIV.] immensely and was after all on the high road to make a favorable impression when she was suddenly seized with one of her fits of swearing, blaspheming and flinging about her legs.—ARVÈDE BARINE (Madam Vincent), *Revue des Deux Mondes*, November, 1888.

We, the undersigned, promise and bind ourselves hereby to speak Latin with our tutor in future. We made the promise before, but we did not keep it. Henceforth, with God's help, we will do as we have promised; and we will, God willing, begin on Monday. In order that there may be no doubt about it, we have written this letter with our own hand and we sign it.—QUEEN CHRISTINA, letter dated Stockholm, October 28, 1639.

She can converse in no fewer than eleven languages.—PROFESSOR MANNERSCHIED, Jesuit clergyman, letter, quoted by Francis Gribble, "The Court of Christina of Sweden."

Women's clothes and women's ways were alike insupportable to me. I never wore their head-dresses. I never took any care of my complexion, my figure, or my person generally; and, save in the matters of cleanliness and honorable conduct, I cherished a profound contempt for everything pertaining to my own sex. I could not endure dresses with trains, but much preferred short skirts, especially in the country. I was so clumsy at all kinds of needlework that it was quite impossible to teach me how to do it. But, on the other hand, I was marvelously quick at learning languages and lessons of every kind. —QUEEN CHRISTINA, "Memoirs."

A visitor was once invited to hear a number of Swedish girls sing glees which the queen had taught them. They had been taught to sing in French—a language of which they were all quite ignorant; and the visitor found to his amazement that the alleged glees which their innocent lips had been taught to utter were in reality amorous ditties of such broad indecorum that even the most brazen-faced of men could hardly have rendered them without blushing.

As a queen Christina had often thrown etiquette to the winds, as a woman in exile she was more exacting. It was one thing, she felt, to unbend, and quite another to be unbent. Hence trouble when the Prince of Condé proposed to call. He was Christina's hero; she had told Whitelocke that she ranked him next to Cromwell among great men—and she had probably told his countrymen that she ranked him above Cromwell. But she would not agree to descend to the foot of the stairs to meet him; and he said he would not call unless she did.—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Court of Christina of Sweden."

She speaks Latin, French, German, Flemish and Swedish; and she is learning Greek. Learned persons converse with her in her leisure hours of all that is most abstruse in the various sciences. Her intellect, eager for all kinds of knowledge, seeks information about everything. Hardly a day passes without her reading Tacitus—an author whom she calls her game of chess, and whose style is absolutely intelligible to her, though perplexing to many of the erudite.—CHANUT, French Ambassador to Stockholm, "Memoirs."

Christina of Sweden complimented the celebrated Vossius by saying that he was so well learned as not only to know whence all the words came but whither they were going.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1820, quoting H. More.

She set out for Helmstadt, in the province of Holland, where she remained four days and then traveled to Cullen. Here she

resolved upon a strange metamorphosis and jocosely said, "Now I will be a man." Quitting her female apparel, in order to travel with greater ease, she put on the dress and appearance of a young nobleman, with the title of Count de Dohna, son to a nobleman of her train, whom, with three others, Count Steinberg, Baron Soop and another lord, she retained in her service; all ignorant of what part of the world they were going to. She sent back all the ladies who attended her.—M. LACOMBE, "History of Christina, Queen of Sweden."

If it be true, as some of Christina's biographers surmise, that any idea of a marriage between the Swedish royal lady and Louis XIV. had been entertained, it must have been quickly scared away by the written reports of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. . . . What could this queen mother have thought at Compiègne when news from Fontainebleau reached her of the Swedish queen sitting up in bed with a towel tied round her head because she had just been shaved, and of her stalking about the stately galleries in male boots, a buff jerkin and a man's wig?—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1868.

Just as the king [Louis XIV.] was about to start for Fontainebleau to see the queen of Sweden, he received news which prevented him from doing so; news to the effect that she had caused her first equerry, who was an Italian, to be put to death by another Italian, on account of certain rascalities and deceptions practised on her and on account of certain forged letters which the equerry had shown her, and which caused her the greater offense because even her honor was compromised in them. Such are the diversions of princes. The name of the assassin is Santinelli and the name of the man assassinated is Monaldelschi. As soon as he was dead she had the wretched man's body conveyed to the Mathurin convent, where it was buried. They say that she herself was in the gallery close to the apartment in which the assassination took place. It is a very tragic affair; it also gives one the impression of being a very black and scoundrelly affair. This poor fellow evidently had some suspicion as to what was about to happen, for he was wearing a coat of mail, which made it very difficult to despatch him. The queen of Sweden, told of this, replied they had better cut his throat, which they duly did. I hear that she has written to the king, saying this is the proper way to treat officers who betray their sovereigns or are lacking in respect and loyalty to them.—GUY PATIN, "Letters."

On the whole they thought it best to hush the matter up. Louis XIV. declined to keep his promise to visit her at Fontainebleau; but Mazarin sent her old friend Chanut and Abbé Oudelei to see her there and beg her that she would represent Monaldeschi's death as due to a brawl among courtiers, in which swords were drawn. But Christina would not—those who asked her to do so did not know her. . . . Thrown on her defense she defended herself with the fury of a wild cat at bay. . . . The line ultimately taken, at any rate, was that Christina had been guilty of "bad taste"; an offense which must be punished, but might be purged. The punishment took the form of a social boycott. Christina was not invited to leave Fontainebleau, but was left to her own devices there. —FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Court of Christina of Sweden."

CHURCHILL, Lord Randolph, Henry Spencer, 1849-1895. English statesman.

Lord Randolph Churchill always retained his fondness for the study of models and patents, while in his leisure hours he was never employed more happily than in taking to pieces and putting together again the works of watches.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, *Fortnightly Review*, March 1, 1895.

There used to be a great deal of talk at one time of Lord Randolph Churchill's dealings with the Irish National Party. I am not inclined in these volumes to concern myself much with the doings of political parties; but I may say that there were never any dealings between Lord Randolph Churchill and the Irish parliamentary party, the history of which might have been published fully in all the daily papers without bringing the slightest discredit on any one concerned in these transactions. Lord Randolph, however, was sometimes greatly amused at the wild conjectures which were hazarded every day upon the subject. One night I met him at a large and crowded reception at a London house. I exchanged a few words with him and was about to pass on, when, with a look of mysterious meaning, he drew me into a corner. Then he held me carefully by the button-hole, and began to talk to me in an undertone. What he really said was in substance like this: "You see that fellow yonder," and he mentioned the name of a well-known writer of political gossip for some of the papers; "he has his eye upon us, and I am quite sure he thinks you and I are concocting some tremendous political machination. Now I want to confirm him in this belief; and so, if you don't mind, we'll

keep talking in this sort of way about any subject you like, and you'll see if he doesn't have a fine half column of startling news in some of the papers to-morrow morning." I was quite willing to fall in with Lord Randolph's humor; and accordingly there did appear something in certain of the papers next day about a plot going on between Lord Randolph and the Irish National Party which must be fraught with danger to the most cherished traditions of our parliamentary system.—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences."

It was arranged that Lord Randolph should resume the debate immediately after Questions. Had that been possible, all might have been well. But some one raised a question of privilege, discussed for a full hour, during which Lord Randolph sat fuming. He had at the proper moment taken some drug designed to "buck up" his frail body through the hour he intended to speak. When the hour had sped the tonic effects of his medicine were exhausted. It was a decrepit man with bowed figure and occasionally inarticulate voice that at length stood at the table—a painful spectacle, from contemplation of which members gradually withdrew. The chamber, which once filled at the signal "Churchill is up," was almost empty when he sat down. Yet Mr. Bryce, who sat attentive on the treasury bench opposite, and heard every word of the speech painfully read from manuscript, told me it was a cogent argument, admirably phrased, illumined by happy illustrations, in these respects falling nothing short of his earlier successes.—HENRY W. LUCY, *Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1907.

CLAY, Henry, 1777-1852. American statesman.

When Henry Clay was young, and a brilliant member of the legislature of Kentucky, one of the old Buckskins heard him quote the old common law of England as decisive of the case then under discussion. The old fellow was astonished and, jumping up, began, "Mr. Speaker, I want to know, sir, if what that gentleman said is true? Are we all livin' under English common law?" The speaker informed the anxious inquirer that the common law was recognized as part of the law of the land. "Well, sir," resumed Buckskin, "when I remember our fathers, and some of us, fit, bled and died to be free of English law, I don't want to be under any of it any longer. And I make a motion that it be repealed right away." The motion was seconded. The Kentucky blood was up. The Buckskins fired off speech after speech, and Mr. Clay had as much as he could do to explain the matter and save the legislature of Kentucky from repealing the common law of England.—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1858.

When General Glasscock, of Georgia, took his seat in Congress as a representative, a mutual friend asked, "General, may I introduce you to Henry Clay?" "No, sir," was the stern response; "I am his adversary and choose not to subject myself to his fascination."—HORACE GREELEY, "Recollections of a Busy Life."

They tell in Washington an anecdote of Judge Story and Clay which is spicy. The judge was rattling on one evening and, among other things, observed, that he wished he had been in Webster's place at that time (the time when Webster made his first speech on the commercial policy and was opposed to Clay). Clay looked up at this remark and quietly but cuttingly observed, "I wish you had."—EDWARD G. PARKER, "Reminiscences of Rufus Choate."

Once, pausing for a moment in an argument before the United States Supreme Court, and probably more than once, advancing to one of the justices, who held a snuff-box in his hand, he airily took a pinch, remarking, "I see that your honor sticks to Scotch." Justice Story said of it, "I have been on this bench for thirty-four years and I do not believe there is a man in the country who could have done that but Henry Clay."—ERASTUS BROOKS, address before the New York Historical Society, April 6, 1886.

"You do not remember my name?" a lady said one time upon meeting Henry Clay. "No," was the prompt and gallant response, "for when we last met long ago I was sure your beauty and accomplishments would very soon compel you to change it."—THOMAS HART CLAY, "Henry Clay."

Colonel John W. Forney tells a good story about a visit which he paid with Forrest to Henry Clay soon after the passage of the compromise measure. The Colonel unguardedly complimented a speech made by Senator Soule, which made Mr. Clay's eyes flash, and he proceeded to criticize him very severely, ending by saying, "He is nothing but an actor, sir—a mere actor." Then, suddenly recollecting the presence of the tragedian, he dropped his tone and, turning to Mr. Forrest, said, with a graceful gesture, "I mean, my dear sir, a mere French actor." The visitors soon after took their leave and,

as they descended the stairs, Forrest turned to Forney and said, "Mr. Clay has proven by the skill with which he can change his manner, and the grace with which he can make an apology, that he is a better actor than Soule."—*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1881.

In one of Captain Marryat's wanderings in this country he came to Lexington. As he brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Clay he was asked to dine at Ashland. His manners were in marked contrast to those of the other guests, who had been invited to meet him. During the dinner Mr. Clay hospitably urged Captain Marryat to have another glass of wine which he rudely declined, setting down his glass with such violence that it was shivered and saying in a loud tone, "No more wine; I have had enough." Thereupon Mr. Clay turned to another guest and with great courtesy said, "Lewis, you will try this wine, will you not? You have not had too much."—THOMAS HART CLAY, "Henry Clay."

His favorite recreation for many years was a game of whist, to which, at one period of his life, he was passionately addicted—not for the stakes, if there were any, but for the mere distraction and excitement of the game. There is a tradition that while he was on a visit to Boston in 1816, lodging at the Old Exchange Coffee House in Congress street, a servant rushed into the parlor, in which he was at the whist table with a few gentlemen of the old school, and announced that the hotel was on fire. "Oh, there will be time enough, I think," cried Mr. Clay, "to finish our game," and finish it they did before the hotel was burned to the ground. A similar tradition was current in Washington at a later period, that while Mr. Clay was Speaker, he and his friends had passed the whole night at cards, and were still going on with their game when the hour was close at hand for the opening of the morning session of Congress. "Wait a few minutes, gentlemen," said Mr. Clay, "and I will wash my face and hands and run down to the House and call John W. Taylor to the chair and then I will come back and we will have another rubber."—ROBERT C. WINTHROP, "A Memoir of Henry Clay."

At a large party, given the wife of a cabinet minister, Mrs. Clay, chaperoning a young lady from the North, passed through a room where gentlemen were playing cards, Mr. Clay amongst the number. "Is this a common practise?" inquired the young lady. "Yes," said Mrs. Clay; "they always play when they get together." "Don't it distress you to have Mr. Clay gamble?" "No, my dear," said the good old lady composedly, "he 'most always wins."—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1872.

In Congress

I recall one incident in the speech in which Mr. Clay said, "I had rather be right than be president." Whether on or off the floor, when he took part in debate, he was sure to say just what he thought of the fire-eaters of the South and the extremists of the North. At the time I was chairman of the Whig Young Men's Committee of the City of New York and, having the right to the floor (the rules are much more strict now), I ventured to whisper into his ear, in an impulse of real love for the man, the deep and general anxiety felt by the Whig Young Men of New York, and of the country, that nothing should be said by him that could by any possibility defeat his expected nomination. One of Mr. Clay's penetrating looks, and one that meant to me what Milton calls "expressive silence," in reply, was the only answer to my appeal. This speech, as the result soon made manifest, was in no sense a politic one for a candidate for the presidency. In the spirit of his Alabama letter it spared neither men, nor party, nor sections of country where censure was deserved. For himself, with an earnestness and honesty and force of will in voice and manner which electrified those who heard him, the conclusion of the whole matter was, "I had rather be right than be president."—ERASTUS BROOKS, address before the New York Historical Society, April 6, 1886.

"I have attentively observed your course as Speaker," said he to me one day most kindly, "and I have heartily approved it. But let me give you one hint from the experience of the oldest of your predecessors. Decide—decide promptly—and never give your reasons for your decisions. The House will sustain your decisions, but there will always be men to cavil and quarrel about your reasons."—ROBERT C. WINTHROP, "A Memoir of Henry Clay."

The House was harangued by the late Governor Lincoln, of Maine, in his usual eloquent but verbose and declamatory manner. He was considering the revolutionary pension bill and replying to an argument which opposed it on the ground that those to whom it proposed to extend pecuniary aid might perhaps live a long time and thus cause heavy drafts to be made upon the treasury. In one of his elevated flights of

patriotic enthusiasm he burst out with the exclamation: "Soldiers of the Revolution! Live forever!" Mr. Clay succeeded him, in favor also of the humane proposition, but did not respond to his desire relative to the length of the lives of those worthies for whose benefit it was devised, and when he closed, turning suddenly to Mr. Lincoln and with a smile upon his countenance, observed, "I hope my worthy friend will not insist upon the very great duration of those pensions which he has suggested. Will he not consent, by way of a compromise, to a term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, instead of eternity?"—DANIEL MALLORY, "Life and Speeches of Henry Clay."

Uniformly cheerful while on the floor, he sometimes indulged in repartee. The late General Alexander Smyth, of Virginia, a man of ability and research, was an excessively tedious speaker, worrying the House and prolonging his speeches by numerous quotations. On one of these occasions, when he had been more than ordinarily tiresome, while hunting up an authority, he observed to Mr. Clay, who was sitting near him, "You, sir, speak for the present generation; but I speak for posterity." "Yes," said Mr. Clay, "and you seem resolved to speak until the arrival of your audience."—EPES SARGENT, "Henry Clay."

The Politician

He beckoned with his hand to Mr. Clay to approach him, who immediately complied. "Young man," said he, "you want to go to the legislature, I see." "Why, yes," replied Mr. Clay; "yes, I should like to go, as my friends have seen proper to put me up as a candidate before the people; I do not wish to be defeated." "Are you a good shot?" "The best in the county." "Then you shall go, but you must first give us a specimen of your skill; we must see you shoot." "I never shoot any rifle but my own and that is at home." "No matter; here is Old Bess; she never fails in the hands of a marksman; she has often sent death through a squirrel's head one hundred yards and daylight through many a redskin at twice that distance; if you can shoot any gun you can shoot Old Bess." "Well, put up your mark; put up your mark," replied Mr. Clay. The target was placed at a distance of about eighty yards, when, with all the coolness and steadiness of an old experienced marksman, he drew Old Bess to his shoulder and fired. The bullet pierced the target near the center. "Oh, a chance shot! a chance shot!" exclaimed several of his political opponents. "A chance shot; he might shoot all day and not hit the mark again; let him try it over; let him try it over." "No; beat that, beat that, and then I will," retorted Mr. Clay. But as no one seemed disposed to make the attempt, it was considered that he had given satisfactory proof that he was the best shot in the county, and this unimportant incident gained him the vote of every hunter and marksman in the assembly, which was composed principally of that class of persons, as well as their support throughout the county. The most remarkable feature respecting the whole incident is yet to be told. Said Mr. Clay, "I had never before fired a rifle and have not since."—DANIEL MALLORY, "Life and Speeches of Henry Clay."

Francis P. Blair had been the partner of Amos Kendall in the publication of the *Frankfort Argus* and they had both deserted Henry Clay when they enlisted in the movement which gave the electoral vote of Kentucky to Jackson and joined in the cry of "bargain and corruption" raised against their former friend. It is related that at the first interview between Clay and Blair after this desertion was a very awkward one for the latter, who felt that he had behaved very shabbily. Clay had ridden over on horseback from Lexington to Frankfort, in the winter season, on legal business, and on alighting from his horse at the tavern door found himself confronting Blair, who was just leaving the house. "How do you do, Mr. Blair?" inquired the Great Commoner, in his silvery tones and blandest manner, at the same time extending his hand. Blair mechanically took the tendered hand, but was evidently nonplussed and at length said, with an evident effort, "Pretty well, I thank you; how did you find the roads from Lexington here?" "The roads are very bad, Mr. Blair," graciously replied Clay—"very bad; and I wish, sir, you would mend your ways." —*The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1880.

When the odious compensation bill was to be encountered, in the congressional campaign of 1816, Mr. Clay met an old and once ardent political friend, a Kentucky hunter, who expressed dissatisfaction at his vote on the above-named bill. "Have you a good rifle, my friend?" asked Mr. Clay. "Yes." "Did it ever flash?" "It did once." "And did you throw it away?" "No; I picked the flint, tried it again and found it was true." "Have I ever flashed, except this once that you complain of?" "No." "And will you throw me away?" "No, no," said the hunter with much emotion, grasping Mr.

Clay's hand; "I will pick the flint and try it again."—CALVIN COLTON, "Clay and His Times." (A similar anecdote is told of Richard Mentor Johnson, 1781-1850, Vice-President of the United States, in his biography by William Emmons.)

One of our representatives in the Congress of the United States is Michael Walsh, of this city, and since he has been at the Capitol the subjoined story of a laughable "interview" which he once had with the late lamented Henry Clay has been revived and has created a good deal of merriment: When Walsh was an apprentice in New York in the lithographic printing business, it so chanced that Henry Clay was in the city and, as usual, was the honored guest of the people. His reception room was directly opposite where Walsh worked and the crowd was seen by the workmen passing into the hotel to shake hands with the Great Commoner. The workers dared Walsh to go over and shake hands with Mr. Clay, dressed as he was, with a paper cap, sleeves rolled up and face and arms bedaubed with ink. "He wouldn't be dared," he said, "to do anything"; slapping his hand on the inkstone he made it moist with the sticky fluid. He then moved 'mechanically across the street, entered, was introduced and shook hands with Mr. Clay. He gave a cordial grasp, so much so that the hands stuck partly together; but on went Walsh, with the crowd that had preceded him, and, looking over his shoulder, observed Mr. Clay gazing with a mingled expression of astonishment and playfulness at the inky hand which had been left him. But Henry Clay was great, even in little things, and, taking the affair like a sensible man, in a jocular way, he instantly determined to pass the joke and pass it literally. The consequence was that the introduced, white kids and all, carried away with them a portion of the printer's ink, until Mr. Clay's hand was almost cleared of the "soft impeachment," and he was near being convulsed with laughter at the odd predicament of himself and his sharers. Mr. Clay was often heard to speak of it as one of the amusing incidents of his life.—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1854.

In Europe

A few days after his interview with Lord Castlereagh, the keeper of the house at which Mr. Clay lodged announced a person who wished to speak to him. Mr. Clay directed him to be admitted; and, on his entrance, perceived an individual, dressed apparently in great splendor, come forward, whom he took to be a peer of the realm. He rose and asked his visitor to be seated, but the latter declined, and observed that he was the first waiter of Lord Castlereagh. "The first waiter of Lord Castlereagh!" exclaimed Mr. Clay; "well, what is your pleasure with me?" "Why, if your excellency please," said the man, "it is usual for a foreign minister, when presented to Lord Castlereagh, to make his first waiter a present, or pay him the customary stipend," at the same time handing to Mr. Clay a long list of names of foreign ministers, with the sum which every one had paid affixed to his name. Mr. Clay, thinking it a vile extortion, took the paper and, while reading it, thought how he should repel so exceptionable a demand. He returned it to the servant, telling him that, as it was the custom of the country, he presumed it was all right, but that he was not the minister to England; Mr. Adams was the minister and was daily expected from Paris and, he had no doubt, would do what was right. "But," said the servant very promptly, "if your excellency pleases, it makes no difference whether the minister presented be the resident minister or a special minister, as I understand your excellency to be—it is always paid." Mr. Clay, who had come to England to argue with the master, finding himself in danger of being beaten in an argument by the man, concluded it was best to conform to the usage, objectionable as he thought it; and, looking over the paper for the smallest sum paid by any minister, handed the fellow five guineas and dismissed him.

Mr. Clay remained in Paris upwards of two months. On the night of his arrival in that brilliant metropolis, he found at Mr. Crawford's an invitation to a ball given by the American banker, Mr. Hottinguer, on the occasion of the pacification between the United States and Great Britain. There he met for the first time the celebrated Madame de Staël, was introduced to her and had with her a long and animated conversation. "Ah," said she, "Mr. Clay, I have been in England and have been battling your cause for you there." "I know it, madame; we heard of your powerful interposition and we are grateful and thankful for it." "They were very much enraged against you," said she; "so much so that at one time they thought seriously of sending the Duke of Wellington to command their armies against you." "I am very sorry, madame," replied Mr. Clay, "that they did not send his grace." "Why?"

asked she, surprised. "Because, madame, if he had beaten us, we should have been in the condition of Europe, without disgrace. But, if we had been so fortunate as to defeat him, we should have greatly added to the renown of our arms." The next time he met Madame de Staël was at a party at her own house, which was attended by the marshals of France, the Duke of Wellington and other distinguished persons. She introduced Mr. Clay to the duke, and at the same time related the above anecdote. He replied with promptness and politeness, that if he had been sent on that service, and had been so fortunate as to have been successful over a foe so gallant as the Americans, he would have regarded it as the proudest feather in his cap.—EPES SARGENT, "Henry Clay."

Stories Clay Told

Mr. Clay had a standing joke which he never failed to perpetrate at Mr. Adams's expense when he caught his Massachusetts colleague in a congenial crowd. Adams was afflicted during his whole life with a disease of the lachrymal duct, which caused his optics to be constantly watery. The two occupied the same apartment and a buxom Swiss damsel attended the room. Clay's story was that upon his attempting to snatch a kiss from the handsome chambermaid, he was bluffed with, "Oh, no, Mr. Clay, you must not, for Mr. Adams a few minutes ago begged me with tears in his eyes for a similar favor and I refused him."—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1873.

Speaking of the national debt of Great Britain, the late lamented and honored statesman Henry Clay used to tell a capital story of an opponent of his, who, in a stump speech in the midst of the unsettled parts of the then Far West western states, gave his "sentiments" and "profound views" of letters and things. He was a small pettifogger—"wordy, wise and wandering" in all that he said and with the utmost confusion of what he was talking about; only he knew he was accusing Mr. Clay of wanting to introduce the cussed Feudal System into this country. Some demagogue had told him that this was the nature of Mr. Clay's Protective System. "Look 'o here now, my friends," said he, "jest look at it. I want to know if any of you who hear my voice wants this Feudal System? What has it done for England, and Europe, and France, and Scotland and other foreign countries? Look at 'em. Half of 'em are no better than slaves, and some of 'em not so well off. What has done this? The blasted Feudal System they want to fasten onto this country, same as they did onto Greece. And then just look at the expense. What do you think England owes this minute for wars and high living under this Feudal System? Why, more than nine thousand dollars, and the interest runnin' on all the while. Do you want any system like that h'isted onto this country? Do you want it, my fellow citizens?" Well, they didn't and so made manifest at the polls. In a sparse settlement in the wilderness, where, as the orator said, "the sile am rich, but money are scurse" —where a silver dollar is supposed to be the size of a cartwheel—nine thousand dollars, as the national debt of Great Britain, seemed an unaccountable and a "most numerous" amount of money. Mr. Clay used to tell this story with great good humor and effect and many a laugh had his friends over the idea how glad the English government would be to strike a bargain with some Yankee financier who would pay their national debt with the terrific nine thousand dollars.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1856.

One of Mr. Clay's stories which he used to tell with dramatic effect: As he was coming here one November the stage stopped for the passengers to get supper at a little town on the mountainside, where there had been a militia muster that afternoon. When the stage was ready to start, the colonel, in full regimentals, but somewhat inebriated, insisted on riding with the driver, thinking doubtless that the fresh air would restore him. It was not long though before he fell off into the mud. The coach stopped, of course, for the colonel to regain his seat. He soon gathered himself up, when the following colloquy ensued: "Well, driver, we've had a turnover, hain't we?" "No; we have not turned over at all." "I say we have." "No; you are mistaken; you only fell off." "I say we have; I'll leave it to the company. Haven't we had a turnover here, gentlemen?" Being assured they had not, "Well, driver, if I'd known that I wouldn't have got off."—BEN: PERLEY POORE, "Perley's Reminiscences."

CLEVELAND, Grover, 1837-1908. President of the United States.

He was not a well read lawyer and whenever it became necessary for him to use a decision bearing on any point it was his habit to lounge into Cleveland's office and casually worm the desired information out of his friend's mental storehouse. "Grover"

was not so dull as not to appreciate the fact and to resent the sponging—not so much because the process was worthy of that name as because he wished to spur his friend on to more energetic work. One day the friend came in on his usual errand and, when Cleveland had heard the preliminaries usual to the pumping process, the latter told his questioner that he had given him all the information on law matters that he was going to. "There are my books," said Cleveland, "and you are quite welcome to use them. You can read up your own cases." "See here, Grover Cleveland," said the friend, "I want you to understand that I don't read law. I practise entirely by ear and you and your books can go to thunder."—*Albany Law Journal*, April 17, 1886, quoting the *Buffalo Express*.

A few days before the inauguration of Grover Cleveland as governor Lieutenant-Governor William Dorsheimer said to me: "Cleveland does not want to occupy the executive mansion. He thought he could establish himself at one of the hotels and live the same bachelor life as in Buffalo. It would have been a tremendous error. A number of us—strong friends of his—got at him in protest. We told him that he would offend the sense of the people of the state, who had provided for their chief executive an official residence and who desired to see the man they honored hedged about with the dignity which is part of his great office. And also on the ground of expediency we showed him that it would be a mistake, for he would be overwhelmed in the easy approach hotel life would afford. He has yielded and will occupy the mansion, but I think the argument of expediency rather than the other swayed him.—WILLIAM C. HUDSON, "Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter."

He never dictated any of his correspondence or public addresses but always made the first draft in his own hand. During my stay at the White House as his executive clerk there was but one instance in which he dictated anything and that was the beginning of a very brief note. . . . He dictated a few sentences of the letter and then, turning to the stenographer, said, "Oh, you know what I want to find out; fix it up and bring it into me."—GEORGE F. PARKER, "Recollections of Grover Cleveland," contribution by George B. Cortelyou.

Perhaps there were few things more dreaded than dictation to a stenographer and Mr. Cleveland never resorted to it, even for his routine correspondence, until in July, 1892, when, with the national campaign on his hands, he was living far off at Buzzards Bay, where he could not shift any part of the burden. So during that year when, according to a letter, he was working until two o'clock every morning trying to get from under a snowslide of letters with very little success, he consented to employ a secretary, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, of Boston, a young man, who, being intelligent and efficient, was of great assistance to him both then and later in Washington for a year or so in his second term. But dictation was a very difficult art for him to master—in fact, he never pretended to master it. He was very awkward at it and the resulting letters were apt to be diffuse and inconclusive, while those of his own writing were both concise and informing. To the very end he only used this aid—which has become a necessity for the modern business or public man—in the most important cases. His resort was still the pen.—GEORGE F. PARKER, "Recollections of Grover Cleveland."

Out in the Indian Territory an Indian, an idle and, I fear, a very bad one, had killed another of his own sort in a drunken brawl. The case appeared to be a perfectly clear and straight one, but when I brought Mr. Cleveland the papers I saw that he was interested and that he was not likely to be satisfied with the department recommendation that the law should take its course. The record was an elaborate one, even as we had prepared it, but it was still insufficient to satisfy the president and his scruples. There was none too much time to act, so he delayed the execution and called for the full shorthand report of the trial. He instructed us to procure further letters from the judges, the district attorney and the jurors. When these were submitted he went all over them with the most elaborate and painstaking care and finally disposed of the case with a memorandum in a few words, granting a commutation. When he had come to a decision in this case he said to me: "Boteler, I could not have slept nights if this man had been hanged because of a declination or a failure on my part to look into his case. He is only a poor Indian, but I cannot forget that he has nobody else in the world to look after him and see that his rights are fully preserved."—GEORGE F. PARKER, *McClure's Magazine*, February, 1909, quoting Alexander R. Boteler.

I was with Cleveland when the excitement broke into a storm over the country

because of his order for the return of the battle flags taken during the Civil War. I asked him if he recalled Senator Sumner's speech opposing the placing in the Capitol of any permanent memorial or work of art to exult over the vanquishment of the South. He asked me to find the record and have it published. I did so, including the resolution of the Massachusetts legislature bitterly censuring Sumner for the speech and the subsequent expunging of that resolution while the senator was dying. The next morning the papers were full of denunciation of the president and published a statement by General Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, to the effect that he had received the first notice of the president's battle-flag order from his old comrade in arms, General Drum, adjutant-general of the United States army. When I called Mr. Cleveland's attention to this, he drew from his desk an official letter from Drum, written some months before, recommending that the president issue the order for the return of the captured flags as an act of amity to the South. I was astonished at this revelation and said, "Of course, you will publish Drum's letter." The president simply said, "No; the order was mine. I do not wish to divide the responsibility. I have examined the matter and find that I had no legal authority to issue such an order and I have recalled it."—GEORGE F. PARKER, *McClure's Magazine*, February, 1909, quoting John P. Irish.

One summer, when he was living at Gray Gables and I at Marion, I boarded a train up the road and, thinking he might be on it, went through the coaches looking for the ex-president. I found him at last sitting on a rough chair under a shelf in the baggage car, he having given up his seat in the crowded passenger car to a woman and unconcernedly taken refuge among the bundles and baggage in the forward part of the train.

There was a "Children's Hour" at the White House during his second term, when in the twilight a little child would be brought into the executive office and the work of the government would be suspended and much ink would be lavished while two big hands helped two small ones in making pictures on sheets of writing paper spread out upon the president's desk.—RICHARD WATSON GILDER, "Grover Cleveland."

Once on the train from New York he became much concerned over a little girl who seemed to be traveling alone. Finally he had to go and ask her about it. She said that it was all right, she was to be met by her father at New Brunswick. But when that station was finally reached the ex-president, without saying anything to the rest of the party, quietly stole out of the rear door and watched until he saw the child safe in her father's arms; then he returned to the group he had left and went on with the conversation as if nothing had happened.—JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, "Mr. Cleveland."

An old voter from the backwoods of Ohio came to Washington for the first time. He had never seen a president, much less had he seen Mr. Cleveland. He seemed to be one of the old timers who believe that there is a halo around the head of a democratic executive. The old gentleman was among the first in the procession of handshakers and when he reached the president his joy and excitement knew no bounds. Hurriedly grasping Mr. Cleveland's hand, he shouted, "Grover, I'm glad of it!" The force and earnestness of the remark were too much for the president and he joined in the hearty laugh which followed.

The other day an old gentleman, who was a little absent-minded, when introduced to the president by Congressman Breckinridge, said, "Excuse me, but I didn't catch the name." When his wits returned the chance of a lifetime had gone forever.—FRANCIS LEON CRISMAN, *Munsey's Magazine*, November, 1893.

On the "rest days," (certain days of the week when the state laws provide a rest for the ducks) he played high, low, jack and the game—not for an hour or two, but all day long, from breakfast to bedtime. One by one he would tire out the rest of the party at it. In self-defense they usually agreed to play with him in relays.

Once, "while in Washington," to use the ex-president's phrase for being president, he brought home a number of wild swans he had shot down South and sent one with his compliments to each member of his cabinet and to some of his other associates. "Well, all the boys thanked me politely for remembering them, but none seemed to have much to say about how they enjoyed the birds. Carlisle, I found out, had his cooked one night when he was dining out. Another, when I asked him said he hoped I wouldn't mind, but he had sent it home to his old mother. Thurber did not mention his bird at all for two days. Finally I asked him about it: 'Thurber, did you get that swan all right?' 'Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir; I got the swan all right,' and he bent over his desk and

seemed to be very busy. 'Fine bird,' I said. 'Yes, sir; fine bird,' he said and went on working. 'Enjoy eating him, Thurber?' He waited a minute. Then he said, 'Well, I guess they didn't cook him right at my house. They cooked him only two days,' and he went on working without cracking a smile."

There was one young man who needed two hundred dollars to get through the year. Mr. Cleveland sent for him and said that his library sorely needed cataloguing. So the young man worked for a few days and received a check for one hundred dollars. That was half of what he needed. A month or two later Mr. Cleveland mixed the books up a little and had the student do it over again. Thus the young man received his two hundred dollars and retained his self-respect.—JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, "Mr. Cleveland."

He told me the story of the old darkey who risked his life when out fishing to save a small darkey. He was asked whether the boy was his own. "Oh, no, sah; he not my son." "Well, was he some relative that you risked your life for him?" "No, sah; he no relative; no, sah." "Then why did you plunge in in that reckless way and fetch him out?" "Well, sah, the fact is, sah, that that boy had the bait."—RICHARD WATSON GILDER, "Grover Cleveland."

CLIVE, Robert, Baron Clive of Plassey, 1725-1774. English statesman.

Her maiden name was Maskelyne, sister to the eminent mathematician, so called, who long held the post of astronomer royal. . . . The brother and sister, it appears, kept up an affectionate correspondence. . . . The epistles of the lady, through the partiality of her brother, were frequently shown to Clive, and they bespoke her to be from what other accounts she was—a woman of very superior understanding and of much amiability of character. . . . So strongly did her epistolary powers attract the interest and gain for her the affection of Clive, that it ended by his offering to marry the young lady, if she could be induced to visit her brother at Madras. The latter, through whom the suggestion was made, hesitated and seemed inclined to discourage the proposition. . . . He would take no refusal and then was the brother of Miss Maskelyne forced to own that, highly as his sister was endowed with every mental qualification, nature had been singularly unfavorable to her—personal attractions she had none. The future hero of Plassey was, however, not to be deterred—but he made this compromise: If the lady could be prevailed upon to visit India and that neither party upon personal acquaintance felt disposed for a nearer connection, the sum of five thousand pounds was to be presented to her. With this understanding all scruples were overcome. Miss Maskelyne went out to India and immediately thereafter became the wife of Clive, who, already prejudiced in her favor, is said to have expressed himself surprised that she could ever have been represented to him as plain.—*Chambers's Journal*, July 6, 1850.

COBDEN, Richard, 1804-1865. English statesman.

He fitted exactly a story Emerson told me: when Cobden was in the thick of the struggle against the corn laws, one of his little children asked: "Mama, who is that gentleman who comes here sometimes?"—MONCURE D. CONWAY, "Autobiography and Memoirs."

It was in connection with the Illinois Railway that Cobden made his second voyage to the United States. He went on behalf of other English stockholders to examine the line and its management on the spot. He remained in the country for three months. Everything that he saw delighted him. The material and moral progress since his visit in 1835 realized all his expectations.—JOHN MORLEY, "Richard Cobden."

It was a favorite story told against Cobden by his adversaries, that when he visited the Illinois Central Railroad, the company gave free tickets to the residents near each station, that the seeming crowd of travelers might impose on Cobden to report well on its prospects. It was what smart business Americans might be supposed to do. But it did not impose on the popular traveler, whom many naturally strove to see.—GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, "Bygones Worth Remembering."

Mr. Cobden was a most good-tempered man, but any mention of Lord Palmerston would upset him, and I perfectly remember Mr. Bernal Osborne meeting him at Dangsteen and saying, "Well, Mr. Cobden, how is Lord Palmerston?" well knowing that some fun would result. The great free trader had a fixed idea that Lord Palmerston was not a sincere politician. A frequent and comical complaint of his was, "Whatever I may say of the old gentleman, he still persists in calling me his honorable friend."—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, *Anglo-Saxon Review*, March, 1900.

Everybody who remembers anything of Cobden's political career will remember that

when the Tories went out of office and Lord Palmerston came into power at the head of a Liberal government, Palmerston offered Cobden a place in the administration as President of the Board of Trade. At the time of the change Cobden was returning from America, and a deputation of his friends went to meet him at Liverpool to tell him of the offer, which must have been news to him, and to get his opinion on it. Cobden very naturally declined to be drawn on the subject or to give any intimation of the course he meant to adopt, until he should have personally received the offer and should have had time to take counsel with his friends. No doubt, as he afterwards explained in a public address, he would not under any circumstances have accepted office under Lord Palmerston. But he saw no reason why his friend and colleague in public affairs, Mr. Milner Gibson, to whom office had also been tendered by Lord Palmerston, should not accept the offer. Mr. Milner Gibson had never made himself so conspicuous in his opposition to Palmerston as Cobden had done, and Milner Gibson, therefore, with the full approval of his friend, accepted the position. I heard that when Cobden visited Lord Palmerston to explain his reasons for not taking office he said good-humoredly, amongst other things, that he had again and again described Palmerston in public as the worst Foreign Minister England ever had. "But," said Palmerston, "Milner Gibson has often said just the same of me." "Yes," replied Cobden blandly, "but then I meant it."—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences."

COCHRANE, Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, 1775-1860. British admiral.

Once his eagerness went near to compass his destruction. Seeing a large ship inshore which had the appearance of a heavily laden merchantman, he at once gave chase, only to find on coming up with her that she was a powerful Spanish frigate heavily armed and crowded with men. To attack her was hopeless, to escape impossible. With imperturbable coolness Cochrane hoisted Danish colors and spoke the frigate; but the Spaniards were not satisfied and sent off a boat to board the *Speedy*. Then the Danish quartermaster was brought forward in his Danish uniform and at the same time the *Speedy* hoisted the quarantine flag. The horror of the plague, always strong in the Spanish mind, was at once effectually aroused by the sight of the yellow bunting; and the boat, instead of boarding the *Speedy*, was glad to hail her from a distance. Whereupon the pseudo-Danish officer explained that his ship was but two days out from Algiers, where the plague was raging furiously. This was enough; the Spaniard hastily wished him a pleasant voyage and pulled back to the frigate, and the *Speedy* made off to resume her usual avocations.

Creditors, wearied beyond endurance, at last obtained an order to put an execution into the house at Holly Hill. Cochrane, aware of his reputation as a maker of infernal machines, surrounded his windows and door with bags of charcoal and therewith defied the sheriff of Hampshire and all his officers. For six weeks the siege continued, no one daring to face these mysterious bags, until at last one man, less careful of life than the rest, jumped in at an open window and discovered Cochrane sitting comfortably at breakfast.—J. W. FORTESCUE, "Dundonald."

COCKBURN, Sir Alexander James Edward, 1802-1880. English statesman and jurist.

On one occasion a person who was present at a sitting of the Court of Sessions, returning late in the afternoon, found the same case still on, and the same advocates still bestowing on the court, to adopt Lord Denman's description of Sir Frederick Pollock, "tediousness in a spirit of lavish prodigality." He remarked to Lord Cockburn, "Surely, —— is wasting a great deal of time." "Time," was the reply, "lang ago has he exhaustit time and has encroached upon eternity."—*Westminster Review*, 1883.

Landseer remarked that even Shakespeare had made mistakes, for in "As You Like It" he makes "a poor sequestered stag" shed "big, round tears." "Now," said Landseer, "I have made stags my special study and I know for a fact that it is quite impossible for them to shed tears." Most of us were inclined to accept this statement as a curious and innocent Shakespearian commentary, but Cockburn suddenly startled us by turning on Landseer and asking him in a loud voice, "And don't you think you are committing a most unwarranted impertinence in criticizing Shakespeare?" A bomb exploding in our midst could not have created greater dismay than this violent and unexpected exclamation. Poor Landseer, the most sensitive of mortals, turned pale; Cockburn continued to glare at him and all I could do was to break up the party and bundle my quarrelsome guest into the garden. Cockburn joined the ladies while Landseer remained with the rest of us almost beside himself

with anger at the churlish and unprovoked attack. Now came a great difficulty. How was Landseer to be got home? We were, as I have said, some six miles from town; it was Sunday evening and no cabs were to be had for love or money. I therefore made every imaginable effort to bring about a reconciliation. With this view I entreated Landseer to forget and forgive. "Remember, Sir Edwin," said I, "that long after he has joined all the chief justices and has been forgotten, your name will remain as that of the greatest English painter of this or any other age." "That's true," replied Sir Edwin, "and I am willing to make it up and ride home with him, but," he added, "begad, sir, he had better know if he begins again I am the man to get down, take off my coat and fight him in the lanes." All attempts, however, to conciliate Sir Alexander were in vain. When I told him that Landseer was willing to shake hands and go home with him he shut me up by replying curtly, "I will not take him." He drove away alone.

At dinner, of course, the conversation turned upon the Tichborne case and I remember that Cockburn expressed his opinion very emphatically to the effect that the claimant was an impostor. Houghton, however, argued upon the other side. Suddenly Cockburn cut him short by saying, "I should have thought this impossible from any one with the meanest intellect." Houghton paused, apparently overwhelmed, and then replied, "But, surely, this is very rude," upon which Cockburn, glancing fixedly at him, merely added, "I meant it to be so." Lord Houghton, the most placable and amiable of men, never forgot or forgave the affront.—*Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1892.

COKE, Sir Edward, 1552-1634. Chief Justice of England.

His habit of early rising, which attended him through life, gave him ample time for his studies. His grandson, Roger Coke, tells us that he usually rose at three o'clock in the morning.—C. W. JOHNSON, "Life of Sir Edward Coke."

His progress in science we may judge by his dogmatic assertion that "the metals are six: gold, silver, copper, tin, lead and iron, and they all proceed originally from sulphur and quicksilver, as from their father and mother." He is charged by Bacon with talking a great deal in company and aiming at jocularity on the bench; but he associated chiefly with dependents, who worshiped him as an idol; and the only jest of his which has come down to us consoles us for the loss of the rest: "Cowell's Interpreter" being cited against an opinion he had expressed when Chief Justice, he contemptuously called the learned civilian Dr. Cow-heel.—LORD JOHN CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Chief Justices of England."

Seeking another wife he looked up to no less a person than the sister of the famous Lord Burleigh, the relict of Sir William Hatton, an ambitious gratification for which he afterwards suffered. This suit was accepted, but an unlucky censure followed the celebration of the nuptials. It appeared, that in the year 1598, when the ceremony took place in a private house, a very strict and imperative letter had been written by Whitgift to his suffragan bishops, complaining of the administration of the marriage rites at unseasonable hours and undue places, and ordaining that the constitution, made in convocation respecting licenses, should be rigidly observed. By that rule it was directed that all marriages should take place between eight and twelve in the forenoon, and in prescript places, that is, in the parish churches where the parties to be married or their parents or governors dwelt. . . . In consequence, Mr. Coke, his wife, Mr. Bothwell, rector of Okeover, in Rutlandshire, who had married them, Lord Burleigh and others, were prosecuted in the archbishop's court. The pains of ecclesiastical punishments still had a wonderful effect on men's minds and these persons had incurred the severe penalties of the greater excommunication. By the lesser excommunication the offender was only deprived of the use of the sacraments and divine worship; the greater, in addition to these punishments, shut them out from the society and conversations of the faithful. But this sentence extended much further than the mere banishment of the culprit from society; it loaded him with nearly every species of incompetency and even excluded him from Christian burial, so that in its severity it might have borne a strong comparison with the ancient ban of præmunire. The king's attorney-general, therefore, found it necessary to sacrifice his pride and consequence and to supplicate for a remission of the various evils to which he had subjected his friends in common with himself. Accordingly we find the request made and complied with by a dispensation under the archbishop's seal, which is registered in Lambeth Palace, and by which he absolved them from all the pains with which they were menaced; alleging their inadvertence

and ignorance of ecclesiastical law as an excuse for their misconduct and his mercy.—H. W. WOOLRYCH, "Life of Edward Coke."

COLERIDGE, John Duke, Baron, 1820-1894. Chief Justice of England.

Lord Coleridge's speech at the Irving banquet was not a success. He is not an effective after-dinner orator and then he needs people to explain their jokes to him. Mr. Toole, for example, was frightfully depressed on discovering this fact—for which neither he nor the company were quite prepared. The "Mammoth Comique," of the Old Folly theater, made an allusion to the Tichborne trial, and playfully suggested that Lord Coleridge not only invited him to a seat alotted to a member of the bar when the case was going on, but to their "consultations" together. "How far," said Mr. Toole in accents of serio-comic earnestness, "in our consultations I was able to assist him in his difficult task must ever remain a profound professional secret between us," an announcement received, as might have been expected, with peals of laughter. Everybody saw that "Johnny" was simply giving "the Chief" a cue for a witty reply and the dismay that seized upon the company when Lord Coleridge took the great jester *aux serieux* and proceeded with ponderous gravity to give an official and formal denial to the fact that he ever held professional consultations with Mr. Toole on the occasion referred to, was a spectacle never to be forgotten.—*Albany Law Journal*, August 11, 1883, quoting Pump Court.

COLIGNY, Gaspard de, 1517-1572. French general.

His ordinances regulated the daily life of the common soldier. Their value, therefore, was great. They accustomed him to the rule of law. They dealt with his relations to his fellows, his captains, sergeants, merchants and *vivandières*. They provided for cases of looting, sack, robbery, desertion, cowardice, mutiny, sleeping while on duty and cheating at cards. The punishment varied. For robbery, looting of churches and graver crimes, it was hanging. Minor delinquencies were generally visited by the penalty of being *passé par les piques*, that is to say, beaten with the haft of the pike or the butt of the arquebus. One section reveals the essentially religious temper of the man: "The soldier who shall take the name of God in vain shall be publicly pilloried on three divers days, three hours at a time. And at the end he shall with bared head ask pardon of God." Other points are mentioned by Professor Marcks. No one in a scuffle was to raise the cry of his nation.

Other particulars of Coligny's personal appearance and habits have come down to us from other quarters. One of them is the habitual toothpick. It was usually thrust into the beard, or carried on the ear or between the teeth. When in a brown study he was accustomed to bite it unconsciously. It was therefor seized on by the crowd as a symbol of his personality. "God save us," ran the popular legend, "from the toothpick of the admiral." And when after his death the Paris rabble wished to express their derision of his effigy in straw, they stuck into his mouth a piece of lentisk wood.—A. W. WHITEHEAD, "Gaspard de Coligny."

I told the captains that if they heard me employ language which breathed surrender, I begged them to throw me over the wall into the fosse; and if any one proposed it to me, I would do no less to him.—WHITEHEAD, quoting Coligny.

In the dead of night—so runs the narrative—the admiral was awaked by the sobs of his wife and, on inquiry into the cause of her distress, she replied that she was overwhelmed with sorrow at the thought of the suffering which their brethren in the faith had to endure. "They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Do not your arguments against defending them savor rather of worldly than of heavenly wisdom? You confess that at times you have misgivings—these are the voices of God. The sword of knighthood which you wear—is it to oppress the afflicted, or to deliver them from the tyrant's claws? The blood of so many of our people lies heavy on my heart." Her husband replied by setting forth the perils to which war might expose them. "Ponder well," he urged, "whether you are prepared to face beggary, shame, death on the scaffold—all these not for yourself only, but, what is far harder, for your children. I give you three weeks in which to test yourself and, when you shall have consciously fortified yourself against such calamities, I will go to meet death with you and your friends." "The three weeks have passed," was her instant reply.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1888.

COLUMBUS, Christopher, 1445-1506. Discoverer of America.

(Columbus and the egg story furnished a subject for discussion in *Notes and Queries* (1898) from which it was determined: (1)

That Filippo Brunelleschi, a sculptor (1377-1446), furnished the hint to Columbus for the story on which rests part of his fame, for Brunelleschi "proposed to all the masters, foreigners and compatriots, that he who could make an egg stand upright on a piece of smooth marble should be appointed to build the cupola [of the Duomo, Florence], since in doing that his genius should be made manifest. They took an egg accordingly and all those masters did their best to make it stand upright, but none discovered the method of doing so. Wherefore Filippo, being told that he might make it stand himself, took it daintily into his hand, gave the end of it a blow upon the plane of the marble, and made it stand upright. Beholding this, the artists loudly protested, exclaiming that they could all have done the same; but Filippo replied, laughing, that they might also know how to construct the cupola if they had seen the model and design."—GEORGIO VASARI, "Life of Filippo Brunelleschi." (2) That the above is the only way to make an egg stand on its small end. (3) That nearly every egg may be made to stand on its large end, if it be held in that position a short time—long enough to permit the yolk to ascend to the small end, thus lowering the center of gravity, and (4) that this method is not near as clumsy as the Brunelleschi-Columbus method.)

George Buechmann, "Gefluegelte Woerte," traces the story so told of Brunelleschi to a Spanish phrase, "Johnnie's egg" (*el huevo de Juanelo*), and says that Benzoni in his "History of the New World" was the first to transfer the story to Columbus.—*Notes and Queries*, June 18, 1910.

CONSTANT, Benjamin de Rebecque, 1767-1830. French statesman.

It is curious to notice how much value women attach to even the most foolish acts of men who are interested in them. It was agreed between us, to avoid compromising her, I should never remain at Madame de Staël's house after midnight. Whatever might be the charm I found in our conversation, and my passionate desire not to break it off, I was obliged to yield to this firm resolution. But this evening, the time having seemed shorter than usual, I took out my watch to prove that the hour of our departure had not yet arrived. But, the inexorable hands showing the contrary, I dashed the instrument of my condemnation to the ground. What folly! "How absurd you are!" cried Madame de Staël. But I saw a hidden smile through her reproaches. Decidedly, this broken watch will do me great service. . . . [The next day] I have not bought another watch. I no longer need one. —BARONESS DE NOLDE, "Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant," quoting letters of Constant.

"She [an Angora cat] was his great pet," said my hostess [the widow of Constant]; "she attended him in the morning before he got up; she followed him into his study after breakfast; she played or she reposed there when she liked; and one day, when he was expected to make an important speech in the Chamber of Deputies, his friends, finding that he was absent after his time from the arena, came to seek him at this house and, going into his study, saw him quietly reading some book, which evidently had nothing to do with the matter in hand; and when they told him that everybody was waiting, and that they came for him—'What can I do?' he asked; 'look here; there's my cat sleeping in the sun on the papers I have prepared for my speech; and till she wakes how can I drag her off?'"—*New Monthly Magazine*, July, 1834.

CORWIN, Thomas, 1794-1865. American statesman.

He once told me that he owed all his success in life to the fact that as a country boy in Ohio, while driving his father's cart down hill at daybreak, he fell asleep and was jolted off his seat, breaking his leg. During the weeks of enforced seclusion that followed he taught himself to read and developed a studious turn of mind, which, his leg having been permanently weakened by the accident, led him to seek a situation in a lawyer's office.—SARA Y. STEVENSON, "Maximilian in Mexico."

Corwin's opponent in this race was the then incumbent, Governor Wilson Shannon. During one of his trips from one appointment to another Corwin and the wife of Shannon were fellow passengers in a public stage-coach. They had never met and were unknown to each other. Mrs. Shannon had no escort, but carried only her infant boy in her arms. The remainder of the passengers consisted of Corwin's friends, who made the round of the state with him, and who were likewise ignorant of the rival candidate's better half. They were not long left in blissful ignorance, for the lady, aroused by their free use of "hard cider" sentiments, soon gave them to understand in very plain English that she was a good "locofoco," and, moreover, the "wife of Governor Shannon to boot!" This announcement was rather startling to the gentlemen. Corwin was the first

to recover his composure and take advantage of the situation. Expressing himself delighted at having met her, he placed himself beside Mrs. Shannon and at once became very attentive to her. He told her of his acquaintance with her husband, spoke in highly complimentary terms of his character and public career, and expressed his undoubted admiration of the man. The lady was charmed and begged several times to know the name of her new friend. Corwin found means to avoid answering that question. The lady overlooked this evasion and told Corwin in confidence (loud enough, of course, to be heard by the hard cider men) that her husband was certain of reelection—that he was not to be beaten by "that fellow, Tom Corwin, who was nothing after all," she added, "but a wagon boy when young." "And now goes about the country," suggested Corwin, "making himself ridiculous by driving a six horse team, with a log cabin mounted on a country wagon." "And who they say is as black as the ace of spades," chimed in the lady. "Black, madam," exclaimed Corwin, "black? Yes, black as the—I beg your pardon—as I am." Continuing the deception in a manner which kept his friends convulsed with smothered laughter, Corwin took the lady's baby in his arms, fondled and dandled it, calling it the "young governor," and carrying the heart of the mother by storm. At length the lady reached her destination and informed Corwin so with a sigh of regret. The gallant but unknown candidate assisted the Governor's lady to alight, took the child in his arms and carried it into the house. He saw the lady into the parlor and laid the infant flat on its back in her lap. Holding it there for a moment, he said, "My dear Mrs. Shannon, I have laid the young governor flat on his back and I am going to serve the old governor the same way at the coming election. I ought to have told you before that my name is Tom Corwin, who was nothing but a wagon boy, and who is pretty black, I admit: Good-by," and before Mrs. Shannon could recover from her astonishment he was gone. He did lay the "old governor" "flat on his back" but the latter returned the compliment two years later.—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1867.

In the later years of his life Tom Corwin sometimes amused his friends by telling them of what he called "the night-shirt issue," on which he was first elected to Congress. The story as he told it was that at the beginning of the campaign he had little or no hope of election, but he learned that the serious charge was made against his opponent of habitually sleeping in a night-shirt; then he began to have hopes of election, feeling confident that the Jacksonian democracy would not be united in the support of a man who was too good to sleep in the shirt he wore in the daytime. No allusion to this charge in this canvass is to be found in the files of the Lebanon newspaper which supported Mr. Corwin, but the story was doubtless not entirely without foundation.—JOSIAH MORROW, "Life of Thomas Corwin."

It will be remembered that Corwin in the Senate in 1845 or 1846, arguing seriously against the morality of the projected war against Mexico, permitted his appreciation of broad humor to lead him into the extravagant expression, "If I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves." A few years afterwards, when this expression had been quoted by the newspapers until it had become familiar as household words, Mr. Corwin was retained as counsel for a man charged with murder and who, he claimed, had acted in self-defense. In closing his speech to the jury Corwin pictured the condition of his client as endeavoring to avoid the difficulty, portrayed the murdered man as forcing it upon him, dogging his steps, denouncing him as a coward and at last threatening to strike him. "What," he exclaimed, "would you have done in such an emergency? What, sir," turning to the prosecuting attorney, "would you have done?" "Done?" replied the attorney with great gravity—"done? I should have welcomed him with bloody hands to a hospitable grave." The jury was convulsed with laughter and Corwin lost his case.—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1866.

When Senator Corwin was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Fillmore, Clay called upon him with the request that he should give the position of treasurer of the department to his old, firm, true and political friend, John Sloane, who for many years ably represented a leading district in Ohio in the lower house of Congress. The secretary declined to make the appointment which the great senator, with all his persuasive powers and eloquence, urged upon him. The appointment still being refused, the great Kentuckian said, "Tom, I never should have thought you could treat your old friend in this style." Grasping his old political leader by the hand, the secretary remarked, "My old friend, the reason why I said I could not make this appointment, was that I had al-

ready made it." The Great Commoner, whose career was drawing to a close, burst into tears and with the remark, "Tom, God bless you! I thank you for this last favor I shall ever ask," the conference closed.—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1875, quoting the *Sacramento Daily Union*.

This of Tom Corwin by a Columbus correspondent: Some one asked Mr. Corwin if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's. "Was it about himself?" inquired Corwin. "No; I believe not." "Well, then, I never heard it," said Mr. Corwin gravely.—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1868.

His very dark complexion was often made the subject of jokes by Corwin and his friends. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, . . . once told an adventure he had with Mr. Corwin at Lebanon, Ohio, Mr. Corwin's place of residence. Marshall had stopped at Lebanon over night and had registered himself at the hotel as "Mr. Marshall of Kentucky." While sitting in the public room in the evening he noticed a neatly dressed, dark-colored man enter the hall and, approaching the register, begin to read it. When he reached Marshall's name he read it aloud and asked the clerk if Mr. Marshall was in the hotel. The clerk replied by pointing him to the gentleman in question. The dark-colored man approached Marshall, saluted him very respectfully and asked if he belonged to the Lexington family of Marshalls. Marshall was, as he expressed it afterwards, somewhat put out by the familiar manner of the colored gentleman, but answered civilly that he did. The colored man was delighted to hear it and to meet him. "I had," he said, "the honor and pleasure of serving with Thomas A. Marshall from 1831 to 1835." Mr. Marshall, thinking he had met one of the old family servants who had run away from Kentucky to freedom in Ohio, was about to ply him with questions, but found no opportunity of getting in a word edgeways. The colored man asked in rapid succession after various members of the family, spoke feelingly and familiarly of old Humphrey Marshall, the head of the Kentucky Marshall family, and at last asked if the gentleman was acquainted with Mr. Henry Clay. On Marshall replying in the affirmative the colored gentleman began to tell, in a voice intended for a little crowd of listeners who had gathered round, some reminiscences of Henry Clay, one of which began with the remark, "When I was in Congress with Mr. Clay——" "You in Congress with Mr. Clay?" interrupted Marshall—"you in Congress?" "Yes, sir; yes, sir; my name is Tom Corwin." "Tom Corwin!" exclaimed Marshall; "excuse me, but I thought you were a free negro."—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1866.

There are quite a number of stories told about Corwin's dark complexion. The best of them, perhaps, is to the effect that one of the English capitalists who visited this country with Sir Morton Peto in 1865, on being introduced to Corwin, asked him "if his tribe was at peace with the whites."—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1867.

When I was quite a young man I went down the river to New Orleans on a flat boat. I remained in that rather lively city for a couple of weeks, seeing what was worth looking at, until, my money being about spent, I bethought myself of returning. But one thing I had not seen, which I was told was one of the inevitable sights of the place. I must go to a quadroon ball. So, dressed in my best clothes, I called for a ticket to the ball and was repulsed with the declaration, "Colored folks not admitted."—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1874.

On several occasions—as he used to relate with great glee—he was supposed to be of African descent. "There is no need of my working," he said, "for whenever I cannot support myself in Ohio, all I should have to do would be to cross the river, give myself up to a Kentucky negro-trader, be taken South, and sold for a field hand."—*The Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1880.

To a young speaker Mr. Corwin gave the advice: "Never make people laugh. If you would succeed in life, you must be solemn, solemn as an ass. All the great monuments are built over solemn asses."—JOSIAH MORROW, "Life of Thomas Corwin."

The late Tom Corwin, of Ohio, a man of genius and infinite humor, when lecturing me for my disposition to joke with a crowd, said: "Don't do it, my boy. You should always remember that the crowd looks up to the ringmaster and down on the clown. The clown is the more clever fellow of the two, but he is despised. If you would succeed in life, you must be solemn, solemn as an ass. All the great monuments on earth have been built over solemn asses."—DONN PIATT, *The North American Review*, December, 1886.

Mr. Corwin, with all his success at the bar, before the people and in Congress, regarded his life as a failure. We were riding together one sunny morning in the summer of 1860, when he turned and remarked of a

speech he had made the evening before: "It was very good, indeed, but in bad style. Never make people laugh. I see that you cultivate that. It is easy and captivating but in the long run death to the speaker." "Why, Mr. Corwin, you are the last man living I expected such an opinion from." "Certainly; because you have not lived as long as I have. Do you know, young man, that the world has contempt for the man who entertains it? One must be solemn—solemn as an ass—never say anything that is not uttered with the greatest gravity, to win respect. The world looks up to the teacher and down upon the clown. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the clown is the better fellow of the two." "We who laugh may well be content if we are as successful as you have been." "You think so, and yet if you were to consult an old fellow named Thomas Corwin he would tell you that he considers himself the worst used man in existence; that he has been slighted, abused, neglected; and all for a set of fellows who look wise and say nothing." Mr. Corwin uttered this with much feeling and we have no doubt but that he expressed what he believed to be the net purport and upshot of his whole life.—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1866.

CROCKETT, David, 1786-1836. American soldier and congressman.

"Make room for Colonel Crockett," said the usher at the White House, one evening, when the famous congressman from the backwoods presented himself with a number of callers. "Colonel Crockett makes room for himself," was the exclamation of the member as he strode into the room.—EDWARD S. ELLIS, "Life of David Crockett."

Many years ago the famous Davy Crockett and Governor MacArthur, one of the first governors of Ohio, were in a menagerie at Louisville, Kentucky. Colonel Crockett, looking at a large baboon, remarked to his companion that there was a wonderful likeness between the brute and their friend, Judge W. Looking around at the moment he saw his honor, the judge, standing between MacArthur and himself. Taking off his hat and, looking first at Judge W. and then at the baboon, he said, "Gentlemen, I owe one of you an apology, but I do not know which."—*Harper's Magazine*, November, 1867.

Crockett was on an electioneering tour. It was about that time in the summer when the farmers had "laid by" their crops. Due notice had been given that Crockett would speak at Lawrenceburg, a small village in Lawrence county, Tennessee. At the appointed time there was a goodly number of country people present. Our hero was on hand early and, according to his custom, he, for an hour or so before taking the stand, amused the "boys" by telling yarns, etc. In the crowd of men who were thus enjoying Davy's eccentricities there was a good-natured but rather verdant country chap, about twenty-one. He was clad in the plainest homespun —copperas pants and coarse cotton shirt. In striking contrast with this unpretending costume he wore a brand-new fur hat; and the peculiar manner in which he bore himself under this covering showed that he was not only very proud of it, but that it was the first article of the kind he had ever been the master of. Crockett, at the conclusion of a hearty laugh at one of his stories, took occasion to compliment the new fur hat of our friend. "And now, Jim," said Davy (he had heard the chap addressed by that familiar name), "what would you think if I were to say that I could take that hat, cut it into two pieces and then put it together so that it would be as perfect as ever?" "Oh, you couldn't do anything of the kind," replied the countryman. "I'll bet you a quart of whiskey on it," said Crockett. "Done," said the proprietor of the fur hat. Hereupon Davy took the hat and with his pocket knife cut directly through the brim and the crown, dividing it in twain. Then, taking the half of the hat in each hand, he exposed the divided chapeau to the spectators, in order that there should be no mistake about the matter. "You see, gentlemen," he said, "that there is no cheating. You see that the hat is cut clear open." "Yes," they all responded. The crowd looked on with intense anxiety to see how this thing was to end; most of them, however, knowing from Crockett's character, that he would come out victorious and give them a good laugh. Our green country friend, meanwhile, was already at the prospect of winning his wager. Crockett then commenced blowing his breath upon those parts of the divided hat which he proposed to reunite and at the same time uttering some mysterious words and attempting some peculiar manipulations, which he contended were to accomplish the magical work. All at once he ceased his efforts and, looking round upon the crowd, said in a very serious tone, "Gentlemen, upon my word, I have forgotten how. Jim has won the whiskey." Everybody instantly saw the point of the joke and the roar of laughter that followed can be more easily imagined than described. As for poor Jim, he stood perfectly amazed at his own

stupidity in not foreseeing that a quart of old rye would be but a poor compensation for his new fur hat.—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1859.

Those were the days when the legislature convened at seven o'clock in the morning and when the neighbors of Davy Crockett so disdained the trammels of custom as to name their girls Tom, Jack and Harry and their boys Mary, Jane and Susan.—JAMES PARTON, "Life of Andrew Jackson."

During his first term in Congress he attended a dinner given by President John Quincy Adams, of which he gave the following account: "When we went in to dinner I walked round a long table looking for something I liked. At last I took my seat just beside a fat goose and I helped myself to as much as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites when I looked away up the table at a man called Tash [attaché]. He was talking French to a woman on t'other side of the table. He dodged his head and she dodged hers and they got to drinking wine across the table. If they didn't I wish I may be shot. But when I looked back again, my plate was gone, goose and all. So I just cast my eyes down to t'other end of the table, and, sure enough, I seed a white man walking off with my plate. Says I, 'Hello, mister, bring back my plate.' He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may suppose, and when he sat it down before me how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it wasn't I wish I may be shot. Says he, 'What'll you have, sir?' and says I, 'You may say that after stealing my goose,' and he began to laugh. If he didn't I wish I may be shot. Then says I, 'Mister, laugh if you please, but I don't half like such tricks upon travelers. If I do I wish I may be shot.' I then filled my plate with bacon and greens, and whenever I looked up or down the table I held my plate with my left hand. If I didn't I wish I may be shot. When we were all done eating, they cleared everything off the table and took away the tablecloth and what do you think—there was another tablecloth under it. If there wasn't I wish I may be shot. Then I saw a man coming along carrying a great glass thing with small handles below, full of little glass cups, with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, 'Mister, bring that here.' Thinks I, 'I'll taste 'em first.' They were mighty sweet and good and so I took six of them. If I didn't I wish I may be shot."—ARMISTEAD C. GORDON, "William Fitzhugh Gordon," copyright, The Neale Publishing Company.

CROMWELL, Oliver, 1599-1658. English statesman and soldier.

Sir Thomas Cave ended a few observations by recounting a visit of Queen Caroline to the pictures of the sovereigns of England, painted by Richardson. Observing the portrait of a plain-looking individual between Charles I. and Charles II., she asked the painter if he called that personage a king. "No, madam," answered Richardson, "he is no king; but it is good for kings to have him among them as a memento."—DORAN'S notes to the "Last Journals of Horace Walpole."

We have the authority of the Amsterdam *Novorscher*—unfortunately no other, I think—that Oliver Cromwell usually said the following grace before meals: "Some people have food, but no appetite; others have appetite, but no food. I have both. The Lord be praised."—*Notes and Queries*, July 20, 1889.

It is asserted that Mr. White became a suitor to the fair lady and was extremely well received. "As Jerry," says the historian [Noble's "Memoirs"], "had those requisites which generally please the fair sex, he won the affections of the daughter of Cromwell; but as nothing of this sort could happen without the knowledge of the watchful father, who had his spies in every place and about every person, it soon reached his ears. . . . Oliver ordered the informer to observe and watch them narrowly and promised that upon substantial proof of the truth of what he had declared he should be as amply rewarded as Jerry should be severely punished. It was not long before the informer acquainted his highness that the chaplain was at that moment with the lady; and, upon hastening to his daughter's apartment, he discovered the unfortunate Jerry upon his knees, kissing her ladyship's hand. 'What is the meaning of this posture before my daughter Frances?' The chaplain, with great presence of mind, replied, 'May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me.' Oliver, turning to the waiting woman, said, 'What is the meaning of this? He is my friend and I expect you should treat him as such.' She, desiring nothing more, replied with a low courtesy, 'If Mr. White intends me that honor I should not oppose him.' Upon this Oliver said, 'Well, call Goodwin; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room.' Jerry could not retreat. Goodwin came and they were instantly married, the bride at the

same time receiving five hundred pounds from the Protector. Mr. White lived with his wife, bestowed on him by the hero of Worcester, more than fifty years. Oldmixon says he knew them both well and heard the story told when they were present. Jerry seemed not to relish the joke even after the lapse of half a century."—REV. M. RUSSELL, "Life of Oliver Cromwell."

Oliver Cromwell, having some years before won thirty pounds of one Mr. Calton at play, meeting him accidentally, he desired him to come home with him and to receive his money, telling him that he had got it of him by indirect and unlawful means, and that it would be a sin in him to detain it any longer; and did really pay the gentleman the said thirty pounds back again.—*Notes and Queries*, April 28, 1855.

Youth

We are assured, even by friendly annalists, that on one occasion, when lying in bed in a melancholy and musing frame of mind, a gigantic figure drew aside the curtains and told him that he should be the greatest man in England, but did not mention the word "king." Although he was told of the folly and wickedness of such a story, he persisted in the assertion that it was founded on truth, for which, at the particular desire of his father, he was flogged by Dr. Beard. Notwithstanding this harsh usage, he continued sometimes to relate the occurrence to his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, who told him that it was traitorous to entertain such thoughts. Heath says it was a dream; others maintain it was an apparition; but Noble admits that "Cromwell mentioned it often when he was in the height of his glory." It is worthy of note, too, that Lord Clarendon takes notice of this vision.

The taverns were the chief places of his resort; but his rash and boisterous behavior prevented his equals from consorting with him, for he could ill brook contradiction at any time, and much less now, when he had not learned, or did not think it worth while to practise, deceit. He was therefore obliged to take up with less creditable companions, who, if they did not fall into his sentiments, were sure to feel the weight of his arm and received a severe discipline from his usual weapon, the quarter-staff. It is laid to his charge, moreover, that he occasionally neglected to pay his reckoning and, of course, very soon became unpopular among the alewives of Huntingdon. When they saw him in the street, they communicated the alarm from house to house and immediately every door was shut against the noisy bully. The young women, too, who had reason to dread his lively manners, are said to have carefully avoided his approach. In fact, Oliver, who had been what one of his historians calls an "unlucky boy," turned out a wild and rather dissipated youth and thereby afforded some occasion to those who afterwards smarted under his government to assail the purity of his juvenile character.—REV. M. RUSSELL, "Life of Cromwell."

Eccentricities

Philip Warwick relates, on the authority of Dr. Simcott, who was Cromwell's physician, that "his patient was a most splenetic man, and had fancies about the cross that stood in the town, and that he had been called up to him at midnight and such unseasonable hours, very many times, upon a strong fancy which made him believe that he was dying." —REV. M. RUSSELL, "Life of Cromwell."

Before his memorable victories at Dunbar and Worcester, his eyes were observed to sparkle, his frame became agitated and he burst out into strange and violent fits of laughter. At no time, in fact, was he himself altogether free from nervous excitability, or fanatical frenzy, which he knew so well to excite and direct in others.—REV. M. RUSSELL, "Life of Cromwell," citing Warwick's "Memoirs."

When he threw ink in Marten's face from the pen with which he had signed Charles's execution, he yielded to that morbid quality of his nature which hurried him from one extreme to another, from a racked intensity of painful thought to the playfulness of a child or an idiot. It was the effect of that hysterical irritation which leads indifferently to a fit of laughter or to a paroxysm of sobbing. There is an odd instance of this mixture of the serious and the ludicrous recorded by Dr. Hutton and preserved in the Harleian Miscellany. "At the marriage of Lady Frances Cromwell to Mr. Rich, the grandson and heir of the Earl of Warwick, the Protector, whose mind at that moment was far from being at ease, amused himself by throwing the sack-posset among the ladies to spoil their clothes, which they took as a favor, as also wet sweetmeats; and daubed all the stools where they were to sit with wet sweetmeats; and put off Rich's wig and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not, yet he sat upon it." . . . Every one has heard of his rude funning with the soldiers; encouraging them to throw burning coals into one another's boots

and to steal away a dinner prepared for the officers, at the very moment the latter were to sit down to eat it. He took great pleasure, in short, in what is called a practical jest.—REV. M. RUSSELL, "Life of Cromwell."

At the marriage of his daughter to Rich, in November, 1657, the Protector threw about sack-posset among all the ladies, to soil their rich clothes, which they took as a favor, and also wet sweetmeats; and daubed all the stools, where they were to sit, with wet sweetmeats, and pulled off Rich's perruque and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not, yet sat upon it. . . . One of the four of the Protector's buffoons made his lip black like a beard, whereat the knight drew his knife, missing very little of killing the fellow.—*Notes and Queries*, February 19, 1859, quoting Richard Symonds, British Museum manuscript.

In the War Against His King

There is a well authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about to cross a river to attack the enemy, he concludes an address . . . with these words: "Put your trust in God, but mind you keep your powder dry."—HAYES'S "Ballads of Ireland."

"Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."—COLONEL BLACKER, "Oliver's Advice."

In the civil war my grandfather, Sir William Smyth, was governor of Hillsdon House, near Buckingham, where the king had a small garrison. The place was besieged and taken by Cromwell. But the officers stipulated to march out with their arms, baggage, etc. As soon as they were without the gate one of Cromwell's soldiers snatched off Sir William Smyth's hat. He immediately complained to Cromwell of the fellow's insolence and breach of the capitulation. "Sir," says Cromwell, "if you can point out the man, or I can discover him, I promise you he shall not go unpunished. In the meantime (taking off a new beaver, which he had on his head) be pleased to accept this hat instead of your own."—DR. WILLIAM KING, "Anecdotes of His Own Times."

"No, Alice," said the old knight, as he fondly played with the long silken tresses that flowed down his daughter's graceful neck, even to her waist, "no; the king-killer shall never beard honester men than himself. Let him come with his Roundhead pack, an' he will; but the guns of Curraghmore shall give him no welcome. When he hears their voices, methinks it will be less pleasant music. The leathern doublets will be scattered like the wind-driven leaves of autumn, or else——" "Or else, dear father, Kilmeaden's fate will be ours and our old home will have its ruins upturned by the plow-share." "Kilmeaden perished gloriously," replied the lord of Curraghmore, "although the traitor deemed he consigned him to a disgraceful death. But our good cousin should have died in his trenches. If no hand, whether friend or foe, would have dealt the kindly thrust, his own might have done it. He had terminated his work befittingly, and had died as a soldier should have died." Such was one of the many conversations the knightly owner of Curraghmore had with his favorite child, and all others were of the same import. To her entreaty to save himself by submitting, he evermore opposed his invincible determination to die, if he could not live free. To her suggestion that he should feign his acknowledgment to the Parliament, he simply replied that falsehood was unworthy of his birth and lineage. To her mention of Cromwell's vengeance he hurled his defiance at the usurper. The time of decision came; the Commonwealth soldiery were in their neighborhood and scouts came in to report the probable attack of the castle on the morrow. The ready-witted maiden perceived that safety or destruction depended on her own conduct. Under pretense of inspecting the lower works of the castle, she brought her father with her into the prison chambers, where she had previously laid provisions and, barring him in with her own fair hands, she whispered to him that she would thus avert the consequences of his ill-timed hardihood. She then set open the castle gates and on Cromwell's approach went forth to meet him and placed in his hands the keys. When questioned about her father she replied (and with truth) that he had often spoken with her about the English general's approach and had been anxious to meet him, but that he was unwillingly absent and doubtless at that moment was chafing with indignation at the accident which detained him. For herself, she said, she had taken on her to make the most unreserved submission of the place to the Parliament, and therefore claimed confirmation of the property and protection at all times, if necessary. Cromwell, thus baffled, was constrained to sign the proper letters. Curraghmore was thus secured to this branch of the La Poers, and in our day is the property of their descendant and representative, the high-spirited and patriotic Marquis of Waterford.—J. BERNARD BURKE, "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy."

Cromwell, approaching near to the body of the Scotch army, one that knew the Lord General fired a carbine at him, but timorously, which, he seeing, called out to him that if he had been one of his soldiers he should have been cashiered for firing that distance.—"Perfect Politician," 1660.

Oliver Cromwell, while carrying on war in Scotland, was riding near Glasgow at the head of a body of horse. A Scotch soldier, planted on a high wall, took the opportunity to fire at him and missed him. Oliver, without slackening or drawing rein, turned round and said: "Fellow, if any trooper of mine had missed such a mark he should have had a hundred lashes." He did not even order the man to be seized and he made his escape.—JOHN PINKERTON (H. Bennet), "Treasury of Wit," 1786.

Thus the mighty Oliver bore Rupert to the earth [Marston Moor] and Rupert it was who then and there gave him the name of Ironside.—JAMES K. HOSMER, "Life of Sir Henry Vane," citing Gardiner's "Great Civil War."

Previous to the battle of Marston Moor Lieutenant General Cromwell had sent out spies to reconnoiter the king's forces under command of Prince Rupert. Not confiding in their report as to the disposition of the enemy and determined to gain personal information, unknown to any of his officers he procured the habit of a farmer, with which having equipped himself, he mounted a cart horse, takes a circuit of the camp and reconnoiters the king's forces from every convenient point of view, but, being observed by some sentinels, troopers were sent out to take him prisoner. On coming suddenly upon him, they accosted him roughly; Oliver, pretending deafness, asked with the greatest tranquillity, "for what purpose those brave men were armed." On being informed that they were the king's and that the opposite troops belonged to the Parliament, "What," said Oliver, "have they differed then?" The simplicity of the question excited laughter among the troopers and Oliver was permitted to proceed to his camp without further molestation.—*Notes and Queries*, August 1, 1874, quoting "book of newspaper cuttings collected about 1788-1792."

I have several times heard it from Crawford's own mouth (and I think I shall not be mistaken if I say that Cromwell himself has heard it from him, for he once said it aloud in Westminster Hall when Cromwell passed by him, with a design that he might hear him) that when the whole army at Marston Moor was in a fair possibility to be utterly routed and a great part of it was running, he saw the body of horse of that brigade standing still and, to him, seeming doubtful as to which way to charge, backward or forward: when he came up to them in great passion, reviling them with the name of poltroons and cowards, and asked them if they would stand still and see the day lost? Whereupon Cromwell showed himself and in a pitiful voice said, "Major-General, what shall I do?" he, begging pardon for what he had said, not knowing he was there, towards whom he knew his distance as his superior officer, told him, "Sir, if you charge not, all is lost." Cromwell answered that he "was wounded and not able to charge," his great wound being a little burn in the neck by the accidental going off behind him of one of his soldier's pistols. Then Crawford desired him to go off the field and sending one away with him, who very readily followed wholesome advice, led them on himself, which was not the duty of his place, and as little for Cromwell's honor as it proved to be much for the advantage of his and his party's pernicious designs.

I have heard a parallel story of his valor from another person, Colonel Dalbier, not inferior either in quality or reputation to Major-General Crawford, who told me that when Basinghouse was stormed, Cromwell, instead of leading on his men, stood at a great distance off, out of gunshot, behind a hedge.—DENZIL LORD HOLLIS, "Memoirs."

The following anecdote is related by Dr. George Hicks. A gentleman came to Oliver to beg a lock of Charles's hair for an honorable lady. "Ah, no, sir," saith Cromwell, bursting into tears, "that must not be; for I swore to him, while he was living, that not a hair of his head should perish."—JAMES GRANGER, "Biographical Dictionary," quoting "Some Discourses on Dr. Burnett and Dr. Tillotson."

As Ruler of England

Noll sent one Major Claytor of the army into Ireland (as Cl. told Mr. Crips) with great pretense of love to him and for his preferment, and told him that . . . he had a tender affection for him; and took him by the shoulder and wept over him, giving him letters to his son Harry in Ireland, telling him those letters would do his business. Claytor goes and, having at Chester a mind to open the letters, found that they were express orders to hang him. Then he skulked up and down, living private and obscure.—RICHARD

SYMONDS, British Museum manuscript, quoted in *Notes and Queries*, February 19, 1859.

This address is prefixed to the celebrated pamphlet entitled "Killing no Murder," written by Silas Titus, a man of wit, and secretly published in 1657 under the fictitious name of William Allen. It was eagerly bought up by the royalists at the high price of five shillings. The writer exerted all his rhetoric to persuade the people to assassinate the usurper, and, as Mr. Wood gravely says, "offers Oliver many convincing and satisfying reasons why he should kill himself, and very fairly gives him his choice of hanging, drowning or pistoling himself; shows him the absolute necessity of it, the honor he would gain by it and, in a word, uses such arguments as might have prevailed upon anybody but a hardened rebel. Cromwell was exceedingly terrified at the publication of this spirited piece, and was, as some imagine, almost prevailed with to take the author's advice from a dread of falling by some ignoble hand."—JAMES GRANGER, "Biographical Dictionary of England."

The Protector coming late at night to Thurlo's office and beginning to give him directions about something of great importance and secrecy, he took notice that Mr. Moreland, one of the clerks, afterwards Sir Samuel Moreland, was in the room, which he had not observed before, and, fearing that he might have overheard their discourse, though he pretended to be asleep upon his desk, he drew a poinard, which he always carried under his coat, and was going to despatch Moreland upon the spot, if Thurlo had not with great entreaties prevailed with him to desist, assuring him that Moreland had sat up two nights together and was certainly fast asleep.—DR. JAMES WELWOOD, "Memoirs," 1718.

Oliver Cromwell . . . caused the political events which he intended to bring about to be inserted in the almanac beforehand and the astrologer he employed for the purpose acquired in consequence a considerable reputation.—*The Month*, July, 1899.

The Jews had better success with Oliver Cromwell, when they desired to have a synagogue in London. They offered him, when Protector, sixty thousand pounds for that privilege. Cromwell appointed them a day for giving them his answer. He then sent some of the most powerful among the clergy and some of the chief merchants in the city to be present at the meeting. It was in a long gallery at Whitehall. Sir Paul Rycaut, who was then a young man, pressed in among the crowd and said he never heard a man speak so well in his life as Cromwell did on this occasion. When they were all met he ordered the Jews to speak for themselves. After that he turned to the clergy, who inveighed much against the Jews as a cruel and cursed people. Cromwell, in his answer to the clergy, called them "men of God," and desired to be informed by them whether it was not their opinion that the Jews were one day to be called into the church? He then desired to know whether it was not every Christian man's duty to forward that good end all he could? . . . He then turned to the merchants, who spoke much of their falseness and meanness, and that they would get their trade from them. "'Tis true," says Cromwell, "they are the meanest and most despised of all people." He then fell into abusing the Jews most heartily and, after he had said everything that was contemptible and low of them, "Can you really be afraid," said he, "that this mean, despised people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world?" Thus he went on until he had silenced them too and so was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews.—REV. JOSEPH SPENCE, "Anecdotes," quoting Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, "who had this from Sir Rycaut himself."

Oliver Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory—in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth and their practise afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was eloquence which sprang from the heart, since when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression which would in the comparison render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. . . . It happened that some days afterwards this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction by the unexpected arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the Lord Protector's, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and with the most pathetic eloquence pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings and the energy with which she

had expressed them—paused—then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile and, extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said: "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question in the dispute between us the other day."—*London Literary Gazette*, 1818, quoting from a manuscript by the author of "John Sobieski, King of Poland."

CURRAN, John Philpot, 1750-1817. Irish statesman and lawyer.

I still continue to read ten hours every day—seven at law and three at history and the general principles of politics, and that I may have time enough I rise at half past four. I have contrived a machine after the manner of an hour-glass, which perhaps you may be curious to know, which wakens me regularly at that hour. Exactly over my head I have suspended two vessels of tin, one above the other. When I go to bed, which is always at ten, I pour a bottle of water into the upper vessel, in the bottom of which is a hole of such size as to let the water pass through so as to make the inferior reservoir overflow in six hours and a half. I have had no small trouble in proportioning these vessels and I was still more puzzled for a while how to confine my head so as to receive the drop, but I have at length succeeded.—CHARLES PHILIPS, "Curran and His Contemporaries," quoting Curran.

At this period a circumstance occurred which he delighted to relate, as he comically said it first proved his aptitude for oratory. The keeper of a street puppet show arrived at Newmarket, to the no small edification of the neighborhood, and the feats of Mr. Punch, and the eloquence of his man, soon superseded every other topic. At length, however, Mr. Punch's man fell ill and the whole establishment was threatened with immediate ruin. Little Curran, who had with his eyes and ears devoured the puppet show, and never missed the corner of its exhibition, proposed himself to the manager as Mr. Punch's man. The offer was gladly accepted and for a time the success of the substitute was quite miraculous. Crowds upon crowds attended every performance; Mr. Punch's man was the universal admiration. At length, before one of the most crowded audiences, he began to expatiate upon village politics; he described the fairs, told the wake secrets, caricatured the audience; and, after disclosing every amour and detailing every scandal, turned with infinite ridicule upon the very priest of the parish. This was the signal for a general outcry. Every man and maid who had laughed at their neighbor's picture and pretended not to recognize their own, were outrageously scandalized at such familiarity with the clergy. Religion, as on a larger theater, was made the scapegoat and by one and all sentence of banishment was passed upon Mr. Punch. He was honorable, however, in his concealment of the substitute, whose prudence deprecated such dangerous celebrity. Curran, in after times, used often to declare that he never produced such an effect upon any audience as in the humble character of Mr. Punch's man.—PHILIPS.

Curran had told me with infinite humor of an adventure between him and a mastiff when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms and creeping along backward, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on the miller's dog in the neighborhood, who would never let the boys rob the orchard, but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so long as he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "and, as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat, but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment when I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear and, having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued."—SIR JONAH BARRINGTON, "Personal Sketches of His Own Time."

"I'll commit you, sir," said the judge. "I hope you'll never commit a worse thing," retorted Curran.—O'NEILL DAUNT, "Personal Recollections of O'Connell."

His adversary's case was clear and he had not a tittle of evidence to oppose it; so, seeing a fellow in the last stages of intoxication amongst the bystanders, he desired him to be placed in the witness box and told the jury that the other side had made his only witness so drunk that he could not utter a syllable. The jury (Irish) found for their favorite "counselor."—*Quarterly Review*, December, 1840.

While Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument, his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders, stood behind him. "Then," said Curran, turning to his colleague, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority, who was once intended for the church, though, in my

opinion he was fitter for the steeple."—*Albany Law Journal*, August 6, 1870.

He was engaged on behalf of a plain tradesman, a citizen of Dublin, who had been ill-treated, where insult was added to injury, and where the man was horsewhipped, beaten down and falsely imprisoned. He complained through Mr. Curran to a court of justice and a jury listened to his tale of woe and sufferings, which wanted not the coloring of the imagination; it was most affectingly told by his counsel; he used no ornaments to dress out the victim who had already suffered so much. His appeals were deeply affecting, because natural. He gave up to the jury the case of an innocent and oppressed man in terms which were directed to the heart; the jury and the audience were touched; but the client, who heard all, was so overpowered that he burst from a silence which he had been before noticed for, into a sudden exclamation, accompanied with tears, "Oh, Lord, by the living God, all the counselor has told you is every word of it true, but till this moment I never knew I had been half so cruelly ill-treated."—WILLIAM O'REGAN, "Memoir of John Philpot Curran."

He was one evening sitting in a box at the French Opera, between an Irish noblewoman, whom he had accompanied there, and a very young French lady. The ladies soon manifested a strong desire to converse, but neither of them knew a word of the other's language. Curran, of course, volunteered to interpret, or, in his own words, "to be the carrier of the thoughts and accountable for their safe delivery." They went at it at once, with all the ardor and zest of the Irish and French nature combined, but their interpreter took the liberty of substituting his own thoughts for theirs and, instead of remarks upon the dresses and the play, he introduced so many finely turned compliments that the two ladies soon became fascinated with each other. At last, their enthusiasm becoming sufficiently great, the wily interpreter, in conveying some innocent question from his countrywoman, asked the French lady "if she would favor her with a kiss?" Instantly springing across the orator, she imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Irish lady, who was amazed at her sudden attack, and often afterwards asked Mr. Curran, "What in the world could that French girl have meant by such conduct in such a place?" He never let out the secret and the Irish lady always thought French girls were very ardent and sudden in their attachments. —*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1856.

During one of the circuits, Curran was dining with a brother advocate at a small inn kept by a respectable woman, who, to the well ordering of her establishment, added a reputation of apt and keen reply, which sometimes supplies the place of wit. The dinner had been well served, the wine was pronounced excellent, and it was proposed that the hostess should be summoned to receive their compliments on their good fare. The Christian name of this purveyor was Honoria, a name of common occurrence in Ireland, but which is generally abbreviated to that of Honor. Her attendance was prompt and Curran, after a brief eulogium upon the dinner, but especially the wine, filled a bumper and proposed a toast, "Honor and Honesty." His auditor took the glass, and, with a peculiarly arch smile, said, "Our absent friends," and, having drank off the amended toast, she curtsied and withdrew.—*Notes and Queries*, September 6, 1851. This anecdote, I beg to observe, is incorrectly represented, and surely presents to the reader no adequate provocation for the sharp retort on him attributed to the hostess, on his offering her a glass of wine. But the fact is that the circumstance occurred, not at a small country inn, but in the city of Galway; nor solely in company with a brother advocate, but at the general bar mess. The Connaught circuit was not Curran's, who had been called there specially, and who, having heard of the barmaid's ready wit, was determined to test it. Her name, I well recollect, was Honor Slaven and her quick repartee to the not very delicate jokes practised on her by the gentlemen (?) of the bar had spread her fame beyond the province. Curran, however, was far superior to those whom she had foiled in these too often unseemly combats and was expected to prove that superiority in this contest. Among the accustomed toasts of that time was a succession of three alliterative ones, of which the last was of flagrant indecency, and this Curran resolved should fall to Honor's turn to give in due rotation. Making her take her seat, with one interposed between them, he began with the first, "Honor (directing himself to her) and Honesty," followed by "Love and Loyalty," from his next neighbor; when, ordering a bumper, he said, "Come, Honor, you know the next toast; be not squeamish, and let us have it." "No, sir," replied she with an arch smile, "but I will pledge you in your own toast, Honor and Honesty, or your absent friends." These last words were uttered with special emphasis and in their provoked application well sustained the barmaid's reported char-

acter; as, indeed, was promptly acknowledged by Curran himself. I have more than once heard similar retorts from her when thus assailed.—*Notes and Queries*, November 15, 1851.

It was on the steps of this place [the general post office in Dublin] that Curran and Lord —— were standing, when the latter, who had voted for the Union, as he looked towards the late Parliament House, which was then in a forlorn state of mutilation, observed, "How shocking our old Parliament House looks, Curran." To which the witty barrister finely replied, "True, my lord, it is usual for murderers to be afraid of ghosts."—JOHN CARR, "The Stranger in Ireland in 1805."

During the temporary separation of Lord Avonmore and Curran, Egan, either wishing to pay his court to the chief baron, or really supposing that Curran meant to be offensive, espoused the judge's imaginary quarrel so bitterly that a duel between the barristers was the consequence. They met and on the ground Egan complained that the disparity in their size gave his antagonist a manifest advantage; "I might as well fire at a razor's edge as at him," said Egan, "and he may hit me as easily as a turf stack." "I'll tell you what, Mr. Egan," said Curran, his pistol in his hand, and Egan scowling at him under brows that rivaled Lord Thurlow's, "I wish to take no advantage of you whatever; let my size be chalked out upon your side and I am quite content that every shot that hits outside of that mark should go for nothing." It will readily be believed that such a contest was not very deadly; and, although the combatants fired at one another, the shots were too aimless to produce much injury.

One day at dinner the common toast "to our absent friends" was given. Curran, as usual, sat beside Lord Avonmore, who was immersed in one of his habitual reveries, altogether unconscious of what was passing. He maliciously aroused him: "Yelverton! Yelverton! the host has just announced your health in very flattering terms; it is considered very cavalier in you not to have acknowledged it." Up started the unsuspecting Yelverton and it was not until after a very eloquent speech that he was apprized of the hoax in which it had originated.—CHARLES PHILIPS'S "Curran and His Contemporaries."

Curran, in speaking of Baron Smith's temper and the restraint he always found himself under in his company, said, "I always feel myself, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe's gun and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him."—THOMAS MOORE, "Life and Letters of Lord Byron."

He was also well known to Madame de Staël. . . . He conversed with her and, though her face was by no means prepossessing, he described her as having the power of talking herself into a beauty.

Of him [a man famous for his wit] Curran used pleasantly to remark, "Much as I regard him, I never hear his name mentioned without some hatred of him, when I consider the great number of good things he has uttered, all of which I myself might have said."

A brother barrister of his, remarkable for his perpetuity in dirty shirts [and for parsimony] had set out from Cork for Dublin, with one shirt and one guinea, when Curran remarked, "I will answer for it he will change neither of them until he returns."—WILLIAM O'REGAN, "Memoirs of John Philpot Curran."

The Lord Chief Justice [Russell of Killowen] presided at the meeting of the Irish Literary Society in January last, when his son, the Hon. Charles Russell, delivered a most interesting and carefully studied lecture on "Curran." In addressing the meeting at the conclusion of the lecture, Lord Russell twitted the lecturer with having omitted from his many stories of the great Irish wit and lawyer one which he (the Lord Chief Justice) thought particularly interesting. "On one occasion," said Lord Russell, "Mr. Curran was engaged in a case before Lord Norbury and cited a law case which he contended elucidated a certain point. 'If,' said Lord Norbury, 'I could not obtain better law from my books than that I would burn them.' And Curran remarked, 'I, my lord, should read them.'" That, said Lord Russell, was one of the wittiest retorts of Curran. But the Hon. Charles Russell was not a whit taken aback and on the conclusion of his father's speech said: "In preparing my lecture on Curran I took particular pains to verify all my facts and the reason I did not tell the story narrated by the chairman is that it is not true of Curran, but of another great lawyer, Mr. Sargent."—*American Law Review*, September-October, 1900, quoting the *London Daily Chronicle*. [According to Charles Philips, "Curran and His Contemporaries," it was John Dunning, Baron Ashburton, who made this reply to Lord Mansfield.]

D

DANA, Charles Anderson, 1819-1897. American statesman and editor.

He sought and obtained close relations with the *Chronotype* and was formally employed by its owner and editor, Elizur Wright, to read the exchanges, edit the news, and make himself generally useful. It was also understood that during Wright's absence Dana should act as editor, but all without additional compensation. The newspaper was an orthodox publication and was therefore a great favorite with the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts. As an evidence of the young writer's independence of thought, and of his radical departure from the gloomy doctrines of Calvin, as well, perhaps, as an instance of his growing sense of humor, Wright used to relate the following anecdote with evident satisfaction. On the occasion of his temporary absence from the city his paper came out "mighty strong against hell," to the astonishment of the subscribers as well as the responsible editor. In referring to this incident years after Dana had become a great editor, Mr. Wright said that it gave him a great deal of trouble at the time, as it obliged him to write a personal letter to every Congregational minister in Massachusetts and to many of the deacons besides, explaining that the paper's apparent change of doctrinal attitude was due to no change of faith on his own part, but to the fact that it had been left temporarily in charge of "a young man without journalistic experience."—JAMES HARRISON WILSON, "Life of Charles A. Dana."

There is an apocryphal tradition, probably with some slight foundation of fact, which will do as well as if it were entirely true to illustrate Mr. Dana's indifference to disturbing elements, except as they may be useful for newspaper purposes. One night in the early times of *The Sun*, the city editor rushed in from an outside room. *The Sun's* editorial office then consisted of four rooms, all small. "Mr. Dana," exclaimed the city editor, "there's a man out there with a cocked revolver. He is very much excited. He insists on seeing the editor-in-chief." "Is he very much excited?" replied Mr. Dana, turning back to his pile of proofs. "If you think it worth the space ask Amos Cummings if he will kindly see the gentleman and write him up."

A very observant Frenchman once remarked about Mr. Dana, "he is one of the few men over sixty I have known who remember the way to blush. The only times I have seen Mr. Dana blush have been when something discourteous was said or done in his presence, too trivial to call for a direct rebuke."—EDWARD P. MITCHELL, *McClure's Magazine*, October, 1894.

Coming into camp one night after a hard day's ride, we found a strange officer at the camp-fire, Captain Ely S. Parker, a full-blooded and well-educated Seneca Indian, who had been recently detailed at headquarters to assist Colonel Rawlins and Captain Bowers in the growing work of the adjutant-general's department. Dana was duly introduced, but before taking off his side arms and making himself comfortable, he said to me aside: "I think I know that man's people and if he is a Seneca, as I think he is, I can speak his language. What do you think he would do if I were to address him in his own tongue?" As the gentleman was also a stranger to me, I could hardly venture an opinion, but as my own curiosity was aroused, I said at once, "Try it on and let us see." Thereupon Dana, without a perceptible pause for reflection, addressed the captain in a well-sustained phrase filled with chicks and gutteral sounds. Parker, although a man of grave and dignified bearing, looked puzzled and surprised at first, but as soon as Dana paused his interlocutor replied in words of the same kind. A brief but animated conversation followed and before it was ended a smile of gratification broke over Parker's face and an acquaintance was begun which lasted till his death. Dana afterwards told me that he had learned the language as a boy, but had neither spoken nor thought about it seriously since he left Buffalo, over twenty years before. He and Parker met during the various campaigns in which they took part and were in the habit of conversing in the Seneca dialect, especially when they did not care to be understood by others.

Many years afterwards, during the war between the states, as Major-General Carl Schurz, Mr. Dana and I were riding from Knoxville to Chattanooga, those two distinguished dialecticians beguiled the weary hours in conversation carried on indifferently in both German and English. In one of the pauses Dana remarked, "General Schurz, you speak English with greater purity and precision than any man I have ever known." Whereupon General Schurz rejoined, "Well, Herr Dana" (which he pronounced with a broad "a"), "you speak German better than

any man I have ever heard speak it who was not born and educated in Germany." The compliment in each case seems to have been justified.—WILSON.

DAUPHIN.

The title of Dauphin was first taken by the sons of France in the fourteenth century. Previously to this it had been used by the Comtes de Viennois, d'Auvergne and other feudal lords, their wives being called dauphines. The origin of the word "dauphin" has been attributed to a number of sources, most of them vague and traditional. Some authorities derive it from the name of an ancient people, the Auffinates, mentioned by Pliny and Ptolemy, who describe them, however, as a people of Italy, not of Gaul. Others thought it arose from the fact that the Allogroges, who settled in part of the Dauphine, came into the country from Delphos and were called Delphinates. Others, again, that those who ruled Vienna bore a dolphin on their shields as a symbol of gentleness and humanity. Some transformed de Viennois into Do Viene, Dofiene, and thus from Dofin into Dauphin. Subtle as the derivation is, it is at the same time merely conjecture. A more romantic if equally vague suggestion is that Duiges de la Gras, Comte de Viennois, had a daughter called Dauphine, this Christian name not being unknown in France, and that her affectionate father named the province over which he ruled after her. There is no proof, however, that any such lady ever existed. A far more reasonable explanation is given by Bullet, who derives the word from the Celtic *Dahl*, meaning a district or territory, and *pen* or *pin*, a chief or sovereign. Dahlphin, in which form the word appears in the time of Guiges IV., Comte de Viennois, thus conveys the idea of a country obeying its prince or ruler and is easily converted into Dauphin and Dauphine.—FRANK HAMEL, "The Dauphines of France."

DAVIS, Jefferson, 1808-1889. American statesman.

The lecturer was teaching the class the process of making fire-balls. One of the balls took fire and the room was filled with explosives. Cadet Davis was the first to discover the danger. He very coolly asked the professor, "What shall I do? the fire-ball is ignited." The professor said, "Run for your life, sir," and the professor ran for the door, the first to make the exit. Cadet Davis did not flee as did the others of his class. He coolly walked over to the burning ball, took it in his hand, raised the window and threw it out upon the grass and by his presence of mind saved the building.—J. OGDEN MURRAY, "Jefferson Davis."

He shrank from the sight of every form of suffering, even in imagination. When "The Babes in the Woods" was first read to him, a grown man, in time of illness, he would not endure the horror of it. His sympathy for the oppressed was also almost abnormal, "so that," says Mrs. Davis, "it was a difficult matter to keep order with children and servants."—GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR., *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1911.

On one occasion, when sitting by the side of Davis in the House of Representatives, he said, "Augustus Dodge tells me that you are hard up for money, upon my inquiring of him as to your financial condition." I replied that there was a judgment against me at home for four hundred dollars, the only debt I owed. He took a pen and drew a draft in my favor for one thousand dollars on J. U. Payne, his then commission merchant in New Orleans, and handed it to me. It surprised me and I asked, "Where did you get money from, as the last time I saw you, in 1838, you were yourself pressed for money?" He said that he had made good cotton crops on his plantation. I drew my note for a thousand dollars in his favor at ten per cent. interest and handed it to him. He tore the note into pieces, threw them under his feet, saying, "When you get more money than you know what to do with, you may pay me, not before."—GENERAL GEORGE W. JONES in JOHN W. DANIELS'S "Life of Jefferson Davis."

Speaking of the firmness of President Davis, which many called obstinacy, Judge Bruce related an anecdote of Mrs. General Henningsen, whose husband, a Hungarian (an unusually fine-looking man, well remembered in New York), having fallen into disfavor with the president, lost his position in the army, and no entreaty could obtain his restoration. This so enraged Mrs. Henningsen that she told some of the president's friends that if she had been at the battle of Bosworth, when King Richard cried, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" she would have pointed to Jefferson Davis and said, "There's your mule." Which saying became a by-word throughout the armies of the Confederacy.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1880.

The president was returning with Mrs. Davis from one of the customary festivities

on a flag of truce boat that had come up the James; walking the street in the night, unattended by his staff, he had to pass the front of Libby prison, where a sentinel paced, and, according to his orders, forced passengers from the sidewalk to the middle of the street. As the president, with his wife on his arm, approached him he ordered him off the pavement. "I am the president," replied Mr. Davis; "allow us to pass." "None of your gammon," replied the soldier, bringing his musket to his shoulder; "if you don't get into the street I'll blow the top of your head off." "But I am Jefferson Davis, man; I am your president—no more of your insolence," and the president pressed forward. He was rudely thrust back and in a moment had drawn a sword or dagger concealed in his cane and was about to rush on the insolent sentinel when Mrs. Davis flung herself between the strange combatants and by her screams aroused the officer of the guard. Explanations were made and the president went safely home. But, instead of the traditional reward to the faithful sentry that has usually graced such romantic adventures, came an order the next day to degrade the soldier and give him a taste of bread and water for his unwitting insult to the commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies.—EDWARD A. POLLARD, "Life of Jefferson Davis."

Mr. Davis was a man slow to forget a serious wrong. This was shown in his treatment of the Emperor Napoleon. Mr. Davis thought that the former had acted treacherously toward him in the course he pursued about France recognizing the Southern Confederacy. When Mr. Davis visited Paris, some time after the close of the war, Napoleon sent a special messenger to him with a pressing invitation to call on him. "Tell your majesty," said Mr. Davis to the messenger, "with my compliments that I am much obliged, but if he wants to see me he must call on me."—JOHN W. DANIELS, "Life of Jefferson Davis."

DAVOUT, Louis Nicolas, Duke of Auerstädt and Prince of Eckmühl, French marshal, 1770-1823.

Whilst he was governor of Poland he once flew into a temper with a young officer of the Polish Legion, Ladislas Czartoriski, abusing him and his forefathers for several generations up: "Your father must have been a mule, your grandfather an idiot," etc. Czartoriski took this to heart and some young French officers determined to teach the marshal a lesson. Davout often gave dinners to which two or three subalterns were frequently invited and it was his custom to question these young men with paternal bluffness about their families. At his first dinner after the Czartoriski business, he greeted one of the subaltern guards in his usual way by saying, "Well, young man, how's your father?" The young man assumed a sorrowful expression and muttered out that his father was better, but still confined in a *maison de santé* (lunatic asylum). "*Ah, diable,*" said Davout, and turning to another guest, but with the same result, for this one too pretended that his father was in a lunatic asylum. Davout frowned, guessing that a plot had been hatched, so, looking hard at the third subaltern who came up to make his bow, he said, "How does madame, your mother, bear the affliction of having an imbecile husband?" It so happened that this young man knew nothing of the plot, and he became almost idiotic with surprise when the marshal roared out: "Now be off, all of you, and put your heads in cold water; my doctor shall examine you all to-morrow morning, to see whether your pates are cracked like your fathers."—*Temple Bar*, 1883.

Speaking of dinners I must not forget to say a word about those given by Marshal Davout. That brave marshal, among his high military qualities, had an awful fault which made him many enemies among the gastronomists of the army. When he invited us to dinner, it was a piece of perfidy on his part; not that his meals were without ceremony, but they were of despairing briefness. We sat down at table, ten minutes afterwards we had to rise, because the host set the example. The first time I had the honor of sitting at the marshal's table, I was caught; hardly had I broken my bread and begun eating of the first relishes to prepare the way than the signal for retreat was given. "Where are you going?" I asked my neighbor. "We have finished." "Dining?" "Yes." "But I have not begun." "So much the worse for you." "It's an abominable trick—a willful injury." "Agreed; but the marshal imitates the emperor."—ELZEAR BLAZE, "Recollections."

DERBY, Edward H. S. Stanley, Earl, 1826-1893. English statesman.

An elderly lady, the daughter of a duke, had been for many years married to a commoner. Lord Derby advised the raising of this excellent gentleman to a peerage; thus the lady, to her annoyance, lost precedence, a baroness being of lower rank than the daughter of a duke. A few months later the

lady and her husband were staying at Knowsley; Lord Derby took her down to dinner. As they descended the stairs the lady said, "Oh, Lord Derby, I hesitated to give you my arm. I have not seen you since you dishonored me." Lord Derby instantly replied, "Hush; don't say a word about it and no one will find us out."—WILLIAM FRASER, "Disraeli and His Day."

Lord Derby wrote every word of his speeches and sent them in advance to the press. It was said that once he dropped his manuscript in the street and that, it being picked up, it was found to contain such entries as these: "Cheers," "Laughter," and "Loud applause," culminating in "But I am detaining you too long." (Cries of "No, no; go on; go on.")—GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, "Fifteen Chapters of Autobiography."

DOUGLAS, Stephen Arnold, 1813-1861. American statesman.

He was nearly seventeen years of age and, though not handsome, was very intelligent and bright in his appearance, so that he was able to compete successfully for the smiles and favors of a young country lass who reigned the belle of the village. This did not suit the "mittened" ones and they determined to draw young Douglas into a controversy which should end in a fight—he, of course, to be the defeated party. The night chosen for the onslaught was "singing school" night and the time the homeward walk of Stephen from the house of the fair object of contention. From jests to gibes, from taunts to blows, was then as ever an easy path; and in reply to some unchivalric remark concerning his lady love, Douglas struck the slanderer with all his might. Immediately a ring was formed and kept until Douglas rose the victor and without further ceremony pitched into one of the lookers-on, and stopped not until he too was soundly thrashed, when, with flashing eye and clenched fist, he said, "Now, boys, if that's not enough, come on and I'll take you altogether." At this juncture the good old deacon, who had been trying cider in the cellar of his store, came along and, taking Stephen by the arm, said, "Well, Stephen, you're a tough 'un." . . . For years he was known there and in the neighboring townships as the "Tough 'un."

Mr. Douglas, then a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, was one of the passengers who on the crack steamboat *Andrew Jackson* were going down the Mississippi. The steamer was detained several hours at Natchez, where she was supplied with wood and water, and during the delay a huge, hard-fisted boatman, somewhat the worse for a poor article of strychnine whisky, made himself very conspicuous and exceedingly obnoxious by the continued iteration of his desire to fight some one. He was fearful that he would "ruin" if his pugilistic wants were not immediately attended to and in manner more earnest than agreeable invited all to "come ashore and have the conceit taken out of them." From the descriptive catalogue he gave of his own merits the passengers had gathered that he was a "roarer," "a regular bruiser," "half alligator, half steamboat, half snapping turtle, with a leetle dash of chain lightning thrown in," and were evidently afraid of him; when the Judge, who had been quietly smoking on the deck, stepped out upon the quay and, approaching the bully, said in a peculiarly dry manner, "Who might you be, my big chicken, eh?" "I'm a high-pressure steamer," roared the astonished boatman. "And I'm a snag," replied Douglas, as he pitched into him and, before the fellow had time to reflect, he lay sprawling in the mud. A loud shout, mingled with derisive laughter, burst from the spectators, all of whom knew the judge, and, while the discomfited braggart limped slowly off, the passengers carried Douglas to the bar, where for hours afterwards a general series of jollifications ensued.—*Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1861.

On a certain occasion, after the *New York Tribune* had attacked Douglas savagely, a mutual acquaintance asked Douglas if he objected to meeting the redoubtable Greeley. "Not at all," was the good-natured reply; "I always pay that class of political debts as I go along, so as to have no trouble with them in social intercourse and leave none for my executors to settle."—ALLEN JOHNSON, "Stephen A. Douglas," citing Schuyler Colfax in the *South Bend Register*, June, 1861.

Douglas's loss of everything but courage and devotion to the Union in the sweeping anti-slavery tide, illustrates how, when a man has apparently lost all, something yet is found by fate to take from him. In 1857 the Democratic territorial legislature of Nebraska passed a bill to remove the capitol from Omaha to a point near the site of the present Lincoln, to be called Douglas City. But the governor vetoed the bill and through the bribery of a very few members it could not be passed over the veto. Ten years later a removal bill was passed. After its third reading a "copperhead" senator from Omaha,

hoping to disgust other virulent Democrats, moved the substitution of Lincoln for Douglas City as the name of the new capitol, but to insure success the rabid removalists promptly accepted the obnoxious substitute and the name of the successful rival of "the father of Nebraska" is thus perpetuated instead of his own.—ALBERT WATKINS, "History of Nebraska."

DU BARRY, Jeanne Bécu Vaubernier, 1746-1793. French countess.

Her silverware was more valuable on account of its workmanship than its material. But, wearying of silver, Madame Du Barry took it into her head to have a service of gold, of which the handles were in bloodstone. The value of this set may be imagined from the fact that for two sugar spoons belonging to it four hundred dollars were paid, and for the mustard pot one thousand dollars. Her next caprice was to order a toilet table in solid gold, the mirror supported by two cupids, who held above the table a crown enriched with precious stones. Nor were the toilets of the lady of the mansion less gorgeous than her surroundings. Dresses costing from one thousand to two thousand dollars, morning gowns at five hundred dollars apiece and lace sets worth eighteen hundred and twelve hundred dollars each, were charged in her household accounts. An estimate was recently made of the sums expended on her by the king during the five years of her reign and they amounted to something over two and a half million dollars.—LUCY H. HOOPER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1879.

She one day in a corner of her boudoir, by the side of her paroquet, her Chinese mandarins and her pet negro, placed a fine and stately Van Dyck of Charles I. The king, surprised at so strange a contrast, asked for an explanation, when the youthful favorite exclaimed, with an energy he had not as yet given her credit for, "Thus, too, will they treat you, sire, if you let the long robes have their way."—M. CAPEFIGUE, "Louis XV. and Society in the Eighteenth Century."

I cannot forbear mentioning what M. Prioreau told us of Madame la Comtesse Du Barry. The lady, in her retreat at Louveciennes, has made no secret, from the beginning of the revolution, of her royalist sentiments; and it is known for a fact that she has sold out some valuable shares and realized thereby the sum of five hundred thousand francs, which she has set aside for the use of the king and queen whenever they may require it. . . . Many of the courtiers owed their good fortune to her and I could mention many who forgot that fact. At last, in May, 1774, the king's illness brought the brilliant reign of the favorite to an end. She was bidden to go; and she obeyed, without remembering to carry with her the king's many valuable gifts, which—very unjustly—were never sent after her.—COUNT ESPINCHAL, "Journal."

DUBOIS, Guillaume, Cardinal, 1656-1723. French statesman.

The mad freaks of Dubois, especially after he had become master and thrown off all restraint, would fill a volume. . . . His frenzy was such that he would sometimes run all around the chamber, upon the tables and chairs, without touching the floor.—SAINT-SIMON, "Memoirs."

Every evening he generally ate a chicken wing. A dog one day carried away the chicken before the cardinal had been served. His servants hurriedly prepared another on the spit but it was not ready when he was, so the *maître d'hôtel* said to him, "Monseigneur, you have had your supper." "I have had my supper?" replied the cardinal. "You have, Monseigneur; you ate but little, for you seemed wrapped in thought, but if you desire it we shall have another chicken prepared; it will take but a short time." Dr. Chirac, his physician, came in just then. The *maître d'hôtel* begged his assistance. "It is certainly strange," said Dubois; "I am told that I have had my supper, but I have no recollection of it and I am hungry." "So much the better," said Chirac, "you are very tired from work and the little you have had only served to arouse your appetite and there will be no danger in your eating a little more." When the chicken was brought Dubois looked upon his eating twice as a sign of good health and was in the best of humor. —CHARLES PINEAU DUCLOS, "Memoirs."

He had taken for private secretary one Verrier, whom he had unfrocked from the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Près, the business of which he had conducted for twenty years with much cleverness and intelligence. He soon accommodated himself to the humors of the cardinal and said to him all he pleased. One morning he was with the cardinal, who asked for something that could not at once be found. Thereupon Dubois began to blaspheme, to storm against his clerks, saying that if he had not enough he would engage twenty, thirty, fifty, a hundred, and making the most frightful din.

Verrier tranquilly listened to him. The cardinal asked him if it was not a terrible thing to be so ill served, considering the expense he was put to, and then broke out again and pressed him to reply. "Monseigneur," said Verrier, "engage one more clerk and give him, for sole occupation, to swear and storm for you, and all will go well; you will have much more time to yourself and will be much better served." The cardinal burst out laughing and was appeased.—SAINT-SIMON.

When the Duke of Orleans thoroughly understood all the intrigues of Dubois he could not avoid showing him his displeasure. He was archbishop of Cambrai, nevertheless he treated him as a menial and spoke to him in tones of the utmost scorn; several times he even struck him. Some days after his installation it is known that he kicked him. Dubois was the only person whom the regent ever maltreated, for he was naturally very kind-hearted, indulgent and given to jesting. Another time, the archbishop was impertinent enough to look brazen and attempt to show the regent his archiepiscopal dignity; the latter shoved him into a corner of the room and gave him one kick for his former quality of minister, a second one for being a hypocrite, a third one for being a rascal, a fourth for being a priest and a fifth for being the archbishop of Cambrai. "I pardon you for it," said the prelate, "for I expect to get a sixth one when I become a cardinal." —ABBÉ SOULAVIE, "Memoirs of the Duke of Richelieu."

DUELING, Ancient Rules.

To show, by explaining the difference between ancient duels and those of our time, what a number of nameless abuses have crept into the practise, which was from the first original a corruption, it will be sufficient to lay down the circumstances and formalities which were observed in those times. In the first place, nobody, however offended, might take vengeance in his own right; and as it is now practised in the first emotion of caprice and passion, and much less in mere bravado, which, in my opinion, is of all things the most contrary to the laws of society. They had their judges, before whom he who thought himself injured in his honor was to give an account of the wrong suffered and demand permission to prove, in the way of arms, that he did not lay upon his enemy a false accusation. It was then considered as shameful to desire blood for blood. The judge, who was commonly a lord of the place, made the person accused likewise appear before him; and never allowed the decision of battle, which was demanded by throwing a glove, or some other pledge upon the ground, but when he could get no other proof of guilt or innocence. The pledges were received and the judge deferred the decision of the quarrel to the end of two months, during the first of which the two enemies were delivered each of them to common friends, upon security for their forthcoming. Their friends endeavored by all sorts of means to discover the person criminal, and to give him a sense of the injustice of maintaining a falsehood, from which he could expect nothing but the loss of his reputation, of his life, and of his soul; for they were persuaded, with the utmost degree of certainty, that heaven always gave the victory to the right cause; and therefore, a duel, in their opinion, was an action the event of which could be determined by no human power. When the two months were expired, the two rivals were put into a close prison, and committed to the ecclesiastics, who employed every motive to make them change their design. If, after all this, they still persisted, a day was at last fixed to end their quarrel. When the day was come the two champions were brought fasting in the morning before the same judge, who obliged both of them to declare upon oath that they said the truth, after which they suffered them to eat; they were then armed in his presence, the kind of arms being likewise settled; four seconds, chosen with the same ceremony, saw them undressed and anointed all over the body with oil, and saw their beards and hair cut close. They were then conducted into an enclosed ground and guarded by armed men, having been made to repeat for the last time their assertions and accusations, to see if they persisted in them without alterations. They were not even then suffered to advance to the combat; that moment their seconds joined them at the two ends of the field for another ceremony, which of itself was enough to make their weapons drop from their hands, at least if there had been any friendship between them. The seconds made them kneel down in this place facing each other; they made them join hands, with the fingers of one put between the fingers of the other; they demanded justice from one another and were conjured on each side not to support a falsity; they solemnly promised to act upon terms of honor and not to aim at the victory by fraud and enchantment. The seconds examined their arms piece by piece, to see that nothing was wanting, and then conducted them to the two ends of the lists, where

they made them say their prayers and make their confession; then asking each of them whether he had any message to send to his adversary, they suffered them to fall to, which they did at the signal of the herald, who cried from without the lists, "Let the brave combatants go." After this, it is true, they fought without mercy, and the vanquished, dead or alive, incurred all the infamy of the crime and the punishment; he was dragged upon a hurdle in his shirt and afterwards hanged or burned, while the other returned honored and triumphant, with a decree that attested him to have gained his suit and allotted him all manner of satisfaction.—DUKE OF SULLY, "Memoirs."

E

EDWARD VI., 1537-1553. King of England.

This Fitzpatrick did afterwards fully answer the opinion this young king had of him. He was bred up with him in learning; and, as it is said, had been his whipping boy who, according to the rules of educating our princes, was always to be whipped for the king's faults. He was afterwards made by Queen Elizabeth Baron of Upper Ossory in Ireland, which was his native country.—BISHOP GILBERT BURNET, "History of his Own Time."

EDWARD VII., 1841-1910. King of England.

It is said that one day when the queen inquired about her son's progress Mr. Tarver replied: "I regret to say that I cannot get rid of the prince's German accent. When he is older, and has to speak in public, the people will not be pleased with it." Her majesty was so much impressed that she ordered the prince to read a piece of English before her every day.—MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES, *Munsey's Magazine*, December, 1906.

Playfair has told us in the preceding chapter of the reminiscences of his success with which he carried out this program for the instruction of the Prince of Wales in the practical application of science to industry. It was whilst the prince was living in Edinburgh as Playfair's pupil that an incident occurred which has already, I believe, been published. The prince and Playfair were standing near a cauldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. "Has your royal highness any faith in science?" asked Playfair. "Certainly," replied the prince. Playfair then carefully washed the prince's hand with ammonia to get rid of any grease that might be on it. "Will you now place your hand in this boiling metal and ladle out a portion of it?" he said to his distinguished pupil. "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the prince. "I do," replied Playfair. The prince instantly put his hand into the cauldron and ladled out some of the boiling lead without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand, if perfectly cleansed, may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, the moisture of the skin protecting it under those conditions from any injury. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect would, of course, be different. It requires, however, courage of no common order for a novice to try such an experiment, even at the bidding of a man so distinguished in science as was Playfair.—WEMYSS REID, "Lord Playfair's Autobiography."

"Hawkins, you've been eating onions?" "No, your majesty." "Yes, you have; I'm sure you have. Send Mr. Hiley here at once. And Mr. Fehr." "Yes, your majesty." The sergeant-footman withdrew and presently the postmaster was announced. The king called him to his side and was beginning to read him a telegram he wanted him to despatch, when, "Hiley, you've been eating onions," he cried. "No, your majesty," said the postmaster instantly recoiling. "Yes, you have; it's disgraceful." For the rest of the interview the postmaster kept his distance and, when his majesty had given his orders, withdrew from the royal presence with a haste that was almost precipitate. The courier entered the room. He approached very warily, but his majesty's sense was keen and all Mr. Fehr's efforts to conceal the fact were unavailing. The king looked up sharply and sat back in his chair. "I'm damned if you haven't been eating onions too." "I'm afraid the chef must have put some into the soup, your majesty." "Tell the chef he's not to put onions into the soup." "Yes, your majesty." "I won't have my servants eating onions; it's disgusting."—C. W. STAMPER, "King Edward as I Knew Him."

In the course of the afternoon he honored the refreshment stall by his presence and asked for a cup of tea. The tea was priced at a figure sufficiently exorbitant to cover the calls of charity, but the fair vendor, thinking to amuse the prince, before handing him the cup drank from it herself, saying, "Now

the cup is five guineas." The prince gravely paid the money asked, handed back the tea and said, "Will you please give me a clean cup?"—"Private Life of Edward VII., by a Member of the Royal Household."

The piece in question was of the musical comedy genre and the leading character was a thinly disguised burlesque of a certain reigning monarch. In ignorance of this King Edward sat through the opening of the performance. As it proceeded, however, the burlesque grew more and more offensive. At the end of the first act he left the theater and has never visited it again.—HORACE WYNDHAM, *Munsey's Magazine*, June, 1903.

His saving grace of humor enables him to enjoy and poke fun at the folly of the tuft-hunter and the collector of royal cherry-stones. "You see that chair?" he said in tones of awe to a guest entering his smoking room at Windsor; "that is the chair John Burns sat in." His majesty has a genuine liking for "J. B.," who, I have no doubt, delivered from that chair a copious digest of his Raper lecture, coupled with illuminating statistics on infantile mortality, some approving comments on the member from Battersea and a little wholesome advice on the duties of a king.—A. G. GARDINER, "Prophets, Priests and Kings."

Twain and myself were guests at the informal dinner with the prince one evening with a score or more of well-known men of British official life. Twain told a story and appeared surprised himself at the laugh with which the prince greeted the conclusion. It was not until the gathering was breaking up that Twain learned the real cause of the pleasure which the prince expressed. "That was a fine story," said the prince; "I know it was good because Depew told it last night."—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, *New York Sun*, May 10, 1910.

It was probably the knowledge of the prince which Lord Charles Beresford acquired on this journey that caused him to refuse one of his invitations to dinner by a telegram which ran, "Sorry cannot come; lie to follow," which tickled the prince immensely.—"Private Life of Edward VII., by a Member of the Royal Household."

There is, I think, no class of our fellows that deserves more of our consideration than the cab drivers of London. . . . There is only one article a cabman never returns and this is an umbrella; and that, I think, we may consider quite fair. A gentleman having an umbrella may not want a cab, but without an umbrella he will be compelled to take a cab when the rain comes on.—*The London Magazine*, August, 1902.

To me the prince was always kindness itself and amongst my most valued treasures are several little gifts, some of which he gave me under rather humorous circumstances. On one occasion, being seated next to him at dinner, I did what I have always done, despite all social convention—that is, ate oysters with a knife. This not unnaturally surprised the prince, who made some humorous comment, upon which I explained that I was aware that such conduct was almost a crime, but from long habit I must be regarded as an irreclaimable criminal. To my surprise and delight the next morning he presented me with a beautiful case of oyster knives, as he said, "in remembrance of your criminal tendency."—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Reminiscences."

Once, when I found my bed less comfortable than usual, I asked the nymph who tended me whether she turned the mattress daily. She said she turned it every day but Friday. I was given to understand that it was unlucky to effect a "confusion" in that fateful seventh part of the week. I find from M. Paoli's "Leurs Majestés" (Your Majesties), p. 183, that it is probable the belief reigns in the highest circles; and from further inquiry among domestic servants that it is still held as an article of their creed. With regard to King Edward VII. it is written: "Hawkins, the second valet (of the chamber) was an Englishman. It was he who especially had charge of making the bed for the king; he knew better than anybody else the king's habits and likings; he knew, for instance, that he never was to turn the mattress of his majesty on Friday. The king, indeed, had this curious superstition, the only one I have known of him and which he did not deny either. Now, by an extraordinary coincidence, I was told that on the morning of his death, which occurred on a Friday, the doctors had forgotten his repeated orders, in the course of their grave services caused by the sudden decline in his health—and had the mattress turned over in the expectation that a little rest would please him after a night of suffering; a few minutes before the striking of midnight he breathed his last." I have not had, I must say, the opportunity to investigate the authenticity of this detail, although told me by a person worth believing. I have found from other sources—and his superstition concerning the mattress is a proof thereof—

that the king has always had the presentiment that Friday would be a fatal day for him.—*Notes and Queries*, May 4, 1912.

ELDON, John Scott, 1751-1838. Lord Chancellor of England.

"During the long war," he said, "I became one of the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers, Lord Ellenborough at the same time being one of the corps. It happened, unfortunately for the military character of both of us, that we were turned out of the awkward squad for awkwardness."—LORD CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," quoting Eldon.

I never wake in the night without taking a pinch. Mary, do you know the origin of my taking snuff? I was obliged to undergo an operation in the nose and the surgeon who performed it told me that if I would take three pinches of a particular kind of snuff the first thing every morning I should have no return of that complaint. I took the snuff and have had no return.—HORACE TWISS, "Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon," quoting Eldon.

At Gifford's funeral Lord Eldon and Chief Justice Abbott were placed in the same pew, which was overlooked by Jay, who sat in the gallery. The chief justice being a great snuff-taker, Eldon asked him for his box and, having helped himself to a pinch, threw it away and went through the motion of inhaling it. Jay says, "I was young at the time and was astonished by the deception practised by so great a man with the grave yawning before him."—*Albany Law Journal*, August 14, 1875.

One day, soon after the commencement of the new reign, he was walking in St. James's street, where a crowd had gathered to see the carriages of some gentlemen going to the palace with an address. Amidst the throng he felt the hand of a man in one of his pockets, but, as luckily it was not that which contained his purse, he contented himself with the thief's disappointment and, quietly turning to him, said, "Ah, my friend, you were wrong there; this other was the side."

Taking a walk by himself and, seeing two persons on his land with dogs and guns, he accosted them with a gentle intimation that they were transgressing the law and trespassing upon Lord Eldon's property. "Oh, no," said one of them, "we are not trespassing; we are only following some birds we put up on another gentleman's land. If you go home and ask your master, he knows the law better than to tell you that what we are doing is contrary to it." "Indeed, gentlemen," replied Lord Eldon, "that will hardly be his opinion—for he is the person who now addresses you. However, as you do not seem to like my law, you shall pursue your amusement for to-day without any further interruption from me."—HORACE TWISS, "Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon."

Jemmy Boswell called upon me at my chambers in Lincoln's Inn, desiring what would be my definition of Taste. I told him I must decline informing him how I should define it, because I knew he would publish what I said would be my definition of it and I did not choose to subject my notion of it to public criticism. He continued, however, his importunities in frequent calls and in one complained much that I would not give him my definition of Taste, as he had that morning got Henry Dundas's (afterwards Lord Melville), Sir Archibald MacDonald's and John Anstruther's definition of Taste. "Well, then," I said, "Boswell, we must have an end of this. Taste, according to my definition, is the judgment which Dundas, MacDonald, Anstruther and you manifested when you determined to quit Scotland and come into the South. You may publish this, if you please."—LORD ELDON, "Anecdote Book."

"The following correspondence," said Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster, "once took place between my old friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charter House, and me. He applied to me for a piece of preferment then vacant, in my gift. So I wrote to him: 'Dear Fisher: I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. I remain your sincere friend. Eldon. Turn over.' Then on the other side: 'I gave it to you yesterday.'"

On one occasion I and the Archbishop of Canterbury and many other lords were with George III., when his majesty exclaimed, "I dare say I am the first king whose Archbishop of Canterbury and whose Chancellor have both run away with their wives—was it not so, Chancellor?" "May it please your majesty, will you ask the archbishop that question first?" answered I. It turned the laugh to my side, for all the lords were beginning to titter.—TWISS.

Being charged, and truly, with never entering a church, though always talking as if he was its great supporter, he said that he was a buttress which was placed outside. —LORD BROUGHAM, "Lord Eldon."

Once I had a very handsome offer made to me. I was pleading for the rights of the

inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Now I had been reading in Coke, and I found there that the people of the Isle of Man were no beggars. [Lord Coke's words are: "The inhabitants of this isle are religious, industrious and a true people, without begging or stealing."] So in my speech I said: "The people of the Isle of Man are no beggars; I therefore do not beg their rights: I demand them." This so pleased an old smuggler who was present that when the trial was over he called me aside and said, "Young gentleman, I will tell you what: you shall have my daughter if you will marry her and one hundred thousand pounds for her fortune." That was a very handsome offer, but I told him that I happened to have a wife, who had nothing for her fortune; therefore I must stick to her.

I got into a dilemma with one cause at Lancaster. The plaintiff was a farmer of some substance (amazingly fond these people are of going to law) and the other party was the son of a farmer, who had run off with the daughter of the plaintiff, and it was for damages for loss of her services that the action was brought. Well, the instructions the farmer gave me were these: "Mind, Lawyer Scott, you are to say that a man who runs away with another man's daughter is a rascal and a villain and deserves to be hanged." "No, no; I cannot say that." "And why not? Why can't you say that?" "Because I did it myself; but I will tell you what I will say—and I will say it from my heart—I will say that a man who begins domestic life by a breach of domestic duty is doubly bound to do everything in his power to render both the lady and her family happy in future life; that I will say, for I feel it." Well, he was obliged to give up that point and the jury, after a deliberation of nine hours, gave a verdict for eight hundred pounds damages.—Twiss.

Attending a cause in the Court of Exchequer a part of the ceiling fell down and alarmed the judges, counsel, etc. Mr. Gryffid Price, an honest and excellent but warm Welshman, turned to me and said in his familiar way: "My dear Jack, what an escape! Who would have expected that we would all be delivered?" He hated a pun and particularly a bad one and I thought nothing could have restrained my Welsh friend's wrath when I said, "My dear Price, you make more than enough of this. Ought not you, as an experienced lawyer, know that sealing and delivery always go together?"

Sir Thomas Davenport was a very dull speaker. Whilst making a very long and dull speech to a jury, a boy, asleep on a window considerably higher than the floor, fell and was reported, though untruly, to be dead. I was at that time Attorney-General of the Northern Circuit [a jocular office]; and at the Circuit Court of Appleby I indicted him for wilful murder, perpetrated by a long, dull instrument, viz., a speech. He was convicted and severely fined.—"Anecdote Book," Lord Eldon.

Judge Bosanquet, when a young man, was reporting a case before Lord Eldon and the Chancellor requested to see the report. Bosanquet sent it to him with his judgment reported exactly as it had fallen from his lordship's lips, except that some of his unmanageably long sentences had been broken up into reasonable lengths. One sentence especially, occupying three folio pages and a half, was broken into a number of shorter periods. His lordship's only alteration was to put this wounded snake of a sentence back again as he had originally pronounced it. And in this state it may be found in "Bosanquet's Reports," filling three folio pages and a half.—*Notes and Queries*, July 1, 1854.

I remember Mr. Justice Gould trying a cause at York and when he had proceeded for about two hours he observed, "Here are only eleven jurymen in the box. Where is the twelfth?" "Please you, my lord," said one of the jurors, "he has gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me."

Many absurdities have been noticed in Irish acts of Parliament; perhaps none greater than what I think may be found in an English act of Parliament. There was an act for rebuilding Chelmsford jail. By one section the new jail was to be built from the material of the old one; by another, the prisoners were to be kept in the old jail until the new jail was finished.

When I was solicitor or attorney-general we had this ingenious case of smuggling proved. A person at Dover smuggled three thousand pairs of French gloves. He sent all the right hand gloves to London. They were seized and sold. Nobody would buy right hand gloves, who had not the left hand gloves. The smuggler therefore bought them for a trifle. Having purchased the three thousand right hand gloves he then sent the left hand gloves to London. They were also seized, sold and of course bought by him for

a price next to nothing. Thus he became possessed of them, though contraband, according to law, and, as a smuggler would say, in an honest way.—"Anecdote Book," LORD ELDON.

ELIBANK, Patrick Murray, Lord, 1703-1778. Scottish littérateur.

Did you ever hear Lord Elibank's reply when Johnson's famous definition of "oats" was pointed out first to him? "The food of man in Scotland and horses in England," repeated Lord Elibank; "very true and where will you find such men and such horses?"—JOHN WILSON CROKER, "Correspondence and Diaries."

ELIZABETH, 1837-1898. Empress of Austria.

The only trait of vanity which I ever noticed in Empress Elizabeth was the pride she took in her magnificent chestnut hair, which fell below her knees. She used to have it dressed for hours every day, whilst the "reader," Mlle. F., read to her English, French or Hungarian novels. Her majesty was particularly anxious that the dressers who brushed her long tresses should avoid pulling out a single hair. This, of course, was an impossibility, and the unfortunate maid concealed carefully in the pocket of her apron any hair which became entangled in the brush. One day the empress, happening to glance into the looking-glass, caught sight of the maid concealing a small roll of hair in the above-described fashion. Jumping from her rocking chair, her majesty clutched her attendant by the wrist and angrily exclaimed, "I have caught you at last; you are ruining my hair." With a presence of mind which would have done honor to an expert diplomat, the maid replied unhesitatingly, "I implore your majesty to forgive me. It never happened before. I only wished to have a few of my sovereign's hairs to put into the locket which my little girl wears around her neck as a talisman." Whether the empress believed or not this clever invention, I do not know, but, shrugging her shapely shoulders, she resumed her seat, laughing merrily; and the next day she presented her maid with a locket enriched with diamonds, saying, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "I think this is the kind of talisman your little daughter deserves for having such a clever mother."—One of the Ladies of the Court, *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1893.

Elizabeth looked lovely on horseback. Her hair was pleated around her head and she invariably wore a high hat; her habit fitted her tightly, and she was always sewn into it every time she rode. By this I mean that once the bodice was on, her tailor sewed the skirt to it and I could never imagine the reason for this strange whim.

Elizabeth was not a believer in any special face treatment. Sometimes she only used a simple toilet cream; occasionally at night she wore a kind of mask "lined" inside with raw veal; and in the strawberry season she smeared her face and neck with the crushed fruit. The empress took warm baths of olive oil, which she believed helped to preserve the suppleness of her figure, but on one occasion the oil was nearly boiling and she narrowly escaped the horrible death associated with many Christian martyrs. She often slept with wet towels round her waist in order to keep its proportion slender, and drank a horrible decoction composed of the whites of five or six eggs mixed with salt for the same purpose. Once a month Elizabeth's heavy chestnut tresses were washed with raw egg and brandy and afterwards rinsed with some "disinfectant," as she termed it. When the actual washing was over the empress put on a long waterproof silk wrapper and walked up and down until the hair was dry. The woman who acted as her coiffeuse was hardly ever seen without gloves, which she even wore during the night; her nails were cut close; rings were forbidden her; the sleeves of her white gown were quite short; and it may be almost truthfully asserted that the hair of Aunt Cissy's head were all numbered. . . . Elizabeth slept on a plain iron bedstead, which she took with her wherever she went. She scorned pillows and lay quite flat, probably because she had been told by some one that it was beneficial to her beauty.—COUNTESS MARIE LARISCH, "My Past," copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Elizabeth scandalized the Austrian court by calling for beer—the excellent beer of Munich—and, according to some chroniclers, also for sausages, at the imperial luncheon table. She scandalized them a second time by refusing to throw her shoes away after she had worn them once; a third time by going shopping on foot, attended only by a single lady-in-waiting; a fourth time by taking off her gloves at a banquet at which etiquette prescribed that gloves should be worn, and laughing at the regulations when her attention was called to it.—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Life of Emperor Francis Joseph."

At the close of the Vienna exposition of 1873 the empress took into her service a

little Berberine boy named Mahmoud, who had accompanied the Egyptian government mission to Austria and who had acted as page at Carine House, which the Khedive Ismail had caused to be erected in the Prater, and presented to her imperial majesty. The little fellow, with his great black eyes, his bright and picturesque dress and his dusky skin,, looked for all the world like one of Barbedienne's enameled bronzes. The empress became much attached to the tiny African and was very kind and gracious to him. When the cruel cold of the Vienna winter affected his lungs, accustomed to the hot winds of the African desert, and when he fell ill with pneumonia, she nursed and tended him with her own fair hands. Mahmoud literally worshiped his imperial mistress and could hardly bear her out of his sight. This intense devotion, however, had its drawbacks, for he was morbidly jealous of her, with all the unreasoning jealousy of a child and the savagery of some wild animal. He became the playmate of the Archduchess Valerie and the horror of Austrian aristocracy knew no bounds when they saw their empress's favorite child, who looked like a dainty harebell, with her slender figure and bright gossamer skirts, continually in company with the flat-nosed and thick-lipped African boy. The empress, on being informed of the indignation which she had unwittingly aroused by her kindness for Mahmoud, whom she was accustomed to describe as *"mein kleiner schwarzer Kaefer"* (my little black beetle), became inbued with that spirit of defiance which she so often displayed when her Austrian subjects were concerned, for she responded by having the two children—the white and the black, the imperial princess and the slave-boy—photographed together, arm in arm. Haughty, patrician, exclusive Vienna lifted its hands to heaven in indignation, and this one act of hers added thousands to the already numerous of Elizabeth's detractors.—One of the ladies of the Court, *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1893.

Her infatuation for dogs was also extravagant and she kept almost as many of them as there are sands on the seashore. She treated them like princes of the blood and great fun was made of this at Vienna. The imperial carriages were often seen driving in the Prater with coachmen in liveries of state and the empress's favorite dogs filling the seats of honor with great dignity. The back seats were occupied by old and faithful retainers, also in full livery. They had the strictest orders to take every care of her majesty's pets and always address them in the third person. Worthy citizens who visited the park for an afternoon nap have vouched for such conversations as these: "Will Bella have the goodness not to bark so much?" an old servant was heard to implore. And another would add, "If Bella will not condescend to desist, it will be my regretful duty to lay the matter before our most gracious sovereign."

Her passion for equestrian exercises was carried to strange lengths which displeased her august consort, the emperor. Indeed it reached such a point, that she used to put on a circus dress and dance and leap on the backs of her magnificent horses and break no less than six paper hoops in one bound. This in the little circus she had built at her own expense in one of the courts of the Hofburg in spite of the strenuous opposition of Francis Joseph.—HERBERT VIVIAN, "Francis Joseph and his Court," from the "Memoirs of Count Foger de Resseguier," copyright, John Lane Company.

The empress not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, but during the course of the evening she also smokes several terribly strong cigars. This perhaps somewhat unfeminine pastime acts as a sedative to her majesty's nervous temperament and had become almost indispensable to her. In spite of all the doctors say to the contrary, this habit has not impaired the pearly whiteness of her lovely teeth.—One of the Ladies of her Court, *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1893.

From him [Paoli] we learn that the empress bathed daily in distilled water, and took only one biscuit with her tea at breakfast, and refreshed herself later in the morning "with meat juice extracted daily from several pounds of fillet of beef by means of a special apparatus which she always carried with her," and dined off iced milk, raw eggs and a glass of Tokay. M. Paoli also speaks of her long walks, for these, of course, were occasions when the burden of his responsibility weighed heavily upon him. Elizabeth often walked as much as fifteen or twenty miles a day, with no one but her "Greek reader"—some student as a rule of the University of Athens—in attendance. His function was not only to read Greek, but also to carry the empress's spare skirt. She walked, clad in "a black serge gown of so simple a character that no well-to-do tradeswoman would care to be seen in it"; and she often changed her skirt in the midst of her peram-

bulations, behind trees, or any other screen which the landscape afforded, while the reader dutifully looked the other way. Sometimes too she perambulated the streets of Paris with equal recklessness. Once, M. Paoli recalls, she went to see Notre Dame by moonlight and insisted upon being taken afterwards to eat onion soup at a café.—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph."

Often in the early hours of the morning she would glide out of the palace, either at Vienna or Buda-Pesth, to proceed on errands of mercy, accompanied by a trusted and confidential attendant. Elizabeth has never known fear. Alone she penetrated into the darkest, poorest and roughest quarters—quarters where were huddled together the fierce and half-starved multitudes who make revolutions and who breed anarchy. She was perfectly safe among them. No one knew who she was; but her courage, her gentleness and her open-hearted generosity caused the wretched creatures whom she visited to regard her in the light of an angel. They never suspected that the kind lady who succored their cruel need was the cold, proud and haughty sovereign who was taxed with heartlessness and indifference by both high and low in the great country over which her husband reigns.—One of the Ladies of her Court, *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1893.

A few hours after her return from the Moravian trip she wished to have a moment alone with her husband and left her apartments to go to the private study in which she knew she would find Francis Joseph by himself. In the antechamber an usher stopped her and, in the presence of several courtiers who had followed her, respectfully barred the way to the door of the imperial study. What did he mean? she inquired. She was going to her husband and expected to be allowed to pass. "I beg your majesty's pardon," said the usher with a ceremonious bow, "but your majesty cannot enter into the presence of his majesty the emperor without being announced." As Elizabeth protested and tried to pass on, a gentleman-in-waiting came forward and corroborated what the usher had said. Vexed, ashamed and hurt, the young empress was compelled to wait, feeling all the while that the courtiers were laughing at her, until she had been announced and could at last enter her husband's room. She complained bitterly to him, but the emperor took the other side and defended the necessities of etiquette. In the evening, when news of the affair had spread over the palace, the girl-queen had to submit to a disguised lecture from her mother-in-law, who requested her, in the presence of the whole court, to conform herself henceforward to the customs of the household.—HENRI DE WEINDEL, "The Real Francis Joseph."

The empress was very superstitious and occasionally, when I had exhausted the gossip of Vienna, she would make me put the white of an egg in a glass of water and together we would try to read omens in the shapes which it took. Elizabeth invariably made three bows to a magpie whenever she saw one, and the new moon afforded her the occasion to indulge in any longed-for wish. The empress firmly believed in the virtues of cold iron and she never passed nails or cast horseshoes without picking them up; the Evil Eye inspired her with real dread and she feared the malign influence of those who possessed it.—COUNTESS MARY LARISCH, "My Past," copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It happened one evening that she was riding in the suburbs of Buda-Pesth, accompanied by a lady-in-waiting, when they passed a lonely hut in the outskirts, at a little distance from the high road, from which fearful screams were heard interspersed with cries for help in the voice of a woman, who was apparently in the greatest danger. Acting on the impulse of the moment, Elizabeth sprang from her horse and hastened to the door of the hut, followed by her companion. They burst open the door and found themselves in a low, dirty room, where a gigantic, brigand-like fellow was dragging a female over the floor by her long filthy hair and administering at intervals a series of violent blows. The queen struck him across the face with her riding whip and the man was so utterly astonished by her sudden appearance and her vigorous attack, that he instantly let go his victim to stare in amazement at the intruder. But the next moment the astonishment of Elizabeth was greater still, when the woman under punishment sprang up and rushed upon her with the fury of a tigress while she overwhelmed the stranger with a torrent of abuse couched in the coarsest language of the slums, because she had dared to strike her husband. The queen laughed, took a gold piece from her pocket and handed it to the man as she observed, "Beat her, my friend, give her the tale of blows she deserves; she ought to have them, if only for her fidelity to you."—CLARA TSCHUDI, "Elizabeth, Empress of Austria."

Aunt Cissy once went to a masked ball, accompanied by the Archduke Ludwig Victor. Elizabeth and Ludwig were dressed alike in yellow dominoes and no one present suspected their identity; in fact, they were taken for sisters. Among the masqueraders was a good-looking young "hofrath," who attracted the attention of the empress, and, entering into the spirit of the evening, she went up and spoke to him. The masquerader took the unknown lady to be some footlight favorite and, as their conversation progressed, he became quite interested, he suggested that she should sup with him that night alone at one of the smart restaurants. "Very well," said Elizabeth, who was entirely enthralled by the adventure; "I will come on condition that you will give me your word of honor to allow me to retain my mask." "Certainly," said the enamored gentleman. The empress then asked her "sister" to await her return at a certain place and left the ball room with her admirer. True to his promise the "hofrath" never attempted to force Elizabeth to disclose her identity, although he had really fallen in love with her when the time came to say good-by. The empress promised to meet him the next day, but naturally she never kept the appointment. Her romantic tendencies and the remembrance caused Elizabeth to send her admirer an affectionate letter every year, signed "The Yellow Domino," but the curiosity of the recipient was never gratified by finding out who the writer was. These letters were posted in different parts of Europe and the last one was mailed by one of my cousins at Rio de Janeiro.—COUNTESS LARISH.

The empress was extremely generous and her generosity was manifested in the most delicate ways. Whenever, in her walks, she found a humble cottage hidden away among the olives in some corner of the mountain, she would enter, question the peasants who lived there, take the little children on her knee and, fearing that the bold offer of money might offend the hostess, she would think up some charming subterfuge; she would ask to taste their fruit and would pay them royally, or she would buy several quarts of milk or dozens of eggs, asking to have them brought to the hotel the next morning.—XAVIER PAOLI, *McClure's Magazine*, January, 1910.

The wandering empress also visited Great Britain, where she made many friends among the aristocracy. Here again it was sport that attracted her—to wit, fox hunting. In one of these hunts, which involve much hard riding, she met with an adventure which was at least picturesque. She was following a fox in the neighborhood of Maynooth College, Ireland. The fox, which was running in the direction of the college, suddenly darted through a hole in the wall and shot into the midst of a game of football. Hardly a moment later a horse leaped over the wall, ridden by a woman in dripping garments. In the pursuit of the fox Elizabeth had swum across a river and, still following him, she had jumped the wall of Maynooth College—a pretty jump of four feet. The head of the college was most attentive and, having nothing better to offer her, gave her a doctor's robes to take the place of her wet clothes. Elizabeth asked to be allowed to keep the robes, adding with her admirable tact that she regretted that she could not acquire with the robes the knowledge of the pupils of the college.—HENRI DE WEINDEL.

ELIZABETH, 1533-1603. Queen of England.

[April, 1581.] When she was crossing the gangway to go on board the *Pelican* one of her purple and gold garters slipped down and trailed behind her, whereupon Marchamount, who followed, seized it as a lawful prize to send to his master [Duc d'Alençon]. The queen besought him to return it to her, as she had nothing else to prevent her stocking from slipping down; but the gallant Frenchman refused to surrender it until she promised to restore it to him as soon as she returned to Westminster. She made no ado about putting on the garter before him and the next day Monsieur de Mery was started off hastily to the lovelorn "frog," again bearing with him a letter of high-flown affection from the queen and the precious garter from Marchamount. [November 21, 1581.] She unhesitatingly replied to Castlenau, "You may write this to the king: that the duke of Alençon shall be my husband," and at the same time she turned to Alençon and kissed him on the mouth, drawing a ring from her own hand and giving it to him as a pledge. Alençon gave her a ring of his in return and shortly afterwards the queen summoned the ladies and gentlemen from the presence chamber to the gallery, repeating to them in a loud voice in Alençon's presence what she had previously said. [January 1, 1582.] The duke [Alençon] acquitted himself well in the tourney and the queen, before all the company, embraced him again and again for his gallantry. [January 22, 1582.] After all this preparation the queen gave him her final reply. Calais and Havre must both be garrisoned with Englishmen as a security to her

that the king of France would fulfil all his promises. Alençon could hardly believe his ears. Was she in earnest, he asked, and was this the final reply? Certainly, replied the queen, and she could give no other, and Alençon, thunderstruck, flung out of the room in a rage, now thoroughly undeceived. [February 1, 1582.] The queen on one occasion told him that he would be away only three weeks and should then come back and marry her; the castle of Dover was all ready, she said, being prepared for his reception when he returned; and although he smiled at this and feigned pleasure, he was no sooner alone with Marchamount than he burst into an agony of tears, swore that he would only live to be revenged on her, if he had to make friends with his brother for the sake of doing it. . . . Every demonstration the queen could make was made. She went with him as far as Canterbury, weeping copiously all the way. On taking leave of him she cast herself about his neck and asked him not to go until they learned whether there was any danger from the Spaniards at Antwerp as was reported. She gave him a personal present of twenty-five thousand pounds when she left him and told him that a wound on his little finger would pierce her heart. The scales, however, were gradually falling from the prince's eyes, for before he went Marchamount, who stayed in England, was instructed to make approaches for his marriage with the wealthy daughter of the Duke of Florence.—MARTIN HUME, "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth."

Effectually to disabuse Elizabeth's mind in regard to stories current, attributing to him a spinal deformity, the duke [d'Anjou] condescended to submit himself one day to the queen's scrutiny clad in a tight jerkin of flesh-colored silk.—MARTHA WALKER FREER, "Henry III."

But Katherine [Grey] had the temerity, at least so Hertford afterwards alleged, to wear the coif known as "frozen paste," under her hood; it may be remarked here that her sister, Lady Jane Grey, had worn a similar coif—not unlike a nun's—at her execution. This close-fitting cap, which entirely concealed the hair, was worn by all married women, even if young, and is said to have been one of the reasons why Elizabeth refused to marry. She wished her subjects always to enjoy the privilege of admiring her magnificent hair. The fashion evidently came from Germany, "froze" being an Anglicized version of "frau's."—RICHARD DAVEY, "The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey."

She often asked the ladies around her chamber if they loved to think of marriage, and the wise ones did well conceal their liking thereto, knowing the queen's judgment in the matter. Sir Matthew Rundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof and simply said she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved. "You seem honest, i' faith," said the queen; "I will sue for you to your father," at which the damsel was well pleased; and when her father, Sir Robert Arundel, came to the court, the queen questioned him about his daughter's marriage and pressed him to give consent if the match were discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished, said he never had heard his daughter had a liking to any man, but he would give free consent to whatever was most pleasing to her highness's will and advice. "Then I will do the rest," said the queen. The lady was called in and told by the queen that her father had given his free consent. "Then," replied the simple girl, "I shall be happy, an' please your grace." "So thou shalt, but not to be a fool and marry," said the queen. "I have his consent given to me and I vow thou shalt never get it in thy possession. So, go to thy business; I see thou art a bold one, to own thy foolishness so readily."—AGNES STRICKLAND, "The Queens of England," quoting John Harington.

When the learned Bishop Godwin in his old age wedded a wealthy widow of London, she expressed the most lively scorn and indignation at his conduct, it having been reported that he had wedded a girl only twenty years old. The Earl of Bedford, being present when these tales were told, said merrily to the queen, after his dry manner, "Madam, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a son of hers who is little under forty." But this rather marred than mended the matter, for one said the sin was greater and others told of three sorts of marriages—of God's making, of man's making and of the devil's making. Of God's making as when Adam and Eve, two folks of suitable age, were coupled; of man's making, as of Joseph and Our Lady, and of the devil's making, when two old folks marry, not for comfort, but for covetousness—and such, they said, was this. Yet the bishop, with tears in his eyes protested, "that he took not the lady for a spouse but only to guide his house." The queen was, however, irrevocably offended and to show her displeasure she stripped the before impoverished see of Bath and Wells of

the rich manor of Wiveliscombe for ninety-nine years.—AGNES STRICKLAND, "The Queens of England."

On Elizabeth's visit to Norwich we find unusual pains taken in withdrawing all matters offensive to the eye or nostril. Workmen are hired from Lynn and Yarmouth, the pillory and cage removed, St. John's churchyard wall pulled down and rebuilt, "the muck hill at Brazen Doors demolished" and the narrow way at St. Giles's Gate enlarged by casting down the hills; every innkeeper is ordered to have a horse always ready for the post; no cows are to be brought into the city, no scourers to use any wash, no grocer to try any tallow, etc., during her majesty's abode. When the queen came to Sandwich the hogs were banished to "certain appointed places," butchers enjoined to carry their offal to the "farthest groyne head till after her highness's departure," and brewers to "have good beer against her coming."—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1829, quotations from JOHN NICHOLS'S "Elizabeth."

Queen Elizabeth was engaged at her devotions in Greenwich church when she heard the distant report of the Archduke Albert's cannon, thundering thick and fast on Calais; and, starting up, she interrupted the service, by issuing her royal command that a thousand men should be instantly impressed for the relief of the town.

Negotiations for succor were continued and Elizabeth offered, on certain conditions, tending to the same object, to raise eight thousand men for Henry's relief. "By whom are they to be commanded?" inquired the monarch of Sir Anthony Mildmay, the English Ambassador. "By the Earl of Essex," replied the envoy. "Her majesty," rejoined Henry with a sarcastic smile, "can never allow her cousin of Essex to be absent from her cotillon." When Elizabeth was informed of this impertinent observation, she wrote a letter to Henry containing but four lines, which so moved the fiery temper of the Royal Gascon that he had scarcely made himself master of their import ere he raised his hand with intent to strike the ambassador by whom the letter was presented to him, but contented himself by ordering him to leave the room. It is to be hoped that this characteristic billet-doux will one day be brought to light, as it would be far better worth reading than her more classical epistles. The next time Henry sued for her assistance in recovering his good town of Calais she refused to aid him in any other way than by her prayers.

Among other popular customs Queen Elizabeth was wont to honor Greenwich fair with her presence. On one of these occasions she came riding on a pillion behind her favorite master of the horse, Leicester, and the people not only greeted her, as was their custom, when she appeared among them, with rapturous acclamations, but, in their eagerness to get near her, to catch a look, a word or perhaps to snatch a jeweled button or aiglet from her dress, thronged her majesty almost to suffocation. Her noble equerry then, as a matter of necessity, used his riding whip very smartly, to drive the boldest of them back; whereupon her majesty graciously interposed ever and anon, crying, "Prithee, my lord, take heed that thou hurt not my loving people. Pray, my lord, do not hurt any of my loving people." But when, in obedience to these tender remonstrances, he desisted and she found herself incommoded by the pressure of the crowd and her progress impeded, she said to the earl in a low voice, "Cut them again, my lord! Cut them again!"—AGNES STRICKLAND, "The Queens of England."

When the dean of St. Paul's in a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth had spoken with some disapprobation of the sign of the cross, she called aloud to him from her closet to desist from the ungodly digression and return to his text.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1822, citing Warner and Macdiarmid.

During the early part of her reign, Sunday being regarded principally as a holiday, the queen selected that day especially for the representation of plays at court, and by her license Burbage authorized dramatic performances at the public theater on Sundays only, out of the hours of prayer. Five years after, Gosson, in his School of Abuse, complains that the players "because they are allowed to play every Sunday, make four or five Sundays at least every week." To limit this abuse, an order was issued by the privy council, in 1591, prohibiting plays from being publicly acted on Thursdays; because on that day bear-baiting and similar pastimes had usually been practised; and, in an injunction to the Lord Mayor, four days after, the representation of plays on Sundays was utterly condemned; and it is further complained that on "all other days of the week, in divers places, the players do use to recite their plays, to the great hurt and destruction of the game of bear-baiting and like pastimes which are maintained for her majesty's pleasure."

The royal virgin now being in her thirtieth year, was so annoyed on account of cer-

tain ill-favored likenesses of her gracious countenance, which had obtained general circulation, that her minister Cecil drew up and published a proclamation stating that none of her portraits hitherto published came up to the original; that she had resolved, by the advice of her council, to procure an exact likeness from the pen of some "cunning painter," and that therefore she strictly forbade any one to publish new portraits of her "person and visage" without license, or to sell or exhibit the old ones until they had been remodeled according to the correct likeness to be forthwith published by authority. —FRANCIS LANCELOTT, "Queens of England."

"30 July, 1596. A Warrant to Her Majesties Serjeant Painter, and to all publickly officers, to yielde him their assistance, touching the abuse committed by divers unskillfull artisans, in unseemly and improperly paintinge, gravinge and printinge of her Majesties person and vysage, to her Majesties great offence, and disgrace of that beautiful and magnanimous majesty wherewith God has blessed her. Requiring them to cause all suche to be defaced and none to be allowed, but such as her Majesties Serjeant Paynter shall first have sight of. The mynute remayning in the Counsell Chest." The undated proclamation undoubtedly grew out of this solemn proceeding of the privy council for the concealment of the queen's increasing wrinkles at sixty-four.—*Notes and Queries*, February 15, 1868.

As for the royal table of Elizabeth, nothing could surpass the solemn order in which it was laid out, or the number of triple genuflections which accompanied every movement of the royal waiters; but all this was only for show, as the meat was finally taken off the table into an inner room, where the queen herself dined in the utmost privacy and simplicity.—ECCLESTON'S Introduction to "English Antiquities."

A tale may be found in one of Lord Sussex's letters with regard to a new dress belonging to one of her maids of honor, over the possession of which the owner had been rash enough to exhibit some elation. The young lady, it seems, was several inches taller than her majesty—hardly, perhaps, not quite a nice or loyal thing to be. Having desired that the dress should be made over to her custody, the queen, first selecting an extremely wet day, was pleased to put it on and trail it for yards behind her in the mud, the owner of the humiliated garment having to appear as delighted with the royal fun and condescension as the rest of the lookers-on.—EMILY LAWLESS, "The Nineteenth Century and After," January, 1901.

She detested as ominous all dwarfs and monsters and seldom could be induced to bestow an appointment, either civil or ecclesiastical, on a mean-looking, ugly man. "She always," said Lord Bacon, "made sedulous inquiries regarding the moral qualifications of any candidate for preferment and then considered his mien and appearance. Upon one of these occasions she observed to me, 'Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority, if the man be despised?'" "My Lord Bacon's soul lodgeth well," she observed one day, after contemplating the ample brow of her lord keeper. She always forbade her gouty premier to rise or stand in her presence, when she saw that he was suffering from the malady, with the facetious remark, "My lord, we nake use of you, not for your bad legs, but for your good head."—STRICKLAND.

When Queen Elizabeth's wrinkles waxed deep and many it is reported that an unfortunate master of the mint incurred disgrace by a too faithful shilling; the die was broken and only one mutilated specimen is now in existence. Her maids of honor took the hint and were thenceforward careful that no fragment of looking-glass should remain in any room in the palace. In fact, the lion-hearted lady had not heart to look herself in the face for the last twenty years of her life.—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1828.

In the course of the spring LaMotte brought her another gift of three night caps, worked by her royal captive, but a delay took place regarding them and they were for a time left on the hands of the ambassador, for Elizabeth declared "that great commotions and jealousies had taken place in the privy council, because she had accepted the gifts of the Queen of Scots." Finally she accepted the night caps, with this characteristic speech to LaMotte: "Tell the queen of Scots that I am older than she is; and when people arrive at my age they take all they can get with both hands and only give with their little finger." —AGNES STRICKLAND.

We sometimes find the great Tudor queen sitting familiarly beside her favorite while he smoked, chatting, laughing and laying wagers. Once she objected to him that with all his ingenuity he could not tell the weight of smoke. "Your majesty must excuse me," replied Raleigh, "for the thing is quite easy." Elizabeth was incredulous and laid a bet that he could not do what he said. "Your majesty shall be the judge," he answered and, send-

ing for a small quantity of tobacco and weighing it in her presence, he put it into a silver pipe, which probably had a capacious bowl, and went on smoking until the whole was consumed; then placing the ashes in the scales and weighing them, he pointed out to Elizabeth that the difference indicated the weight of the smoke. The queen laughingly paid the money, saying, in allusion to the alchemists, that she had heard of many who turned their gold into smoke, but till then never knew any one who could turn smoke into gold.—JAMES A. ST. JOHN, "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh."

Queen Elizabeth could now and then brook a smart rejoinder. It is reported that she once saw in her garden a certain gentleman to whom she had held out hopes of preferment, which he discovered were slow of realization. Looking out of her window, her majesty said to him in Italian, "What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?" The answer was, "He thinks, Madame, of a woman's promise." Whereupon the queen drew back her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not argue with you; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

The literal sense [of Elizabeth's reply to Philip II. of Spain] is, "Your order, good king, shall be obeyed in the days when the Greeks reckoned by kalends," meaning never, for kalends were not known among the Greeks and she shrewdly appoints a time past for the performance of that which is yet to be done. Horace Walpole extols this classic jest as one of the most brilliant of the maiden monarch's impromptu repartees, but it certainly requires a little explanation to render it intelligible to persons less accustomed to the sharp encounter of keen wits than Philip of Spain and Queen Elizabeth.—AGNES STRICKLAND.

A lady who left three thousand gowns behind her. . . . The queen had a great passion for foreign articles of wear. The new purchases of Mary Queen of Scots were overhauled on their way to her prison and Elizabeth purloined whatever she had a fancy for.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1868.

The old approach to Kenninghall Place in Norfolk is called Queen Bess's lane, because she was scratched by the brambles in riding through it.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1829.

A curious relic of Queen Elizabeth's sporting proclivities remained till the beginning of the present century, in the shape of a hunting lodge in Huntingfield, built round six straight, massy oaks, which supported the roof of the great hall as they grew. Here she was entertained by Lord Hunsdon and shot a buck with her own hand from a tree which was long after known as the Queen's oak.—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1887.

Allusions to her age were not likely to be hazarded in her presence, except through inadvertence, as in the instance reported to his master by the Scotch ambassador, Lord Semple of Beltheis in 1599, and quoted by Miss Strickland. "At her majesty's return from Hampton Court, the day being passing foul, she would, as the custom is, go on horseback, although she is still able scarce to sit upright, and my Lord Lunsden said, 'It was not meet for one of her majesty's years to ride in such a storm.' She answered in great anger, 'My years! Maids, to your horses quickly,' and so rode all the way, not vouchsafing any gracious countenance to him for two days."—*Quarterly Review*, June, 1854.

ELIZABETH, 1709-1762. Empress of Russia.

The death of my father was announced to me. It greatly afflicted me. For a week I was allowed to weep as much as I pleased, but at the end of that time Madame Tchoglokoff came to tell me that I had wept enough; that the empress ordered me to leave off; that my father was not a king. I told her that I knew he was not a king and she replied that it was not suitable for a grand duchess to mourn for a longer period a father who had not been a king. In fine, it was arranged that I should go out the following Sunday and wear mourning for six weeks.—CATHERINE II., "Memoirs."

Her majesty commanded that an heir to the throne should be forthcoming within the next twelve months. In what way the imperial will was carried out is difficult to decide, though details, mostly of a scandalous kind, abound, and Catherine in her mocking, cynical way of drollery half insinuates that she was allowed *carte blanche* in the selection of a father for her future child.—R. NISBET BAIN, "Peter III."

The court, at which Catherine was seeking and obtaining emancipation, was an emancipated court, with an emancipated empress at the head of it. One may help one's self to form some notion of its tone by recalling that one of Elizabeth's favorite diversions was to arrange dances at which the men were required to wear skirts and the women

to wear breeches, her idea being that she herself looked well in breeches, whereas other women looked ridiculous in them. At another court entertainment the women were required to appear in wigs with shaven heads.—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Comedy of Catherine the Great."

When we were at Moscow, in the year 1744, the empress took a fancy to have the court masquerades so arranged that all the men should dress as women and all the women as men, no masks being worn. It was precisely a court day metamorphosed. The men wore large whale-boned petticoats, with women's gowns and the head-dresses worn on court days, while the women appeared in the court costumes of men. The men did not like these reversals of their sex and the greater part of them were in the worst possible humor on these occasions, because they felt themselves to be hideous in their disguises. The women looked like chubby little boys, while the more aged among them had thick, short legs, which were anything but ornamental. The only woman who looked real well was the empress herself. As she was very tall and somewhat powerful, male attire suited her wonderfully well. She had the handsomest leg I have ever seen with any man and her foot was admirably proportioned. She danced to perfection and everything she did had a special grace, equally so whether she dressed as a man or a woman.—CATHERINE II., "Memoirs."

The affectation of settled furniture was then an unknown thing. The things belonged to the person and were taken about from place to place. It was a sort of survival of the nomad life of the Eastern people. Hangings, carpets, mirrors, beds, tables and chairs, the luxuries and the necessities, followed the court from the Winter to the Summer Palace and thence to Peterhof and sometimes to Moscow. It goes without saying that some of these things got lost or damaged on the way. This resulted in an odd mixture of magnificence and destitution. One ate off gold plates off lop-sided tables which had lost a leg somewhere. In the midst of masterpieces of French or English cabinet work, there was nothing to sit down on. In the home of the Tchoglokoffs, which Catherine inhabited for some time in Moscow, she found no furniture at all. Elizabeth herself was often no better looked after. But she used every day a cup that Roumiantsoff had brought from Constantinople by her order and which had cost eight thousand ducats.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

It was treated as a crime against the state if any lady presumed to wear dresses of the same pattern as those of the empress, to receive the newest French fashions before she did. When she died there were found in her wardrobe between fifteen and sixteen thousand dresses, some of which had been worn but once and many never; two large chestfuls of silk stockings, two others of ribands, some thousand pairs of shoes and several hundred pieces of French and other rich stuffs. These were neither given away nor sold, but left undisturbed until they were spoiled.—WALTER K. KELLY, "History of Russia."

She used several bedrooms, so that no assassin might know where she meant to sleep on any given night and often contented herself with lying down for a few hours on a couch.—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Comedy of Catherine the Great."

She was at once restless and indolent, avid of pleasure and nevertheless fond of affairs, spending hours over her toilette, keeping a signature or an order waiting for months. The Baron de Breteuil relates, in one of his despatches, that in 1760 she was in the act of signing the renewal of a treaty concluded in 1746 with the court of Vienna, and had already written "Eli-" when a wasp settled on the end of her pen. She stopped and it was six months before she made up her mind to finish the signature.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "The Romance of an Empress."

She also placed in my hands, as a present from her imperial majesty, three thousand roubles, for playing faro. The ladies had noticed that I was without money and had told the empress.—CATHERINE II., "Memoirs."

Winterfelt himself was a man of shining gifts and character and one of the handsomest tall men in the world. Mutual love between the fräulein and himself was the result. But how to obtain marriage? Winterfelt cannot marry without leave had of his superiors; you, fair Malzahn, are *Hofdame* of Princess Elizabeth, all your fortune the jewels you wear and it is possible she will not let you go. They agreed to be patient, to be silent; to watch warily until Winterfelt gets back to Prussia, till the fräulein Malzahn could also contrive to get home. Winterfelt once home, and the king's consent had, the fräulein applied to Princess Elizabeth for leave of absence: "A few months, to see my friends in Deutschland, your highness." Prin-

cess Elizabeth looked hard at her; answered evasively this and that. At last, being often importuned, she answers plainly, "I feel almost convinced thou wilt never get back." Protestations from the fräulein were not wanting. "Well, then," said Elizabeth, "if thou art so sure of it, leave me thy jewels in pledge; why not?" The poor fräulein could not say why; had to leave her jewels, which were her whole fortune, "worth a hundred thousand roubles (twenty thousand pounds), and is now the brave wife of Winterfelt; but could never, by direct entreaty or circuitous interest and negotiations, get back the least item of her jewels. Elizabeth, as Princess and Czarina, was alike deaf on the subject." —M. RETZOW, "Characteristics of the Seven Years' War."

ELLENBOROUGH, Edward Law, Baron, 1750-1818. Chief Justice of England.

Story of Lord Ellenborough saying when Lord —— yawned during his own speech, "Come, come, the fellow does show some symptom of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

What Lord Ellenborough said to the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure has been out of the question a long time, but you may proceed." —THOMAS MOORE, "Journal."

When Lord Ellenborough was dining at a puisne judge's, having been long engaged with him in a discussion in the drawing-room, the lady of the house stepped up and said, "Come, my lord, do give us some of your conversation; you have been talking law long enough." "Madame," said the Lord Chief Justice, "we have not been talking law, nor anything like law; we have been talking of one of the decisions of Lord Loughborough." —LORD CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors."

Lord Ellenborough, being once met going out of the House of Lords when Lord —— was speaking, "What, are you going?" said a person to him. "Why, yes," answered Lord Ellenborough, "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time."—MOORE.

Lord Darnley was once making a dull and drowsy speech about Ireland and her wrongs which lulled the House to soft repose. At length the noble orator, beginning himself to share in the languor of the House, stopped short in his address to indulge himself in a yawn. "There's some sense in that," caustically observed Lord Ellenborough amidst the laughter of the noble lords.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1842, quoting "Law and Lawyers."

While the ceremony [the wedding of Princess Mary and the Duke of Gloucester] was proceeding, some persons in the room, which was extremely crowded, holding conversation together, which was so loud as to be disturbing, Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice—perhaps also forgetting as well as those noisy talkers where he was—rather disturbed the ceremony by stating very audibly: "Do not make a noise in that corner of the room—if you do, you shall be married yourselves." —LORD ELDON, "Anecdote Book."

To a witness who was evidently perjuring himself he exclaimed, "You fellow, your swearing is a waste of wickedness."

He had a sovereign contempt for rhetorical flights. "It is written in the large volume of nature," said a barrister. "At what page?" gravely inquired the judge, taking up his pen.

An eminent conveyancer came from the king's bench, on one occasion, expressly to argue a question pertaining to real estate. Presuming on the judge's ignorance of real property law, he commenced, "An estate in fee simple is the highest estate known to the laws of England." "Stay, stay," interrupted Ellenborough; "let me write that down." So he wrote and read with great gravity and deliberation, "An estate in fee simple is the highest estate known to the laws of England; the court, sir, is indebted to you for the information."—*Albany Law Journal*, June 16, 1870.

He and Eldon were both turned out of the awkward squad of Lincoln's Inn corps for awkwardness. His attempt at this legal training gave him an occasion to utter a memorable jest. When the drill sergeant reprimanded the company for not preserving a straight front, the great judge replied, "We are not accustomed to keeping military step, as this indenture witnesseth."—*Albany Law Journal*, July 16, 1870.

A witness, dressed in a fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable testimony, was asked in cross-examination what he was. Witness—"I employ myself as a surgeon." Lord Ellenborough—"But does any one else employ you as a surgeon?"—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1857.

Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said

she would like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided that she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. They set off. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped and the footman, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on." The bandbox accordingly was left by a ditch side. Having reached the country town where he was to officiate, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance at the court house. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where's my wig?" "My lord," replied his attendant, "It was thrown out of the window."—SAMUEL ROGERS, "Table Talk." (*The London Examiner*, March, 1856, says: The true story is, that the lady's maid, spying Lord Ellenborough's wig-box among the luggage in the hall, bethought herself what a shame it was that his lordship's fogy wig should be so substantially and securely lodged, while her mistress's beautiful cap was entrusted to a fragile bandbox. Whereupon, to redress this wrong, she took the wig out of its box, substituted Lady Ellenborough's cap, and clapped the wig in the bandbox. Passing over Westminster bridge, Lord Ellenborough discovered the bandbox and, in spite of the prayers of Lady Ellenborough, ordered the footman to pitch it into the river. He is now at the assize town; the court is filled and waiting for the presiding judge; the chief justice, robed, asks for his wig; the attendant opens the wig-box and, lo, instead of the wig there is perched coquettishly in its place a lace cap with smart pink ribbons, appearing pertly to challenge the chief justice, "Try me!" The truth flashes on Lord Ellenborough; he has cast his wig upon the waters.)

ELLERY, William, 1727-1820. Signer of American Declaration of Independence.

It was his custom to spend his evenings with a party of young friends at some place of convivial resort; and it is enough to say of their amusements that they were anything but intellectual and just suited to make one's home the last place he would look to for his pleasures, and, of course, the very place where duty itself must soon become irksome. It was an essential part of domestic economy at that time for the matron to note upon the margin or blank leaves of the almanac any of the memorable occurrences in the daily experience of the household. One day his wife had recorded, as its most precious event, and with expressions of tenderness and gratitude, that her husband had passed the evening with her and her children. This, not many days after, fell under his eye; but he said not a word. If there was any upbraiding, it was all from his own heart. The same evening he returned to his usual haunt and at once announced to his friends that he had come to take his parting cup with them and that hereafter he should seek his evening pleasures at home. Some believed; others scoffed—could this be true of a man of his gaiety and spirit? But their surprise and boisterous ridicule he was prepared for and, true to his purpose and word, he left them and was ever after a thoroughly domestic man.—EDWARD T. CHANNING, "Sparks's Biographies."

EMERALD ISLE.

And when he [Adrian IV.] was pontiff [1155] he delighted to have me at his own table and insisted, despite my resistance, that we should dine from a common cup and platter. It was at my prayer that he gave and conceded to the illustrious king of England, Henry II., Ireland to be possessed by hereditary right; for by ancient right, according to the donation of Constantine, all islands are said to belong to the Roman Church. Through me, too, did he transmit a golden ring, decked with a single emerald, with which the king's investiture was to be completed.—JOHN OF SALISBURY, "Metalogicus."

Dr. W. Drennan (1754-1820) in his poem "Erin" first applied this epithet to Ireland and in a footnote claims to be the inventor.—*Notes and Queries*, November 12, 1910.

ÉON, Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste André Timothée d'Éon de Beaumont, 1728-1810. French diplomatist and soldier.

There seems no reason for doubting La Dufour's statement that d'Éon put on female attire while hiding in her house. Hence this disguise—which was natural enough to one of his appearance—was first donned from sheer terror. When Beaumarchais came over to negotiate for the papers which d'Éon still retained, it was probably adopted a second time with the object of playing upon his sympathies. We may dismiss, with Mr. Vizetelly, as a later concoction of the chevalier's,

the alleged letter of Louis XV. beginning, "You have served me as usefully in woman's clothes as in those you now wear. Resume them at once and retire into the city." The simple solution is quite sufficient, namely, that Beaumarchais and Vergennes were swift to take him at his word. He was thus debarred from reinstatement as minister plenipotentiary, from future employment in the military or diplomatic service and even from reviving the quarrel with Guerchy by fighting a duel with his son. A pension, revocable in case he declared his sex, closed his mouth forever. Even when the French Revolution came he could not retrieve his annoying blunders. He had associated with English ladies, was needy, and the disclosure would have alienated his few remaining friends. D'Éon, therefore, who, with greater stability of character, might have rivaled Choiseul, died a pauper and a reputed woman.—*The Athenæum*, February 15, 1896, Reviewing ERNEST VIZETELLY'S "The True Story of the Chevalier d'Éon."

The (late) Chevalier d'Éon, formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal Broglio and successively captain of dragoons, Knight of St. Louis, employed in embassies, famous for her political works, etc., who has often fought with so much bravery and wielded the pen as ably as the sword, was born at Clermont-Tonnere in Burgundy in the year 1728. It is pretended that her disguise and the singular education which she received were owing to the caprice of her father, who was ardently desirous of having a boy; and, though his wife lay in afterwards of a girl, the father, still attached to his object, cried, "No matter for that; I will bring her up as a boy." Her desire of returning to France induced her, it is said, to own her sex. She has now appeared, it is well known, at Paris, in all companies, dressed like a woman for the first time in her life, and at the age of forty-nine years.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1778.

He had been a captain of the French dragoons and was brought to England as the secretary of the Duke of Nivernois, who conducted the negotiations for the peace of 1763. On the duke's departure he left d'Éon minister plenipotentiary. The Count de Guerchy, the new ambassador, desired him to resume the post of secretary; this hurt his pride and he quarreled with the ambassador and with the English court, but was pensioned by France. A report was spread at length that d'Éon was actually a female; this the chevalier fiercely denied and we believe threatened to shoot the author of the report. However, in a short time afterwards he assumed the dress of a female and retained it till he died. All matters in England then turned to gambling; wagers were laid on the subject until at length it was proved that the assumption of female dress was either an eccentricity or a wilful imposture. His pension having been cut off by the revolution, this singular person was reduced to great difficulties; so much so that to raise money he appeared as a fencer on the stage, but still appeared in woman's costume.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, March, 1852.

This day [July 1, 1777] came on to be tried before the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield . . . an action brought by Mr. Hayes, surgeon in Leicester Fields, against one Jacques, a broker and underwriter, for the recovery of seven hundred pounds, the said Mr. Jacques having about six years ago received premiums of fifteen guineas per cent. for every one of which he stood engaged to return one hundred guineas whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier d'Éon was actually a woman. . . . Dr. Le Goux, a surgeon, was the first witness called. [He testified to having attended the chevalier professionally.] . . . The second witness called on the part of the plaintiff was Mr. De Moranda. [His testimony was fully as conclusive as that of Dr. Le Goux.] . . . The jury without hesitation gave the verdict for the plaintiff, seven hundred pounds and forty shillings. Immense sums in policies were depending on this suit.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1777.

A motion was made [January 30, 1778] in the Court of King's Bench for an arrest of the judgment in the case of Jones and Decosta, upon a wager respecting the sex of the Chevalier d'Éon, which has been canvassed all over Europe. Lord Mansfield, on very good grounds, delivered his opinion in favor of the arrest of judgment, in which all the other judges concurred. This decision, he said, tended to indecency and to make the courts of justice subservient to the purposes of gamblers and swindlers.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1778.

Madame la Chevalier d'Éon, having refused to obey the orders of the court to retire, and on the contrary persisting in her resolution to equip herself to serve on board the fleet, has been arrested and conducted to the castle of Dijon.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1778.

The chevalier was a true bibliophile, one who collected books because he loved them.

. . . He wrote his name or pasted his bookplate in every one of his books and "de la bibliothèque de la Chevalier d'Êon" is an announcement which one occasionally notices in a book which almost invariably attracts the bibliophile's attention, either by its exterior beauty or by its intrinsic interest.—W. ROBERTS, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1896.

ERSKINE, Henry, 1746-1817. Lord Advocate of Scotland.

On some such occasion, it is related, he dined with an incorporated body of tailors. In the course of the evening they had drunk the health of their guest and counselor, to which he felt called upon to reply before leaving the party. He rose to do so and, chancing to notice that there were exactly eighteen of his entertainers, the tailors, at the table, he concluded his speech by wishing "health, long life and prosperity to both of you." Before the meaning of the allusion had dawned upon them Mr. Erskine had vanished from the room.

On the day when the appointment changed hands an interview took place between the new and the old lord advocate in the Parliament House. Erskine, observing that Dundas had lost no time in divesting himself of the robe of office, having already resumed the ordinary stuff gown usually worn by advocates, said gaily that he supposed he "ought to leave off talking and go and order his silk gown," the proper garb of the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General. "It is hardly worth while," said Dundas drily, "for the time you will want it; you had better borrow mine." Erskine's reply was happy and characteristic: "From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that the gown is a gown made to fit any party, but, however short my time in the office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine that he adopted the abandoned habits of his predecessor."

Arnot's views were well known to savor of skepticism or something stronger. On a certain occasion, returning from a Sunday afternoon ride on his famous white horse, he met Mr. Erskine, who had been better employed in attending divine service. Hugo, addressing him, called out, "Where have you been, Harry? What has a man of your sense to do consorting with a parcel of old women? I protest you could expect to hear nothing new," adding with an extra sneer, "Where, now, was your text?" "Our text," replied Harry in a lugubrious tone and with a voice of impressive solemnity, his eye sternly fixed the while on the white horse and its rider, "was from the sixth chapter of the Book of Revelations and the eighth verse: And I looked, and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him."—ALEXANDER FERGUSSON, "Henry Erskine."

Erskine lived on intimate terms, without catching the infection, with his kinsman, the Earl of Kellie, who was as famous for loose living as for his musical talents or his songs. The earl was giving an amusing account of a sermon which he had heard in a church in Italy, where the priest was expatiating on the miracle of St. Anthony's preaching with such unction during a sea voyage that the fishes held their heads out of the water to listen to him. "I can well believe the miracle," said Erskine, "when your lordship was at church there was one fish out of water." In a picture of the alleged miracle the listening lobsters were painted red, as if ready boiled for the occasion. When this was objected to the painter, he replied that it simply made the miracle the greater.—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1882.

Erskine deeply felt his defeat and showed his feeling more than was usual for him. At a public dinner at that time the chairman proposed "the health of the gentlemen of the faculty who had done themselves the honor of voting for Mr. Erskine's reelection to the deanship." Erskine quietly remarked, "Mr. President, would it not be sufficient to propose the health of the gentlemen of the faculty?"—*Westminster Review*, 1883.

Meeting Balfour, who was suffering from lameness, he asked what had happened and was informed in labored and tortuous phraseology that Balfour had fallen in getting over a stile on his brother's property. "Well, Balfour, it was a mercy that it was not your own style or you would certainly have broken your neck."—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1882.

During a theatrical representation at Edinburgh a presuming young coxcomb chose to render himself conspicuous by standing up in the middle of the pit during the progress of the first act of the play; his neighbors were at first too polite to insist on his conforming to the usual regulations and merely represented to him the inconvenience those behind him suffered, to which he paid no manner of attention; the audience at last began to testify their displeasure and the cry of "Turn him out!" became universal and a

riot would most probably have ensued from the indignation of one party and the tenaciousness of the other, had it not been for Mr. Erskine who, laying a wager with a gentleman near him, that he would accomplish the matter with a single sentence, stood up and, addressing himself to the persons who were forcing compliance on the obstinate youth, exclaimed, "Leave him alone, gentlemen; it is only a tailor resting himself"; a roar of laughter followed the exclamation, the efficacy of which was immediately testified by the disappointed object of it, whose only motive was to impress those around him with a high idea of his fashion and gentility. —*Literary Gazette*, November, 1817.

Thus it is related that upon one occasion, when the young lawyer had to address "the fifteen" lords in a case where the narrative presented no difficulty and the evidence was of the plainest, he, in all humility, began, "My lords, the facts of this case are so exceedingly simple, and the evidence I shall adduce so perfectly conclusive, that I am happy to say that I shall not need to take up much of your lordships' time. I shall be very brief." But this did not at all accord with the ideas of some of the learned gentlemen on the bench, who, as soon as Mr. Erskine arose to address them, had settled themselves for an intellectual treat. One of their number, therefore, at this point entered a mild protest, "Hoot, Maister Harry, dinna be brief—dinna be brief."

One of the best known stories of Mr. Erskine, without which no sketch of him would be complete, refers to an occasion when, after a long and silent walk by the side of his friend, Lord Balmuto burst into a roar of laughter, exclaiming, "I hae ye noo, Harry; I hae ye noo!" The meaning of one of Erskine's good things uttered in court had just dawned upon him and he did not easily get over his delight and continued to chuckle and murmur at intervals, "I hae ye noo," all the way home.

This Professor Wilkie [tutor of Henry Erskine] was well known to be absent-minded to an extraordinary degree. Henry Erskine used to relate that upon one occasion Wilkie met in the street one of his former pupils. "I was very sorry, my dear boy," said he; "you have had the fever in your family; was it you or your brother who died of it?" "It was me," was the reply. "Ah, dear me, I thought so—very sorry for it—very sorry for it."—ALEXANDER FERGUSSON, "Henry Erskine."

ERSKINE, Thomas, 1750-1823. Lord Chancellor of England.

The young subaltern was remarkable for good looks and a delicate and refined cast of features, so that it occurred to the witty and laughter-loving Mrs. Mure, wife of Baron Mure, a relative of the Erskines, while on a visit to Harrogate, to dress the pretty youth in lady's attire and pass him off among the company of the place as a young female friend whom she had been requested to introduce to the gay world. This scheme was carried out with perfect success during a whole day.—ALEXANDER FERGUSSON, "Henry Erskine."

The force, the truth of his eloquent harangue produced an impression almost unprecedented. The court, crowded with men of distinction, was mute with astonishment. . . . Erskine's fortune was made. As he left the court and walked down Westminster Hall, attorneys pressed around him with briefs and fees. In the morning he was poor and comparatively unknown. In the evening he was famed and in the way of making several thousands a year. Some one asked him how he had the courage to speak with such boldness to Lord Mansfield. The answer he gave has been immortalized. He said: "Because I thought my little ones were plucking at my gown and I heard them saying, 'Now, father, is the time to give us bread.'" —WILLIAM CHAMBERS, *Chambers's Journal*, June 6, 1874.

About the cut and curls of his wig, their texture and color, he was very particular, and the hands which he extended toward British juries were always cased in lemon-colored kid gloves.—*Albany Law Journal*, March 31, 1872.

Erskine, like many characters of peculiar liveliness, had a morbid sensibility to the circumstances of the moment, which sometimes strangely enfeebled his presence of mind; any appearance of neglect in his audience, a cough, a yawn or a whisper, even among the mixed multitude of the courts, and strong as he was there, has been known to dishearten him visibly. This trait was so notorious, that a solicitor whose only merit was a remarkably vacant face was said to be often planted opposite to Erskine by the adverse party, to yawn when the advocate began.

Erskine's well-known habit of talking to himself often brought the jest of the table against him. He was once panegyrizing his own humanity: "There," said he, "for in-

stance, is my dog; I wish it to be happy in this life; I wish it to be happy in the other. Like the Indian, I wish that wherever I may go my faithful dog shall bear me company." "And a confoundedly unlucky dog he would be," murmured Jekyll.—GEORGE CROLY, "Life of George IV."

Lord Erskine was fond of alluding to his ancestors and once, on a trial relating to a knee buckle, he held it up to the jury, exclaiming: "How would my ancestors have admired this specimen of ingenuity!" Mingay, who was opposed to him, replied, "Gentlemen, you heard to-day of my learned friend's ancestors and of their probable astonishment at his knee buckle. But, gentlemen, I can assure you that their astonishment would have been equally great at his breeches."—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1882.

Crossing Hampstead Heath, he saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummeling a miserable bare-boned pack-horse, and, remonstrating with him, received this answer, "Why, it's my own, mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp strokes of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

"I am now very busy flying my boy's kite, shooting with the bow and arrow, and talking to an old Scotch gardener ten hours a day, about the same things, which, taken all together, are not the value or importance of a Birmingham halfpenny, and am scarcely up to the exertion of reading the daily papers. How much happier it would be for England and the world if the king's ministers were employed in a course so much more innocent than theirs and so perfectly suited to their capacities."—LORD CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England."

Captain Parry, the Arctic navigator, dining in the hall one day, complained that he and his crew, when frozen up in the Polar regions, had nothing to eat but seals. "And very good living too," replied Erskine, "if you can only keep them long enough."—EDWARD WALFORD, "Life of Thomas Erskine." [Erskine was Lord Keeper of the Seals.]

There is his famous answer to a begging letter: "Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your obedient servant." Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," gives a different version of this story and makes Erskine's letter an answer to Sir John Sinclair, who proposed that a testimonial should be presented to himself by the British nation.—LLOYD SANDERS, "Holland House Circle."

Erskine, though old and feeble, spoke several times, always elegantly, gently and with liveliness, and once or twice disclosed gleams of his better days. He showed also that his strange old superstition still survived. He repeated the story of having seen and talked to his mother's gardener or his ghost after he was dead, and said not merely with gravity but with intense sincerity that since he had come to Edinburgh he had stood on the very spot in the High-street where the interview took place.—HENRY COCKBURN, "Memorials of His Times."

He was scrupulous about his attire and liked to be familiar with the court room before he made his formal appearance there. He was unquestionably an orator. So consummate was his art that in the peroration of one of his greatest addresses he affected to have lost his voice and to be able only to whisper to the jury for the last ten minutes, from which misfortune he recovered as soon as he heard of the verdict favorable to his client and addressed the crowd outside, exhorting them to moderation.

Cobbett describes one of his parliamentary harangues as lasting thirteen hours, eighteen minutes and a second, and ending with the dignified climax: "I was born free and, by God, I will remain so." He also announces, "On Monday three weeks we shall have the extreme satisfaction of laying before the public a brief analysis of the above address, our letter founder having entered into an agreement to furnish a fresh font of I's."—*Albany Law Journal*, September 25, 1875.

ESKGROVE, David Rae, 1723-1804. Lord President of the Court of Sessions of Scotland.

As usual with stronger heads than his everything then was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offense thus: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was be-reaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, the le-thal weapon through the belly-band of

his regiment-al breeches, which were his majesty's!"

A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this: "And so, gentle-men, having shown you that the panel's argument is utterly impossibill, I shall now proceed to show you that it was extremely improbabill."

He had to condemn two or three persons to die who had broken into a house at Luss and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun and others and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first, as was his constant practise, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery and hamesucken—of which last he gave them the etymology, and he then reminded them that they had attacked the house and the persons within it and robbed them and then came this climax: "All this you did, and, God preserve us, just when they were sitten doon to their denner."

He very rarely failed to signalize himself in passing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that "whatever yur religi-ous persuashon may be, there are plenty of rever-end gentlemen who will be most happy for to show you the way to eternal life."

In the trial of Glengarry for a duel a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty: "Young woman, you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this high court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty and look me in the face."—LORD HENRY COCKBURN, "Memorials of His Time."

EUGÉNIE, Marie de Montijo de Guzman, 1826- . Empress of France.

The empress held many titles and belonged to a country where they are very plentiful and also often absurd. Could there be anything more ridiculous than such titles as Marquis of the Lover's Rock, Marquis of Eggshell (Algara), Marquis of the Calves's Grotto (Gueva de Becerros), Count of the Castle of Sparks and Viscount of the Deep Bay of Royal Fidelity?—all of which may still be found in Spain.—LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE (Ernest Alfred Vizetelly), "Court Life of the Second Empire."

One of the persons who had most earnestly opposed the emperor's marriage with Mademoiselle de Montijo was M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. On finding that his counsel had been entirely disregarded, he concluded to send in his resignation to the emperor, but, before doing so, he called upon Mademoiselle de Montijo to pay her his respects officially. He had scarcely spoken when she said, "You will permit me to thank you, and very sincerely, for the advice you have given to the emperor in respect to his marriage. Your advice to him was exactly the same as mine." "The emperor has betrayed me—I see," said the minister. "No; the honorable recognition of your sincerity—the making me acquainted with the opinion of a devoted servant who has given utterance to my own sentiments—this is no betrayal. I told the emperor, as you did, that the interests of his throne should be taken into consideration; but it is not for me to be his judge, whether he is right or wrong, in believing that his interests can be reconciled with his sentiments." It is hardly necessary to add that M. Drouyn de Lhuys promptly reversed his opinion concerning Mademoiselle de Montijo, and retained his portfolio.—DR. THOMAS W. EVANS, "The Second Empire."

The hunt over and dinner at the château finished, all clamored for children's games. Even Napoleon was infected with the spirit of the evening and they played the usual pranks. At the end the empress suddenly produced from her pockets handfuls of flour and scattered it over the rest of the company. Clearly she had found it impossible to crush all the mischief of her girlhood at the bidding of etiquette. Another story is told of an escapade at Biarritz when she and a few others concealed themselves behind a wall in the front of an empty house and hit unsuspecting passersby with switches, until one irate victim thought of breaking into the house, whereupon the guilty parties with some difficulty got over another wall in time to avoid detection.—PHILIP W. SERGEANT, "The Last Empress of the French."

"I no longer remember the year, but we were at Fontainebleau in the spring time. We were engaged in a paper chase and the man who is called the fox had done his work so well that we, who were the hounds, had strayed a long way from the château and were utterly tired out with running. I still seem to feel my poor legs scarcely bearing my weight, while the empress, wearing high heels, was obviously exhausted. Suddenly I saw the Count de Castelbajac and another man, perhaps the Marquis de Toulongeon, bringing forth a long branch from one of the trees. Going down on their knees and placing the bough between them they invited the

empress to take her seat upon it. This she really did and rode it astride at that. Certainly she is a plucky woman, for she rode back the whole way to the château like this, without uttering a single sigh or complaint. —PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, "Memoirs."

One day, as she walked through her apartments, accompanied by Colonel Verly, she stopped to gaze out upon the guardsman who was mounting sentry under the window, motionless as a statue, for thus were the sentries trained to stand. After gazing at him for a while she burst out laughing and, turning to the colonel of the regiment, she said, "You must admit, my dear Verly, that this imperturbable rigidity of your men is only a make-believe and that it would require very little to make them move." "Will your majesty test the fact?" replied the commanding officer. "Supposing I insulted him?" she said. "Your majesty is mistress of your own actions, but I will answer for my man." There and then she proceeded to test the soldier and, frowning upon him with a hard expression in her eyes, she proceeded to inveigh against him on some question of discipline. The sentry may have been taken unaware by the suddenness of this avalanche, but at any rate he displayed no signs of emotion. Erect, motionless, like a marble statue he stood presenting arms. The undeserved words of reproach seemed to glide off his tunic. Seeing that she had failed to move him by word of mouth, she smote him on the cheek and proceeded on her way. On the morrow she inquired his name and sent him a gift of twenty pounds in atonement for the insult she had inflicted upon him, but for once she met a model soldier. He caused the money to be returned to the empress with a note from him to the effect that he was only too happy to have harbored on his face the hand of his beloved sovereign.—F. LOLIÉE, "The Life of an Empress."

The empress passes her time in breaking in ponies and hanging new pictures about her rooms.—COUNT DE VIEL CASTEL, "Memoirs."

Mme. Carette relates that Madame de Wagner usually wore a plain dark wig, but that upon one occasion when Hortense Schneider was turning every one's head in Paris with her golden tresses *à la belle Hélène*, the old lady arrived at the Tuileries wearing a new and curly wig of the fashionable aureate hue. Mme. Carette rushed from the room laughing at the sight and the empress who met her and ascertained the cause, sent orders that Mme. de Wagner was to take off her golden wig at once and never come to the palace in it again. M. de Pienne persuaded the astonished old lady (who had expected to be much admired) to take the wig back to the coiffeur from whom she had purchased it.—VIZETELLY.

American ladies were always well received by her, and her balls were sometimes called by the envious *Bals Americains*. If the embassy desired one or two presentations beyond the usual number, the inquiry was generally made, "Is it a young and pretty woman?" and, if it were, there was no difficulty, for the empress was pleased to have her balls set off by beautiful and well-dressed women.—*Chambers's Journal*, January 5, 1878.

Her majesty expressed a wish to have some Scotch traveling dresses, such as she had seen during her visit to the Highlands. The Minister of Foreign Affairs undertook the commission and sent the order at once to the French consul at Edinburgh, who replied that in ten days the box would reach the French embassy in London. The given delay elapsed, but no tidings of the costumes reached Paris. His excellency telegraphed to the French ambassador, who in turn telegraphed to the French consul at Edinburgh, and received the following reply: "The boxes have not yet arrived." "What boxes?" was telegraphed back from the French embassy. "Why, the boxes containing the costumes ordered from Paris." The Scotch costumes the empress had admired had come from Paris and none such were to be had in Edinburgh, or had ever been made in that capital. ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT, "Gossip from Paris."

"Saint Teresa was one of my ancestors." This was said thoughtlessly but it expressed the pride that Eugénie de Montijo displayed when speaking of her forefathers. "How was that, your majesty?" "Why, through different alliances contracted during the twelfth and fourteenth centuries between the Montijos and the Ahumelas." "So then," interjected the imperial joker, "you are really descended from Saint Teresa?" "Certainly." "In a direct line, do you say?" "In a direct line, sire." So earnestly were these words pronounced that all persons had to screw their lips to avoid bursting into laughter. "But," continued the emperor, "how can that be, since Saint Teresa died a virgin?" "Oh, sire, you are making me talk nonsense." All present indulged in hearty merriment in which the empress joined.—LOLIÉE.

The empress was wont, in the days of Rouher and Forcade, to attend cabinet meetings and take an active part in their deliberations; and on one memorable occasion in particular, at the time of the Garibaldian invasion of Rome in 1867, when it was a question whether the French should re-occupy the Eternal City, she is known to have been very earnest in the affirmative, and to have carried the day against several of the ministers. Her participation in political matters caused so much complaint among the people, that she last year resolved to abstain in future from attending cabinet meetings.—*Chambers's Journal*, May 14, 1870.

There had been a council meeting at the Tuileries, after which the empress detained Trochu for a few minutes' private conversation in her study. She came out to her ladies afterwards with a weary face, saying that Trochu had been more tedious than ever and related how, when she expressed her confidence in him, he had knelt down and kissed her hand, exclaiming, "Madame, I am a Breton, a Catholic and a soldier and I will serve you to the death." "An honest man," said Eugénie to her friends, "has no need of such a flood of words to express his readiness to do his duty," and she rubbed the back of her hand as if in repugnance at the recent kiss.—PHILIP W. SERGEANT, "The Last Empress of the French."

Before leaving, the empress gave me a little bust of Marie Antoinette—a very faithful and unflattering likeness of that unfortunate princess which the empress had been able to save out of the wreck of her possessions when leaving Paris. There was something almost fatalistic in a little incident which then occurred. Becoming animated in an account of her dangers in leaving Paris on the 4th of September, the empress knocked the little bust off the table, and I picked it up with the head as clean cut off the shoulders as if it had been cut with a knife. *"Pauvre reine,"* sighed the empress, *"elle n'a pas de chance!"* and told me how a similar thing had happened when a bust of Louis XVI. had been sent to his daughter, the Duchess d'Angoulême. When unpacked the marble bust was found to be broken off at the neck; another was sent for from Paris, this time in bronze, but when it reached its destination a fissure was found that almost divided the neck. Who can wonder when such things happen that Royalties are often superstitious?—LORD GOWER, "Records and Reminiscences."

One day, as M. Pietri and Mme. le Breton announced, in the presence of the empress, the visit of some French people, he could not restrain his joy, but, with the thoughtless gaiety of a happy child, sprang forward and clapped his hands. The empress, annoyed at this outburst of enthusiasm, looked grave. "Well, Louis, what are you doing?" she scoldingly said; "remember in whose presence you stand." The prince then became a prince again. So it was every day. All youthful gaiety, all generosity of thought, of feeling were unceremoniously crushed out of him.—PIERRE DE LANO, "The Empress Eugénie."

It is a characteristic obsession that haunts her. Every time she chooses the same halting places for her flying visits, and I might also say the same center of observation. She always elects the lodge opposite the garden of the Tuileries, which was formerly her own, in order to travel once more those graveled walks where stood the palace which she animated with her life and luxury, the ruins of which have now vanished like her own beauty—long since destroyed by time and tears. But, alas, her walks therein are not always undisturbed. One spring day, the ex-empress, alone in the crowd, wandered among the flower beds on which the imperial palace once looked down. What memories, what nostalgia, must have haunted the empress now fallen upon evil days! Suddenly she, who had reigned over this place by right of rank and beauty, stooped and gathered a humble flower from the municipal beds. Instantly an old keeper, mustached and white-haired, wearing on his breast the Crimean medal, descended upon her with a surly, "It is against the rules to pick flowers." The times indeed had changed.—F. LOLIÉE, "Women of the Second Empire."

EVARTS, William Maxwell, 1818-1901. American statesman and jurist.

At the great meeting held in Cooper Institute in October last to sustain the administration of President Hayes, at which it had been announced that Mr. Evarts would be present, a gentleman from Vermont, who had never seen the Secretary of State but had a desire to do so, said to the person seated next to him, "Is Mr. E-varts on the platform?" "No, sir; he has not yet arrived." "He's expected?" "Oh, yes; he'll be along presently." "I never seen Mr. E-varts, though I've heard a good deal of him. He's got a farm up Windsor, in our state." "Well, when he comes in I'll tell you. The boys generally give him a cheer when he comes on the

stage. Ah, there he comes." "Is that him?" "Yes." "William M. E-varts?" "Certainly." "Well, I declare," exclaimed the Vermonter; "why, he looks as though he boarded."—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1878.

He told a good story of the Great Eastern case and George Ticknor Curtis's rhetoric. "Six men, six, save that leviathan, etc. Six men would be worth no more than six—six—babies." Evarts interrupting him, "Six babies are something in a squall." Disgust of Curtis and break-up of rhetoric. . . . Evarts told many good stories, as of the convict, who thanked the clergyman who had obtained his pardon and, returning with gratitude the Bible lent him, said he hoped he should never have occasion to use it again. . . . Mr. Schurz told me that when they were in the cabinet together it was very difficult to extract from Evarts a report on any matter referred to the State Department. One day the President was extremely urgent and Evarts said to him, "You don't sufficiently realize, Mr. President, the great truth that almost any question will settle itself if you will only let it alone long enough." When he was in the Senate, my colleague in after years, Senator Hoar, had a bill about which he was very anxious, and which had been referred to Evarts for report. Months passed and no bill appeared. Meeting Mr. Evarts one day in the corridor, Mr. Hoar, who was his first cousin, said, "By the way, Evarts, when you report that bill of mine, just notify my executors." "They will be gentlemen whom I shall be delighted to meet," was the reply.—HENRY CABOT LODGE, "Early Memories."

Hon. J. J. Ingalls in the *Saturday Evening Post* tells the following good stories of William M. Evarts. Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to "Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth, the pillars of the constitution." President Hayes was a total abstainer at home. Scoffers said he drank only the O. P. brands. His state dinners, otherwise very elaborate and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum. Evarts was accustomed to allude to this course as "the life-saving station." Rising to address informally the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, he began, "You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage; you are now about to consider a sage stuffed with Turkey."—*Green Bag*, June, 1900.

"Secretary Evarts had the reputation of being not only one of the cheeriest raconteurs, but also one of the readiest wits at the capitol. A lady once asked him if drinking so many different wines did not make him feel seedy the next day. "No, madam," he replied, "it's the indifferent wines that produce that result."—WILLOUGHBY MAYCOCK, "Mr. Chamberlain in the United States and Canada."

To Mr. Evarts belongs the anecdote of the bereaved widow whose husband had such a large circle of friends that the company which she received on the evening of his interment crowded her drawing room about to suffocation. A lady friend of the widow edged her way up to her and, pointing to something very bright and shining, visible above the heads of the assembled, in a remote corner of the apartment, whispered in her ear: "Say, is that a new eight-day clock? What d'ye gin for sich?" "It's not a clock," sobbed the disconsolate widow, "it's the dear departed. We sot him on end to make room for company." The supposed eight-day clock was in fact the casket.—G. A. SALA, "Things I Have Seen and People I Have Known."

At a brilliant dinner many years ago in this city the guests of honor were leading Englishmen and leading Frenchmen. Mr. Evarts presided with one of them on his right and the other on his left and began his post-prandial talk by observing that it was a nice question whether the Englishman or the Frenchman was named to be the pick of humanity. "As for me," he added, glancing from right to left as he spoke, "I prefer something between the two."

At a dinner tendered to Bishop Potter, a member of the British Parliament, several other distinguished men answering to the name of Potter were present. This fact prompted Mr. Evarts to tell the company of a dazed clergyman who put up the petition: "Oh, Lord, let us never forget that Thou art the clay and we are the Potters."

Nothing could be neater than his *mot* inspired by the laying of the Atlantic cable: "Columbus said, 'There is one world—there shall be two'; Cyrus W. Field said, 'There are two worlds—there shall be one.'"

Once while Secretary of State, noticing that an unusually large number of persons were waiting to see him as he passed through the department to his private office, he turned

to a friend who was accompanying him and remarked, "This is the largest collection for foreign missions I ever saw."

Among the guests at a Washington dinner at which he was present was an eminent scientist. Late in the evening Mr. Evarts suddenly attracted general attention by saying to the scientist, "Professor, I should like to ask you a question—Why is it that the liquid at the bottom of a bottle is more intoxicating than the liquor at the top?" The scientist, all unconscious of the fun lurking in the question, replied, "Why, I have never had my attention called to the fact. Are you sure that it is a fact?" "Yes," rejoined Evarts with a perfectly grave face, while the rest of the company broke into a burst of laughter, "I know men who have frequently found by actual experience that it is so."

His sly dig at President Hayes's temperance principles is still one of the favorite stories in Washington. "While Hayes occupied the White House," said Evarts, "the water at his dinners flowed like champagne." —*Albany Law Journal*, March, 1901.

He wrote a letter to George Bancroft, the historian, in which he said: "Dear Bancroft —I send you two products of my pen to-day— my usual barrel of pig pork and my Eulogy on Chief Justice Chase."—*American Law Review*, March-April, 1901.

Arguments for the respective parties were limited to fifteen minutes each. Among the speakers who preceded Judge Davis was Mr. Evarts and during his speech he had indulged in one of his long and involved sentences. Judge Davis, when called upon, referred to Mr. Evarts's habit of uttering long sentences and remarked that he understood that Mr. Evarts had recently complained bitterly of the enforcement of the rule in one of his own cases, because the court had by expiration of the fifteen minutes been compelled to stop Mr. Evarts in the middle of his first sentence. This, of course, occasioned much merriment, but Mr. Evarts was equal to the occasion, for, retorting courteously, he said that the incident to which Judge Davis referred was as true as anything else of a similar character, and he could readily understand why he was stopped, because only criminals objected to long sentences.—THERON G. STRONG, "Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime."

A little triangular piece of legal wit was perpetrated in the clerk's office of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, on All Fools' day, between the distinguished senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Middleton, the clerk and the able and witty Attorney-General of the United States, from New York. "Mr. Middleton," said Senator Carpenter, "there is no statute of the United States that prohibits a man from making a fool of himself." "Nor any decision of this court," gravely rejoined the clerk. "And certainly," quickly added Mr. Evarts, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "there is nothing in the practise of this court to warrant any other conclusion."—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1870.

Desirous of information, Lord Coleridge was inquiring of Mr. Evarts, the distinguished New York barrister, formerly Secretary of State, how American lawyers were remunerated for their work. Lord Coleridge —"Pray, Mr. Evarts, how do clients pay their lawyers with you?" Mr. Evarts—"Well, my lord, they pay a retaining fee; it may be $50, it may be $500, or $50,000." Lord Coleridge —"Yes; and what does that cover?" Mr. Evarts—"Oh, that is simply the retainer. The rest is paid for as the work is done and according to the work done." Lord Coleridge —"Yes, Mr. Evarts; and do clients like that?" Mr. Evarts—"Not a bit, my lord, not a bit. They generally say, 'Mr. Evarts, I should like to know how deep down I shall have to go in my breeches pocket to see this business through.'" Lord Coleridge—"Yes; what do you say then?" Mr. Evarts—"Well, my lord, I have invented a formula which I have found answers very well. I say, 'Sir, or Madam, as the case may be, I cannot undertake to say how many judicial errors I shall be called upon to correct before I obtain for you final justice.'"—LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, *The North American Review*, September, 1894.

An Englishman [Lord Coleridge, in 1883] to whom he was showing the Natural Bridge in Virginia asked if the story was veracious which credited George Washington with throwing a silver dollar over the bridge while standing on the ground below it. Evarts measured the distance with his eye and then observed, "Well, Washington may have done so—you know a dollar went further in those days than it does now." Evarts, on being asked if he ever made such a remark, said, "No; I have been misrepresented; what I said to the Englishman was that Washington might readily have performed that feat, since he once threw a sovereign across the sea."—*Albany Law Journal*, March, 1901.

EVERETT, Edward, 1794-1865. American statesman.

The recent inauguration in Boston of a statue of Edward Everett, sculptured by Story, a son of the eminent jurist, recalls an incident that occurred at which Mr. Everett and Judge Story assisted. Toasts being in order and the judge being called upon, he made a neat and complimentary little speech about Mr. Everett, and concluded by an allusion to the fame he had acquired in the literary and political world. "Fame," said the judge, "rises where Everett goes." In good time came Mr. Everett's turn, who repaid the courtesies of his distinguished friend by saying, "However high fame may rise, I am certain it will never get above one story."—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1867.

A newspaperman of the South, who has a memory for odd occurrences, was on one occasion associated with the late Edward Everett in a public ceremonial where a surviving soldier of the Revolution was present. Mr. Everett, seeing with what effect the Revolutionary patriot could be made tributary to the point of his oration, "interviewed" the old gentleman in private, telling him that at such a part he would turn to him and make a certain movement of his hand, at which he was to arise. Of course the Revolutionary patriot had his eyes and ears open for the preconcerted signal. Mr. Everett having gradually and eloquently delivered the rhetorical preliminary, he gave the cue and the Revolutionary patriot proudly and gladly arose. "Do not rise, venerable man," said Mr. Everett, with deprecatory gesture; "do not rise; it is for us to rise and pay deference to you." "Why, Mr. Everett, what do you mean? You told me to git up and now you tell me to sit down. What do you mean?" Alas, that the little tableau should thus have been made ridiculous.—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1869.

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FARRAGUT, David Glasgow, 1801-1870. American admiral.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, is eminent for his devotion to the interests of his diocese and yet loves to unbend in genial society. One day he was recreating at Newport and fell into the company of the admiral. The bishop was smoking and politely offered a cigar to his companion. Turning his bronzed face upon the bishop, Farragut soberly remarked, "No, thank you, bishop; I never smoke, but I sometimes swear a little." The answer took the bishop aback somewhat, but he quickly recovered himself and replied, "Ah, I see, smoking and swearing do not go together."—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1866.

Captain Drayton, fearing that the admiral might be thrown to the deck by a wound, sent up Quartermaster Knowles with a piece of lead line, which he passed around the admiral's body, making the ends fast in the shrouds. It was a simple incident, but the people of the nation were thrilled as rarely before when the newspapers told how the admiral went into battle "lashed to the mast."—JOHN R. SPEARS, "David G. Farragut."

I was chatting there one day with Admiral Farragut, then fresh from the naval achievements on the Mississippi, when a newsboy came up to us bellowing, "Buy the *Harper 'Lustrated!* Picture o' Farry-gut!" The admiral took a copy from the boy and, looking at the woodcut of himself at the masthead of the Franklin, with bomb-shells bursting in the air and flame and smoke below him, said, "Look at that now. I am represented in the newspapers and in pictures as a daring hero, exposing my life on the masthead, as the ship passed up between the enemy's batteries. Why, it's the safest part of the ship. Not that I went up there on that account, but simply to get above the smoke which prevented my seeing the enemy from the deck."—C. K. TUCKERMAN, "Personal Recollections of Notable People."

FERDINAND, 1751-1825. King (IV.) of Naples, III. of Sicily, and I. of the two Sicilies.

Miss Cornelia Knight, in her "Autobiography," adds another touch to the same portrait, when the inveterate royal truant had long been a grandfather. "The king used to pass our house," she writes, "on his way to the lake where he caught the gulls that he sold to the fish-dealers. He weighed the birds with his own hands and was very careful to be paid in good money." At other times, when the king and his party had been fishing in the royal preserves of the Lago di Patria and the Lago di Fusaro, it was Ferdinand's special delight to sell his fish, imitating the speech, dress and ways of his friends, the *lazzaroni*, and haggling as obstinately over his prices as the most seasoned fishmonger of Santa Lucia.

There is an amusing account, found in the archives of Turin, written by a monk of San Martino, of a visit paid to the *certosa* under the castle of San' Elmo in 1769 by Ferdinand and Carolina with the Emperor Joseph II. The monks were up all night preparing a prodigious amount of sweets and liqueurs for the royal party, who came up next day with forty ladies and sixty gentlemen of the court and crowds of hangers-on and filled all the *certosa*. The king ate sweets and cakes and made the queen eat and all the court, and forced the queen to drink. Then they betake themselves to the kitchen and the king lights upon the common loaf of the cook, he breaks it in three, tosses a piece of it *per aria* to the queen, a piece to the ladies and shares the last with six of his gentlemen. Somewhat nauseated, no doubt, with so many sweets, all the fine company are enchanted with the coarse bread and the king says the superiors are well off, but who are much better off are the poor brothers; and the monks think it a vastly fine joke. The bread is scarcely gone when the king says he wants to try an omelet. Fra Ignatio hurries forward to make it, but the king says he will make it himself and was beginning to set about it, but, seeing how the cook whisked up the eggs —twenty-eight, we are told—in a moment, Ferdinand says that is not his way. When it is just being dished the emperor complains of the smell in the kitchen and calls the queen away, to her visible annoyance, and the king and six gentlemen devoured the omelet, Kaunitz, the great chancellor, being one of the party. The king slaps the monks on the back and digs them in the ribs and has many a rough laugh at their expense, to their great edification and delight. While the omelet was a-frying Ferdinand stood over the fire under the black pent of the chimney, in all the smoke and steam, and fished macaroni with a long copper ladle out of the big cauldron and ate them with his fingers.

As late as 1806, when he was about fifty-five, Hugh Eliot, then British ambassador to Palermo, describes him as "immensely enjoying the period of his life" (when the French occupied the mainland and he was reduced a second time to Sicily alone): "above all rejoicing with strange gesticulations and stranger words when from a safe place he watched the artillery practise from opposite shores; clapping his hands with glee when a shot struck some miserable vessel hugging the coast, and apparently perfectly unmindful of the fact that such boats on either side of the strait were manned by his own subjects and countrymen."—CONSTANCE H. D. GIGLIOLI, "Naples in 1799."

I hear from Palermo that the same day the king arrived there he went to the theater and on the following day to the chase and that he has assisted regularly at all the public balls that have been given during the carnival. The indifference and apathy of this prince are certainly very difficult to understand. On the day on which he was obliged to fly from Naples, he refused to embark until after he had been to the play, and the last word that he spoke on leaving his palace, where he had reigned for forty-seven years and which he is never to enter again, was as follows: "Let them not forget to bring my supper on board and to keep it hot."—Despatch of Alquier, French Ambassador to Naples, to Talleyrand, February 26, 1806.

On one occasion when he had to execute a flight of great peril he made his chamberlain change dresses and places with him, he acting the courtier for nonce; "for," said he coolly, "if we are overtaken they will be certain to slay the king." Both got safe away and afterwards, instead of evincing any shame at this conduct, used to make a humorous story of it and laud the chamberlain, to whom indeed he always continued kind, showing that in this matter he was certainly guiltless of one sin.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1877.

FIELD, Stephen Johnson, 1816-1899. American jurist.

I had brought from New York several letters of introduction to persons who had preceded me to the new country and among them one to the mercantile firm of Simmons, Hutchinson & Co., of San Francisco, upon whom I called. They received me cordially and inquired particularly of my intentions as to residence and business. They stated that there was a town at the head of river navigation, at the junction of the Sacramento and Feather rivers, which offered inducements to a young lawyer. They called it Vernon and they said they owned some lots in it which they would sell to me. I replied that I had no money. That made no difference, they said; they would let me have them on credit; they desired to build up the town and would let the lots go cheap to encourage its settlement. . . . The next day I took the steamer Lawrence for Vernon, which was so heavily laden as to be only eighteen inches out of water; and the passengers, who amounted to a large number, were requested not to move

about the deck, but to keep as quiet as possible. In three or four hours after leaving Sacramento, the captain suddenly called out with great energy, "Stop her! Stop her!" and with some difficulty the boat escaped running into what seemed to be a solitary house in a vast lake of water. I asked what that place was and was answered "Vernon," the town where I had been advised to settle as affording a good opening for a young lawyer. I turned to the captain and said I believed I would not put out my shingle at Vernon just yet.

I had modestly whispered to different persons at this meeting in the new house that my name was mentioned by my friends for the office of alcalde, and my nomination followed. But I was not to have the office without a struggle; an opposition candidate appeared and an exciting election ensued. The main objection urged against me was that I was a newcomer. I had been there only three days; my opponent had been there six. I beat him, however, by nine votes.—STEPHEN J. FIELD, "Early Days in California."

One of the new officials, Judge Turner, whose district included Marysville, had a bitter grudge against Mr. Field and left nothing undone to ruin him. He denounced him as an abolitionist—a fire-eating Texan's worst term of reproach—debarred him from practising in court and swore to drive him into the Yuba river. There was no little indignation in Marysville and all the leading citizens signed a petition for Judge Turner's removal. Mr. Field applied to the Supreme Court for redress. "If it were my case," said one of the judges, of whom he sought advice, "I think I should buy a shotgun and stand out in the street and get the first shot." "But I can only act in self-defense," protested Mr. Field. "I think that would be acting in self-defense," the justice answered. The lawyer bought a pair of revolvers and practised shooting them from the pockets of his coat. He sent a message to Judge Turner, saying, that while he desired no personal encounter, he would not cross the street or go a step out of his way to avoid one, and, if attacked, proposed to shoot. The judge did not reply, but he never attempted to carry out his threats of violence. Marysville said that Mr. Field's pluck had saved him.

The early legislatures of California had hardly the solemnity of an ideal fountain of law. Most of the assemblymen wore bowies or revolvers; some would flourish both weapons on occasion. When a member took his seat he unstrapped his "guns" and laid them on his desk with as little concern as if he were hanging up his hat. During Mr. Field's first term there was a hot debate upon a proposal to impeach his old enemy, Judge Turner. One Moore, of Tuolumne, a friend of the Texan's, rose to defend him. He opened his desk, took out two revolvers and laid them before him. Then he launched into a violent attack upon Mr. Field, not sparing offensive words and boastfully adding that he would be responsible for his words at any time and place. Mr. Field sat through the speech imperturbably and then rose to reply to Moore's arguments, taking no notice of his personalities. After adjournment, however, he sent him a note, demanding an apology or satisfaction. Moore, in the expressive language of the day, "crawfished." He said that he expected to be a candidate for Congress and could not fight a duel. "Then," said Mr. Field's messenger, David Broderick, afterwards a senator, "as soon as the assembly meets Mr. Field will arise and repeat Mr. Moore's remarks as to his responsibility. He will state that respect for the dignity of the house prevented him from replying to the attack in the terms it deserved and, after detailing Moore's refusal to give him satisfaction, he will denounce him as a liar and a coward." "In that case," replied Mr. Moore's representative, "Judge Field will be shot in his seat." When the house opened and the journal had been read, Mr. Field instantly arose and shouted, "Mr. Speaker." So did Moore. The presiding officer recognized the latter, who immediately began to read a written apology.

Once Mr. Field was acting as counsel about the disputed ownership of a valuable mining claim, when he happened to overhear a midnight conversation which told him beyond a doubt that the opposite side had bribed the jury. When Mr. Field rose to sum up the next day, he conclusively showed the justice of his client's case. Then he boldly informed the jurors that he knew what had been done. "With uplifted hands," he said, "you declared by the everliving God that you would return a verdict according to law. Will you perjure your souls? I know that you"—pointing to one of them—"have been approached. Did you spurn the wretch who made the proposal or hold council with him? I know that you"—turning to another—"talked over the case last night. You did not dream that you were heard, but I was there and I know the details of the full bargain." The click, click of triggers was heard all over the court room, which was full of partizans of the other side

"There is no terror in your pistols, gentlemen," continued Mr. Field without a tremor. "You cannot win your case by shooting me. You can win it only by showing title to the property. Attempted bribery, I say, whether successful or not, will depend upon what may occur hereafter. Jurors, you have invoked the vengeance of heaven upon your souls if you fail to render a verdict according to the evidence." The blow went home. The jury, after a brief consultation, brought in a verdict in favor of Mr. Field's client, who within two weeks took ninety thousand dollars' worth of dust from the claim.—RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON, *Munsey's Magazine*, November, 1893, condensed from Stephen J. Field's "Early Days in California."

FILLMORE, Millard, 1800-1874. President of the United States.

Addressing us he said, "Boys, I don't think the stairs have been swept down for two weeks; they are very dirty; any lady coming up these stairs would soil her dress. I wish one of you would take the broom and sweep them down." Thereupon he withdrew to his own room. I remained quiet, having served my time at that work and I felt that I was entitled to a full discharge. The other students, not showing any movement in that line, Mr. Fillmore hung up his dress coat, put on his working gown, took a broom and started in sweeping the hall and stairs from top to bottom.

One spring morning as he came into the office he remarked to us: "Last evening, as I was taking a ride with Mrs. Fillmore, we saw you and Powers walking out on Main street and going as if you were walking on a wager; that is undignified and unprofessional."—HIRAM C. DAY, "Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Buffalo Historical Society."

Mr. Sherwood indulged in the remark that his adversaries had played out the right bower in the case. This allusion attracted Mr. Fillmore's attention and he turned to Mr. Talcott near him with the inquiry, "What does Mr. Sherwood mean by that remark?" The judge attempted to enlighten the innocence of Mr. Fillmore.—A. M. CLAPP, "Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Buffalo Historical Society."

She was two years older than Mr. Fillmore, and at the time he became engaged to her he was a clothier's apprentice, while she was a village school teacher. The engagement lasted for five or six years and during the last three of these Fillmore was so poor that he was unable to pay the expenses of the travel of the one hundred and fifty miles which lay between them to go to see her. He built the house with his own hands, in which they first lived, and during the early years of their marriage Mrs. Fillmore acted as housekeeper, maid-of-all-work and hostess for the family, teaching school at the same time.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1886.

FORREST, Nathan Bedford, 1821-1877. American general.

A neighbor had an ox which lived at free quarters upon the Fórrest farm, throwing down fences and ravaging the corn at will. So injurious were these habits of the troublesome brute that they became insufferable. The attention of the owner was repeatedly called to these depredations. He was urged to take measures to put an end to this annoyance but failed to do so and the ox continued as destructive as ever. Young Forrest [aged ten] then notified his neighbor that he would tolerate these trespasses no longer and therefore should shoot the offending animal if ever found in one of his fields. To this an angry retort was made and a menace likewise to shoot whomsoever might shoot the ox. In a few days following the inveterate marauder was found, as usual, feeding in a cornfield. Sending the owner information of the fact and of his consequent purpose, Forrest repaired, rifle in hand, to the scene and without delay did what he said he would in such an exigency—shot the roguish beast. Scarcely had this been done and, as he was reloading, the neighbor appeared, also armed with a rifle, hurrying towards the field and manifestly also bent on violence, as he had threatened. Standing on his own ground and, having reloaded his piece, no sooner did his adversary attempt to remount the fence that limited the field than the determined youth brought his rifle to bear and fired with such steady aim that the bullet passed through the clothes of the intruder, who, brought to his senses by the report of the gun and the whistle of the ball, tumbled from the fence to the ground exterior to the field and, speedily recovering his feet, scampered off homeward as fast as he could run.—THOMAS JORDAN and J. P. PRYOR, "Campaigns of N. B. Forrest."

In the spring of 1864, when General N. B. Forrest had his command near Memphis, a couple of soldiers from the Union army were taken prisoners and, on account of the shortness of rations and the difficulty of making exchanges, orders had been issued to take no prisoners, but execute them on the spot. The

captors, however, had brought the prisoners to General Forrest, who ordered them to be confined until the next morning when they were to be shot. The captives were of Teutonic origin and belonged to a Wisconsin regiment. They were led into a field near by the log barn in which they had been confined and a file of Confederate soldiers were facing them with loaded rifles. The brave Germans lighted their pipes and stood conversing with each other. The general himself assumed command and gave the word. "Ready! Aim!" The captives blanched not nor quailed, but kept on smoking, when suddenly the general shouted, "Ground arms! Shoulder arms! Ready! Aim! Shoulder arms! Right about face!" Then, turning to the prisoners, he shouted, "Git up and git!" To the bystanders he remarked, "Brave men are too scarce to be shot down like dogs."—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1871.

At West Point, Miss., in 1865, he had issued orders that there should be no more gunfiring or horse-racing in camp. The boys rebelled. That night they wasted hundreds of rounds of ammunition. The next day, growing bolder, a party of dare-devils rode up in front of his tent and, staking off a quarter course, began racing their horses. The general, with several of his staff, watched the races, even betting on some of the horses. After the races the men drew up in front of his quarters and gave three cheers for General Forrest. Then they rode off in triumph and a short distance away were met by a strong guard, arrested and carried before the general, who at once had them court-martialed and severely punished. His own son suffered the same penalty as the rest and carried fence rails until his shoulders were sore.

Some heavy firing was heard in front. This was two small Federal gunboats firing at Hood's pontoon bridge, but finally silenced by Morton's artillery. Forrest rode rapidly forward and overtook a small train in charge of a quartermaster, of whom he inquired, "Who is that shooting down there? Do you know?" "No," the quartermaster answered, "I don't know, but I suppose it may be old Forrest; he is the only cavalryman I ever heard of fool enough to tackle gunboats." This was soon after the fight at Johnsonville. The grimy, grim-visaged warrior replied, "Well, I know it is not old Forrest, for that is the name the boys call me." "I beg your pardon, general, but you have changed so much since I saw you at Chickamauga in a new uniform that I did not know you." The general took it good-naturedly and rode on.—J. H. MATHES, "Lieutenant-General Forrest."

He often brought a smile to many friends gathered round him in telling of the incident at Cowan's station, when he was being hotly pursued through that village by the Federals, and a fiery Southern dame, not knowing that she was addressing the great General Forrest, shook her fist at him and upbraided him for not turning about and fighting the Yankees. The last words he heard her say as he passed on the roadside were, "Why don't you turn and fight, you cowardly rascal? If old Forrest were here he'd make you fight."—JOHN A. WYETH, "Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest."

FOUCHÉ, Joseph, 1763-1820, Duke of Otranto. French statesman.

"It is more than a crime," I said [the killing of the duke d'Enghien]; "it is a blunder," words that I repeat because they have been attributed to others.—"Memoirs Concerning Joseph Fouché."

[Fouché], who likewise took Bourrienne in his employ at a salary of 25,000 francs a month, did a masterful stroke of business when he engaged Madame Bonaparte's services as a spy upon the First Consul's comings and goings. "In this way," says Fouché, "I was able to verify the secretary's information by comparing it with Josephine's revelations and vice versa. . . . So I was always well informed."—JOSEPH TURQUAN, "The Wife of General Bonaparte."

Fouché, the minister of police, was extremely gracious, and requested my father to produce his certificates of residence. "All the emigrants are doing so," said he, "and are proving every day that they never quitted France." "But I cannot do so, Citizen Minister; I have no papers that can be presented to you, except a passport in a false name, which I purchased at Hamburg for twelve francs." "What! You have no means of proving that your name has been unjustly inscribed on the lists?" "No." "Oh, well, in that case, you shall be erased immediately, for I shall conclude that you never quitted your country; those who emigrated have brought forward so much evidence to prove that they did not, that I presume you are imposing on me in the contrary way, and that you have really been all the time in Paris. In two days you shall receive your erasure." —MADAME GEORGETTE DUCREST, "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."

When in 1815 Napoleon sent for him and said, "Fouché, you are a traitor; I ought to hang you," Fouché replied with perfect calm, "Sire, in this I do not agree with your majesty." In 1802, at another of these scenes, when the First Consul threatened him with disgrace and death and declared that he was plotting against the ruler of the state, Fouché coolly remarked, "It will be time enough to hang me in a few hours."—H. W. WILSON, *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1903.

FOX, Charles James, 1749-1806. English statesman.

Mr. Fox himself attributed his success to the resolution which he formed when very young of speaking, well or ill, at least once every night. "During five whole sessions," he used to say, "I spoke every night but one and I regret only that I did not speak on that night too."—*The Edinburgh Review*, January, 1834.

But no sooner had he [Newcastle] made his proposal to Fox, than he began to fear that he had parted with too large a share of his power and he hastened to qualify his offer. He had meant, he said, to keep the disposal of the secret service money to himself. Fox, with his strong sense, immediately pointed out the inconvenience of such a reserve. "How was he to manage the House of Commons unless he knew who had been bribed and who not?"—WILLIAM MASSEY, "History of England Under George III."

I believe that there never was a greater scoundrel than George IV. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of the truth. During his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner Mrs. Fitzherbert said, "By the by, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you what you did say about me in the House of Commons the other night. The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend upon them. You were made to say that the prince had authorized you to deny his marriage to me." The prince made monitory grimaces at Fox and immediately said, "Upon my honor, my dear, I never authorized him to deny it." "Upon my honor you did," said Fox, rising from the table; "I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that you are." Fox would not associate with the prince for some years, until one day that he walked in unannounced and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the prince entered and said that he had but one course consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman and that was to admit him.—WILLIAM J. O'DAUNT, "Personal Recollections of the Late Daniel O'Connell," quoting O'Connell.

The following anecdote illustrative of Fox's character was communicated to me by an Englishman. At a time when he was much embarrassed by his pecuniary circumstances, a note of hand of his for three hundred guineas was presented for payment. There were no funds to meet this and the unlucky creditor made repeated but useless applications to get the bill cashed. By a stratagem he succeeded at last in seeing Mr. Fox, who was actually employed at this time in counting out several hundred guineas. The creditor's hopes of a satisfactory settlement of his claim were now very sanguine, especially as Mr. Fox showed no sign of embarrassment at being discovered at the employment he was engaged in. His dismay may therefore be easily imagined when he was calmly told that, in spite of the display of wealth before him, Mr. Fox had not ten guineas at his disposal; in fact, that the whole of the money on the table—about eight hundred guineas—was destined to discharge a debt of honor—a gaming transaction of the previous evening. When the creditor remonstrated upon the injustice of passing his own legitimate debt in favor of one so much less pressing, Fox appeared astonished and endeavored to show that the debt of honor had a much higher claim upon his immediate attention in so far as there existed no other security for its liquidation than his verbal assurance, whereas the holder of the bill possessed his signature, which would be ultimately honored. "If this be a just mode of discrimination," dryly remarked the creditor, "I will instantly convert my claim into a debt of honor," at the same time tearing the bill into pieces; "and you will allow that, as my demand stands on an equal footing with your last night's loss, as being simply a debt of honor, I have the advantage of priority at all events." He well judged his man. Fox was too generous and right-minded to hesitate; he accordingly took the necessary sum from the heap before him and satisfied the creditor, whose debt in justice required immediate payment; and cheerfully resigned himself to fortune in the hope of discharging the mere debt of honor.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

The following is from Rogers's "Table Talk," repeated, without so much as a query or an obolus, in Princess Lichtenstein's "Holland House," Vol. II., p. 117. A bond credi-

tor of Fox, hearing that he had won a bet of eight thousand pounds, called on him for payment. "Impossible, sir," replied Fox; "I must first discharge my debts of honor." The bond creditor remonstrated. "Well, sir," said Fox, "give me your bond." It was delivered to Fox who tore it into pieces and threw them into the fire. "Now, sir," said Fox, "my debt to you is a debt of honor," and immediately paid him . . . It was the ingenuity of the bond creditor, not the magnanimity of Fox. The former, finding that he could not obtain payment, produced the bond and, pitching it into the fire, said, "Now, sir, my debt is a debt of honor," and Fox immediately paid him.—*Notes and Queries*, June 5, 1875.

An anecdote, for the truth of which it is, however, impossible to vouch, is related concerning Mr. Fox and Mrs. Crewe. At one period of his life he was fond of ranking among her admirers. A gentleman, who had lost a considerable sum to her at play, knowing Mr. Fox's acquaintance with the lady, and being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave him the money to pay her and begged that he would apologize to the lady for not having paid the debt of honor in person. Mr. Fox, whose necessities were always very pressing, apprehended that he might trespass a little on the good nature of the lady, and accordingly, instead of waiting on her with the money, appropriated it to his own uses, or, in other words, actually lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met her supposed debtor in public afterwards and was astonished that he took no notice of the sum she had won from him; at length, when a considerable space had elapsed, she hinted the matter delicately to him. "Bless me," he said with surprise, "I paid the money to Mr. Fox three months ago." "Oh, you did, sir," replied Mrs. Crewe, who was not more remarkable for beauty and sense than for good nature; "then probably he has paid me and I have forgotten it, but I shall speak to him, for either his memory or mine must be very treacherous on this occasion." When he was taxed with the matter, he owned the truth, but swore he could not have taken so much liberty with any woman on earth than herself, begged she would give him a little time; but whether he ever paid her was much doubted by many well-informed skeptics about St. James's.

Having once an old gambling debt to pay to a dashing baronet known by the familiar appellation of Sir John Jehu, and finding himself in cash after a lucky run at the faro table, he sent a card of compliments to Sir John, desiring to see him, in order to discharge his demand. When they met, Fox produced the money, which Sir John no sooner saw than, calling for pen and ink, he very deliberately began to reckon up the interest. "What are you doing?" cried Charles. "Only calculating the amount of the interest," replied the baronet. "Are you so?" returned Fox coolly and at the same time returning the cash, which he had already thrown upon the table, to his pocket. "Why, I thought, Sir John, that my debt to you was a debt of honor, but as you seem to view it in another light, and seriously mean to make a trading debt of it, I must inform you that I make it an invariable rule to pay my Jew creditors last; you must therefore wait a little longer for your money, sir, and when I meet my money-lending Israelites I shall certainly think of Sir John Jehu and expect to have the honor of seeing him in the company of my worthy friends from Duke's Place."—B. C. WALPOLE, "Days of the Dandies."

They had a club at Almack's in Pall Mall where they played only for rouleaux of fifty pounds each and generally there was ten thousand pounds specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above twenty thousand pounds for his two sons. Nor were the manner of the gamesters, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes and put on frieze greatcoats, or turned their coats inside out for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their laced ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light and prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. Each gamester had a small, neat stand by him, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold his rouleaux. They borrowed great sums of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called this outward room, where those Jews waited until he rose, his Jerusalem chamber.—HORACE WALPOLE, "Memoirs of the Reign of George III."

In fact, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, English society was possessed of an ungovernable rage for gambling. Charles James Fox was known as the prince of gamblers before he had reached the mature age of twenty-two, and before he was twenty-four he had cost his father £140,000. Tom Duncombe, heir to a fine fortune, lost £135,000 through similar habits and eventual-

ly brought himself to a miserable and poverty-stricken end. . . . At Brooks's, where they commonly played faro, the lowest stake was £50; and it was no unusual thing for a gentleman to win or lose £10,000 in one evening. —JOHN FYVIE, "Wits, Beaux and Beauties of the Georgian Era."

Nothing could alienate the sympathy of his friends, nothing oust his own good humor. After a long day in the House of Commons and a long evening of ill success, he would tranquilly lay his head on the gambling table and go off into a profound slumber. On the morning after an unusually ruinous night, Beauclerk called on him, expecting to find the excited player in a state of reaction, the ruined gambler hopelessly depressed. He found Fox placidly reading Herodotus. "What would you have me do when I have lost my last shilling?"—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1889.

Charles one day received a severe reprehension from his father, who asked him how it was possible for him to sleep, or enjoy any of the comforts of life, when he reflected on the immense sums he stood indebted. "Your lordship need not be in the least surprised," answered Charles; "your astonishment ought to be how my creditors can sleep."—B. C. WALPOLE, "Days of the Dandies."

Mr. Fox, the most genial of men, was asked why he disputed so vehemently about some trifle or other. He said: "I must do so; I can't live without discussion."—WALTER BAGEHOT, "Biographical Studies."

Fox asked a tradesman for his vote, who answered, "I admire your abilities, but damn your principles," to which Fox replied, "My friend, I applaud your sincerity, but damn your manners." When he applied to a saddler in Haymarket the man produced a halter and said he was willing to oblige him with it. Fox answered, "I return thanks for your present, but I should be sorry to deprive you of a family piece."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1849.

On one occasion, during the progress of Mr. Hastings's trial, Mr. Fox, struck by the solemnity of Lord Thurlow's appearance, said to the Speaker, "I wonder if any man ever was so wise as Thurlow looks."—GEORGE PELLEW, "Life and Correspondence of Viscount Sidmouth."

The French Revolution came suddenly to sober men's minds with anxiety, and as Fox, who was no mean judge in such things, has said, forever to put an end to "good conversation and conviviality."—ALEXANDER FERGUSSON, "Henry Erskine."

Fox was as indolent as Burke; no man loved doing nothing so much as he did. He used to loll at length upon the sunny banks of St. Anne's Hill, opposite to a wall covered with fruit trees. The jays at first were scared away by him; but Fox cried out one day, "I have accomplished it at last; the birds don't care for me. I don't disturb them and they don't disturb me." Some one remarked, "Ah, Mr. Fox, how delightful it must be to loll along in the sun with a book in your hand!" "Why the book—why the book?" said Fox.—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections," quoting Sheridan.

Lady Holland told me that Mr. Fox would read nothing written against him. "No," said he; "that is what they want me to do, but I won't."—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections."

Speaking of Burke's book on the revolution he said, "Burke is right after all; but Burke is often right—only he is right too soon."—ROBERT BELL, "Life of George Canning."

At his Chertsey house, in the evening of his life, Fox had received the call of Grey with an offer of a peerage from the king. "No, not yet," was the answer. "I have an oath in heaven against it; nor will I end like others in that foolish way."

On the visitor being announced, Mrs. Fox, in deshabille, had slipped into a cupboard or closet opening out of the room. The interview was prolonged. The lady, becoming impatient, was heard to exclaim, "Mr. Fox, my dear, surely the young man's gone. Can't I come out, dear; I am so very cold?" —T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Society in the Country House."

FRANCIS JOSEPH, 1830-1917. Emperor of Austria-Hungary.

Early one morning, in the summer of 1840, "Franzi" took his way to his reverend friend's modest abode. . . . In a far corner of the enclosure Doppelbauer was kneeling amid his potatoes, weeding and tending the promising plants, and truth compels me to add that the reverend gentleman was excessively grimy, his large, sun-burned hands bearing ample testimony to his labor amid the rich mold wherein the tubers throve. "Ho, ho! Is that you, little friend?" he exclaimed, turning a crimson and perspiring

but beaming countenance towards his visitor. "What good wind blew you here?" Then he added with a laugh, "I can't shake hands with you; I'm too dirty." "That's nothing," exclaimed "Franzi," extending his smooth, pink palm; but, seeing that his beloved *Pfarrer* refused to grasp it, a shade of annoyance clouded his bonny visage, and with a little frown he stooped quickly, thrust his hand deep into the dark, greasy earth, and, withdrawing it, thoroughly coated with mire, waved it triumphantly under the nose of his amazed and delighted host. "Now," he cried with a laugh, "I'm just as dirty as you are, and you will have to shake hands." Which ceremony was accordingly performed with much enthusiasm and merriment on both sides.

He was made to groom his own horse, to saddle and bridle and feed it, to serve and maneuver a cannon. He was put through ordinary infantry drill, was taught to lay mines under the direction of a colonel of sappers, to handle a pick and shovel shoulder to shoulder with the gray-uniformed men of the pioneer corps, and from six in the morning until late at night the lad labored almost unceasingly, dropping rifle and sword only to sit before a desk where his theoretical and classical education was pursued most industriously.

The field marshal did not relish the responsibility placed upon him by the arrival of the heir-apparent to go under fire for the first time under his—Radetsky's—orders, and almost comically did the face of the young archduke lengthen when the blunt-spoken old warrior curtly exclaimed: "Your imperial highness's presence is very disagreeable to me. Should anything happen to you what will be said to me?—and if you should be taken prisoner all the advantages that I might otherwise gain over the enemy will, of course, be set at naught." He spoke peremptorily, his multitudinous wrinkles expressive of extreme displeasure, his bold, unflinching hawk eyes forcing themselves to forget that he was addressing his future sovereign. The archduke could not repress a nervous and rather abashed little laugh, but, with a slightly breathless and triumphant enunciation, he replied: "*Herr Feld-Marschall*, it may have been imprudent to send me here, but here I am, and here I stay. It is my place." Then, drawing himself up and saluting stiffly, he added, "I have the honor to report myself for duty." . . . It would take a cleverer pen than mine to adequately describe the look of absolute anguish which so many noticed on Radetsky's face on that memorable day, when he saw Archduke Franz quietly check his charger in the thickest of a storm of bullets and without so much as a flicker of the eyelids remain watching intently the progress of the enemy. Nor had the natural excitement of the moment, the bracing smell of powder, the swishing sound of the wind-tossed flags anything to do with the martial attitude of this neophyte, for he was indeed a born soldier. He gently waved away Feld-Marschall-Lieutenant Baron d'Aspre, who was imploring him to take shelter, conjuring him to remember the extreme value of his life, and whose ferocious glares and gestures of impotent exasperation and despair were received by the object of all this undesired solicitude with a disarmingly winning smile, as, settling himself squarely in his saddle, the amused archduke replied, slowly, softly, but with complete and inexorable obstinacy, "I won't go." —MARGARET CUNLIFFE-OWEN, "A Keystone of Empire," Copyright, Harper & Brothers.

A very valiant youth, no doubt, but at the same time impetuous and sensual. In fact, he admired fresh, handsome women. Why not? He was young and handsome. Besides, he was the emperor. But the noble damsels resorted to all sorts of devices to escape him. Here is an example. At that time there was a very fashionable dance. First the men, that is, the emperor and the noblest lords, took their places in the chief hall with their partners, all the prettiest *Contesseln*, or little countesses, as they were called with an affectionate diminutive. The old dignitaries, the honest pot-bellied fathers of families, the mothers who hid their elderly bodies in vast crinolines, were all banished to adjacent rooms. Only the young people were admitted to the chief hall. Now the men grouped themselves on one side, the ladies on the other. There was a big empty space in the middle, so that the servants could draw a curtain that hung on a rope from one wall to the other at a little more than a man's height above the floor. It was of rich red velvet, with long, gilded fringes that shivered and glittered in the splendor of the illuminations. These fringes, unlike most things in this world, were there for an object. All the girls were drawn up in a row behind the curtain and each had to show a little foot under the fringe, and one hand—I forget whether it was the right or left—had to be stretched above the rope. It was a fancy pair of feet and hands, where the men had to choose partners from those graceful indications. When all the choices had been made, the curtain

fell, each claimed his partner and the dance began. Unless a foreign sovereign was among the guests, the emperor had the privilege of the first choice, and he was very keen about it, for he had to stand in the middle of the hall with his partner, while the other couples gathered around him slowly one by one. And in order that his choice might not be left entirely to blind chance, he used, if rumor may be believed, to have recourse to all sorts of strange stratagems in collusion with the venal shoemakers of Vienna. The shape or color of the shoes, some cunning innovation, an eccentric buckle, served to betray the little countesses. But they were quick enough to tumble to the game and, much craftier than he, would change their little shoes behind a door or screen, under the very nose of some fat excellency.

One evening, when the aide-de-camp came up to my young mother to command her to dance with the emperor, her father, the Count of Strachwitz, an old and very great noble, replied with firmness and dignity, "I forbid it." And his courage was secretly admired.—HERBERT VIVIAN, "Francis Joseph and His Court," from the memoirs of Count Roger de Resseguier, Copyright, John Lane Company.

It can truly be said that one of the reasons (but one of the reasons only) of the hostility of the Hungarians towards the person of their sovereign lies in his ignorance of their language. His first estrangement from them, a grave and lasting estrangement, dates from a very distant period. When he was quite a young ruler, Francis Joseph made a tour of his dominions. His first visit was to Buda-Pesth, an official visit if there ever was one, accompanied by all the ordinary and extraordinary ceremonies which make such journeys burdensome. Notable items of the progress were the inspection of a military school and a call at a hospital. Speeches had, of course, to be made in both places; and, equally, of course, they must be made in Hungarian, since Buda-Pesth could not imagine that the sovereign was without a knowledge, or at least an official knowledge, of the Hungarian tongue. As he did not understand a word of Hungarian, and as he must speak, and not read, his speeches, to avoid hurting Magyar susceptibilities, the Talma of this Napoleon had made him learn by heart two little addresses, with the appropriate gestures to accompany the words. Rehearsals had taken place and all promised well. The hour arrived. The military school inspection came first. The emperor, after smiling at the conventional addresses, of which he could not grasp a word, made his reply to the compliments which had been showered upon him. But he saw the faces of his hearers darken, instead of brightening, while stupefaction manifested itself on the courtiers' features. At the hospital the same looks, the same embarrassment and the same coldness followed his words. The emperor, speaking in sufficiently good Hungarian, accompanied by suitable actions, had praised at the military school the excellent care shown to the sick and at the hospital the precision of the maneuvers executed in his presence. He had shuffled the speeches. The Hungarians have never forgiven him for this unintentional mystification. As for the emperor, none of his suite has ever dared to reveal to him what he did.

In 1851, three years after his accession to the throne and when he was twenty-one years of age, the emperor was visited in his capital by his majesty Nicholas I., the Tsar of All the Russias. While they were out driving through Vienna, a Cossack's horse took fright, bolted and threw its rider. The emperor, in an instant, at the risk of breaking his neck, leaped from the carriage, seized the horse by the mane, sprang on its back, conquered it and brought it back, sweating and quivering, to the side of the imperial carriage.

In 1852, four years after his accession to the throne, the emperor was out with his gun on the outskirts of Muerzzuschlag, near Vienna, where he owned some shooting in the middle of the preserves. As was his wont, he was alone, having sent away even his bearer, to get the full egotistical enjoyment out of his favorite pursuit. In his excitement he failed to notice that he had crossed the boundaries of the imperial property. Suddenly, a few paces ahead of him, a magnificent pheasant got up. Francis Joseph took aim and was about to fire, when a loud voice broke upon his ears, "If you shoot that pheasant, I will put a charge of lead through you." Lowering his gun and scarlet with anger Francis Joseph asked who it was that dared to speak to him thus. "I do, my young fellow," said a big man in shooting costume, as he emerged from the wood. Francis Joseph was on the point of revealing that he was the emperor, but restrained himself in rueful amusement at the unforeseen incident. But it was with his customary haughtiness that he replied, "What have I done wrong, my fine fellow?" "Don't take the trouble to be humorous, or you will tire yourself. You are shooting on my property, that is all, and you are well aware of the fact. Come now, fol-

low me to the house, where I will write out my statement of complaint. And meanwhile give me your gun." "Suppose I decline?" "If you decline, all is quite simple. You come from the imperial preserves and I shall complain to the emperor." Francis Joseph could not check a smile as he asked, "Are you acquainted with the emperor?" "No, I am not, but you need not look clever. His majesty is fond of shooting and he cannot refuse to be just. He will understand my position." "Very well, you are right and I admit that I am to blame." The emperor handed over his gun and followed the surly sportsman without further talk to the house, or rather the farm. Now, this country gentleman was Baron N., and in the hall they met the baroness, a sweet and gracious young lady, who, for all her fragile appearance, seemed to dominate her big, burly husband. The baron told her what had happened and led the way to his room. The young emperor assumed his most winning air, while he constrained his handsome features to wear a submissive, pleading and sorrowful look. The lady of the house was not proof against these wiles and, when Francis Joseph had extenuated his mistake saying that he had sinned through ignorance and devotion to sport, she intervened to ask that he might be forgiven. The baron held out until she begged him in a soft, musical voice not to refuse her request. Then he caught her in his arms, and in spite of her embarrassed struggles planted a sounding kiss upon her neck, and, turning to his prisoner, said with a loud, clumsy laugh, "You ought to thank heaven, young man, that the baroness presented me with a son only three weeks ago. But for that you wouldn't get off. Shake hands now." Francis Joseph put his hand into the baron's great, horny fist and peace was declared. The baron proposing a drink, to show that no ill feeling remained, a move was made to the dining room. As the glasses chinked, tongues became looser, and after a long talk the emperor (who had made himself out to be an officer in the imperial guard) learning that the baptism of the son and heir was to take place in fifteen days' time, offered to be the godfather. The offer was accepted with good will and as soon as the young sportsman had taken his departure the little house rang with praises of his genteel manners and unaffected affability. This estimate was doomed to be soon upset. On the day of the baptism there was a gathering at the farmhouse of all of N.'s family and friends. They were waiting for the promised godfather, when, preceded by the imperial outriders, a state coach drew up at the door. The young sportsman got out in full general's uniform, followed by two aides-de-camp, while a footman announced, "His majesty, the emperor." The confusion of the baron and baroness can be imagined.

One Whit-Monday, on a clear sunny spring day, Francis Joseph left Vienna at early dawn to shoot at Muerzzuschlag. He was to be back the same night and orders had been given to the stationmaster at Muerzzuschlag to have the imperial train ready to leave for Vienna at 5 p. m. . . . Now it happened that the emperor, having had a bad day's sport, wearied of his favorite pastime before the appointed hour and reached the station a little before 4.30. He was in a very bad temper and immediately sent his aide-de-camp to the stationmaster with an order to put on the imperial train at once. The Suedbahn's official raised his hands to heaven at such an idea and swore that it was impossible to carry out the emperor's wish. It was in vain for the aide-de-camp to declare that the emperor was furious and did not mean to wait, and that any disregard of the order would cost the stationmaster dear. The latter insisted that with the best will in the world he could not possibly despatch the train to Vienna before the appointed hour. Having spoken he proceeded to sign the order for the departure of a train to Trieste, while the aide-de-camp went back to the emperor. Francis Joseph, we know, could not see beyond his own desires, and the least obstacle in his way stirred him up to the point of exasperation. The train for Trieste had not left when a stir was seen on the platform. The emperor marched straight up to the stationmaster, who at the moment was signing the guard's papers. The official, alarmed but firm, assumed the military attitude, saluted and stood waiting. "I wish to leave at once," said the emperor. "Your majesty, in spite of my earnest desire to obey your orders, I cannot possibly do so." "Why?" "The responsibility of the traffic prevents me." "And I, your emperor, command you." "I beg your majesty's pardon, but I cannot fulfil your command." Francis Joseph turned round to his suite, who were listening, pale with excitement, to the conversation. With a short, dry laugh, frowning brows and an ugly look in his eyes he said to them, "I must say, gentlemen, the position is at least strange. You are witnesses of an unprecedented event. Your sovereign is the prisoner of a railway official." Still keeping up his ironical tone, he asked the stationmaster, who had re-

mained standing like a soldier, "And when, sir, shall we be permitted to leave?" "Your majesty's train will leave the platform at five o'clock sharp." . . . Three hours after the imperial train had left Muerzzuschlag, the stationmaster, who was expecting a letter of dismissal from his petty office the next day, received a telegraphic message announcing to him that he was made Knight of the Imperial and Royal Order of Francis Joseph by the direct appointment of the emperor, who, according to the message, "had personally noticed the precision and attention to discipline in the exercise of his difficult and most responsible duties."—HENRI DE WEINDEL, "The Real Francis Joseph."

While shooting one day, quite unattended, in the woods of one of his Styrian estates, he came upon a couple of poachers, who might, had they chosen, made their escape, or even have attacked him, as has so often happened in Europe to territorial magnates in lonely portions of their forest preserves, but, recognizing the emperor, they fell on their knees and humbly begged his pardon. Finding themselves answered in a kindly tone, the men took heart to explain that they were both old soldiers who had fallen on evil days, and that, having many hungry mouths to feed, they had been forced to seek a maintenance in any fashion that came to hand. Game laws in Austria are very strict, and when the emperor had left them, after taking down their names and addresses, the two poor wretches spent more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* of quaking apprehension. Judge, therefore, what must have been their astonishment and joy when they found themselves appointed gamekeepers on the very estate upon which they had been poaching! Investigation had proven their stories to be absolutely true.—CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

Frau Schratt has a beautiful villa, in the Glorienstrasse at Hietzing, which is a perfect storehouse of lovely things and included many presents from the emperor. She also has a little cottage at Ischl and whenever Francis Joseph is there Katrina is always at the cottage and the emperor invariably takes tea with her. There is an amusing story about an evening visit which the emperor once paid his friend. He had remained rather late and, with his usual consideration, Francis Joseph, who did not wish to disturb the sleeping household, made as little noise as possible as he walked down a passage which led to the garden entrance; but just as he reached it a door opened and Frau Schratt's new cook came out in her nightgown, carrying a lighted candle. The sound of footsteps had alarmed her and, naturally when she saw the figure of a man, her first impulse was to scream. Francis Joseph came forward quickly. "Be quiet, you stupid woman. Don't you know me? I'm the emperor," he said in a low voice. The incredulous cook was taken aback, for in her wildest flights of imagination she had never pictured herself meeting the emperor of Austria wandering about late at night. Still doubtful, she turned the light of the candle full on the stranger's face and as she did so she recognized the well-known features of Francis Joseph. The loyal woman instantly fell on her knees and began to sing the national anthem at the top of her voice. The emperor made a hurried exit and I doubt whether a patriotic hymn has ever been sung under more ridiculous circumstances.—COUNTESS MARIE LARISCH, "My Past," Copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Francis Joseph had a holy horror of electric light. . . . So even at high court festivals, the imperial orders were that fine wax candles or *Wollrath*, a fat, perfumed substance extracted from the brains of whales, should be used to light up the halls of the Hofburg.

Officers' boots must not be varnished or have any sewing or pattern on the toes. The penalty is *Zimmerarrest*, confinement to your room. It has happened to many men to enter the royal palace with beautifully shining boots and to go out again very quickly to shut themselves up at home for who knows how many days. Then the law is that gloves are to be of plain wash leather. One day the young Prince of Thurn and Taxis came to court in glacé gloves and could escape only with the utmost difficulty from the fury of his epileptic majesty.

Rudolph shared his father's fervent love for women and the chase; it was not the same with his military ardor. Indeed, all idea of discipline was repugnant to his free spirit. And by making militarism the basis of all their relationship, Francis Joseph estranged him more and more, nourishing rebellion in his heart. It is related how the emperor alighted one day at a station where his son, who had become a colonel, was waiting for him with a number of officers. Rudolph had not seen his father for some time and came forward to embrace him. But Francis Joseph checked his impulse with military coldness and said, "Have you any report to make to me, Colonel?"—VIVIAN.

FRANKLIN, Benjamin, 1706-1790. American statesman.

In the Field of Science

I amused myself one day with flying a paper kite and, approaching the bank of a pond which was nearly a mile broad, I tied the string to a stake and the kite ascended to a very considerable height above the pond while I was swimming. In a little time, being desirous of amusing myself with my kite and enjoy at the same time the pleasure of swimming, I returned and, loosing from the stake the string with the little stick which was fastened to it, went again into the water where I found that, lying on my back and holding the stick in my hands, I was drawn along the surface of the water in a very agreeable manner. Having then engaged another boy to carry my clothes around the pond to a place which I pointed out to him on the other side, I began to cross the pond with my kite, which carried me quite over without the least fatigue and with the greatest pleasure imaginable. I was only obliged occasionally to halt a little in my course and resist the progress when it appeared that by following too quick I lowered the kite too much, by doing which occasionally I made it rise again. I have never since that time practised that singular mode of swimming, though I think it not impossible to cross in this manner from Dover to Calais. The packet boat, however, is still preferable.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, letter to M. Dubourg.

Mr. Watson ["Annals of Philadelphia"] relates another anecdote. He says that the yellow willow tree, now so common throughout the country, was first introduced into America by Franklin. A wicker basket, made of willow, in which some foreign article had been imported, he saw sprouting in a ditch, and directed some of the twigs to be planted. They took root, and from these shoots are supposed to have sprung all the yellow willows which have grown on this side of the Atlantic.—JARED SPARKS, "Notes to Franklin's Autobiography."

As this celebrated philosopher wished that the effects of this manure [plaster of paris] should strike the gaze of all cultivators, he wrote in great letters, formed by the use of the ground plaster, in a field of clover lying upon a great road, "This has been plastered." The prodigious vegetation, which was developed in the plastered portion, led him to adopt this method. Volumes on the excellency of the plaster could not have produced so speedy a revolution. From that period the Americans have imported great quantities of plaster of paris.—JEAN ANTOINE CHAPTAL, "Agricultural Chemistry."

He [Jefferson] set the Londoners right on one point. The crack invention of the moment was a carriage wheel, the circumference of which was made of a single piece of wood. As these wheels were patented and made in London, the invention was claimed as English. He told his friends, and caused the fact to be published, that the farmers in New Jersey were the first, since Homer's day, who were known to have formed wheels in that manner. Dr. Franklin, some years before, had chanced to mention it to the person who then held the patent. The idea struck him and the doctor went to his shop and assisted him in making a wheel of one piece. The Jerseyman did it by merely bending a green sapling and leaving it bent until it was set; but as in London there were no saplings, the philosopher was kept experimenting for several weeks. He triumphed at length and made a free gift of the process to the carriage-maker, who made a fortune by it. Jefferson visited the shop where Dr. Franklin had worked out the idea, where he received the story from the owner, who gave the whole credit to Franklin and "spoke of him with love and gratitude." He also found in the "Iliad" the passage which proves that the Greeks and the Jersey farmers employed the same process: "He fell on the ground like a poplar which has grown smooth in the western part of a great meadow, with its branches shooting from its summit. But the chariot-maker with the sharp ax has felled it, that he may bend a wheel for a beautiful chariot. It lies drying on the banks of a river."—JAMES PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1872.

Since Franklin's sublime invasion of the clouds with his electrical kite, nothing has so startled and excited scientific circles as these balloon ascensions; which, like the kite experiment, interested the multitude no less than the learned. "What is the use of this new invention?" some one asked Franklin. "What is the use of a new-born child?" was his reply.—JAMES PARTON, quoting "Memoirs of Baron de Grimm."

The weakest manifestation of British spleen, however, was an act of the poor, blind king. The Proudfleet powder magazine, protected by lightning-rods of Franklin's own selection, was struck by lightning and escaped without explosion or even serious injury. This event having revived the old controversy whether lightning-rods should

be blunt or pointed, Dr. Wilson led the assault upon Franklin's opinion and stoutly contended for blunt. How easy to convince a George III. at that time that Franklin's opinions were erroneous! Down came the Franklinian pointed conductors from the powder magazine and from Buckingham Palace, the king's own residence, and in their stead appeared Dr. Wilson's blunt ones. The retort of Franklin [letter to Mr. Wilson, Passy, October 14, 1777] when he was informed of this ridiculous event, has been often quoted. "The king's changing his pointed conductors for blunt ones is a matter of small importance to me. If I had a wish about it, it would be that he had rejected them altogether as ineffectual. For it is only since he thought himself and his family safe from the thunders of heaven, that he dared to use his own thunder in destroying his innocent subjects."—JAMES PARTON, "Life of Franklin."

An anecdote of Dr. Franklin we will take this opportunity of adding. Since being at Paris, the Pennsylvania stoves, invented by him, are become fashionable, but one of the ministers, being asked if he would have one, replied, "By no means—Lord Stormont then will never warm himself at my fire."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1778.

We are informed by Cabanis that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted in his dreams on the issue of many affairs in which he was engaged.—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1851.

In Europe

In the course of conversation Dr. Franklin said, that more than sixteen years ago, long before any dispute with America, the present Lord Camden, then Mr. Pratt, said to him, "For all what you Americans say of your loyalty and all that, I know you will one day throw off your dependence on this country and, notwithstanding your boasted affection for it, you will set up for independence." Dr. Franklin said that he answered him, "No such idea was ever entertained by Americans nor will any such ever enter their heads unless you grossly abuse them." "Very true," replied Mr. Pratt, "that is one of the main causes I see will happen and will produce the event."—JOSIAH QUINCY, JR., "Journal."

Dr. Franklin, too, was involved in the charge [of the attempted burning of Portsmouth]; the ministers, to decry him, pretended to believe that he had invented a new and most destructive machine for burning towns. Two hundred years sooner the same persons would have accused him of magic.—HORACE WALPOLE, "Memoirs of the Reign of George III."

Arthur Lee told me an anecdote of Benjamin Franklin, which is very characteristic of the man. When he was to be presented to the French king by Vergennes, the count sent a perruquier to the American, for the purpose of fitting him with a wig fashioned for the day. The perruque was brought to Franklin an hour before the time fixed for his presentation. The philosopher attempted to put it on. Alas, it would not go on his head. "Sir," said Franklin, "your perruque is unfortunately too small for my head." "*Pardonnez moi, Monsieur*," replied the perruquier, "your head, sir, is vastly too large and quite beyond the fashion of the court." Franklin appeared, therefore, at court with his bald pate and shaggy, gray hair. It might be truly said that there was not such another head at Versailles.—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, "Diary."

After dinner we went to the Academy of Sciences and heard M. d'Alembert, as perpetual secretary, pronounce eulogies on several of their members, lately deceased. Voltaire and Franklin were both present and there presently arose a general cry that M. Voltaire and M. Franklin should be introduced to each other. This was done and they bowed and spoke to each other; this was no satisfaction—there must be something more. Neither of the philosophers seemed to divine what was wished or expected; they, however, took each other by the hand. But this was not enough; the clamor continued until the explanation came out. "They ought to embrace after the French fashion." The two aged actors upon this great theater of philosophy and frivolity then embraced each other, by hugging one another in their arms and kissing each other's cheeks, and then the tumult subsided. And the cry immediately spread through the whole kingdom and, I suppose, all over Europe. "It was charming to see the embraces of Solon and Sophocles."—JOHN ADAMS, "Diary and Autobiography."

Elegant fêtes were given to Dr. Franklin, who united the renown of one of the most skilful naturalists with the patriotic virtues which made him embrace the noble rôle of the apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these fêtes, where the most beautiful of three hundred women was designated to go and place on the philosopher's white

locks a crown of laurel and to give the old man two kisses on his cheeks.—MADAME CAMPAN, "Memoirs."

Franklin sent his compliments, requesting to spend the evening with Mr. Gibbon. In answer he received a card, importing that, notwithstanding Mr. Gibbon's regard for the character of Mr. Franklin, he could not reconcile it with his duty to his king to have any conversation with a revolted subject. Franklin in reply wrote a note declaring that though Mr. Gibbon's principles had compelled him to withhold the pleasure of his conversation, Dr. Franklin still had such respect for the character of Mr. Gibbon as a gentleman and a historian that when, in the course of his writing the history of the decline and fall of empires, the decline and fall of the British empire should come to be his subject, as he expects it soon would, Dr. Franklin would be happy to furnish him with ample materials which were in his possession.—WILLIAM COBBETT, "Works," Vol. VII., page 244.

Dr. Franklin never forgets any party where Madame Helvetius is to be. He believes even that if he were engaged to go to Paradise this morning he would beg to be allowed to remain on earth until half past one o'clock in order to receive the salutation she kindly promised him on meeting him at M. Turgot's.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, letter.

From France come some anecdotes of Franklin, gathered from old French papers and reproduced in the *Moniteur*. This is a characteristic one of that fine old personage: He once "assisted" at a literary reunion where several original articles were read and, not understanding well the French when read or declaimed and wishing to show himself polite and appreciative, he resolved to applaud whenever he saw Madame Boufflers, a friend of his, show marks of approbation. After the reunion, his little son said to him, "Papa, you applauded everything and more than anybody else when they praised you." Franklin used to describe his embarrassment and the effort he made to recover himself.—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1873.

Of Mr. Wedderburn's privy council speech nothing remains but a small portion of his invective against Franklin, which, being couched in epigram and conveyed by classical allusion, has been preserved, as almost always happens to what is thus sheathed. It refers to some letters of a colonial governor, which, it is alleged, had come unfairly into Franklin's hands and been improperly used by him; and the Solicitor-General's classical wit was displayed in jesting upon that illustrious person's literary character and calling him a man of three letters, the old Roman joke for a thief. . . . That the speech and the whole scene were not without their effect upon him who was the principal object of attack, appears sufficiently certain; for though, at the moment, a magnanimous, and indeed somewhat overdone, expression of contempt for the speaker is reported to have escaped him in answer to one who hoped, rather clumsily, that he did not feel hurt, "I should think myself meaner than I have been described, if anything coming from such a quarter could vex me"; yet it is well known that, when the ambassadors were met to sign the treaty of Versailles, by which the independence of America was acknowledged, Franklin retired in order to change his dress and affix his name to the treaty in those very garments which he wore when attending the privy council, and which he had kept by him for the purpose during many years, a little inconsistently, it must be confessed, with the language of contemptuous indifference used by him at the moment. —LORD BROUGHAM, "Lord Loughborough."

This statement is entirely erroneous. The report was fabricated in England, at a time when the treaty was a topic of vehement discussion; and it was eagerly seized upon to gratify the malevolence of a disappointed party. When it appeared in print it was immediately contradicted by Mr. Whitefoord, who was present at the signing of the treaty and affixed his name to it as secretary to the English commissioner. "This absurd story," says Mr. Whitefoord, "has no foundation but in the imagination of the inventor. He supposes that the act of signing the treaty of peace took place at the house of Dr. Franklin. The fact is otherwise; the conferences were held and the treaty was signed at the hotel of the British commissioner, where Dr. Franklin and the other American commissioners gave their attendance for that purpose. The court of Versailles having at that time gone into mourning for the death of some German prince, the doctor of course was dressed in a suit of black cloth; and it is in the recollection of the writer of this, and also he believes of many other people, that when the memorable philippic was pronounced against Dr. Franklin in the privy council, he was dressed in a suit of figured Manchester velvet." See the whole of Mr. Whitefoord's letter in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1785, p. 561. The error

may have arisen from the circumstance, stated on the authority of Silas Deane and Edward Bancroft, that, when the treaty of alliance between France and the United States was signed, Franklin was dressed in this suit of velvet.—JARED SPARKS, "Notes to Life of Franklin."

Franklin Anecdotes

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed by the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind of the good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle"; and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, that gave too much for the whistle. When I saw one too ambitious to court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue and perhaps his friends to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle." When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle." If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you pay too much for your whistle." When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle." If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts and ends his career in prison, "Alas," said I, "he paid dear, very dear, for his whistle." When I see a beautiful sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, "What a pity," say I, "that she should pay so much for a whistle." In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things and by "giving too much for their whistles." —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, letter to Madame Brillon, Passy, November 10, 1779.

The boy, we are told, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day, after the winter's provisions had been salted, "I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask, once for all, it would be a vast saving of time."—W. TEMPLE FRANKLIN, "Works of Benjamin Franklin."

You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year; I am in my seventy-ninth; we are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston, but I well remember both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library and on my taking leave showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I was turning partly towards him when he said hastily, "Stoop! stoop!" I did not understand him until I felt my head hit the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, "You are young, and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified and misfortunes brought upon people by carrying their heads too high.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, letter to Samuel Mather, Passy, May 12, 1784.

The following characteristic advertisement is contained in the *Philadelphia Gazette* for June 23, 1737: "Taken out of a pew in the Church, some months since, a Common Prayer Book, bound in red, gilt, and lettered D. F. [Deborah Franklin] on each cover.

The person who took it is desired to open it and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same pew again; upon which no further notice will be taken." —JARED SPARKS, "Life of Franklin."

But the reader must not conclude that Ben through life tied himself up to a vegetable diet. No. . . . On his first voyage to New York, the vessel halting for lack of breeze, the sailors all fell to fishing for cod, of which they presently took great numbers and very fine. Instead of being delighted at this sight, Ben appeared to be much hurt and began to preach to the crew on the injustice, as he called it, in taking away the lives of those poor little fish, that had never injured them, nor ever could. The sailors were utterly dumbfounded at such queer logic as this. Taking their silence for conviction, Ben rose in his argument and began to play the orator quite outrageously on the main deck. At length an old wag of a boatswain, who had at first been struck somewhat aback by the strangeness of this attack, took courage, and, luffing up again with a fine breeze of humor in his weather-beaten sail, called out to Ben, "Well, but my young master preacher, may we not deal by these same cod here as they deal by their neighbors?" "To be sure," said Ben. "Well, then, sir, see here," replied the boatswain, holding up a stout fish, "see here what a whaler I took just now out of the belly of that cod." Ben looking as if he had his doubts, the boatswain went on, "Oh, sir, if you come to that, you shall have proof," whereupon he laid hold of a big-bellied cod that was just then flouncing on the deck and, ripping him open in the presence of Ben and the crew, turned out several young cod from his maw. . . . Ben never after this made any scruples about animal food.—M. L. WEEMS, "Life of Benjamin Franklin."

A characteristic anecdote has been related of Franklin illustrative of his independence as an editor. Soon after the establishment of his newspaper, he found occasion to remark with some degree of freedom on the public conduct of one or two persons of high standing in Philadelphia. This course was disapproved by some of his patrons, who sought an opportunity to convey to him their views of the subject, and what they represented to be the opinion of his friends. He listened patiently and replied by requesting that they would favor him with their company at supper, and bring with them the other gentlemen who had expressed dissatisfaction. The time arrived and the guests assembled. He received them cordially and listened again to their friendly reproofs of his editorial conduct. At length supper was announced; but, when the guests had seated themselves around the table, they were surprised to see nothing before them but two puddings, made of coarse meal, called sawdust puddings in the common phrase, and a stone pitcher filled with water. He helped them all and then applied himself to his own plate, partaking freely of the repast and urging his friends to do the same. They taxed their politeness to the utmost, but all in vain; their appetites refused obedience to the will. Perceiving their difficulty Franklin at last arose and said, "My friends, any one who can subsist on sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage." —JARED SPARKS, notes to "Franklin's Autobiography."

My being many years in the assembly, a majority of which were constantly Quakers, gave me frequent opportunity of seeing the embarrassment given them by their principle against war, whenever an application was made to them, by order of the crown, to grant aid for military purposes. . . . Thus, when powder was wanting (I think it was for the garrison at Louisburg) and the government of New England solicited a grant of some from Pennsylvania, which was much urged on the House by Governor Thomas, they would not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid to New England of three thousand pounds, to be put into the hands of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat and other grain. Some of the Council, desiring to give the House still further embarrassment, advised the governor not to accept the provision, as not being the thing he had demanded; but he replied, "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning; 'other grain' is gunpowder," which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it. It was in allusion to this fact that, when in our fire company we feared the success in favor of the proposal in favor of a lottery, and I said to a friend of mine, one of our members, "If we fail, let us move the purchase of a fire engine with the money; the Quakers can have no objection to that; and then, if you nominate me, and I you, as a committee for that purpose, we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a fire engine." "I see," said he, "you have improved by being so long in the assembly; your equivocal project would be just a match for their 'wheat

and other grain.' "—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, "Autobiography."

Mr. Jefferson relates a characteristic anecdote of Franklin; being annoyed by the alterations being made in his draft [of the Declaration of Independence], while it was under discussion, and at the censures freely bestowed upon parts of it, he began to fear it would be dissected and mangled until a skeleton only would remain. "I was sitting," he observes, "by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to these mutilations. 'I have made it a rule,' said he, 'whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words: *John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money*, with a figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words *makes hats*, which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Every one, who purchased, expected to pay. They were parted with; and the inscription now stood—*John Thompson sells hats.* "Sells hats," said his next friend; "why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word?" It was stricken out, and *hats* followed, the rather, as there was one painted on the board. So his inscription was reduced ultimately to *John Thompson*, with the figure of a hat subjoined.—JARED SPARKS, "Life of Benjamin Franklin."

We might read that Hume thought it well worth one's while to go twenty miles out of his way to hear him [George Whitefield]; and that Dr. Franklin on one occasion, instead of listening to the sermon, walked from street to street in the neighborhood, to make some exceedingly characteristic calculations of the reach of his voice.—*North American Review*, April, 1839.

At a learned table in Paris, where Dr. Franklin happened to dine, it was asked by the Abbé Raynal, "What description of man most deserves pity?" Some mentioned one character, some another. When it came to Franklin's turn, he replied, "A lonesome man on a rainy day who does not know how to read."—M. L. WEEMS, "Life of Benjamin Franklin."

We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day, which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning, and the other half in the evening; and I observed that they were punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty, "It is perhaps below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum, but if you were only to distribute it out after prayers, you would have them all about you." He liked the thought, undertook the task, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction; and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended. So that I think this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service.—FRANKLIN, "Autobiography."

A man, in buying an ax of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turned while the smith pressed the broad face of the ax hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his ax as it was, without further grinding. "No," said the smith; "turn on; turn on; we shall have it bright by and by; as yet it is only speckled." "Yes," said the man, "but I think I like a speckled ax best." And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having, for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle and concluded that "a speckled ax is the best."—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, "Autobiography."

A certain tailor once stole a horse and was found out and committed to prison,

where he met another person who had long followed the trade of horse-stealing. The tailor told the other his story. The other inquired, "why he had not taken such a road and assumed such a disguise, and why he had not disguised the horse?" "I did not think of it." "Who are you and what has been your employment?" "A tailor." "You never stole a horse before in your life?" "Never." "Damn you, what business had you with horse-stealing? Why did you not content yourself with your cabbage?"

Franklin told us one of his characteristic stories. A Spanish writer of certain visions of hell relates that a certain devil, who was civil and well bred, showed him all the apartments in the place, among others, that of deceased kings. The Spaniard was much pleased at so illustrious a sight and, after viewing them for some time, said he would be glad to see the rest of them. "The rest?" said the demon. "Here are all the kings that ever reigned upon the earth, from the creation to this day. What the devil would the man have?"—JOHN ADAMS, "Diary," May 1, 1778.

(Rev. Charles A. Goodrich, in his "Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," tells a remarkable story about Franklin, on "the authority of an unknown writer," to the effect that Franklin believed in "natural affection" being sufficiently strong to enable a mother to recognize her children without any other evidences of their presence. Franklin, after many years' absence from his home, returned thither disguised and asked his mother for a meal and a night's lodging. She yielded a reluctant consent to the former, but would have compelled him to depart after supper had it not been for the interference of others in the household. He was permitted to sleep in a chair by the fireside, the porter having been given instructions to sleep in the same room and keep a watch on the man whom his mother suspected of being a burglar. In the morning Franklin disclosed his identity, but "how the Doctor discovered himself to his mother, he has not informed us; but from the above experiment he was firmly convinced, and was often afterwards heard to declare, that natural affection did not exist." This anecdote is told of Franklin by other writers, but it seems evident that it lacks even the slightest basis of truth, as Franklin, according to the most reliable writers, some of whom investigated this very anecdote, was never away from his mother long enough to have admitted of attempting the experiment.)

FREDERICK II., 1712-1786. King of Prussia.

The Soldier

His first victory had a peculiar result; he ran away from the battle-field of Molwitz, and he ran so quickly and so far that he was not aware until the next morning of the fact that a great victory had been won by his army.—ERNEST LAVISSE, "The Youth of Frederick the Great."

In one of his battles, happening to turn his head around, he saw his nephew, the hereditary prince, fall to the ground, his horse being killed under him. Frederick, thinking the rider was shot, cried, without stopping, "Ah, there's the Prince of Prussia killed; let his saddle and bridle be taken care of."—*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1805, citing Dieudonne Thiebault.

It is not impossible that this gave Frederick the Great the hint for the terrible *coup de théâtre* in the tent of the officer, who, when all lights had been forbidden under penalty of death, was found finishing a letter to his wife by the light of a taper: "Add a postscript: Before this reaches you I shall be shot for disobedience of orders," and shot he was.—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1861.

A striking anecdote is given of General Seidlitz, the officer who formed the Prussian cavalry. When only a lieutenant he happened to be near the king on a bridge which crossed the Oder. The king asked him: "If both the avenues of the bridge were possessed by the enemy, what would he do to disengage himself?" Seidlitz, without making an answer, immediately leaped his horse over the rails into the river, and, notwithstanding its breadth and rapidity, swam safely to shore. The king, who took it for granted that he must be drowned, on seeing him come towards him, said in French: "*Major*, I beg of you not to run such hazards in future." *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1844, citing "Diaries and Correspondence of the First Earl of Malmesbury."

The immense popularity which Frederick had acquired in his army he owed more to his charlatanism than to his military genius. When he was passing a review, and he frequently did, he was given a dozen notes relating to divers officers and soldiers. On a slip of paper, which he held in his hand, were given the name and biography of an individual in his army, the number of his regiment, the battalion and the company. The king knew in what line the man stood,

what place he occupied in the line. Frederick, passing before his troops at the amble of his white horse, counted the rows, came before his soldier and stopped. "Good morning, so-and-so. Well, you know the news: your sister is married. Yesterday I received word about it from Breslau. That marriage pleases me very much. You will so inform your father at the first opportunity." "Yes, sire." "He was a brave fellow, your father, one of my old soldiers of Molwitz. Tell him in your letter that I have appointed him doorkeeper at Potsdam. I never forget old soldiers." The king continued in this way and stopped further on in front of an officer; he spoke to him of a lawsuit his family had just won, of the death of a relative, who had left a rich inheritance, etc.—ELZEAR BLAZE, "Recollections." (Napoleon I. resorted to similar tactics.)

In a Roman Catholic town in Silesia several of the silver offerings dedicated to the Virgin Mary were discovered to be missing. A soldier was suspected and, the things being found in his possession, he was condemned to death as a sacrilegious robber. But he resolutely denied the commission of any theft, asserting that the Virgin, out of compassion for his poverty, had presented him with the offerings. The sentence, however, as usual, was laid before the king for his confirmation; but, upon reading the case and the defense of the soldier, he ordered the opinion of several Catholic clergymen to be taken, whether, according to their religion, the miracle was impossible. They replied that the case was extraordinary, but not impossible. The king then said that the soldier could not be put to death, because the divines of his own religion allowed that it was possible that the offerings might have been given him by the Virgin Mary, as he had stated. "But," added Frederick, "I strictly charge him, on pain of death, never hereafter to receive any present from the Virgin Mary or from any saint whatever."—JOSEPH TOWERS, "Memoirs of Frederick the Third."

Eccentricities

The letters of Suhm exhibit the first example of a singularity in which Frederick now began to indulge, namely, the practise of signing his name, "Federic," to all letters written in the French language, which he continued to the end of his life. It is not impossible that the whim of dropping the first r may have been suggested by his Italian studies at the time, or by his correspondence with Algorotti, the name being in that language "Federico."—THOMAS CAMPBELL, "Frederick the Great and his Times."

Frederick's attachment to his dogs, which had been one of his earliest passions, continued unabated to the end of his life. The breed which he preferred was that of the Italian greyhound, of which he had always five or six in the room with him. Zimmermann describes them as placed on blue satin chairs and couches, near the king's armchair, and says that when Frederick, during his last illness, used to sit on his terrace at Sans Souci, in order to enjoy the sun, a chair was always placed by his side, which was occupied by one of his dogs. He fed them himself, took the greatest possible care of them when they were sick, and when they died buried them in the gardens of Sans Souci. The traveler may still see their tombs (flat stones with the names of the dogs interred beneath engraved on them) at each end of the terrace of Sans Souci, in front of the palace. The king was accustomed to pass his leisure moments in playing with them; and the room where he sat was strewn with leather balls, with which they amused themselves. As they were all much indulged, though there was always one special favorite, they used to tear the damask covers of the chairs in the king's apartment and gnaw and otherwise injure the furniture. This he permitted without rebuke, and used only to say, "My dogs destroy my chairs, but how can I help it? And if I were to have them mended to-day, they would be torn to-morrow; so I suppose I must bear with the inconvenience. After all, a Marquise de Pompadour would cost me a great deal more, and would be neither as attached nor as faithful." The most celebrated of the dogs of Frederick were Biche and Alcmena. Biche made the campaign of 1745 with him; and was with him one day, when, having advanced to reconnoiter the position of the enemy's troops, he was pursued by a party of Austrian hussars. He hid himself under a bridge, with Biche wrapped in the breast of his coat. The dog, though generally of a noisy and barking disposition, seemed aware of her master's danger, and remained quiet and hardly breathing till the Austrians had passed over the bridge and were at a distance. At the battle of Soor, Biche was taken with the king's baggage, but was restored to her master. General Rothemburg, who brought her upon her return into the king's room, found the monarch so entirely occupied in writing that he did not look up when his favorite entered. The dog immediately jumped upon the table

and put her two front paws upon the king's neck, who was moved to tears at this proof of her affection. Alcmena was a favorite greyhound belonging to the king of Prussia, to which he was so much attached that at her death for a day or two he abandoned himself to his grief; and it was long before he would allow the corpse of the dog, although it had become putrid, to be taken from his apartment and buried.—LORD DOVER, "Life of Frederick II.," citing as authority Thiebault and others.

The king [Frederick William II.] has confirmed all with a very good grace. The only article [in the will of Frederick the Great] that he will not agree to was a strange whim of the late king, relative to the interment of his body; he wished to be buried beside his dogs. Such is the last mark of contempt he thought proper to cast upon mankind.—MIRABEAU, "A Secret Mission."

The king was a great taker of snuff. I could not get even a sight of his snuff-boxes, of which he has a most magnificent collection. That he carries is of enormous size and he takes it not by pinches, but by handfuls. It is difficult to approach him without sneezing. They pretend that the perquisite that comes to the valets de chambre from the snuff they get by drying his handkerchiefs is quite considerable.—LORD MALMESBURY, "Diaries and Correspondence."

His snuff-box, the only gaudy thing about him, was of gold, of an enormous size, and to this he was most perpetually resorting, not for pinches, but, as I had almost said, for handfuls.—MAJOR SEMPLE LISLE, "Autobiography."

Frederick the Great behaved more prettily [than Louis XVIII.] when one of his pages took the same liberty [taking a pinch of snuff out of the royal snuff-box], and for the lad it was almost an impertinence. He had seen the page through a window in the act of taking a pinch. "Do you like that snuff-box?" he called out. The page, reddening to his ear tips, stammered out that he thought it pretty. "Well, then, take it, my boy," said the king; "it is not large enough for both of us."—*Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1877.

He wished, as far as possible, to conceal every appearance of decay and would have felt himself hurt had any one seen him mount his horse. Unable to vault into the saddle, as he used to do, he always got between the horse and a wall. This was a signal for all, except those employed in mounting him, to look another way. As soon as he had got his foot into the stirrup, a powerful hussar in a twinkling hoisted his majesty into the saddle; once there, he galloped off immediately.—MAJOR SEMPLE LISLE.

Touching a Sympathatic Chord

While passing through Magdeburg he was offered the present of money which it was customary to give to the heir apparent, but he declined; his father compelled him to accept it, but he declared that he would keep it until he could control his own outlays and then divide it among the inhabitants of Magdeburg who were oppressed with heavy taxes. While he was passing through Strassburg he was presented with two hundred ducats; he at once directed it to be divided among the poor and cautioned his tutors not to let the king know of what had happened.—LAVISSE.

The king of Prussia does very noble actions without notifying his people. He has just sent fifty thousand francs in a very pretty little casket to an old lady of the court, whom his father had condemned to punishment entirely in the Turkish style. This ancient despotic wrong of the late king was spoken of again some time ago; he was unwilling either to show disrespect to the memory of his father or to allow the injustice to remain. He chose an estate of the lady as the scene of a sham fight of ten thousand troops—a kind of spectacle worthy of the conqueror of Austria. He pretended that during the exercises a hedge had been cut down on the land of the lady in question. Not a twig of it had been laid low; but he persisted in saying that damage had been done and sent the fifty thousand francs to repair it.—VOLTAIRE, letter to d'Argental, September 1, 1750.

During his illness he was so much reduced that a lusty strong hussar was compelled to lift him from his bed to his chair and back again. One day, when this faithful domestic was lifting his master from his bed, the iron heel of his boot slipped on the wax-rubbed boards, so that he found that he must unavoidably fall; he had, however, the presence of mind to toss his majesty on the bed, while he himself measured his length on the floor. Frightened to death, the hussar did not venture to raise his head, and the king, who was hardly able to speak from debility, was rendered perfectly speechless with laughter at this droll accident. As soon as he recovered his speech, he encouraged the honest soldier to rise and conceived such a liking to him for his sudden resource of

thought, that he never would part with him from about his person.—MAJOR SEMPLE LISLE.

He was once [in his youth] hunting in the wild forest country of the Fichtelgebirge, when he saw an old peasant of eighty standing weeping at the door of his hut. The kind-hearted prince asked him what ailed him and the old man replied that his father had shaken and whipped him. The astonished prince was then confronted by his father, a still more venerable man aged one hundred and four. Needless to say, he effected a reconciliation and had the portrait of the centenarian painted and it still hangs in the Hermitage.—WILHELMINA, Margravine of Beyruth, "Memoirs."

Frederick the Great's coachman upset the carriage containing his master. Frederick began to swear like a trooper, but the coachman coolly asked, "And you, did you never lose a battle?" to which the king was forced to reply with a good-natured laugh.—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

In Jovial Mood

One day, as he was riding along the Jaegerstrasse at Berlin, he observed a crowd pressing forward and staring at a paper stuck high upon the wall. As he drew near, he saw that it was a satirical representation of himself, as engaged in the coffee monopoly, with one of his hands turning a coffee-mill and with the other greedily picking up a single bean which had fallen to the ground. Frederick turned coolly around to the *Heiduck* who attended him and said, "Take down that paper and hang it lower, so that the people need not strain their necks looking at it." And this the *Heiduck* was proceeding to do when the people, struck by their king's magnanimity, broke into loud huzzas and tore the injurious portrait into a thousand pieces.—*Quarterly Review*, December, 1847.

Sometimes he mingled with his familiarity with his soldiers a degree of good-humored pleasantry, which was peculiarly attaching. During the Seven Years' War, immediately previous to the battle of Lissa, a grenadier, a Frenchman, was brought before him, who had been taken in the act of deserting. "Grenadier," said the king to him, "why did you wish to quit us?" "Because, sire, our affairs go on so ill." "Well," replied Frederick, "I allow that they do not go on very well; but, my friend, just let us fight one more battle; and if after that our affairs do not go on any better, why, we will desert together." "Agreed, sire, I consent to that," replied the soldier; who retired without any more desire or thought of quitting the Prussian service.—LORD DOVER, citing Thiebault.

D'Argens, a little out of health and shivering with the cold in Berlin, asked leave of the king to take a ride to Gascony, his native province. He was absent so long that Frederick concluded that the air of the South of France was likely to detain his friend and, as he wanted his society and services, he contrived a trick to bring him back. He fabricated a *mandement* in the name of the Archbishop of Aix, commanding all the faithful to seize the Marquis d'Argens, author of "Ocellus," impious in the highest degree. This *mandement*, composed in a style of ecclesiastical eloquence, that was never excelled by pope, Jesuit, inquisitor or Sorbonnite, he sent in print by a courier to d'Argens, who, frightened out of his wits, fled by cross-roads out of France and back to Berlin, to the greater joy of the philosophical court and for the laugh of Europe, which they had raised at the expense of the learned marquis.—JOHN ADAMS, letter to Thomas Jefferson, May 6, 1816.

When the French minister Valory took leave of Frederick the Great, he asked him by what the king, his master, could do his Prussian majesty a service. "By a second revocation of the Edict of Nantes," said Frederick.—*Literary Gazette*, August, 1818.

Frederick found fault with the façade of a church at Potsdam and he caused it to be altered, by which process, however, some windows were shut up. The clergyman and congregation made remonstrances, declaring they could not see. But they were silenced by the text which Frederick alleged, "Blessed be they that have not seen and yet have believed."—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1873.

With strangers, or with those whom he wished to please, Frederick knew how to pay a compliment with inimitable taste and skill. How graceful, for example, his exclamation, to General Laudohn, the most able of all his adversaries, during the interviews with the emperor's court in 1770, when he saw the general seated on the other side of the table, "Pray, sir, take a place at my side; I do not like to have you opposite."—*Quarterly Review*, December, 1847.

These occurrences made him [Voltaire] determine upon going to Prussia. Only one difficulty remained, which was removed by an

incident so curious that it may amuse you for a moment. The difficulty lay in the traveling expenses, about which Frederick required a little solicitation. He was perfectly willing to pay Voltaire's expenses and agreed to give him a thousand louis for that purpose. But Madame Denis wished to accompany her uncle; Voltaire asked a thousand more for her. To this the king of Prussia would on no account listen. "I shall be very glad," said he, "that Madame Denis accompany you, but I do not ask it." "See now," said Voltaire to me, "this niggardly behavior on the part of the king. He has tons of gold, and yet he will not give a thousand poor louis to have the pleasure of seeing Madame Denis at Berlin. He shall give them; otherwise I myself will not go." This dispute was terminated by a ludicrous incident. One morning, as I went to call upon him, I met his friend Thiriot in the garden of the Palais Royal, and, as he was in search of literary news, I asked him if there was any. "Yes, indeed there is, and very curious too," said he. "You are on your way to M. Voltaire's; there you will hear it; for I mean to go there also, as soon as I have taken coffee." I found Voltaire writing in bed. He asked me, "What news?" "I know none," said I, "but Thiriot, whom I met at the Palais Royal, says he has something very interesting to tell you. He will be here presently." "Well, Thiriot," said he, "you have curious news then to tell us?" "Oh, very curious, and with which you will be vastly delighted," replied Thiriot, with his sardonic laugh and the nasal twang of a Capuchin. "Well, let us hear what you have to say." "I have to say that Arnauld Baculard has arrived at Potsdam and that the king of Prussia has received him with open arms." "With open arms!" "That Arnaud has presented him with a poem." "Stupid, bombastical stuff?" "Not at all; vastly pretty; so much so that the king of Prussia has written another in answer." "The king of Prussia, a poem to Arnaud! Come, come, Thiriot, they have been making jest of you." "That may be, only I have the two poems in my pocket." "Quick! Let's see. Let me read these two masterpieces. How insipid! How flat! How mean!" said he, reading Arnaud's poem. Then, taking up the king's, he read for a moment in silence, with a look of pity. But when he came to these lines, "Voltaire begins to set; but you are in your dawn," he sprang up and leaped out of bed, bounding with rage. "Voltaire beginning to set and Baculard in his dawn! And a king can write such enormous folly. Ah, let him never think of anything but reigning." We had the greatest difficulty, Thiriot and I, to keep from bursting into laughter when we saw Voltaire dancing about in his shirt and furiously apostrophizing the king of Prussia. "I will go," said he; "yes, I will go and teach him to know men," and that instant his journey was fixed. My suspicion is that the king of Prussia intentionally applied this spur to him, otherwise I doubt much if he would have gone, so irritated was he at the refusal of the thousand louis, not at all out of avarice, but from mortification at not having attained his end. —Jean François Marmontel, "Memoirs."

During the time Voltaire was resident with the king of Prussia at Potsdam, an Englishman happened to be there, who told the king that he could retain, word for word, any discourse of considerable length, after having once heard or read it. Frederick resolved to put him to the proof and the Englishman made good his assertion. Voltaire happened at this moment to be announced. He came to read to the king a copy of verses he had just written. Frederick, to amuse himself, concealed the Englishman in an adjoining closet and ordered him to retain word for word what Voltaire should read to him. The poet was introduced and read his verses. The king listened to them with apparent coolness and said, "Indeed, my dear Voltaire, I cannot conceive what you are about, since you sometimes take the verses of others and pass them off for your own." Voltaire protested that the verses were his own and that he had only that moment finished them. "Well," said the king, "however that may be, I have just seen an Englishman who has repeated them to me as his own writing." Frederick ordered the Englishman to be called in and desired him to recite the verses he had shown him that morning. The Englishman immediately repeated the lines of the poet, without the variation of a word. Voltaire flew into a passion and declared that the gentleman must deal with the devil. The king for some time amused himself with the poet's anger, but at last let him into the secret.—Percy, "Anecdotes."

The manner in which Poellnitz was induced to change his religion for the last time is sufficiently curious and shows the little consideration with which the king treated him. One day the baron was complaining to Frederick of his poverty, a subject upon which he was very eloquent, when the latter, after listening with apparent in-

terest, said to him with an air of kindness: "I should very much like to be of use to you; but what can I do? You know that I can only just manage by means of economy to find funds for what I am obliged to do, in consequence of the poverty of my territories. If you were still a Catholic I could give you a canonry; every now and then I have a good one fall vacant. At this moment, indeed, there is one unfilled, and I do not know whom to give it to; you can conceive I would much rather you should have it than many others. But you are now of the reformed religion; that is to say, of the one which is unhappily the poorest of all, and which therefore offers me no means of being of use to you—a circumstance which, I assure you, I very much regret." The baron was deceived by the air of frankness with which the king uttered these words; and, trusting implicitly to what he had heard, he proceeded to act accordingly. That very evening he made his abjuration in form and the next morning came to Frederick to announce that he had followed his advice and that he now hoped to receive the benefice which his majesty had led him to expect. "I am exceedingly sorry," replied the king with much gravity, "but I have this very morning given away the canonry I spoke about. This is a sad disappointment to me, but could I imagine that you were so ready again to change your religion? What can I now do? Ah, I remember that I still have a situation of rabbi to appoint. Become a Jew and I promise it to you."—Lord Dover, citing Thiebault.

Duport, the first violoncello player of Europe, being sent for to Berlin by Frederick, counted on remaining there five or six months only. The king, hearing that he was preparing to depart, charged several of his musicians to give him an entertainment and to make him drunk. When in this condition he was made to sign in his own hand an engagement, by which he entered one of the king's regiments in the capacity of a drummer; so that he could not leave Prussia without exposing himself to be punished with death as a deserter. It was thus that this great artist was fixed at Brandenburg. He was at first excessively enraged, but a large pension and an excellent marriage soon consoled him. He was an inhabitant of Sans Souci together with his family when I went to visit that royal residence.—Madame de Genlis, "Memoirs."

My grandfather served for three years under Frederick the Great and told me this anecdote: An ensign made a blunder during the maneuver of troops at a review. The king, as was his wont when annoyed, fell into a violent rage and pursued the terrified ensign stick in hand. The young soldier ran for very life and jumped a ditch, leaving the king on the other side shaking his stick at him in a fury. Shortly after the escape of the ensign the colonel of the regiment came up to the king and said, "Your majesty, the young man committed a blunder, doubtless. I have just received his resignation from your majesty's service," placing the document in the king's hands. "I am sorry for it, for he was a good officer; but he can take no other step under the circumstances." The king answered, "Send him to me." The ensign was sent for and came trembling, lest this time the stripes should in reality fall upon his shoulders, or, still worse, he might be sent to prison. Without any preface the king replied: "Here is your captaincy, sir, which I endeavored to give you this morning, but you ran away so swiftly that my old legs could not catch you up."—W. B. Richmond, *The North American Review*, September, 1914, quoting Prince Bismarck.

The magistrate in an inconsiderable village in the electorate of Brandenburg had committed a burgher to prison, who was charged with having blasphemed God, the king and the magistrate. The burgomaster reported the same to the king in order to know what punishment such a criminal deserved. In the margin of the prisoner's case, which was transmitted to him, Frederick wrote with his own hand the following sentence: "That the prisoner has blasphemed God is a sure proof that he does not know Him; that he has blasphemed me I willingly forgive; but as he has blasphemed the magistrate of the town he shall be punished in an exemplary manner: and therefore I order him to be committed prisoner to the fortress of Spandau for half an hour."—Towers, quoting Latrobe.

The princess Elizabeth Christina Ulrica of Brunswick, who was married in 1765 to the Prince Royal of Prussia, was afterwards divorced from him and kept in a kind of confinement at Stettin. At the time when that princess was in that situation, she gave orders to have some rich stuffs sent from Lyons and directed to her at Stettin. As foreign stuffs pay a very large duty in the Prussian dominions, the collector of customs thought proper to detain them, because the princess had given no directions for the payment of the duty. The princess was highly incensed at this but sent word

to the collector that she would satisfy his demands and desired him to come himself with the stuffs for that purpose. Her orders were obeyed but the collector was no sooner introduced into her presence than she took the stuffs from him with great indignation and at the same time gave him two or three cuffs in the face. The collector, enraged at this treatment, addressed a long and very formal memorial to the king, setting forth how much he had been dishonored in the performance of his duty. To this complaint Frederick in his own hand returned the following answer: "The loss of the duty must be placed to my account; the stuffs must remain with the princess, the cuffs with him that received them. As to the supposed dishonor, I cancel it at the request of the complainant, but it is of itself null, for the white hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonor the face of a custom-house officer." —TOWERS.

He had in his service several *Kammerhusaren*, as the Germans called them, or, as the French might have said, *sous-valets de chambre*. One of these men, then with his majesty at Sans Souci, accidentally let fall a letter which he had written to his sweetheart at Berlin and that letter was picked up by the king. It read as follows: "My dear Charlotte—I fear that I shall not find it possible to call on you to-day, nor yet for some days to come, for I must stay at home in close attendance on the growling old bear (*Brummbaer*)." Frederick was by no means pleased at finding himself so designated. But, sending for the *Kammerhusar*, he calmly asked him whether he knew how to write. "A little," said the man. "Then sit down at that table," said Frederick, "and write what I shall dictate." His majesty then began dictating, word for word, the intercepted letter. The *Kammerhusar*, perceiving what had happened, fell on his knees and implored forgiveness. "Sit down again," said the king, "and go on writing as I bid you." And the king then further dictated as follows: "My dear Charlotte—It is now most probable that several weeks will elapse before I have the happiness of seeing you, since the growling old bear has just signed a warrant sending me as a prisoner to Spandau." To Spandau the valet was sent accordingly. But he was not left there more than a few days.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1873.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I., 1688-1740. King of Prussia.

The new king showed from childhood a great dislike for luxury and ceremonies. When he was quite a child, one day he was powdered and curled for some gala occasion; he crawled up the chimney, from where he was drawn forth, covered with soot. After a brocade nightgown had been tried on him he threw it into the fire. He became furious at the sight of big wigs. One day some of the courtiers in the royal antechamber were warming themselves, their heads being thrown back so as not to burn their wigs, which had cost them two hundred dollars each, when he compelled them to throw them all into the fire. On another occasion a servant of the house was picked up at the bottom of the staircase whither he had been kicked by the prince.

He had a horror of French fashions and issued an edict compelling the condemned, "the greatest criminals of them all," to wear gallooned hats and bags for the hair, in order that the people of Berlin might acquire a distaste for fashions set by the French minister.

One day, after chatting with a pretty woman, General Grumkow offered to forward the acquaintance; the king rejected the offer in strong language. He declared that he did not intend to be untrue to Sophia Dorothea, whom he called his Fieckchen, or Fifi. On another occasion he met one of the ladies-in-waiting of the queen on the staircase; he caught her around the waist and began joking with her. She slapped his face. "Oh, the spiteful little devil," he cried, and that ended the incident. Perhaps these two anecdotes are not authentic, but they are all that are left us to tell of the gallantry of this monarch, and that in such a century.

He knew George II. when that monarch was only the grandson of the Elector of Hanover; he played with him and even gave him a beating; he was disgusted at the fact that such a character should become so great a monarch and lord it over him. He referred to him as "my dear brother, the comedian," or, "my dear brother, the red cabbage." The language he used toward him would not bear repetition. He never called Augustus of Poland anything but "the clothes peg." He was childish in venting his ill humor on these princes. Because it was Saxony ware he smashed a service of china; it had come from the king of Poland. While sick and complaining of the treatment he had received from England, he remembered that the king of England had once given him a horse and that the animal was still in the royal stables; he insisted that the animal should be turned out. When he was advised to give it to the

Prince of Anhalt, "the enemy of everything English," he consented, for he thought that thus his vengeance would be complete. Because wood was destined for England he refused passports for it.

He was absolutely indifferent to the infidelity of his political agents. He made the following note on the report of one minister: "You are too fond of guineas," and on another, "You are too fond of louis," but he dismissed neither. In fact, he seemed to take pleasure in the fact that these "Mazarins," as he called them, should receive from foreign sovereigns what la Chetardie referred to as "tokens of sentiment and essential proofs of gratitude." "I know," he said, "that France bribes my people and I know all the details. Very well. If the people of France are so foolish as to pension my subjects, the latter ought to accept. The money will come to this country and the recipients and their children will spend it here, but if they think they can fool me they are very much mistaken."

He actually took pride in having inserted in the treaty he made with the emperor "more than sixty restrictions and equivocal phrases which might render it void."

To compel his guests to eat fish that had been scaled but not killed; to threaten to lock up the whole faculty of physicians unless within a given time they relieved him of a pimple he had formed on his tongue; to thrash a physician for not curing one of his little girls of the smallpox as quickly as he thought the cure should have been effected; to parade through the city with suite, guard and torches at ten o'clock at night, shouting and yelling, and to fire at a miller who passed him by; these are indications of an unsound mind.—ERNEST LAVISSE, "The Youth of Frederick the Great."

Frederick William I. listened to the successive pleadings of two barristers opposed to one another, remarking after each speech, "This fellow is in the right," and then fell into such furious passion at the effect of eloquence that both orators got into serious trouble (the monarchical régime being what it then was) through the very excellence of their persuasive powers.—PRINCE BISMARCK, Speech in the Reichstag, April 29, 1881, quoted by MORITZ BUSCH, "Our Chancellor."

Even while distracted with the gout, his eccentricity showed itself; for, as a hymn was being sung to him, at the passage, "Naked shall I go hence," he interrupted the singers and said, "No, I shall be buried in my uniform."—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

Towards the end of this year arrived the Czar Peter the Great and his wife Catherine at Berlin; who seem to have been most unwelcome guests to the court, on account of their uncouth and barbarous manners, and to the king on account of the additional expense which was entailed upon him by their visit. Upon this occasion he wrote the following characteristic epistle to the general directory: "I shall allot six thousand dollars to be paid by the finance directory, to defray the charge of the czar's journey from Memel to Wesel. While he is at Berlin the expense of his entertainment will be a separate account. I will not give a single farthing more, but to the world you must give out that it has cost me thirty or forty thousand dollars."—LORD DOVER, "Life of Frederick II.," quoting F. FOERSTER, "The Youth of Frederick the Great."

Why should not Europe be under the impression that he loved his soldiers for show? In 1734, when he sent troops to the imperial army on the Rhine, he stipulated that they should not march more than two miles per day, or three at the utmost, and that every fourth day they were to rest; they were never to break up or be confined to fortresses, and after each campaign they were to go into comfortable winter quarters for six months.—LAVISSE.

One of his chief cares was the establishment of a race of giants in his dominions, from among whom his grenadiers might always be replenished. In furtherance of this object he was accustomed, whenever he saw a woman of extraordinary stature, to marry her forthwith to one of his guards, without in the slightest degree consulting her inclinations on the subject. On one occasion, on going from Potsdam to Berlin, he met a young, handsome and well-made girl, of an almost gigantic size; he was struck with her and, having stopped and spoken to her, he learned from her that she was a Saxon and not married—that she had come on business to the market at Berlin, and was now returning to her village in Saxony. "In that case," said Frederick William to her, "you pass before the gates of Potsdam and, if I give you a note to the commandant, you can deliver it without going out of your way. Take charge, therefore, of the note which I am about to write and promise me to deliver it yourself to the commandant, and you shall have a dollar for your pains." The girl, who knew the king's character well, promised

all that he wished. The note was written, sealed and delivered to her with the dollar; but the Saxon, aware of the fate that awaited her at Potsdam, did not enter the town. She found near the gate a very little, old woman, to whom she made over the note and the dollar, recommending her to execute the commission without delay and acquainting her at the same time that it came from the king and regarded some urgent and pressing business. After this our gigantic young heroine continued her journey with as much rapidity as possible. The old woman, on the other hand, hastened to the commandant, who opened the note, and found in it a positive order to marry the bearer to a certain grenadier, whose name was mentioned. The old woman was much surprised at this result; she, however, submitted herself without murmuring to the orders of his majesty; but it was necessary to employ all the power of authority, mingled with alternate menaces and promises, to overcome the extreme repugnance, and even despair, of the soldier. It was not until the next day that Frederick William discovered that he had been imposed upon, and that the soldier was inconsolable at his misfortune. No other resource remained to the king but to order the immediate divorce of the new-married couple.—LORD DOVER, citing Thiebault.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a poor Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France also and, probably without much knowledge or care whether he were moving to the North or to the South Pole, found himself in Prussian territory. This was in the day of the first Frederick, famous for his tall regiment of guards. . . . Morgan was an Irish giant and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who forced him to volunteer into the tall battalion. . . . One evening a Turkish recruit was brought in, for Frederick looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man and the Turk was full seven feet high. "How much did his majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan to his corporal. "Four hundred dollars," was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk. "Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan; "I am a dwarf to any one of them and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." . . . The colonel took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he at once had lost all memory on the subject. "He had no brothers; he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations and there he hoped to live and die." But he was urged still more strongly and at length confessed that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that nothing on earth could "stir them from their spades." After some time the king inquired for the five recruits and was indignant at the impossibility of enlisting them. "Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back." The order was given but Morgan was broken-hearted "at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederick's word was always irrevocable, and Morgan with a disconsolate face prepared to set out upon his mission. But a difficulty struck him: "How was he to make his brothers come unless he showed them the recruiting money?" This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. . . . Morgan flew to his home in County Carlow, delighted the firesides for many miles around with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers. . . . Once a year, on the anniversary of the day on which he left Potsdam and his giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his home, turned himself in the direction of Prussia and with the most contemptuous gesture he could contrive bade good-by to his majesty. The story was long a source of great amusement and its hero bore through life the name earned by the exploit, Morgan Prussia.—GEORGE CROLY, "Life of George IV."

"Once a rural pastor died of the shock occasioned by seeing his taller sacramental communicants carried off en masse by a recruiting party who thought that the Sunday congregation would spare them all further trouble in hunting through the cottages."—DR. VEHSE, "Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy and Diplomacy of Austria."

In the town of Julich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter. One day a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman (Baron von Homspech, the records name him) enters the shop; wants a "stout chest, with

locks on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet in length especially, and that is an indispensable point—in fact, it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmerman: What is the cost? When can it be ready?" Cost, time and the rest are settled. "A right, stout chest, then; and see that you don't forget the size; if too short it will be no use to me, mind." *"Ja wohl, gewiss,"* and the positive-looking, well-clad gentleman goes his way. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready; we hope an unexceptionable article. "Too short, as I dreaded," says the positive gentleman. "Nay, your honor," says the carpenter, "I am certain it is six feet six," and takes out his foot rule. "Psha-w! It was to be longer than yourself." "Well, it is." "No; it isn't." The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place and find—horrible to relate—the poor carpenter dead; choked by want of air in this frightful middle passage of his. Name of the town is given, Julich as above; date not. And if the thing had only been a popular myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the tall carpenter lay dead and Homspesch got "imprisonment for life" by the business.—THOMAS CARLYLE, "Frederick the Great," citing Poellnitz and Foerster.

When the old king was seized with his mortal illness, he asked whether "it was necessary to forgive all his enemies." On receiving the proper answer, he said to the queen, "Dorothy, write to your brother that I forgive him all the evil he has done me; but wait till I am dead first."—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1844, citing First Earl of Malmesbury, "Diaries and Correspondence."

FREDERICK WILLIAM II., 1744-1797. King of Prussia.

It is said he rode through the ranks, urging a forward charge, calling to the soldiers, "Look at me; which of you offers so large a target for a bullet?"—GILBERT STANHOPE, "A Mystic on the Prussian Throne."

FREDERICK WILLIAM III., 1770-1840. King of Prussia.

On the occasion of the king's return from St. Petersburg in 1818, he found the road in the near approach to Ebling crowded with people, who intended to take the horses from his carriage and draw him with huzzas into the town. His adjutant, General von Witzleben, who had preceded him, knowing that such servile demonstrations of homage would displease the king, exerted himself to prevent the well-meaning people from such like display of loyalty, but in vain; they maintained it to be proper and suited to their feelings. When the king arrived and was received with loud shouts, he thanked them most cordially. But when they began to unhook his horses, and he saw the folks ready to draw his carriage, the king forbade them in these words: "It is beneath the dignity of man to do services which belong to the beast; my love for my subjects is too great to accept of such debasement." But these mild words did but animate and strengthen the masses in their purpose. The king now saw disobedience in their perseverance and became vehement—commanding that those who resisted orders should be taken forthwith into custody. Several were arrested and the West Prussian authorities put the matter in train before the criminal court; but it was quashed by the king's word of mouth, who took that opportunity to make known that he never would accept of demonstrations of attachment in which respect for the dignity of man was wounded.—BISHOP F. R. EYLERT, "Characteristic Traits of the Domestic Life of Frederick William III."

The king was resolute in his rejection of external forms which restrained his natural inclinations. One day there was a question as to the ceremonial required for the reception of congratulations from a foreign court, which was to take place with all due forms of etiquette in Berlin the following day. The Countess von Vosz, who knew the minutest details in all such cases, remarked that on such a grand occasion the state carriages should be used and that the king and queen must have the royal state carriage, with eight horses richly caparisoned, two state coachmen and three state footmen in their best livery. "Well," said the king, "you may order it as you will." The next morning, when the brilliant equipage came up, the king put the countess into the carriage, shut the door very suddenly and cried out to the coachman, "Go on." He then jumped into his own open ordinary carriage, with two horses only, which he was in the habit of driving himself, and thus drove the queen immediately behind the countess in the state carriage, amidst the laughter and delight of the by-

standers.—MRS. C. RICHARDSON, "Memoirs of the Private Life and Opinions of Louisa, Queen of Prussia."

Once when the king was entering a considerable town the superintendent of the place thought it proper to greet him with a eulogistic address. Frederick interrupted him, turning indignantly to the adjutant, Colonel Witzleben, "This is not to be endured—the man speaks plain untruths." Then, taking out the paper on which stood the names of those intended to the afternoon entertainment, with his own hand he scored out the name of the superintendent.

When a court officer, on the king's return to Berlin in 1809, after the unfortunate war of 1806, asked whether he should order a quantity of champagne, the answer was, "Not yet, not before all my subjects, even the poorest, can afford to drink beer again."—BISHOP EYLERT.

In spite of his openly pronounced predilection for Mademoiselle Lemière, and in spite of her great influence with him, his majesty never had any amour with the bold dame, nor with any other artiste—nay, he steered absolutely shy of any impure love affair whatever. So at least his private chamberlain, Timm, maintained, adding, "His majesty is much too bashful for such a thing and the image of his unfortunate Louise prevents him." After the king's death Louise's likeness was found in a secret case of the Order of the Black Eagle which he wore on his breast. The queen's rooms were kept exactly in the state in which they were during her lifetime. In her bedroom the Bible lay beside the golden dressing table. . . . In other respects, too, the king showed a real paternal care for the well being of his stage-actors, and not merely of the virtuous danseuses. In these things he altogether deserved the name of Frederick William the Just.—CAROLINE BAUER, "Diary."

When Kienal presented him a cup of bouilli, the dying king motioned it away, saying, "I cannot take it"; but the trusty and anxious man desisted not, saying, "The medical gentlemen have ordered it, and sinking strength requires support." The invalid rejoined, "My children, I desire it not; do not trouble me." The attached servant nevertheless continued to beseech him to take the broth; and with pitiful expressions of sorrow, such as are often used towards beloved equals, he said, "Well, then, your majesty, do drink it, if only to please me." Tears at the same time gushing from his eyes, he left the room hastily, placing the cup in the hands of his constant nurse and affectionate consort, the Princess of Liegnitz, who was sitting close to the bed. "The kindly meaning man," muttered the king, "did you remark his tears, my dear Augusta? Drink it, instead of me, that on his return, seeing the cup empty, he may feel consoled."—BISHOP EYLERT.

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., 1795-1861. King of Prussia.

He [Moltke] particularly liked to relate anecdotes about the kings of Prussia. . . . Frederick William IV. on one occasion felt obliged to see a play which bored him extremely and when he was leaving the theater he saw that the attendant had fallen asleep. 'Aha," whispered the king to his adjutant, "he has listened to it."

The same king was standing at the door of a supper room with Moltke during a pause at a court concert and a young beauty wished to go in, but did not venture to pass the king. *"Passez beauté,"* said the king with a gallant wave of his hand, when an older lady took the opportunity to skip towards the buffet. The king, with a wink at Moltke, whispered, *"Beauté passée."*—F. A. DRESSLER, "Moltke in His Home."

In Berlin, too, when I had become minister, I did not refuse to dance when called up by ladies of my acquaintance or commanded by princesses, but I always had to hear sarcastic remarks from the king for doing so. He would say to me, for instance, "I am reproached for having selected a frivolous minister. You should not confirm that impression by dancing." The princesses were forbidden to choose me for a partner. . . . In his notion a dancing statesman was in place only in the formal quadrilles of princes; in the rapid waltz one lost all credit, in his eyes, for wisdom in council.—PRINCE BISMARCK, "Thoughts and Recollections."

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

It is worth while observing that at the taking of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789, there were found but six or seven prisoners, three of them insane, who were afterwards sent to madhouses; the rest for forgery and scandalous offenses unfit for public trial. There was no state prisoner. On the 27th of the same month of July, in 1794, the fifth year of liberty, the prisons of Paris contained 8,913 prisoners; to this number must be added 2,637, who had passed in the preceding years from the prisons to the scaffold.—*Quarterly Review*, September, 1853.

Society in Brussels was far more like a gathering of friends in search of pleasure than a concourse of exiles and outlaws. The most brilliant country fête, the most delightful visit to Spa, was never accompanied by so much gaiety and dissipation of every kind. It was at supper parties, where merriment ran as high as in happier days in Paris, that the Brussels newspaper was generally read—the sheet that recorded the names, day by day, of the victims whom Robespierre had sent to the scaffold. Among them were always to be found the names of relations, friends or intimate acquaintances of some of the guests present. It is only by comparing this astonishing insensibility with the indifference one feels on the field of battle that I can understand the possibility of it; the numbers of the dead and dying accustom the mind to the idea of destruction, and the first feeling of emotion is quickly effaced. The list of the guillotined appeared so unfailingly and regularly, and the sorrows it caused were awaited with so much certainty that the heart was inured to them. This, at all events, is the only light I can throw on the scene at Brussels, which was revolting, whenever one allowed oneself to dwell upon it.—COUNT ROGER DE DAMAS, "Memoirs."

News was frequently sent from Paris to the country in the lining of a coat, the crown of a hat, or a box of artificial flowers. It was customary to send with these packets a letter, saying, "In compliance with your request, I send you" such and such a thing. My mother was sometimes very reluctant to pull to pieces the beautiful articles of millinery which came from Paris in this way. I recollect she once wore a hat in which a letter was concealed a whole fortnight, without telling my father where it came from, because she knew he would have it pulled to pieces without mercy. It was, to be sure, a moment when no interesting news was likely to be communicated.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

It was he [Abbé Maury] who, pursued by an excited crowd shouting, *"À la lanterne! À la lanterne!"* turned around and asked them, pointing to a lamp over his head, "Well, if I were *à la lanterne*, would you see any clearer?" The hooting was converted into applause.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1882.

On one occasion his fondness for a joke led the Abbé [Maury] into a serious scrape. After the enforced return of the king, there was a mania against everything royal; the word was proscribed. In the abbé's neighborhood there was a furrier, whose sign was a tiger with the words, "Au Tigre Royal." "Unhappy man," exclaimed Maury, "what are you about? Do you wish to be stoned to death? Do you not know that the word 'royal' is everywhere effaced and is to be replaced with 'national'?" The poor furrier was simple enough to act upon this advice and the next day the inscription was changed to "Au Tigre National." The whole quarter was in a tumult and the furrier laid the blame on the abbé, who had to hide himself for some time.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1882.

Madame de Tesse was still a follower of Voltaire—a fact which did not prevent her making the sign of the cross behind her bed-curtains whenever she took medicine. She was, as became her, the sworn foe of the clergy; but when she found a persecuted curé, she loved him with all her heart. This church hater even had a chaplain. She had discovered a poor priest starving in a garret; too proud to accept charity, she could find no other way of administering it than by taking him into her household as her confessor, and attending divine service every day—the sole member of his limited congregation—so that he should not smart under the sense of a sinecure. When her niece came to her her mind was at ease. She knew he would now have enough occupation. Besides the chaplain she supported a family of poor curés near Lowenberg, on the produce of her kitchen garden. The ecstatic Pauline no sooner discovered this fact than she made it her duty to water the vegetables, and conscientiously inundated the nettles, which she was too aristocratic to recognize; but she was amply rewarded by a round of ecclesiastical visits to her aunt's friends . . . But the thought of the dead overpowered the thought of the living and Pauline was crushed by her griefs. At this terrible crisis Madame de Tesse's brain was entirely merged in her heart; Voltaire was despatched to the four winds and, with infinite trouble, she collected her priests and arranged to hold a mass for the dead, in the church of a neighboring town. It was attended by the whole family, including M. de Mun, and led by the duke, so shaken by emotion that his daughter thought he was converted.—EDITH SICHEL, "The Household of the Lafayettes."

Loizerolles, senior, received the indict ment. What a surprise! It bore not his name, but that of his son. Without a word he put the document into his pocket and awaited the sitting. Did the judges and

jurymen perceive the error? Not they. Not one of them had even read the names of the thirty unfortunate men whom they were condemning to death; not one of them had made any remark, when, on the name of François Simon Loizerolles, "aged twenty-two years," being mumbled by the usher, a white-haired old man replied, "It is I." He was sent to the scaffold with the others. Before ascending into the executioner's cart he confided in one of the prisoners of the Conciergerie, named Pranville. "These fellows are so stupid," said he; "they go to work so quickly that they have not time to look behind them. They want heads and it does not matter whose. After all, I am doing my son no harm. It is his mother who will benefit. And if, in the midst of these stormy times, a tranquil day arises, my son is young and will profit by it." And with these words he resolutely went to his death.—G. LENÔTRE, "The Tribunal of the Terror."

When she was on the point of swooning, one of these monstrous men, touched by a sudden emotion, ran to her and offered her a cup of water, into which, at the moment it approached her lips, a drop of blood fell from his polluted hands. Such was the origin of that hideous fable which presents to us Mademoiselle de Sombreuil compelled, as the condition of her father's pardon, to drink a goblet of human blood.—LOUIS BLANC, "History of the French Revolution."

Face to Face With Death

I really believe it is the easiest death possible. I cannot help remarking that of all those I have seen suffer I have not observed one instance of pusillanimity. Are then the French indeed heroes? Let no one say, "We see highwaymen act the same part in England." Alas, those were neither highwaymen nor soldiers. They were composed of priests, duchesses, maids of honor, philosophers (surely your readers will allow there were many of this cast) and revolutionists. All suffered with the same resolution, I may almost say gaiety.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1798.

On returning to his dungeon [Armand Louis de Gontaut, Duc de Biron, 1747-1793] he ordered oysters and white wine. While he was indulging in his final meal, the executioner entered to tell him that "the law could wait no longer." "I beg a thousand pardons, my friend," said the duke; "but do me the honor to allow me to finish my oysters." The request was granted. "But I had forgot," observed Biron, "you will have something to do to-day and a glass of wine will refresh you; permit me to fill one." The offer was graciously accepted. "Again, I had forgot," observed the duke; "there is our mutual friend, the turnkey." The turnkey was called in; three glasses were filled; the three were drunk off to good health and in a few minutes the head of the gay libertine, traitor and philosopher was rolling on the scaffold. —GEORGE CROLY, "Life of George IV."

When d'Espremenil was going to the scaffold, he was accompanied by le Chapelier, well known as one of the best orators of the Constituent Assembly, and who was to be executed with him. Le Chapelier, as they were ascending the steps, observed to his companion, that they were to have a terrible problem to solve in their last moments. "What is that?" said the other. "To determine," was the reply, "to which of us the hisses of the populace are meant to be addressed."—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1809.

A young musician, waiting at the Conciergerie for the gendarmes to take him to the tribunal which was his death sentence, remembering that his friend wanted a certain air, went back to his room, copied it and took it to his friend, saying, "My dear, here is what you wanted; the music is all right; I have just tried it on my flute. I am sorry not to be able to get you some more; I shall not be alive to-morrow."—CATHERINE BEARNE, "Heroines of French Society," citing "Memoires sur les Prisons."

M. Broglie, only two hours before the fatal knife fell on him, expecting the cart to take him to execution every moment, listened while M. Vigée, an author and fellow prisoner, read to him one of his works, during which he took out his watch and said, "My hour approaches; I do not know whether I shall have time enough left me to hear you out. No matter; go on till they send for me."—JOHN TIMBS, "Century of Anecdote."

It was he [Champcenetz, editor of "The Acts of the Apostles," etc.] who jestingly asked Coffinchal, the president of the court, "Pardon, president, is this worked like the National Guard? Can one get a substitute?" —GASTON MAUGRAS and COUNT P. DE CROZE-LEMERCIER, "Memoirs of the Marquis of Custine."

He [Jean Baptiste Cloots, better known as Anarchasis Cloots] encountered death with the utmost serenity; and on his way to the scaffold lectured Hebert on materialism, "to prevent him," as he said, "from feeling any

religious sentiments in his last moments." He also asked to be executed after his associates, "in order to have time to establish certain principles, while their heads were falling."—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1809.

One dark, gloomy day, during the height of the Terror, he was sitting in his studio early in the morning, busily making up the fire in his stove, for it was bitterly cold. There was a knock at the door, and a woman wrapped in a large cloak stood on the threshold, saying, "You are the painter Isabey?" "Yes. What do you want of me?" "I want you to do my portrait at once." "*Diable*, at once? You are in great haste!" said he, smiling. "It is not I who am in haste; it is the guillotine," replied the stranger; "to-day I am on the suspected list; to-morrow I shall no doubt be condemned. I have children. I wish to leave them a remembrance of me; that is why I come to ask you to paint my portrait. Will you?" "I am ready, Madame," said he, beginning at once to prepare his palette and brushes. "In what costume do you wish to be painted?" "In this," she answers; and, throwing off her hood and cloak, he saw a woman still young and pretty, her hair powdered and covered with a simple little cap, a gray silk dress, green apron, high-heeled shoes, and a carton in her hand. "I am Madame Venotte," she went on; "I had the honor to be *maréchale de dentelles* to *la sainte reine* whom they have sent to God. I wish my children always to see me in the costume I used to wear when Marie Antoinette deigned to admit me to her presence." Though he painted this portrait in haste, with tears in his eyes, it was one of the best ever done by Isabey.

Poppo, the celebrated violinist, was also seized and dragged before the bloodthirsty *comité du salut public*. "Your name?" "Poppo." "Your profession?" "I play the violin." "What did you do in the time of the tyrant?" "I played the violin." "What do you do now?" "I play the violin." "And what shall you do for the nation?" 'I shall play the violin." Wonderful to say, he was acquitted.—COMTESSE DE BASSANVILLE, "Salons d'Autrefois."

The Madness of the Mob

The Terror had reached its final stage; to be suspected of being suspected was enough to secure your arrest; to be arrested meant being sentenced to death. It is a well-known story of the inhabitant of Paris, who, on presenting himself at the barriers, though he had a spencer, a fine cockade in his hat, and even a little red cap in his buttonhole, went through the following conversation: "Your ticket of safety?" "Here." "Your enrolment in the National Guard?" "There it is." "Your certificate of civism?" "Here you are." "You rascal," cried his questioner; "you are too correct by half; and I arrest you." It was the moment of the big batches and three days later the poor citizen was guillotined.—GENERAL PAUL THIEBAULT, "Memoirs."

Nothing seems to have exasperated the people more than attempts by the nobles to participate on a footing of equality with them in civil duties and rights. M. de Bois d'Aisy was nearly hanged for wishing to vote.—J. C. MORISON, *Macmillan's Magazine*, May-July, 1878.

The postmaster in a town in the Vendée, who, as is usual in that region, observed his religious duties, was sent for by the *sous-préfet*, who said to him: "It is reported that you are a constant attendant at church on Sundays; more than that, you always take a book with you; and a man who follows a service with a book must not be surprised if he is put down as a Clerical. Besides, there are your daughters: the eldest, who is being educated at a convent, sings in the chapel choir, and her sister makes the collection at the parish church. Now all these things are noted in your *dossier*, and I think it fair to warn you that you are getting the reputation of being a Clerical." A terrible indictment truly! No wonder the poor postmaster was perplexed for a reply. But fortunately he consulted the curé of the parish, and fortunately the curé was a man of the world, who gave the soundest counsel. Instantly distinguishing between the essential and the trivial, he convinced the postmaster that he must not sacrifice his career for an unimportant zeal. "Leave your prayer book at home," said he, "if it offends the anti-Clericals; tell the sisters not to let your daughter sing in the choir and I will find another of our young friends to take the place of your second girl in making the collection on Sundays." Thus the situation was saved.—J. E. C. BODLEY, "France."

Talma told our author [Augustus von Kotzebue] that he was one day in company with a large party, when the whim struck them to play *à la guillotine*. This they did with a fire screen, which they pulled up and let down on the necks of such as chose to suffer. It happened that in less than two days after, the whole party, except Talma, were called upon to repeat the divertissement

in a more public and ceremonious manner, with a better apparatus provided at public expense.—*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1804.

The singer Desaugiers was well known for his quick and ready answers. Being still in Paris during the Terror, although never of republican opinions, he was obliged of course to wear the tricolor cockade. One day he forgot to put it on and presented himself without it at the gates of the Tuileries in order to go into the gardens, but was bruskly stopped by the official, who asked why he was not wearing it; while a crowd of sinister faces at once began to gather around him. Desaugiers saw his danger, but with his usual presence of mind showed neither fear nor confusion. Taking off his hat he looked at it slowly with surprise, saying, as if to himself, "It is true; I have not my cockade. No doubt I must have forgotten and left it on my nightcap." Most of the rabid mob believed him so fanatical a republican that he wore the tricolor by night as well as by day; a few, who guessed the truth, admired his presence of mind and let him escape.—COUNTESS DE BASSANVILLE.

The executioner generally cut the hair of the condemned close off, it being his perquisite. Sanson, one of his class, possessed a cupboard at one time filled with the hair of the individuals, male and female, whom he had cropped before their execution—treasured, no doubt, for sale to hairdressers. The object of this operation was to prevent the edge of the ax, as it fell, from meeting with any resistance on the nape of the neck. The hair coming between the knife and the integument might deaden the edge. What an idea of ladies wearing false hair, supplied from the scissors of the executioner! Yet the fact cannot be doubted.—JOHN TIMBS, "Century of Anecdote."

She [Madame de Genlis] was living in a pension full of *émigrés* at Dresden. Alone in her room and, divided as usual between thoughts of pedantry and of love, she was pursuing her nightly studies of geology and the harp. It was just striking twelve when a knock at her door startled her. She at once apprehended a midnight lover, prepared herself for defense and told him to come in. Her fears seemed fulfilled when a bald old gentleman, her fellow *pensionnaire*, rushed into the apartment and folded her in his arms. She struggled in vain. "Robespierre is dead!" he cried, "therefore I kiss you, Madame!" and, propriety satisfied, she conscientiously returned the embrace.—EDITH SICHEL, "The Household of the Lafayettes."

People amuse themselves with their future instrument of torture as if it were a toy. In a Girondin salon they play at guillotine with a movable screen that is lifted and let fall again. At elegant dinners a little guillotine is brought in with the dessert and takes the place of a sweet dish. A pretty woman places a doll representing some political adversary under the knife; it is decapitated in the neatest possible style, and out of it runs something red that smells good, a liqueur perfumed with ambergris, into which every lady hastens to dip her lace handkerchief. French gaiety would make a vaudeville out of the day of judgment.—IMBERT SAINT-AMAND, "Marie Antoinette and the Downfall of Royalty."

[The prison Les Oiseaux] owes its name to an immense aviary in the garden, which was visible from the street. At the beginning of the Revolution the "patriots" of the section showed at once the value of their humanitarian ideals and their utter incapacity for self-government by scaling the walls and restoring the birds to liberty, with the result that all that did not die of hunger were devoured by the cats of the section.—W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE, "Daughters of Eve."

Having paid a visit to her native country [France], she returned to St. Petersburg about the beginning of this winter [1797] and appeared in public in a dress entirely *à la guillotine*, that is to say, in a scarlet stuff, made so as to fit close to the body, with pantaloons descending close to the feet, and covered with light transparent gauze; the breasts entirely bare as well as the arms as high up as the shoulders; the hair from behind drawn back very tight and fastened emblematically on the top of the head.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1801.

A costume blending that of the artisan and the gamekeeper displayed Charles Fox as a Jacobin *à la mode* in 1793. In that year, thus habited, he electrified his Woolbeding friends as he entered the drawing room with cropped hair, no hair powder, neither ruffles to his sleeves nor buckles to his shoes, but as a substitute for the latter positively nothing less vulgar than strings. "My dear Charles," said Lord Robert Spencer, with a twinkle in his eye as he looked at his visitor, "I protest, to make the thing complete you must give us your friend Jean de Lille's Marseillaise hymn." Women of fashion piqued themselves on quickly catching the inspiration of "dear Charles." Hitherto a lock of hair like that stolen from Miss Arabella Fermor by Lord Petre, immortalized by Pope, had been the

universal vogue. Suddenly these tresses disappeared; ladies of all ages and all ranks exhibited heads, rounded *à la victime* and *à la guillotine*, as if ready for the stroke of the ax.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Society in the Country House."

In the dawn of the cold morning [January 21, 1794] in Ventose troops are drawn up in battle array around the guillotine. Behind their serried ranks are the people, who are curious as to the spectacle which Antoine Louis Albitte is about to afford them. A warlike procession then debouches on the square, the Conventional marching at its head. The drums roll, on the dry pavement sound the steps of soldiers, and amid all the military din groans the heavy sound of a wagon laden with victims. There they are, standing up, motionless, as if frozen on that still morn in which the sky seems pregnant with snow; leaning against the wagon side they are pale as wax. Wax? Yes, indeed, they are only dressed-up statues, dolls in masks, imitating the "despots," the "tyrants," the sovereigns of Europe. There is the king of Prussia; there is "the Austrian's" brother; there is Pitt; standing up in the symbolic cart. As they reach the foot of the guillotine, the assistants bestir themselves, take the wax figures down, and whilst the people shout "Long live the Nation!" and the drums roll, the lifeless heads are guillotined one after the other, and a bladder swollen with animal blood drenches each in turn. Thus did Albitte celebrate the anniversary of the king's death.

Saint-Prix's sentence was what every one expected, but it involved his dog at the same time. It had been trained to give notice of strangers approaching its master's lodging. One day the bearer of an order for Saint-Prix was bitten in the calf by the watchful animal. The court condemned it and next day, Monday, November 18th [1793], the judgment was executed. The National Archives have preserved the details of the strange trial.—HECTOR FLEISCHMANN, "Behind the Scenes in the Terror."

As to the clock, which dated from the reign of Charles V., it had been stopped on St. Bartholomew's night and since then the hands had pointed to eleven, the hour at which the massacre had begun. In 1793 Chaumette proposed at a meeting of the Paris Commune that the clock should be repaired "with the fleur-de-lys hand pointing to eleven o'clock, so that this fleur-de-lys, the only one preserved in the whole of Paris, should forever recall the outrages of tyranny and fanaticism." On the work being concluded. . . .

Whilst the seals were being affixed to the sixty-eight courts, clerks' offices and depots, an express messenger hastened from the Cour du Mai to inform the mayor of the discovery of a blazoned emblem attached to the Bassochians' oak. An order was immediately drawn up, commanding that the seditious emblem and "its accomplice," the tree, should be instantly destroyed. Four commissaires were appointed to see to this, and whilst the inspection was being continued in the interior of the Palais, the municipal sappers, in the midst of cries of joy from the people, collected in front of the railings, cut down the last of the Palais may-poles.—G. LE NÔTRE, "The Tribunal of the Terror."

The judges' new dress was decreed by the Constituent Assembly on February 11th, 1793. The effect was considered to be "deplorable." Old frequenters of the Palais regretted the old costume, pointing out that "the uniformity of the dress balked, in the case of some, their vanity for dressing well and concealed the others under a costume that was too modest or too unstudied." Moreover, the amplitude of the old robes, by enveloping the whole figure, had the advantage of hiding physical deformities and the new judges were not long before they felt the inconveniences that resulted from the exhibition of their legs. It appears that it is from this time that there dates the custom of draping the tables of court rooms with table covers reaching to the ground, hiding from the public the lower limbs of its magistrates and thus repairing, as far as possible, the legislators' lack of foresight.—M. FOURNEL, "History of the Bar of Paris and the Courts of the Revolution."

Another article of the minutes [of the Council] was a decree which forbade pretty women appearing at the mayor's office, whither they came to solicit the release of imprisoned aristocrats. At this article, Hebert, the attorney of the Common Council, rose to complain of the non-execution of this salutary law. Somebody attempted to observe in extenuation that "in the land of Freedom the public offices were necessarily open to all; that tastes differed and that a lady might be admitted as ugly by one and rejected by another as pretty, and that young and old, handsome and plain, all might have business to do; and that, in short, public officers could not possibly execute the decree." These reasons, however plausible, did not convince Hebert, who renewed the complaints

against these pretty aristocrats—these Circes, as he called them to the satisfaction of the crowd of women, most of them old, and all of them disgusting, who composed the auditory.—ABBÉ MORELLET, "Memoirs."

Having had occasion to consult the "Almanach Royal" for 1790, we happened to procure a copy handsomely bound—but the red morocco and gilding had not prevented the prudence of some former owner from cutting out from the title on the back of the volume the word "Royal."—*Quarterly Review*, March, 1834.

According to the terms of a decree issued by the Convention they [actors and actresses] were obliged to comply with certain conditions arbitrarily imposed upon them, one of which was sufficiently absurd—namely, the suppression, whenever they occurred, of the words "monsieur," "madame" and "monseigneur," and the substitution in their place of "citoyen" and "citoyenne"; the effect of this transformation, when the piece happened to be in verse, being indescribably ludicrous.—CHARLES HERVEY, *Longmans's Magazine*, January, 1886.

The public squares and streets received republican names; the very words "ville" and "village" were thrust out of the language because they related to villeinage; the coinage had to be changed, for of course there could be no louis d'ors. There were to be instead "republican" and "gold francs," which were to bear the inscription, "The people alone is sovereign." Children were to be given only republican names in baptism; no more of your Charleses, Louises and Henrys, or your Maries and Elizabeths. Victors and Franklins and Pierres were to take their places. The duke of Orléans became Philippe Égalité. We have names so bizarre that they excited the derision even of patriotic newspapers: for instance, Liberty of Conscience. The *Feuille Villageoise* writes of this name: "A father when giving his daughter a paternal kiss, a comrade in the joyous games of youth, a lover in the transports of legitimate affection—will they call her 'Liberty of Conscience'? . . . Zealous converts were won for the revolution by playing fast and loose with all the old-established rights of property. Illegitimate children, being "the elders of the human race and the founders of all society," were to inherit equally with the legitimate; mothers and fathers, who on account of the size of their families could not make both ends meet, were to be given national aid. Those about to become mothers might demand this beforehand and—Oh shades of Rousseau—will get a layette worth eighteen francs in addition if they promised to nurse their babies themselves. Foundlings are to be the special care of the nation but, lest their feelings should be hurt, they are never to be called anything but "orphans."—E. F. HENDERSON, "Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution."

The republican calendar was the only one permitted. All kinds of words and colloquialisms were prohibited and replaced by republican equivalents. Thus, my father, playing piquet with a lieutenant of the constabulary, would say "fourteen citoyennes," and the lieutenant would answer, "Not good; I have fourteen tyrants." It was hard to keep one's countenance and not smile at such trivialities. There are old people in Paris who from force of habit still say Faubourg Antoine, Rue Nicaise or Rue Barbe, without adding the prefix "Saint" or "Sainte." Every one knows the story about Saint-Janvier. "What is your name?" "De——" "There are no more 'Des.'" "Saint——" "There are none." "Janvier [January]." "January exists no longer." And his passport was made in the name of Citoyen Nivose, *ci-devant* Saint-Janvier.—POUMIER DE LA SIBOUTIE, "Recollections of a Parisian."

FRONDE.

Fronde, i.e., slinging, being the name given to the faction, I will give you the etymology of it, which I omitted in the first book. When Parlement met upon state affairs, the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé came frequently and tempered the heat of the contending parties, but the coolness was not lasting, for every other day their fury returned upon them. Bachaumont once said in jest that the Parlement acted like schoolboys in the ditches, who fling stones and run away when they see the constable but meet again when he turns his back. This was thought a very pretty comparison. It came to be a subject for ballads and, upon the peace between the king and the Parlement, it was revived and applied to those who were not agreed with the court; and we studied to give it all possible currency because we observed that it excited the wrath of the people. We therefore resolved to wear hatbands made in the form of a sling, and had a great number of them made ready to be distributed among a parcel of rough fellows, and we wore them ourselves last of all, for it would have looked very much like affectation and spoiled all had we been the first in the mode. It is inexpressible what influence this had upon the mass of the people; their bread, hats, gloves,

handkerchiefs, fans, ornaments were all *à la mode de Fronde*, and we were ourselves more in the fashion by this trifle than in reality. And the truth is we had need of all our shifts to support us against the whole royal family. —CARDINAL DE RETZ, "Memoirs."

(Montglat says that, after the practise of fighting with slings, *frondes*, in the ditches of Paris had been prohibited, a member of Parlement, when a question of favor to the queen was under discussion, exclaimed, "When it comes my turn to vote, I shall fronder my father's opinion." The ludicrous use of the word "fronder" created a laugh and gave rise to the appellation of "frondeurs" to those who were opposed to the royal family.)

FULLER, Melville Weston, 1833-1910. American jurist.

Shortly before his death the late Chief Justice Fuller presided at a church conference. During the progress of a heated debate a member arose and began a tirade against universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. "Do I understand the speaker thanks God for his ignorance?" interrupted the Chief Justice. "Well, yes," was the answer, "you can put it that way if you want to." "All I have to say then," said the Chief Justice in his sweet, musical tone, "is that the member has a great deal to thank God for."—*The Green Bag*, May, 1913, quoting *The Pathfinder*.

Twenty years ago Chief Justice Fuller was practising before Judge MacArthur in Chicago. In his speech before the judge he pleaded his client's ignorance of an offense he had committed. The judge said, "Every man is supposed to know the law, Mr. Fuller." "I am aware of that," responded Mr. Fuller. "Every shoemaker, tailor, mechanic and illiterate laborer is presumed to know the law. Yes, every man is presumed to know it, except the judges of the Supreme Court, and we have a Court of Appeals to correct their mistakes."—*The Albany Law Journal*, November 11, 1893.

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GALLATIN, Albert, 1761-1849. American statesman.

Among the incidents connected with his earliest explorations was an interview with General Washington, which he repeatedly recounted to me. He had previously observed that of all the inaccessible men he had ever seen, General Washington was the most so. And this remark he made late in life, after having been conversant with most of the sovereigns of Europe and their prime ministers. He said that in connection with his office, he had a cot-bed in the office of the surveyor of the district where Washington, who had lands in the neighborhood and was desirous of effecting communication between the rivers, came. Mr. Gallatin's bed was given up to him—Gallatin lying on the floor immediately below the table at which Washington was writing. Washington was endeavoring to reduce to paper the calculations of the day. Gallatin, hearing the statement, came at once to the conclusion and, after waiting for some time, he himself gave the answer, which drew from Washington such a look as he had never experienced before nor since. On arriving by a slow process at his conclusion, Washington turned to Gallatin and said, "You are right, young man."—WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE, to the New York Historical Society, quoted by JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, "Albert Gallatin."

His favorite novel was "The Antiquary," which he read once a year. Novels, he said, should be read the last chapter first in order that the appreciation of the style should not be lost in the interest excited by the story.—STEVENS.

GAMBETTA, Léon Michel, 1838-1882. French statesman.

How often have I not heard people deplore Gambetta's mad act of spite in blinding himself in his right eye because his father would not take him away from the little seminary at Cahors, kept by priests, towards whom, it is said, Gambetta had already begun to show animosity.—VILLETTE M. MONTAGU'S introduction to her translation of P. B. Gheusi's "Gambetta, Life and Letters."

One of his schoolfellows tells us the real truth of the accident and its consequences: "This is how the accident happened. Gambetta was spending his holidays at Cahors in his father's house. A cutler named Galtie had set up his booth by the side of his father's shop. The child was always running in and out of the cutler's workshop. One day, while a workman was boring a hole into a knife with a steel gimlet worked with a sort of drill-bow, the steel rod snapped off and one of the fragments struck the child in the right eye. Gambetta, for the rest of his life, was blind of one eye."—GHEUSI.

In the ardor of his gestures a gap often showed above his waist-band. Baroche, when keeper of the seals, was unwilling to make him a magistrate. "Want of respectability" stands on his record. Later, one of Gambetta's former friends, who had become his opponent, threw this detail into his face: "Gambetta, you will never fill up the abyss which separates your waistcoat from your trousers."—GABRIEL HANOTAUX, "Contemporary France."

I can still see him entering the dining room, his back bent, his shoulders swaying, his face aflame, and one-eyed also. As soon as he appeared all the other equine heads around the table were raised and he was greeted with loud neighs of "Ah, ah, ah, here's Gambetta." . . . He sat down noisily, spread himself over the table, or threw himself back in his chair, perorated, struck the table with his fists, laughed loudly enough to break the windows, pulled all the tablecloth toward himself, sent his spittle flying about the place, got drunk without drinking, snatched the dishes away from you, took the words out of your mouth and, after talking all the time, went off without having said anything. He was Gaudissart and Gazonal combined; that is to say, the most rustic and loudest-mouthed bore that can be imagined.—ALPHONSE DAUDET, "Lettres à un Absent," first edition only.

There was an amusing affair at the Salon of 1879. A certain Mademoiselle Salvini employed a sculptor named Granet to model a bust of Gambetta, which was cast in bronze and exhibited as her work under the artistic pseudonym of "Salvadio." It was huge, theatrical and hideous and when Gambetta saw it at the Salon he at once requested the authorities to remove it on the ground that it was a libelous presentment of his physiognomy. The request was at once acceded to, the law being entirely on his side.—E. A. VIZETELLY, "Republican France."

His best cigars, a very important matter for Gambetta, who was a gluttonous smoker. . . . Gambetta never traveled without a box of cigars. Often in his excursions he carried it under his arm.—MADAM ADAM, *The North American Review*, April, 1886.

He did not at all care for music. At a friend's house, where he sometimes spent the evening, as soon as music commenced he went into an adjoining room and played billiards. —*Pall Mall Gazette*, February, 1884.

Once during the marshalate he met Count Wimpffen, the late Austrian ambassador, who, not catching the meaning of some French expression he had used, put up his hand to his ear and said, "I beg pardon." Unfortunately the count was noted for his antipathy to republicanism, so Gambetta chose to construe his harmless little gesture into mockery. "Look here, Mr. Ambassador," he said to the astonished diplomatist, "it's quite true I speak the language of the people, but if you like it I will have my remarks translated into heraldic jargon for you."

Hearing of some grossly impertinent request that had been made to him, his secretary, M. Reinach, once exclaimed, "Why didn't you kick the fellow downstairs?" "Kick him downstairs?" laughed Gambetta, "why, fat as I am, I should have lost my balance and rolled after him; where would my dignity have been then?"

The wife of an ex-Bonaparte minister—a lady of great fascination—took it upon herself to call on Gambetta and point out to him how much he could advance his fortunes if he cast his lot with the Prince Imperial. He listened good-naturedly, "feeling like a mastiff who was being talked to by a tomtit," as he afterwards put it, till at length the lady, taking a bunch of violets (the Bonapartist emblem) from her dress, asked him to wear it in his buttonhole that day. "With pleasure," answered Gambetta, glad to bring the interview to an end; but as soon as he had said this he remembered that the date was the 16th of March, the Prince Imperial's birthday, and that, if he appeared at the Chamber of Deputies with violets in his buttonhole, some very silly rumors might get into circulation. He reminded his visitor of this, but she was inexorable. "You've promised," she said. "Ah, well," replied Gambetta, and he wore the violets all that afternoon, causing thereby just the sort of gossip he had anticipated. One may add that such gossip was not indifferent to him. Highly sensitive as he was, he often winced inwardly at the ill-natured sayings which he bore with outward composure.—*Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1883.

When after his death his father was besought to allow the great patriot's body to be buried in Paris, in the capital of his beloved France, the old man, with the obstinacy which had always marked his treatment of his gifted son, sent a curt telegram, "You had him while he was alive; now that he is dead, worn out by your politics, I wish to have him. He shall rest in the little cemetery of Nice, whither his mother preceded him. I do not wish his grave to de desecrated in the hea

after."—VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU'S introduction to Gheusi's "Gambetta, Life and Letters."

GARIBALDI, Giuseppe, 1807-1882. Italian statesman.

The speedy consequence of my entire devotion to the cause of Italy was that on the 5th of February, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of Linterna, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the disguise of a peasant—a proscript. At that time my public life commenced; and, a few days after, I saw my name for the first time in a newspaper, but it was a sentence of death.—GARIBALDI, "Autobiography."

When Garibaldi lay wounded and a prisoner after the ill-conceived affair of Aspromonte, British sympathy poured in upon the fallen hero in any form that kindness and generosity could suggest. There was not a possible want, not a single requirement, that English forethought and benevolence left unsupplied. Wines, cordials, summer and winter clothing, tracts, towels and table linen arrived in masses and the little esplanade before his prison resembled the busy quay of a custom-house. . . . "I am overcome," said he, seating himself, and speaking in a voice broken and tremulous; "these proofs of sympathy are too touching to be borne." Believing it was British munificence and generosity he referred to, for we were sitting surrounded by their evidences, I endeavored, half apologetically, to lay something to the account of English eccentricity and that fervor, which, underlying the phlegm of the nation, is its most characteristic feature. "You mistake me, my friend," said he, "it is not of your countrymen I was now thinking. It was the association of ladies in Milan who have written such an affecting address to poor Garibaldi—every word of it would make your heart bleed; and they have sent me this"—and he produced a square envelope from his pocket and drew forth—a pincushion!—CORNELIUS O'DOWD, *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1869.

Once his own son Menotti, his son-in-law Carizio and the *fin fleur* of his officers tendered their resignations. "Tell them," said he to the messenger who brought the written deed, "that only cowards resign in the face of the foe and that unless they return to their duty in twenty-four hours they will be brought before a court martial."—J. W. MARIO, *Temple Bar*, October, 1877.

The manners and way of life of the dictator in the palace at Palermo, as afterwards in Naples and Caserta, were in no way different from those of his Caprera farm. Formality there was none. Important visitors were sent to him to have an audience whatever he was doing. Not infrequently they found him combing out his hair, to which he still gave long and careful attention, although the thick flowing locks which had adorned the defender of Rome no longer fell over his shoulders. On another occasion, with more despatch, he evacuated his red shirt and gray flannels and retired into bed, still discussing the business in hand with his astonished visitor.

The dictator took ten francs a day for his civil list and did not add to it by any indirect means. Once when he burnt a hole in his clothes he was hard put to it for a change. To Alexander Dumas, who had come over in his yacht to see historical romance in the living reality, Garibaldi said one day, "If I were rich I would do like you; I would have a yacht." Dumas was much moved, for he had just seen him sign a check for a half million francs of public money.—G. M. TREVELYAN, "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy."

There can be no doubt that some light cloud had arisen to overshadow the splendor of the reception at Milan. True to his vow, Garibaldi would not consent to remain in the city while the French were in occupation. In vain the king of Sardinia, that jolly cosmopolite, essayed to point out to him that the presence of the French army was not so dangerous . . .

The chieftain had made up his mind never to trust to expressions or asseverations, however solemn, made from the lips of a Frenchman, and consequently declared to the king that, until he could forget the false French republicans in republican Rome, he would never consent to treat the French as a serious people. The prejudice seems really to have acted on Garibaldi's mind in the most violent manner, for even the French correspondents from Milan noticed the unaccountable fancy which led the patriot to take up his residence, during the few short hours he remained there, just outside the town, in spite of the urgent supplications of his friends and the offers of hospitality made by the first families of Milan.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, August, 1859.

GARTER, Order of.

There goeth a tale among the people that it arose by this means: It chanced that King Edward, finding the garter of the Countess of Salisbury, with whom he was in love,

being fallen from her leg, stooped down and took it up, whereat divers of his nobles found matters to jest, and to talk their fancies merrily touching the king's affection toward the lady, unto whom he said, that if he lived, it should come to pass that most high honor should be given to them for the garter's sake; and thereupon shortly afterwards he devised and ordained this Order of the Garter, with such a posy; whereby he signified that his nobles judged otherwise of him than the truth was.—JEAN FROISSART, "Chronicles."

A chapter of the Garter is to be held at St. James's next Friday; in which Prince Edward, the Prince of Orange, the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea and Cardigan are to be elected Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter. Though solely nominated by the crown, they are said to be elected; because there is a pretended election. All the knights are summoned to attend the sovereign at a chapter, to be held on such a day, in order to elect so many new knights into the vacant stalls of the deceased ones; accordingly they meet in the council chamber, where they all sit down according to their seniority, at a long table, where the sovereign presides. There every knight pretends to write a list of those for whom he intends to vote; and, in effect, writes down nine names, such as he thinks proper, taking care, however, to insert the names of those who are really to be elected; then the Bishop of Salisbury, who is always the chancellor of the Order, goes round the table and takes the paper of each knight, pretends to look into them, and then declares the majority of votes to be for those persons who were nominated by the crown. Upon this declaration, two of the older knights go into the outward room, where the new ones are attending, and introduces them, one after another, according to their ranks. The new knight kneels down before the king, who puts the riband around his neck; then he turns to the Prince of Wales, or, in his absence, to the oldest knight, who puts the garter about his leg. This is the ceremony of the chapter; that of the installation, which is always performed in St. George's chapel, at Windsor, completes the whole thing; for till then the new knights cannot wear the star, unless by particular dispensation from the sovereign, which is very seldom granted.—LORD CHESTERFIELD, "Letters."

GEORGE I., 1660-1727. King of England.

From some cause, which has been left unexplained, he had conceived a particular interest in the conditions of persons imprisoned for debt and on several occasions we find him kindly procuring their release. Previously to his quitting Hanover, to assume the sovereignty of England, he ordered a general emancipation of all insolvent debtors throughout the electorate, and only a few months afterwards presented the sheriff of London with a thousand pounds to be applied to a similar object. Again, in a progress which he made through the English provinces in 1722, the king, at his own expense, released from jail all prisoners confined for debt in every town through which he passed.

Of the king's peculiar kind of humor, and of his practise of embellishing a slight incident, the following may be taken as a specimen: "This is a very odd country," he said, speaking of England; "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of a window and saw a park with walls and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of fine carp out of my own canal and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's man, for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park."—J. H. JESSE, "England Under the House of Hanover."

George I., of England, having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was determined to avoid it by not stopping there on one of his journeys. It was a fine summer's day and while they were employed in putting to the horses and disposing his baggage in the coach, he sat down on a bench before the door of the principal inn and asked for three fresh eggs; which, being brought him, he inquired how much he must pay for them. The landlord replied, "Two hundred florins." "How," said the king, "eggs must be very scarce then at Helvoetsluys." "Pardon me, sire," replied the sharping landlord, "eggs are plenty enough but kings are scarce in this country." —*The Gentleman's Magazine*, Supplement, 1774.

Soon after his first arrival in this country, a favorite cook, whom he had brought from Hanover, grew melancholy and wanted to return home. The king having inquired why he wished to quit his household, the fellow replied, "I have long served your majesty honestly, not suffering anything to be embezzled in your kitchen, but here the dishes no sooner come from your table than one steals a fowl, another a pig, a third a joint of meat, a fourth a pie, and so on until the whole is gone; and I cannot bear to see

your majesty so injured." The king, laughing heartily, said, "My revenues here enable me to bear those things; and so, to reconcile you to your place, do you steal like the rest and mind you take enough." The cook followed this advice and soon became a very expert and flourishing thief.—GEORGE GODFREY CUNNINGHAM, "Lives of Eminent and Illustrious Englishmen."

A German nobleman was one day congratulating this monarch on his being sovereign of this kingdom and of Hanover. "Rather," said he, "congratulate me on having such a subject in one as Newton and such a subject in the other as Leibnitz."—WILLIAM SEWARD, "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons."

George I. knew well how to temper the cares of royalty with the pleasures of private life and commonly invited six or eight friends to pass the evening with him. His majesty seeing Dr. Lockier one day at court, desired the Duchess of Ancaster, who was almost always of the party, to ask the doctor to come that evening. When the company met that evening, Dr. Lockier was not there; and the king inquired whether the duchess had invited him. "Yes," she said, "but the doctor presents his humble duty to your majesty, and hopes your majesty will have the goodness to excuse him at present; he is soliciting some preferment from your majesty's ministers and fears it may be some obstacle to him if it should be known that he had the honor of keeping such good company." The king laughed very heartily and said he believed he was in the right. Not many weeks after Dr. Lockier kissed the king's hand as Dean of Peterborough and, as he was rising from kneeling, the king inclined forwards and with great good humor whispered in his ear, "Well, now, doctor, you will not be afraid to come in the evening; I would have you come this evening," an invitation which we need not add was very readily accepted.—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

When it was reported to him of an old acquaintance that, on hearing the news of his accession, he had observed, "I have no objection to smoke a pipe with him as Elector of Hanover, but I cannot admit his claims to the throne of Great Britain," the king is said not only to have shown no resentment but to have frequently regretted that a difference in political opinion should have separated him from a man he loved.

It is said of him that when at a masquerade a lady in a domino invited him to fill a bumper, at the same time proposing "the Pretender," he said, "With all my heart I will drink to the health of any unfortunate prince."—JESSE.

On one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke down. At a distance in view was the château of a considerable German nobleman. The king sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house and begged the honor of his majesty's accepting a dinner while his carriage was repairing and in the interim asked leave to amuse his majesty with a collection of pictures which he had formed in several towns of Italy. But what did the king see in one of the rooms but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes and with the regalia of a sovereign of Great Britain. George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied with much diffidence but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the Chevalier of St. George, who had done him the honor of sending him that picture. "Upon my word," said the king instantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impossible to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good breeding.—HORACE WALPOLE, "Memoirs."

Mr. Rosenhagen, who was domestic steward of the Duchess of Munster, used to relate as a fact, within his personal knowledge, that when the Earl of Nithsdale made his escape out of the Tower the night before he was to be executed, the deputy lieutenant of the Tower, as soon as it was known, went to St. James's to acquaint the king with it and to vindicate himself from any remissness or treachery in his conduct. His majesty was entertaining himself with a select party of the nobility and it was with difficulty that the lieutenant gained admittance; when, with some alarm and concern, he told his majesty that he had some ill news to acquaint him with. The king said directly, "What? Is the city on fire or is there a new insurrection?" He said that neither was the case, but told his majesty of Nithsdale's escape. The king most humanely replied, "Is that all? It was the wisest thing he could do and what I would have done in his place. And pray, Mr. Lieutenant, be not too diligent in searching after him, for I wish for no man's blood." —PERCY, "Anecdotes."

The malicious Duchess of Orleans rejoiced in a tale Lord Peterborough related (among others) of his petty avarice. A lady who had played cards with him was eighteen "francs" in his debt and next morning sends him a number of bottles of wine. King

George I. bids the footman who brings them, "Tell your mistress to give you eight francs for me and then she will owe me only ten."—ALICE D. GREENWOOD, "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England," citing the correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans.

On one occasion, having been to the theater the night before when Colley Cibber's first dramatic performance, "Love's Last Shift," was acted, the king inquired of her [the Duchess of Bolton] the next day what piece she had seen performed. "The play," she said with a grave face, "was La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour."—JESSE.

GEORGE II., 1683-1760. King of England.

In the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jack-boots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking and very corpulent cavalier; but by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as skilful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and in the hunting-fields of Norfolk no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood or Sweettips more lustily, than he who now thundered over the Richmond road. He speedily reached Richmond lodge and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner: and woe to the person who interrupted him. Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jack-boots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jack-boots. He on the bed started up and, with many oaths and a strong German accent, asked who was there and who dared to disturb him. "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awaked sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th inst." "Dat is one big lie," roared out his sacred majesty, King George II., but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact and from that day until thirty-three years after George, the second of the name, ruled over England.

Whenever we hear of dapper little George at war it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valor. At Dettingen his horse ran away with him and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The king, dismounting from the fiery quadruped, said bravely, "Now I know I shall not run away," and placed himself at the head of the foot, drew his sword, brandishing it at the whole French army and calling out to his own men to come on, in bad English, but with the most famous pluck and spirit.—W. M. THACKERAY, "The Four Georges."

"Now I am on my legs again I shall be certain of not running away."—N. W. WRAXALL, "Memoirs of His Own Time."

In Schmidt's "Geschichte der Deutschen" the following account is given of a visit of an Earl of Cornwall to the court of Saxe-Gotha. This Earl of Cornwall was, however, no other personage than George II., who, in order to accomplish his views, and to lull all suspicion of his actual birth, on account of his aptitude in the German language, so unusual in an Englishman, pretended that family differences had obliged him to take up his abode in Germany, where he had then resided for a considerable length of time. No suspicion whatever was entertained of the royal personage and during his residence at this court he lost no opportunity of studying the character of Princess Augusta. The following anecdote is related of him in the above-mentioned work. He was one evening dancing with the Princess Augusta and in the course of conversation he inquired if she felt any inclination to visit England. The princess replied that there was not any country she had a greater desire to see. "Then you shall see it," said his majesty, "and I shall exact one promise from you, that at the first ball you grace with your presence in England, you will do me the honor to accept me as your partner, even if the king of England should demand you." "The king of England, by all accounts received of him," said the princess, "would rather smoke his pipe than dance with the most beautiful princess of the empire." The mock earl felt rather disconcerted at this unexpected answer of the princess and on the following day took his leave, resolving on his return to propose her in marriage to his son.—ROBERT HUISH, "The Public and Private Life of George III."

His drives in the afternoon, his commerce and backgammon at night, his levees and audiences in the morning, were all fixed to the instant, so that, as the weary courtiers complained, with an almanac for the day of the week and a watch for the hour of the day, everybody would know exactly what point in the mill-horse track the court was passing.

It was his habit to visit his favorite, Mrs. Howard, every evening in her own apartments at nine o'clock, with such mechanical punctuality that he often walked about his chamber for ten minutes with his watch in his hand, waiting for the blissful moment. A mistake by a valet would throw him into such agitation that people who came into the room supposed that he must have just received some dreadful piece of news.—JOHN MORLEY, "Walpole."

There was a strange incapacity of being sick that ran through the whole of the royal family, which they carried so far that no one of them was more willing to own that any other of the family was ill than to acknowledge themselves to be so. I have known the king to get out of bed, choking with a sore throat and in a high fever, only to dress and have a levee and in five minutes undress and return to his bed till the same ridiculous farce of health was to be presented the next day at the same hour. With all his fondness for the queen he used to make her in like circumstances commit the like extravagances. —LORD HERVEY, "Memoirs."

Whenever he was in a passion it was his custom to take his hat off his head and kick it about the room, and one day he excited the risibility of his attendants for, having no hat upon his head, his wig became the substitute and it was seen flying in all directions. —HUISH.

He thought men and women (according to the report of Lady Mary) born for nothing else but to be "kicked or kissed for his diversion," and whenever one of the ladies gave him to understand that she differed with him on that point, he fancied that she only wanted an excuse for getting a little of what he valued above all things—money. He one day counted his guineas so often for this purpose, in the presence of Miss Bellenden, that she told him "if he did it again she would go out of the room." He appears, on a subsequent occasion, to have done it again; upon which the disgusted beauty gave a jerk to the rouleau that scattered the guineas about the floor and ran off while he was picking them up.—LEIGH HUNT, "Old Court Suburb."

The only present he ever made to Walpole was a diamond and it was found to be cracked quite through.—JOHN MORLEY, "Walpole."

The following amusing instance of the king's good humor is related to have occurred during one of his journeys through Holland on his return from his German dominions. His carriage happening to break down at some distance from a town, he was compelled with Lord Delamere and his other attendants to take refuge in a neighboring public house. The place afforded but wretched accommodations for a court; the only articles of refreshment that could be obtained being coffee and *Schiedam;* and yet, when the bill was produced the man had the impudence to demand a hundred pounds. The king naturally expressed some anger at the imposition and during an expostulation which followed Lord Delamere inquired indignantly whether coffee and gin were such scarce articles in those parts. "No," said the man, "but kings are." George II. laughed heartily at the rejoinder and, in spite of the value which he usually attached to money, ordered the bill to be paid.—JESSE.

In 1748 George II. accidentally met the Duchess of Bedford on horseback in a riding habit of blue faced with white and was so pleased with the effect of it that, a question having been raised as to the propriety of deciding upon some general dress for the Royal navy, he immediately commanded the adoption of those colors.—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages," quoting Planche.

We are told that when on one occasion the lady [Yarmouth] boasted of having refused the offer of a very large bribe, his majesty inquired, "And vy vas you such a great fool?"—*Temple Bar*, July, 1892.

I once heard him say that he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man than anybody that had cut down one of his oaks, because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and consequently one loss would be sooner supplied than the other: and one evening, after a horse had run away and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his majesty snapped her very short and said, "Yes, I am very lucky, truly; pray, where is the luck? I have lost a good horse and I have a booby of a groom still to keep."—LORD HERVEY.

George's strutting airs of dignity were but disguises for the want of it. Lady Deloraine, who was governess of his children and at the same time supposed to be one of his mistresses, had her chair pulled from under her one evening at Kensington by the Princess Emily, as she was going to sit down at cards. Her ladyship sprawled on the floor; and his dignified majesty did not scruple to be much diverted and laugh. The countess,

in return, contrived without more ado to play him the same trick and his dignity was so offended that a rupture ensued between them and she was forbidden the court.—LEIGH HUNT.

One of the officers had made himself amenable to military law by fighting in opposition to the orders of the commander-in-chief, instead of retreating, by which act of disobedience the general's well-laid plans were frustrated. On these circumstances being detailed to the king, his majesty exclaimed, "Oh! The one fight; the other run away." "Your majesty will have the goodness to understand that General —— did not run away; it was necessary for the accomplishment of his schemes that he should cause the army to retreat at that critical moment; this he would have conducted with his wonted skill, but for the breach of duty of the officer under sentence of the court-martial." "I understand," impatiently replied the king; "one fight, he was right; the other run away, he was wrong." It was in vain that ministers renewed their arguments and explanations; his majesty could not, or would not, understand the difference between a disgraceful flight and a politic retreat. They were therefore obliged to end a discussion which merely drew forth the repetition of the same judgment, "The one face the enemy; he right: the other turn his back and not fight; he wrong."—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious king's speech, replied, "I hope the man's punishment will be of the mildest sort, because I have read both; and, as far as I understand either of them, I like the spurious speech better than my own."—LORD WALDEGRAVE, "Memoirs."

When George II. was once expressing his admiration of General Wolfe, some one remarked that the general was mad. "Is he indeed?" said his majesty; "then I wish he would bite some of my other generals."—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

The morning after the king's death my father and Sir Edward Wilmot, who were the only two king's physicians then in town, received an order to be present at the opening of the body and to report their opinion as to the cause of his majesty's death. A paper of directions left by the king, as to the manner in which his body should be treated, etc., was produced; and in that paper he had directed that the coffin should be so constructed that one side of it might be drawn out. The coffin in which the body of Queen Caroline was placed had been constructed in a similar manner and his majesty directed that one side of each coffin should be drawn out, so that the two bodies might be in one coffin. I believe that these directions were very exactly obeyed.—WILLIAM MILLBOLLES, "Recollections and Reflections."

Mr. [H. H.] Milman, Prebendary of Westminster, has favored me with the following interesting note upon this subject: "George II., as a last proof of his attachment, gave directions that his remains and those of Queen Caroline should be mingled together. Accordingly, the two coffins were placed in a large stone sarcophagus and one side of each of the wooden coffins withdrawn. This was a tradition at Westminster Abbey, of which I myself have seen the confirmation, in my opinion conclusive, and, as the royal vault in Westminster may never again be opened, it may be curious to present the record. . . . In the middle of the vault, towards the further end, stands the large stone sarcophagus and against the wall are still standing the two sides of the coffins which were withdrawn. I saw and examined them closely and have no doubt of the fact. The vault contains only the family of George II."—JOHN WILSON CROKER, notes to "Memoirs of Lord Hervey."

GEORGE III., 1738-1820. King of England.

Lord Eldon related to Mrs. Foster a characteristic trait of George III.: "Do you recollect when we took the Danish fleet during the war, Mrs. Forster? We had no right whatever to do so, but we were obliged or it would have fallen into the hands of Bonaparte. We deemed it a matter of necessity. Well, we sent an ambassador—I think it was Mr. Jackson—to demand the ships from the Prince Royal; and when the ambassador waited on George III. on his return, the king abruptly asked him, 'Was the Prince Royal upstairs or down when he received you?' 'He was on the ground floor, please your majesty.' 'I am glad of it, I am glad of it for your sake,' rejoined the king, 'for if he had half the spirit of George III. he would infallibly have kicked you down stairs.'" This story was related to Lord Eldon by the king himself.—HORACE TWISS, "Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon."

His majesty, on some complaints against his ministers, told Sir Robert Walpole that he would himself see all the papers of consequence before any measures were taken on them. Sir Robert was alarmed and went to

consult his brother Horace what was best to be done. Horace, seeing him so uneasy, laughed and advised him to give the king more than he asked: "Give him all the papers and I dare say he will soon have enough of them." Sir Robert took this advice and carried him a cartful, telling his majesty that he had paid several extra clerks to assist in getting more ready and informed him further that he believed, when the whole were copied, they would fill five carts more. The king told him that he need not get any more ready till he had his further directions on the subject; the consequence of which was that Sir Robert never heard a syllable more of papers from his majesty as long as he remained in office.—CLAUD NUGENT, "Memoir of Earl Nugent."

Lord Chancellor Eldon has told the story of his visit to Kew to obtain the assent of George III. to certain measures. He was reading a list of the titles of the bills and explaining briefly their provisions when the king, interrupting him, said, "You are not acting correctly. You should do one of two things: either bring me down the bills for my own perusal or else say to me as Thurlow said to me on a like occasion. Having read several bills Thurlow stopped and said to me, 'It's all damned nonsense trying to make you understand them and you had better consent to them at once.' "—MICHAEL MACDONAGH, *Monthly Review*, June, 1906.

George III. once adopted a decisive way of filling up a vacancy in the archbishopric of Canterbury. On January 19, 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton, Bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner party in the Windsor deanery when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name. "Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner," said the bishop. "Beg pardon, my lord, but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business," and the butler was so urgent that the bishop apologized to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III. "How d'ye do, my lord?" said he; "come to tell you that you're Archbishop of Canterbury—Archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh—eh?" The bishop bowed low in token of acceptance. "All right," said his majesty. "You've got a party—see all their hats here. Go back to them. Good night—good night." Next morning Pitt appeared at Windsor castle to inform his majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before and to recommend the appointment of the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretyman, to the vacant primacy. "Very sorry, very sorry indeed, Pitt," said the king, "but I offered it to the Bishop of Norwich last night and he accepted. Can't break my word." Pitt, according to Lord Sidmouth's account given afterwards to Dean Milman, was very angry indeed; but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr. Manners-Sutton became Archbishop of Canterbury and he held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.—MICHAEL MACDONAGH, *The Fortnightly Review*, August 1, 1902.

His majesty was told of a gentleman of family and fortune in ——shire, who, far from taking the oath of allegiance to him, had never been known to name him or permit him to be named as king in his presence. "Carry my compliments to him," said the king, "and say that I respect his steadiness of principles; or, as he may not receive my compliments as king of England, present them as those of the Elector of Hanover." And he never after saw the gentleman from whom the anecdote is derived without inquiring after the health of the venerable recusant and reiterating his wish to be remembered to him.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1816, citing the Culloden papers.

When a certain conceited peer, who professed the right of appearing before royalty with his hat on, actually took advantage of it and appeared hatted in the drawing room, George III. said, "It is true, my lord, that you may wear your hat in the presence of the king, but it is not usual to wear it in the presence of ladies," at which he appeared much confounded.—CAROLINE FOX, "Journals," citing John Sterling.

Directions for coughing, sneezing or moving before the king and queen.—In the first place, you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough. In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists on making its way, you must oppose it, by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood vessel, you must break the blood vessel—but not sneeze. In the third place, you must, upon no account, stir either hand or foot. If by chance a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear

it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing were the matter. If the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy to think of making such a blurred appearance, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it. If, however, the agony is very great, you may, privately, bite the inside of your cheek, or of your lips, for a little relief; taking care, meanwhile, to do it so cautiously as to make no apparent dent outwardly. And, with that precaution, if you even gnaw a piece out, it will not be minded; only be sure either to swallow it or commit it to a corner on the inside of your mouth till they are gone—for you must not spit.—MADAME D'ARBLAY, "Diary and Letters."

In the following year [1763], on August 16th, a second son was born—the Duke of York, whose christening, fourteen months after his birth, was attended by some curious ceremonies. Within seven months the king—George III.—had appointed the infant Bishop of Osnaburg, a promotion that caused some scandal as well as much angry contention with the chapter at Cologne, who contended that the appointment lay with them. The dispute went on for some years, until it was compromised through the mediation of the great Frederick, and the young prince was allowed to bear the title and revenues of his office. One loyal writer, Burgh, actually dedicated a work "To the Right Reverend Father in God," of three years old.—PERCY FITZGERALD, "Life of George IV."

There were, of course, no duties, but then there was two thousand pounds a year till his royal reverence was eighteen, and twenty-five thousand pounds annually, which he enjoyed for the remainder of his life.—*Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1864.

Nothing could equal the king's attention to seclude his son and protract his nonage. It went so absurdly far that he was made to wear a shirt with a frilled collar like that of babies. He one day took hold of this collar and said to a domestic, "See how I am treated."—HORACE WALPOLE, "Last Journals."

A trifling incident which occurred on his accession showed the power he had acquired over his countenance and manner. He had arranged beforehand with one of his grandfather's attendants that a particular message or note should signify to him the death of George the Second. The note was brought to him while he was riding. He showed no emotion; but, observing that his horse was lame, turned his head homewards; when he got off his horse he told the groom, in a whisper, that he had said that his horse was lame, and desired he might not be contradicted.—HORACE WALPOLE, "Memoirs of George III."

Lord Eldon told Miss Ridley, Lady Eldon's niece, speaking to the archbishop, Dr. Charles Manners-Sutton, of his large family, "I believe your grace has better than a dozen?" "No, sire," said the archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," replied the king, "is not that better than a dozen?"—HORACE TWISS.

His majesty, having at one time purchased a horse, the dealer put into his hand a large sheet of paper completely written over. "What is this?" asked the king. "The pedigree of the horse which your majesty has just bought," the dealer answered. "Take it back, take it back," said the king laughing; "it will do just as well for the next horse you sell."—ROBERT HUISH.

The late celebrated mathematical instrument maker, Mr. Ramsden, was frequently deficient in punctuality and would delay for months, nay, for years, the delivery of instruments bespoken from him. His majesty, who had more than once experienced this dilatory disposition, once ordered an instrument which he made Ramsden positively promise to deliver on a certain day. The day, however, came, but not the instrument. At length Ramsden sent word to the king that it was finished; on which a message was sent him desiring that he would bring it himself to the palace. He, however, answered that he could not come unless his majesty promised that he would not be angry with him for his want of punctuality. "Well, well," said the king, "let him come; as he is conscious of his fault, it would be hard to reprove him for it." On this assurance he went to the palace, where he was graciously received; the king, after expressing his entire satisfaction with the instrument, only added good-naturedly, "You have been uncommonly punctual this time, Mr. Ramsden, having brought the instrument on the very day of the month you promised it; you have only made a small mistake in the date of the year." It was, in fact, exactly a year.—*The Monthly Magazine*, February, 1820.

An amusing anecdote of one of these royal concerts went the rounds of the pa-

pers of the day. The party composed a quintette under the direction of the king himself, who, whilst he sawed away at the bass viol, had no idea that it was possible to surpass him or the sounds he produced. The Princess of Wales presided at the harpsichord, the Duke of Newcastle played the first violin, the Duke of Devonshire the tenor, and the facetious Philip Dormer the flute. It so happened that the king had his own notions as to time and tune; and, as his majesty performed for his own amusement only, and possibly with the idea of gaining some instruction, he never scrupled to go over a passage two or three times, or to take any liberties, or to make any blunders that seemed good to him, without consulting or in any way warning the rest of the orchestra; it was, therefore, necessary for every member of it, whilst giving his eyes to his own music, to give his ears to the king's, and as rapidly as possible to follow the directions and eccentricities of the royal performer. On the present occasion it became evident, however, that this concert was going wrong, but the most acute of these select amateurs could not imagine where they were in error. The royal bass viol was proceeding on its course as sedately as the march of an elephant; the violin looked in vain, backwards and forwards, for several bars, to see where he could glide in, but could discover nothing resembling what he heard; the tenor, knowing that there was a difficult passage just over, and being well aware of the royal practise in regard to such, boldly went back and repeated it; the harpsichord, seeing the time had been altered from fast to slow, slackened its pace; and the flute, entertaining a different opinion, went away at double speed. Such a strange medley was never heard before; nevertheless, the king was seen leaning forward, with his eyes fixed on the music, working away with the royal elbow, evidently too absorbed in his own performance to heed the confusion that distracted the audience and made the other musicians feel extremely uncomfortable. It was not etiquette to notice the king's mistakes, or the youthful maids of honor would have laughed outright. The Duke of Newcastle, a studious courtier, knew not what to do; he played a few notes here and there, whispered to the Duke of Devonshire, nudged Philip Dormer, whose blowing had become desperate, he glanced at the book of the princess without obtaining any clue to the cause of the inextricable disorder; but still he played on, knowing that matters could not be worse than they were. The king at last brought up the party "all standing," as the sailors say, by coming suddenly and unexpectedly to the end of his symphony. The princess, who alone dared to speak, discovered that his majesty had turned over two leaves at once; the monarch, with the utmost composure, turned back to the part he had played and, without uttering a syllable, set to work, rasping away, followed by the other musicians, who this time were in at the death with tolerable exactitude.—FRANCIS LANCELOTT, "Queens of England."

At Kew Palace there was a timepiece highly prized by George III. One morning the pedestal of this relic was found vacant and the timepiece itself lying on the ground, a wreck. The king's displeasure was not slight and immediate inquiries were instituted. After many hours had elapsed, by mere chance a question was put to Prince Edward. "I did it," was the instant and unhesitating reply. "But," said one, anxious to screen the intrepid boy, "your royal highness did it by accident?" "No; I did it intentionally." "But your highness regrets what you have done?" "No; not at all." The prince was punished, and not slightly.—CHARLES E. PEARCE, "The Beloved Princess," quoting Bishop Fisher.

"Was there ever," cried he, "such stuff as a great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?" "Yes, indeed, I think so, sire, but mixed with such excellences that——" "Oh," cried he, laughing good-humoredly, "I know it is not to be said, but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare and nobody dare abuse him." Then he enumerated characters and parts of plays he objected to; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing and exclaiming, "But one should be stoned for saying so."—MADAME D'ARBLAY, "Diary and Letters."

The king's early fancies soon passed away, with one alleged exception. It is said that there was a lady of his court, of irreproachable character and singularly refined personal beauty, one whom Horace Walpole calls "the picture of majestic modesty," for whom he nourished an early passion, suppressed in middle life and almost forgotten until his lunacy brought her name constantly to his lips. Even in some of his latest attacks (if the testimony of close personal observers can be credited) she was ever present to his imagination. It was a strange exhibition of some of the most recondite weaknesses of human nature—touching or ludicrous, as the observer himself may be in-

clined—to hear the aged sufferer "haunted to his last hour by the vain shadow of the past," calling on her maiden name, when both were tottering on the verge of the grave. —*Quarterly Review*, April, 1859.

When his disorder began to show itself it is said that he announced his intention of addressing the houses of Parliament as "My lords and peacocks." All remonstrance being useless it is further said that a fall of books or other noises were contrived to drown the queer word.—*Notes and Queries*, July 23, 1864.

One of the first signs of his coming madness was one day when a large plate of blackbirds was on the royal table, covered with a thick crust. When it was cut he remarked, "How very extraordinary! How on earth did those blackbirds get into that dish?" He would not allow it to be served and had some clever philosopher sent for to go into the matter.—JAMES GALLATIN, "Diary," *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1914.

During the American Revolution

There was something ludicrous in the expressions of the king's political bigotry at times, as when, in the tone of Falstaff lamenting over the degeneracy of the age, he writes to Lord North complaining of the opposition in Parliament on American affairs: "It is melancholy to find so little virtue remaining in the country."—E. B. DE FONBLANQUE, "Life and Correspondence of John Burgoyne," citing the North Correspondence by Donne.

One of the best and most intelligent artists, Samuel F. B. Morse, President of the National Academy, has mentioned to the writer an anecdote connected with this subject. He says that on one occasion, when he entered Mr. West's painting room, long after the death of George the Third, he found the artist engaged in copying a portrait of the king and, as he sat at his work and talked according to custom, "This picture," said he, "is remarkable for one circumstance; the king was sitting to me for it, when a messenger brought him the declaration of American independence." "It may be supposed that the question, 'How did he receive the news?' was asked. "He was agitated at first," said West; "then sat silent and thoughtful; at length he said, 'Well, if they can't be happy under my government, I hope they may not change it for a worse. I wish them no ill.'" —WILLIAM DUNLAP, "History of the Art of Design in the United States."

An account of General Burgoyne being master of Ticonderoga. The red riband was offered to Lord Derby for Burgoyne, but the latter, who had expected it before he had done anything to deserve it, had left instructions with Lord Derby to refuse it. The king, on receiving the account of the taking of Ticonderoga, ran into the queen's room, crying, "I have beat them! beat all the Americans!"—HORACE WALPOLE, "Last Journals."

George III. in the heat of his animosity against the Americans, had determined that the lightning conductors on Kew palace should have blunt knobs instead of sharp points. Franklin, the inventor of the conductors, had directed that the points should be sharp, so that an overcharge of electricity might be dispersed silently and without explosion. . . . The question of sharp and blunt conductors became a court question, the courtiers siding with the king and their opponents with Franklin. The king asked Sir John Pringle to take his side and give him an opinion in favor of the knobs. To which Pringle replied that the laws of nature were not changeable at royal pleasure. It was then intimated to him by royal authority that a president of a royal society entertaining such an opinion ought to resign, and he resigned accordingly.—EDWARD E. HALE, "Franklin in France."

He [the Duke of Somerset] told me that Sir John Pringle resigned the chair of the Royal Society in consequence of a remark of George III. The king was talking to him of Franklin's discovery that the attraction of a pointed body is greater than that of a level or circular surface; and his majesty expressed a wish to have it contradicted. "Sire," said Pringle, "I cannot alter the laws of nature." "Then," replied the king, "you are not fit to be president of the Royal Society." This was the way the duke told me the story, but I thought it almost too good to be true.—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections."

When Mr. Fox was in the ministry during the American war and a plenipotentiary had been appointed to the American states, Fox asked the king if it would be agreeable to him to receive the American minister in return. His majesty made a just and proper answer, specifically adapted to the unfortunate situation of public affairs. "Mr. Fox, the phrase of your question rather surprises me. It cannot be agreeable to me, but I can and do agree to it." Fox himself related this anecdote to the late David Hartley, acknowledging that his own phrase of "agreeable" was indeed unsuitable and inconsiderate.—*The Athenæum* (Boston), March, 1821.

"It may possibly turn out well for the country, but as a gentleman I can never forget it."—EDWIN HODDER, "Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury," quoting George III.

GEORGE IV., 1762-1830. King of England.

It was on the 28th of October, 1769, that the Prince of Wales, then only in his seventh year, the Bishop of Osnaburg (the late Duke of York), Prince William and the Princess Royal held their first drawing room; the latter was then only in her second year; and certainly it could only have entered into the head of a German princess, who had been accustomed to infantine drawing rooms, to place the children of the king of England into such a truly ridiculous and anti-British situation. The historians of those days inform us that the young princes received the company with the utmost grace and affability; but on the other hand, the caricaturists were not idle, for there is a caricature in existence, in which, in ridicule of these infantine drawing rooms, the Prince of Wales is made to enter the room with a kite on his back, the Bishop of Osnaburg with a hobby horse between his legs, Prince William is spinning his top, and the Princess Royal is behind a screen receiving some very suitable assistance from her nurse. The ridicule with which these drawing rooms were received soon induced the queen to discontinue them; and, indeed, her majesty found it a difficult matter to persuade either the Prince of Wales or the Bishop of Osnaburg to attend them; and on one occasion, when the royal youths were engaged in a game of cricket, and were called upon to dress for the drawing room, they returned a message that the company were to wait until the game was over.—ROBERT HUISH, "Memoirs of George IV."

From his birth set in that long series of portraits in which the figure and features of the young prince and maturer regent were portrayed on canvas. No one was painted so frequently. We are told that "soon after his birth the queen had a whole-length portrait modeled in wax. He was represented naked. The figure was half a span long, lying upon a crimson cushion, and it was covered by a bell glass. Her majesty had it constantly on her toilet table at Buckingham House.—PERCY FITZGERALD, "Life of George IV."

His coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various-colored foil and adorned with a profusion of French paste; his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal and cocked in a new military style. Could anything have been more elaborate? One would think not—until descriptions are found of his attire on subsequent occasions. Thus we learn when he took his seat in the House of Lords, he wore a black velvet suit, richly embroidered with gold, and pink spangles, and lined with pink satin, and shoes with pink heels *à la* Macaroni of an earlier era; while, to give appropriate finish to his costume, his hair was pressed much at the side and very full frizzed, with two small curls at the bottom. But Prince Florizel was not yet at the end of his resources and, to prove that in this matter he could out-Herod Herod he devised a costume for a Brighton ball that dazzled all beholders. He made his appearance in a velvet suit of dark color, with green stripes, embroidered down the front and at the seams with silver flowers; a waistcoat of white and silver tissue, similarly ornamented; the ribbon of the Garter fastened with a shoulder knot of brilliants and the usual accessories of the stars of various other orders.—LEWIS MELVILLE, "The Beaux of the Regency."

Expense was no object to him and, indeed, it must be confessed he spent money in many worse ways than on his clothing. Batchelor, his valet, who entered his service after the death of the Duke of York, said that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations and consequent journeys from London to Windsor to Davison, the tailor, would often cost three hundred pounds before it met with his approbation.—LEWIS MELVILLE, "Some Eccentrics and a Woman."

We can state it as a fact that a council was once held [about 1810] in Carlton Palace on the subject of trousers and pantaloons, at which a certain marchioness presided, assisted by other ladies whose experience in matters of that sort was never questioned by any one. The knotty point to be determined was (and it was agreed upon *una voce*) that there was an indelicacy attached to the pantaloon, from which the trouser was in a great degree exempt. The decision of the ladies in favor of the trouser was submitted to the approbation of the Prince Regent, who, from a knowledge of the anatomical perfection of his form, requested the ladies to reverse their decision; but, *contra*, the ladies declared, it had been formed after the most mature deliberation and the closest inspection of the respective advantages and defects of the two modes of dress;

the prince, therefore, yielded and from that moment the use of the pantaloon was prohibited in Carlton Palace and, consequently, wherever fashion was supposed to predominate.—HUISH.

George IV. always carried a snuff-box, but it appeared to me as if his majesty took snuff for fashion's sake. He would take the box in his left hand and, opening it with the right thumb and forefinger, introduce them into his costly reservoir of snuff, and with a consequential air convey the same to his nose, but never suffered any to enter; indeed, those who were well acquainted with his majesty frequently told me that he took snuff for effect, but never liked it, and allowed all of it to escape from his finger and thumb before it reached his nose.—REES HOWELL GRONOW, "Recollections."

In the month of April, 1784, his royal highness and three of his gay companions, elated with the bottle, were interrupted by the watch in a midnight frolic and, after a scuffle, overpowered and taken to the watch house on Mount street. The party were obliged to send for one of their tradesmen, who, on entering, started at the sight of the prince. The constable and watchman, on discovering the rank of their prisoner, pressed round him and hoped his royal highness would not be offended at their having detained him. The prince, who was only elevated with wine, exclaimed, "Offended? my good fellows. By no means. Thank God, the laws of this country are superior to rank; and when men of high station forget the decorums of the community, it is fit that no distinction should be made in respect to them. It should make an Englishman proud to see the Prince of Wales obliged to send for a tailor to bail him out."—B. C. WALPOLE, "Days of the Dandies."

At a masquerade at which the Prince of Wales appeared in the character of a Spanish grandee, accompanied by four of his squires, he paid particular attention to a nun, who appeared to be under the protection of a youthful sailor. The assiduities on the part of the grandee were unwelcome to the fair Ursuline, and the gallant tar threatened instantaneous chastisement if any further provocation were given; the grandee, however, was not to be daunted, and he was very ably supported by his squires, who, boasting of the high and noble descent of their master, declared it to be an act of the greatest condescension in him to hold parley with a common English sailor. Some high words arose and some taunting expressions were used, tending to imply the opinion that the fair nun possessed no real pretensions to the character she had assumed. At last, some allusion having been made to the ladies of Portsmouth Point, the choler of the sailor could no longer brook the indignity and a general row was the consequence. The constables were called in and the disputants, in a posse, were marched off to the watch house, the Spanish grandee leading the way in all his glorious finery. On arriving in the presence of the constable of the night, the culprits were called upon to declare their real characters. The grandee unmasked, as did also the sailor. "Eh, William, is it you?" exclaimed the former. "Eh, George, is it you?" exclaimed the latter. The sailor was no other than our present sovereign [William IV]. The whole party burst into a loud laugh. The constable was confounded when he saw the heir-apparent of the crown before him; he received a guinea and the parties retired to complete the follies of the night.—HUISH.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrell spent part of the last summer at Brighton; the Prince of Wales was much in their company, doubtless on account of Mr. Lawrell's agreeable conversation; it happened, however, one afternoon that Mrs. L. alone was of a party with the Prince of Wales, Lady Beauchamp and some other fine people. Mrs. L., like a good wife, about nine o'clock said she must go home to her husband. The prince said he and the party would come and sup with them; the lady received the gracious invitation with all the respect that became her and hastened home to acquaint her husband and make preparation. Whether Mr. L. was more or less sensible of the honor than his wife I don't know, but he said he should not come if he could help it and if he did come he should have nothing to eat; it was in vain that Mrs. L. remonstrated, he continued inflexible and she had nothing for it but to put him to bed and write a note to Lady Beauchamp, informing her that Mr. L. was taken suddenly ill and begging she would entertain the prince in her stead. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, when the party were pretty merry, the prince, whether he guessed at the reason or was concerned for the indisposition of his friend, said it was a pity poor Lawrell should die for want of help and they immediately set about writing notes to all the physicians, surgeons and apothecaries they could think of in the place, informing them as from Mr. L. that he was taken suddenly ill and begged their immediate assistance;

these notes very soon set the medical body in motion towards Mr. L.'s doors; a few of the more alert apothecaries came first, but they were got rid of by the servants, who assured them that it was a mistake, that their master and mistress were well and asleep and that they did not care to wake them. Soon after came Sir Lucas Pepys, who, declaring that nobody would undertake to impose upon a person of his character insisted on seeing Mr. L. and was pressing by the maid to his bedchamber; she was then forced to awaken her mistress and Mr. L., being very drowsy and disinclined to rise, his lady was obliged to appear in great dishabille and with the utmost difficulty persuaded Sir Lucas he was imposed upon and prevailed with him to retire. During their dispute the staircase was filled with the rest of the faculty arriving in shoals.—MARY GRANVILLE (Mrs. Delany), "Life and Correspondence."

It was in this connection that he acquired celebrity by his geese and turkey wager with the prince. This singular transaction is thus described: During one of the convivial parties at Carlton House, Mr. Hanger designedly introduced the subject of the traveling powers of the turkey and the goose and declared that the turkey would outstrip the goose. The prince, who placed great reliance on his judgment in subjects of this nature, backed his opinion. A match was made with Mr. Berkeley of twenty turkeys against twenty geese, for a distance of ten miles; the race to be for five hundred pounds. And as Mr. Hanger and the turkey party hesitated not to lay two to one in favor of the bird, the prince did the same to a considerable amount, not in the least suspecting that the whole was a deep-laid plan to extract a sum of money from his pocket. The prince deputed Mr. Hanger to select twenty of the most wholesome and high-feathered birds which could be procured; and, on the day appointed, he and his party of turkeys, and Mr. Berkeley and his party of geese, set off to decide the match. For the first three hours everything seemed to indicate that the turkeys would be the winners, as they were then two miles in advance of the geese; but, as night came on, the turkeys began to stretch out their necks towards the branches of the trees which lined the sides of the road. In vain the prince attempted to urge them with his pole, to which a bit of red cloth was attached; in vain Mr. Hanger dislodged one from his roosting place, only to see three or four others comfortably perching among the branches; in vain was the barley strewn upon the road. In the meantime, the geese came waddling on and in a short time passed the turkeys, whose party were all busy among the trees attempting to dislodge the birds; but further progress was found impossible and the geese were declared the winners.

A good specimen of his love of fun and frolic is furnished by the story of his present of the cream-colored Hanoverian horse to Admiral Nagle, at Brighton, who, delighted at the gift, mounted the animal in the presence of the whole court to "try him." Some heavy showers washed off the paint which the prince had applied in the stable and the admiral to his astonishment presently found himself with a dark bay horse. His royal master, after the enjoyment of the joke, took care to present him with an animal of the true color and breed.—PERCY FITZGERALD, "Life of George IV."

It was agreed that Sheridan [Richard Brinsley] should accept the challenge, appointing the following morning at daybreak in Battersea Fields, and that Mr. Fox [Charles James] should be the bearer of the answer of Mr. Sheridan to the offended Major [Hanger]—Mr. Sheridan on his part undertaking to provide the necessary surgical assistance. On the following morning the parties were punctually on the spot; the major accompanied by Captain Morris, Mr. Sheridan by Mr. Fox, the Prince of Wales disguised as a surgeon, being seated in the carriage which conveyed the latter gentlemen. The customary preliminaries being arranged, the parties took their station; the signal to fire was given—no effect took place; the seconds loaded the pistols a second time—the parties fired again—still no effect was produced. "Damn the fellow," said the major to his second, "I can't hit him." "The third fire generally takes effect," said Captain Morris, who with the utmost difficulty could keep his risible faculties in order, whilst the prince in the carriage was almost convulsed with laughter at the grotesque motions of the major. The signal to fire was given a third time—the effect was decisive—Mr. Sheridan fell, as if dead, on his back. "Killed, by God," said Captain Morris; "let us fly instantly," and, without giving the major time to collect himself, he hurried him to the carriage, which immediately drove away towards town. The prince descended from the carriage, almost faint with laughter, and joined Sheridan and Fox, the former of whom, as soon as the major's carriage was out of sight, had risen from his prostrate position, unscathed as when he entered the

field; for, to complete the farce, it had been previously arranged that no ball should be put into the pistols and that Sheridan was to fall at the third fire. The prince with his two associates drove off immediately to town and a messenger was sent to Major Hanger, desiring his immediate attendance at Carlton House. The major obeyed the summons and he entered the apartment of the prince with a most dolorous countenance. "Bad business this," said the prince, "a very bad business, Hanger; but I have the satisfaction to tell you that Sheridan is not materially hurt and, if you will dine with me this day, I will invite a gentleman who will give you an exact account of the state in which your late antagonist lies. Remain here until dinner time and all may yet be well." The prince, from goodness of heart, and not wishing that the major should have the painful impression on his mind that he had been the instrument of the death of a fellow creature, and one of the most convivial of their companions, had imparted to the major the consolatory information that his antagonist was not seriously injured; and the major looked forward to the hour of dinner with some anxiety, when he was to receive further information on the subject. The hour came—the party were assembled in the dining room. "Now, Hanger," said the prince, "I'll introduce a gentleman to you, who shall give you all the information you can wish." The door opened and Sheridan entered. The major started back with wonder. "How, how, how is this?" he stammered; "I thought I had killed you." "Not quite, my good fellow," said Sheridan, offering the major his hand; "I am not yet quite good enough to go to the world above—and as to that below, I am not yet fully qualified for it; therefore, I considered it better to defer my departure from this to a future period; and now I doubt not that his royal highness will give you an explicit explanation of the whole business—but I died well, did I not, Hanger?" The prince now declared that the whole plot had been concocted by himself and hoped that when the major next fought a duel he might be in a coach to view it. Conviviality reigned for the remainder of the evening.—HUISH.

The Duke of Wellington dined frequently with the Prince Regent, who, when he had finished his iced punch and a bottle of sherry, began to be garrulous. The regent would invariably talk about the battle of Waterloo and speak of the way he had charged the French with the Household Brigade; upon one occasion he was so far gone that he had the temerity to tell the duke that he had completely bowled over the French cavalry commanded by Marshal Ney. This was too much for the duke to swallow and he said, "I have heard you, sir, say so before, but I did not witness this marvelous charge. Your royal highness must know that the French cavalry are the best in Europe."—REES HOWELL GRONOW, "Recollections."

I believe it is certain about George IV., that he had heard so much about the war, knighted so many people, and worn such a prodigious quantity of marshal's uniforms, cocked-hats, cock's-feathers, scarlet and bullion in general, that he actually fancied that he had been present in some campaigns and, under the name of General Brock, led a tremendous charge of the German legion at Waterloo.—THACKERAY.

It is said that George IV. had only two classical quotations, one from Homer and one from Virgil, which he constantly sported and that on very slight provocation. The Virgilian one . . . he always gave with a ridiculous error.—*Notes and Queries*, August 17, 1889.

Here is an anecdote of his royal highness I heard the other day from one who had it at first hand in the days of the regency. It has never yet, I believe, been in print. At a small dinner party at Carlton House, Colonel Hamlyn, one of the boon companions of the prince, told a story which, like most stories of the regency, was more distinguished by its point than by its propriety. When Colonel Hamlyn had finished the First Gentleman in Europe filled his glass and threw its contents into his guest's face, saying, "Hamlyn, you're a blackguard." What was the colonel to do? To challenge the regent was treason and yet to return the insult in kind was to take a course which must have compelled the prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the colonel, or to ask some one to take up the quarrel for him. And yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamlyn solved the difficulty by filling his glass and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion. "His royal highness's toast—pass it on." This was wit in action. It sealed Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. "Hamlyn," he said with a slap on the shoulder, "you're a capital fellow. Here's a toast to you."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1870.

George IV. had spoken to me like a well-bred but easy-going prince; he was far from bitterness because he thought of other things.

Nevertheless, it did not do to trifle with him beyond moderation. One of his table fellows [Beau Brummell] had wagered that he would ask George IV. to ring the bell and that George IV. would obey. George IV. did in fact ring the bell and said to the gentleman-in-waiting, "Show this gentleman the door."—CHÂTEAUBRIAND, "Memoirs."

On one occasion, however, at Holland House, he [Sydney Smith] was himself set down by the Prince of Wales, then prince regent. The conversation having taken the turn to discussing who was the wickedest man that ever lived, Sydney Smith, addressing himself to the prince, said, "The Regent Orleans, and he was a prince." The prince's answer was short, quiet and biting. Ignoring even his interlocutor's surname, he said, "I should give the preference to his tutor, the Abbé Dubois, and he was a priest, Mr. Sydney."—PRINCESS MARIE LICHTENSTEIN, "Holland House."

George IV., when prince regent, used to spend weeks at Holkham, and, as Coke says, "he called me Tom." The Whigs all thought much of George IV. when he associated with Fox, Sheridan, etc. Lord ——— showed me a field which the prince regent insisted on galloping over, though Coke told him the sod would yield under the horse's feet. It did so and the prince and his horse tumbled head over heels. "We were all much frightened for fear of losing so fine a prince, but," said he, "in process of time we found that we had not saved so good a king after all." After George IV. apostatised it is said that he was very anxious of revisiting Holkham and caused a communication to that effect to be sent to Lord L——, then Mr. Coke. Coke sent him word that "Holkham was open to the public every Thursday."—JOHN VAN BUREN, "Letters," *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1906.

I immediately notified the king and the Prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her that it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and, calling me to him, said, "Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy." I said, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?" Upon which he, much out of humor, said with an oath, "No, I will go directly to the queen." And away he went. The princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said in French, "My God! Is that the prince? He is large, coarse, and by no means like his portrait." . . . I said his royal highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to further criticism on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the king had not ordered me to attend him. . . . Asked how I liked this sort of manners I could not conceal my disapprobation of them and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenier serrée;* that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she were not strictly kept, would from high spirits and little thought certainly emancipate too much. To this the prince said, "I see but too plainly; but why, Harris, did you not tell me before, or write to me from Brunswick?" I replied that I did not consider what the duke (a severe father himself towards his children) said of sufficient consequence; that it affected neither the princess's moral character nor conduct, and was intended solely as an intimation which I conceived it only proper to notice to his royal highness at a proper occasion—at such a one as had now offered; and that I humbly hoped his royal highness would not consider it as casting any real slur or aspersion on the princess; that as to not writing to his royal highness from Brunswick, I begged him to recollect that I was not sent on a discretionary commission, but with the most positive demands to ask the princess Caroline in marriage and nothing more.—EARL OF MALMESBURY, "Diaries and Correspondence."

An old gentleman, long connected with the court, says that among those sent to escort the princess to England there was a lady of rank between whom and the prince something more than a strong liaison was suspected; that this lady persuaded the princess, when they stopped for lunch or other refreshments, to partake of some salad in which she had mixed a quantity of green onions. The consequence was that on approaching to kiss his bride the prince was saluted by a breath redolent of an odor which he detested beyond measure.—*Notes and Queries*, January 15, 1867.

Lord Castlereagh went into the study of

George IV. and said to him, "Sir, I come to tell your majesty that your mortal enemy is dead." "What?" he replied, "is it possible that she can be dead?" Lord Castlereagh was obliged to calm the monarch's joy by explaining to him that he was not talking of the queen, his wife, but of Bonaparte.—COUNTESS DE BOIGNE, "Memoirs."

Lovers of long sums have added up the millions and millions which in the course of his brilliant existence this single prince consumed. Beside his income of £50,000, £70,000, £100,000, £120,000 a year, we read of three applications to parliament: debts to the amount of £160,000, of £650,000; besides mysterious foreign loans, whereof he pocketed the proceeds.—THACKERAY.

When Fox first became acquainted with Sheridan, he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation that he became exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of Brookes' club, which he frequented every night. Sheridan was frequently proposed, but as often had one black ball in the ballot, which disqualified him. At length, the balls being marked, the hostile ball was traced to old George Selwyn, a stickler for aristocracy. Sheridan was apprized of this and desired that his name might be put up again, and that the further conduct of the matter might be left to himself. Accordingly, on the evening that he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes', arm in arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. Being shown into the candidates' waiting-room, the waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the prince desired to speak with him immediately; Selwyn obeyed the summons without delay, and Sheridan, to whom he had no personal dislike, entertained him for half an hour with a political story, which interested him very much, but which, of course, had no foundation in truth. During Selwyn's absence the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen, which circumstance was announced to himself and the prince, by the waiter, with the preconcerted signal of stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan got up, and apologizing for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn that the prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very remarkable. Sheridan now went upstairs and was introduced to and welcomed by the club and was soon in all his glory. The prince in the meantime was left in no very enviable situation, for he had not the least idea of being left to conclude the story, the thread of which (if it had a thread) he had entirely forgotten, or which perhaps his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause prevented him from listening to with sufficient attention to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still by means of his auditor's occasional assistance, he got on pretty well for a few minutes, when a question from Selwyn, as to the flat contradiction of a part of his royal highness's story to that of Sheridan, completely posed him and he stuck fast. After much floundering to set him right, and finding all was in vain, the prince burst into a loud laugh and exclaimed, "Damn the fellow, to leave me to finish this infernal story, of which I know as much as a child unborn—but never mind, Selwyn, as Sherry does not seem inclined to come back, let us go upstairs and I dare say Fox or some of them will be able to tell you all about it." They adjourned to the club-room and Selwyn now detected the maneuver.—HUISH.

The following statement was taken down by Lady de Ros from the Duke of Wellington's lips in 1838: "George IV. had, from the time he was quite a young man, been in the habit of carrying about with him a *douillette* pocketbook, into which he used to put money, letters, trinkets, miniatures and any of the numerous odd gloves, locks of hair and similar keepsakes which he was always adding to his stock from all quarters. As soon as his pocketbook became full, he used to put it away in a drawer without ever troubling himself to examine its present contents or to take out whatever money it might contain, mixed with the miscellaneous articles. Whenever he thus put away a full pocketbook, he took another to replace it from a great stock of new ones he kept by him, and this, as soon as that was filled, was laid by and replaced in like manner. At the time of his death it devolved upon the duke and another to examine the personal effects of the king, and accordingly they had to look through the contents of a whole chest of drawers entirely filled with these pocketbooks, filled and stowed away by the king from the time he was a young man. When the duke first looked at one of them, and found the toys it contained, he was about to have the whole stock burned, but some money accidentally fell out, which led to a careful scrutiny of others, and they actually collected in various sums not less than ten thousand pounds from these pocketbooks, after which they caused them to be destroyed with their less important contents."—*The Eclectic Review*, August, 1893.

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART
1809-1898

English Statesman

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Once, when young Gladstone was præpostor of his form, he had omitted to mark one of his class fellows, who had been late. The birch was produced and Dr. Keate prepared to administer a flogging to young Gladstone, but before doing so he gave an elaborate disquisition on the heinousness of a breach of trust. "If you please, sir," replied the youthful sophist, "my præpostorship would have been an office of trust if I had sought it of my own accord, but it was forced upon me." Dr. Keate was so struck by the ready and ingenious answer that the intended flogging was abandoned.—MELROSE.

It used to be customary for a boy on his promotion to the fifth form to give a supper in his room, and afterwards to recite a satirical ode, passing comment on all the other fellows in his boarding-house. These productions were often very coarse, for it was an understood thing that the authors were never to be molested by those whom they abused. Gladstone in his fifth form poem eschewed all personalities, but conveyed his opinion with great vigor on some of the causes rife in the school, and particularly on the cruelties that used to be practised on pigs at the Eton fair that was held every Ash Wednesday. A barbarous custom had arisen for the boys to hustle the drovers and cut off the tails of the pigs. Gladstone gave great offense by remarking that the boys who were foremost in this kind of butchery were the first to quake at the consequences of detection and he dared them, if they were proud of their work, to sport the trophies of it in their hats. On the following Ash-Wednesday he found three newly amputated pigtails hung in a bunch on his door, with a paper bearing this inscription, *"Quisque amat porcos, porcis amabitur illis; causa sit exemplum ter repetita tibi."* Gladstone wrote underneath a challenge to the despoilers of the pigs to come forth and take a receipt for their offering, which he would mark in "good round hand upon your faces"; but the statesman, who in his seventy-fourth year fells trees for amusement, was already as a boy a tough foe to deal with and his invitation met with no response. It would be pleasant if one could add that after this the pigs had a better time of it, but their miseries only ceased when the Ash-Wednesday fair was abolished under Dr. Hawtrey.

William Gladstone and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to hang. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder and stood irresolute while the

argument progressed; but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced, of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady had ordered; but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this: "Aweel, Miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll come roond to Master Willie's opeenion."

He was a regular attendant at morning chapel in the cathedral, but the practise as to chapel-going was looser in those times than it became afterwards, and once it did happen that, somehow having missed several "chapels" in succession, Gladstone was ordered by the censor to write out a hundred lines. Now the censor would probably not have inflicted this punishment task if he had thought that Gladstone would write the lines himself. It was a tolerated custom that lines should be bought of the scouts at the rate of half a crown per hundred, so that the punishment was another way of fining a man two and sixpence. The actual writers of the lines were generally servitors, who did them—one is almost ashamed to say—for a shilling the hundred, thus leaving the scout, the middleman, a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent. on the transaction. Gladstone's scout, hearing of his little trouble, brought him a *pœna*, as a matter of course, and was much surprised when the student answered, "It will do me no harm to write the hundred lines." Having said this, he wrote them, and in his best hand too. The incident deserves to be mentioned because it provoked some controversy at the House. The implication that it was dishonest to buy a *pœna* instead of writing it, was scouted by the young gentlemen who were freer with their half-crowns than with their penmanship, and it seems that the morality which prevailed in this respect half a century ago is that which still subsists in these our times.

"At Fasque," says his friend already quoted, "we often had archery practise and the arrows that went wide of the targets would get lost in the long grass. Most of us would have liked to collect only the arrows that we could find without trouble and then begin shooting again; but this was not William's way. He would insist that all the arrows should be found before we shot our second volleys and would marshal us in Indian file and make us tramp about in the grass till every quiver had been refilled. Once we were so long in hunting for a particular arrow that dusk came on and we had to relinquish the search. The next morning as I was dressing I saw through my window William ranging the field and prodding into every tuft of grass with a stick. He had been busy in this way for two hours and at length he found the arrow just before breakfast. I remarked that he had wasted a good deal of time. 'Yes and no,' said he; 'I was certain the arrow could be found if I looked for it in a certain way and I failed several times by trying shorter methods. When I set to work in the proper fashion I succeeded.' "—RICHARDS, *Temple Bar*, May, 1883.

As we were walking on the ramparts one evening after dinner we persuaded Mr. Gladstone to smoke a cigarette, but it was a terrible failure. Tobacco to him was an abomination. Only once again did he attempt it and this was an instance of his courtesy: for when the Prince of Wales was dining with him and wished to smoke, he placed the prince at his ease by at any rate lighting a cigarette. From the time when, a boy at Eton, he persuaded a friend to throw away the accursed weed, to the last days of his life, he had a horror of it. In later years he accused me of smelling strongly of tobacco. "I don't wonder," I said, "for I have been sitting for half an hour in Sir William Harcourt's room." "Does Harcourt smoke?" he asked, in a voice of horror; "if so, he must be very careful to change his clothes before he comes to me."—WEST.

I can well remember at Fasque in 1847, when, after explaining his own principles on the subject, he [Gladstone's father] remarked, pointing to his son, who had withdrawn from the discussion, but was still within hearing, "But there's my son William, ruining the country as fast as he can."—BISHOP WORDSWORTH, *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1883.

He never got over his distaste for the Establishment and I was amused in later years by his involuntary coolness and restraint in his manner in speaking to, or of, any of its ministers. Beyond this little weakness, arising from some of the most indelible associations of his early years, I think his mind was singularly open and free from prejudice in the discussion of religion. —DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The principal subject discussed was the revision of the New Testament which had been just given to the world. The prime minister was exceedingly interested in the

theme. He is learned in his Greek, as every one knows, and quoted the original text freely. He was entirely opposed to the revision and offered to lay five pounds that it would never be authorized to be read in the churches. I was amused to hear him offer a wager and on such a theme and said so to his daughter. She told me she had never known him to make a bet but once and that was that Disraeli would be a peer before himself.—BADEAU, *The North American Review*, June, 1886.

We have heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attribute much of his health to the fact that he will have his Sabbath to himself and his family, undisturbed by any of the agitations of business, the cares of state, or even the recreations of literature and scholastic study.—*The Leisure Hour*, 1833.

He would be ever saying, "You know more of that than I can pretend to know," eager to learn, to listen, to acquire or impart knowledge on every conceivable topic under the sun.—HARRISON.

At a dinner party some one made reference to the fact that the asparagus season would soon begin. "It has begun already," said Mr. Gladstone, "but only the very rich or the very foolish can enjoy it at present. The best asparagus is sold to-day for two pounds a bundle." Mrs. Gladstone, who was present, was moved to say, "How can you possibly know that? I am sure we have bought none." "No, my dear," was his instant reply, "but when I see a new thing in the shops I always like to inquire the price, and I went into a shop in Piccadilly this morning and asked what the remarkably fine asparagus they had in the window was selling at."

"I remember," further observed the Dingwall companion of Mr. Gladstone's child-life, "we were one day standing together watching the operation of potato-planting, and we fell to discussing the proper distance that should be given between the plants. We argued the subject out to our own satisfaction and, when he had pumped all the information possible on the point from me, I was highly amused to see him take from his pocket a memorandum book, in which he made a note of all the information he had gained on the subject. This notebook he called into requisition very often, jotting down scraps of information gained from day to day and making memoranda of the most commonplace subjects."

I remember a dinner party at which he was seated beside a member of the Vanderbilt family. The conversation had turned upon the price of real estate in the city of London and the enormous value of land in the neighborhood of the Bank of England. "You have nothing like that in New York, Mr. Vanderbilt," said Mr. Gladstone, turning to the distinguished American; "great as New York is the value of its land is a trifle compared to the value of land in the city of London." Mr. Vanderbilt acquiesced and modestly named the highest figure at which he knew land to have been sold in his native city. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Gladstone instantly; "you are mistaken; that is not the highest price." And forthwith he gave the astonished millionaire more than one case in which sites in New York had been sold for still larger sums than those that he, who might be presumed to have more than a passing acquaintance with the subject, had named.—REID.

From his own record we know that two of the books that took the strongest hold on him were "The Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Arabian Nights."—MARY DREW, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, June, 1906.

To the end Mr. Gladstone lived by a time table, and the days were rare when he made any variation from it. Immediately after luncheon he retired to his library for about an hour, not to work, read or rest himself, but to humor Mrs. Gladstone while she took a nap, which she could not do when he was absent.

He strongly objected to typewriting on the ground that not only was it more difficult for him to read than any fair hand, but also because it interposed, as he claimed, a mechanical veil between the sender and receiver of the letter.

His prejudices were undoubtedly strong and in some instances even insuperable, but I find it hard to believe what Dean Farrar, now dead, once said of him to me: "He has always stood between me and preferment. And do you know why? Simply because, meeting him once at dinner, I could not agree with him as to some of his opinions of Homer."—WILLIAM H. RIDEING, "Many Celebrities and a Few Others," copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.

The man who has caused "local option" and "union of hearts," "silver streak" and "bag and baggage," "resources of civilization" and "parliamentary hand" to pass into

the every-day language of British newspaperdom deserved the credit that fairly may attach to the achievement.—ROBBINS, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1896.

A decent burial, he ventured to suggest —not cremation, but interment—for books unsuitable for daily companionship; among these, finding in them little sociability, he would have included his "Hansards" [Parliamentary Reports].—MARY DREW, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, June, 1906.

I remember his [Lord Balfour] describing a comic incident which happened, I think in his own house, and in which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were the chief figures. The statesman and his wife were going upstairs from the hall. In the hall two or three housemaids were peering around the corner to get a sight of the great man, and when Mrs. Gladstone saw them she called down to her husband, "Bow, William, bow," which accordingly he did with his usual affability. —KEBBEL.

In Parliament

A gifted though somewhat erratic politician used to tell how he once fared when he had risen in the House of Commons to censure some act of the ministry. "I had not gone on three minutes when Gladstone turned around and gazed at me so that I had to sit down in the middle of a sentence. I could not help it. There was no standing his eye."—BRYCE.

He [the fifth Earl of Spencer] felt the magic power of Mr. Gladstone and in answer to a remark about Mr. Gladstone's influence he once said: "If you have ever been alone in a room with Mr. Gladstone for half an hour you would not ask me why I followed him."—SMALLEY.

There is a back way out of the House of Commons by which it is possible to get on to the Thames embankment, the view from which over the river is always striking, and most so just before sunrise, when the morning stars flame up above St. Paul's cathedral and the sky reddening over the city begins to redden the broad stream beneath. By this way he used to pass out late at night, eluding the vigilance of the police, and enjoy a solitary stroll under the stars before returning to his house, indifferent to the dangers which others feared for him.—BRYCE, *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1902.

Mr. Gladstone was very often unaware of the measures taken for his personal safety. I remember his talking about the safety of the times, and how public men could now go unguarded everywhere, whilst he was sitting at the dinner table with two detectives provided by Scotland Yard in order to watch over him, standing in the room, whilst another was upstairs ready to mix with the guests at the party which was afterwards to be given. The Grand Old Man's two guardians at the dinners were dressed as footmen, one standing immediately behind his chair, whilst the other took up a position directly opposite on the other side of the table.—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

On a certain night, a few sessions ago, one of the brotherhood [of reporters] was seated on the stairs leading from the lobby to the peers' gallery in the House of Commons ruminating on the lack of political news when Gladstone happened to come down the stairs unobserved by him. "Will you kindly allow me to pass?" said the premier, as he then was, to the pensive journalist. He jumped up and stood aside and Gladstone passed on with a gracious nod of recognition. The incident, trifling though it was, inspired the lobbyist with that with which he most stood in need, a good half column of political information. Going straightway to the telegraph office he sent off a message to his paper: "Meeting Mr. Gladstone this evening in the lobby, I had a brief but profoundly interesting conversation with him," etc., etc. The half column of conversation that followed contained nothing that was really new. It was merely a recapitulation of the views recently expressed by Mr. Gladstone on current political questions; but, served up in the vivid form of an interview, it was accepted as an important political communication from the premier and was accordingly widely quoted in the press. Its authenticity was never denied by Mr. Gladstone as it in no way misrepresented his opinions.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1895.

It is literally true that Mr. Gladstone has left an indelible mark in the House of Commons. Upon the table between the two "front benches," upon which sit the leaders of the opposing parties at Westminster, there are always set two brass bound oaken despatch boxes. Each of these bears indentations caused by the Grand Old Man's signet ring—witnesses to the tremendous force with which he used to bring down his clenched fist upon the boxes, when speaking from the government side of the table or from that of the opposition.—*Munsey's Magazine*, January, 1897.

Joseph Hume, who sat below him, wore a hat with a rather broad brim; the hat had a long nap and was a peculiar head-covering; it appeared to be too large for his very large head. His aspect was that of intense solemnity and almost supernatural honesty. . . . Ewart had made a very effective speech; he had appealed to all that was great, and noble, on the earth; he raised his eyes to heaven; he asked posterity to do him justice, etc., etc. Unfortunately, having moved the house by his harangue, while emphasizing the very last sentence, he brought his fist down with a crushing blow upon Hume's hat. The effect was instantaneous: the large hat descended below Hume's chin and his heavy, unintelligent features were completely obscured.—FRASER.

The tories never made a greater mistake than the ejection of Gladstone from his Oxford seat. By sending him from Oxford to Liverpool, they, to use his own phrase, unmuzzled him. It is true, I believe, that on the day of his rejection the Bible fell out of the hands of James I. on the gate tower of the Bodleian, an omen of the separation of the church from the state. The stone being very friable, the fall was not miraculous, although it was curiously apt. —SMITH.

It is not generally known that in early life Gladstone, owing, I believe, to an accident while out shooting, lost the forefinger of his left hand and consequently he always wore a piece of black silk (which was kept in position by two pieces of narrow tape of the same color fastened around his wrist) over the stump. No matter how carefully the piece of silk had been fixed, it had, in consequence of its awkward position, to be repeatedly adjusted; and often, when in the midst of his greatest flights of oratory, and when the House was electrified by his brilliant periods, Mr. Gladstone could be seen carefully adjusting this piece of silk.—SIDEBOTHAM, *Chambers's Journal*, December 23, 1899.

Once upon a time—it was in 1845—Mr. Gladstone was minded to resign. Accordingly he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, marked the letter "secret," and by a characteristic perversity sent it open to the minister. As Sir Robert said, "it might have been read in every post office through which it passed." Graham's [Sir James, "Life and Letters"] comment upon this adventure is wisely apposite. "Gladstone's omission to seal such a letter," says he, "was most unfortunate, but the enigmatical style has its advantages. I doubt whether there is a postmaster in England who, after reading the letter, would understand one word of it."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1907.

He has arrived at that point in his career when he asserts his claim to be above all rules. He has a special license to do and say anything he thinks proper. He may, and does, put words into the mouth of any other public man; and, when he is called upon to verify his imaginary quotation, he stoutly refuses to do so. "I say that so-and-so used these words—therefore he did." This was actually the course he took in the House of Commons on September 20th, when he attributed to Lord Salisbury language which that nobleman never used, and, being called upon by many members to "quote," he doggedly replied, "No; I will not quote." Referring to this daring misrepresentation Lord Salisbury remarked on the 22nd of September (at St. Albans): "I said nothing of the kind. Parliamentary courtesy will not allow me to express in as strong language as I should like to use the contradiction which these statements demand." No one in public life is so reckless as Mr. Gladstone in attributing language to his opponents which they never used, or in twisting their words into a signification they were never intended to have.—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1886.

His Favorite Amusement

He accounts for his fondness for tree felling by the completeness of mental rest that this form of exercise affords. It is an undertaking which gives no time for thinking of anything but the point at which the next stroke should fall. "As the chips fall this way and that," remarks one of his biographers, "Mr. Gladstone is as profoundly absorbed in laying the ax at the proper angle at the right cleft of the trunk as ever he was in replying to the leader of the opposition in the course of a critical debate."—DAY, *Munsey's Magazine*, August, 1892.

It is a matter of notoriety that Mr. Gladstone delights in wielding the ax and in performing the rough manual labor of the common woodman. He has here abundant materials on which to exercise his skill, and if the visitor arrives at a favorable moment he may perchance see a tree several feet in diameter which has been felled by one of the most intellectual men of the time; or view the prime minister of England, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, engaged in lopping timber or cutting firewood, for Mr. Gladstone is in no way ashamed of his pursuits, and has even

had himself photographed stripped to the shirt whilst engaged at his work. His axes, which are said to exceed thirty in number, many of them costly presents from ardent admirers, are, however, too sacred to be exhibited and are amongst the few things at Hawarden which are not open to the public gaze.—*Our Own Country*, 1882.

In the management of the woods at Hawarden I thought him too destructive, but this was partly due to his eagerness in the personal handling of the ax.—DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Mr. Gladstone never cuts down a tree for the sake of exercise. A doubtful tree is tried judicially. Sometimes its fate hangs in the balance for years. The opinion of the family is consulted, and frequently that of visitors. Mr. Ruskin sealed the fate of an oak; Sir J. Millais decided that the removal of an elm would be a clear improvement. The trees at Hawarden are treated as precious gifts of nature with which no human hand should deal rashly.—RUSSELL, *London Daily Graphic*, October 25, 1890, quoting "an inhabitant of the parish."

There is a story in the Gladstone family how Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the well-known journalist and after-dinner speaker, once went for the day to Hawarden, looking forward no doubt to an epoch-making conversation. Mr. Gladstone took him for a walk round the park and came back grievously disappointed. "I always heard O'Connor was a well-informed man," he observed with a shake of his head, "but he took no interest whatever in trees."—MAUD LYTTELTON, *Lippincott's Magazine*, November, 1904.

Humor and the Lack of It

Mr. Gladstone was seated just above us, looking—as he always does before making a great speech—pale, nervous and anxious. At his right on the table stood the usual tumbler of sherry and egg, at which he took occasional sips during the chairman's remarks. Suddenly the Irishman looked up at him, caught his attention and said, "Misther Gladstone, will ye give us a dhrop of that?" Not moving a muscle, with serious, earnest expression, as if he meant every word he said, Mr. Gladstone replied, "Sir, if you were up here you would want it all."—*New Century Review*, May, 1898.

It is said to have been his habit to let the wines which were served in the course of a dinner mobilize at his elbow and during a pause in the conversation to seize the glass which happened to be the nearest. On one occasion, Mr. Gladstone, who had refreshed himself in his usual haphazard way, inveighed against the practise of mixing drinks. It was respectfully pointed out to him that he had been guilty of this very act; but he explained, to his own satisfaction, that to mix wines was to fill up half a glass of champagne from the porter decanter.—MACDONAGH, *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1898.

He had a Spartan theory about pain being more a matter of imagination than of actual physical torment. "As to toothache," he one day exclaimed, "I am sure a determined fellow could resolve not to feel it." Then, suddenly conquered by the humorous aspect of his own statement, he added, "At least he might resolve that about another man's toothache."—RICHARDS, *Temple Bar*, May, 1883.

Gladstone told amusing anecdotes. One pleasantry was of one of Lord Lyttleton's sons, who was very tall and lank. He being in Birmingham and wishful to know the distance to a place he sought, asked a boy in the street how far it was. "Oh, not far," was the assuring but indefinite answer. "But can you not give me some better idea of the distance?" Mr. Lyttleton inquired. "Well, sir," said the lad, looking up at the obelisk-like interrogator before him, "if you should fall down you would be half way there."—HOLYOAKE.

I remember that at a big garden party at Campden Hill there was a Punch and Judy set up on the lower lawn to amuse the children. There stood Gladstone, laughing and open-mouthed, as delighted as any boy or girl of them all. Opposite to him were Disraeli and Montagu Corry—to whom the creator of "Peace with honor" seemed, by his look of contempt, to be saying, "They call this a statesman."—HARRISON.

In the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, Mr. Gladstone might be described as wanting in humor, but he certainly was not deficient in the rapier-like skill which he employed in the brightest of badinage (or may I call it chaff?) in the House of Commons.—WEST.

Gladstone's lack of humor raised more laughs than other people's humor. I heard him speak on the reduction of the tax on pepper, and he ensouled pepper that it seemed to be flying about the hall, and one must say, "Pepper for the masses!" An Oxford professor told me that just before a formal

meeting of the faculty of Lincoln College it was learned that Gladstone was on a visit to the master of Christ's College. They wished to have him at the meeting and get a speech out of him, but the difficulty was that they had no subject to discuss. But one professor remembered that there had been some question whether about twenty old books that had always been on a shelf in a corridor should not be removed to the library and they resolved to make that motion, though quite unimportant, as an excuse for getting up a discussion. Gladstone came with his host and took the discussion seriously. "Gentlemen," he said, "it was remarked by the distinguished professor who raised this important discussion that he did not wish to take the responsibility of changing the location of these volumes without receiving an order from the entire faculty, and it seems that the faculty hesitate to take the responsibility. Gentlemen, there have been times when the faculty of Lincoln College has assumed great responsibility, and I trust that it is still prepared to assume great responsibilities when changes become necessary. We live, gentlemen, in times when emergencies arise"—and so on proceeded Gladstone with solemn periods for fifteen minutes about a matter which the professors presumed would bring out some witty anecdotes, but had not expected to afford them just the kind of amusement received.—CONWAY.

I have heard him speak of . . . the extravagance of American humor. He carried in his memory a varied stock of examples of the latter, and laughed like a boy over them as he repeated them, especially over the story of the Bostonian who, when he was asked what he thought of Shakespeare, said, "He was a great man. I don't suppose there are ten men even in Boston who could have written Shakespeare's works." And over the boastful clerk who, when told by the employee of another firm that its correspondence involved an expenditure of five thousand dollars a year for ink, replied, "That's nothing. Last year we stopped dotting our i's and saved ten thousand dollars by that alone."

"There is only one thing for which I could give them an appropriation," he said, "and that would be an appropriation for the enlargement of Bedlam." He gurgled with laughter as he said this and quickly added, "And I know what they would have said, 'And you are the first man we shall put in it.'"—RIDEING.

The Lord Chief Justice of England doubted some of the marvels of Mr. Gladstone's really wonderful memory and once, hearing a story of Gladstone's early years, he determined to improve upon it. So he said that he remembered when he was only six months old, and lying in his cradle, he saw his nurse surreptitiously help herself to a glass of brandy and said to himself, "As soon as I can speak, shan't I tell my mother?" "The thing is absolutely impossible," was Gladstone's comment, in his gravest tone. The Lord Chief Justice said afterwards that he had been beaten because he reckoned on Mr. Gladstone's having a gleam of humor. "I was mistaken," he said sadly. —*The Green Bag*, May, 1907, quoting *The Christian Register*.

The Grand Old Man

On the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's government in 1880 a friend, not the writer, who wished to spare Mr. Gladstone (who had not yet any private secretary available) some of the trouble of writing notes and sending messages, asked if he could in any way help him. The answer was, "Pray," a most characteristic reply, showing the feeling deepest in Mr. Gladstone's mind.—STANMORE, *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1898.

After his operation for cataract by Dr. Nettleship, something, through his own carelessness, it must be admitted, went wrong. On his realization of this his first words were, "I am so sorry for Nettleship."—WEST, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, January, 1910.

A wretched creature, who found him listening to and relieving a tale of woe, threatened to "expose" him, unless he paid blackmail. Mr. Gladstone sprang like a lion upon his assailant, handed him over to the police and in the full consciousness of his own innocence faced the publicity which many weaker men would have striven to shirk.—REID.

E. answered that he thought it was less coarse for "vice lost half its evil there by losing all its grossness." Mr. Gladstone answered that that was almost the only foolish thing Burke ever wrote.—OLDFIELD, *Longmans's Magazine*, July, 1898.

The story was current that Gladstone had bought the whole contents of a toy shop and ordered them to be sent to his house. This came to me once in so circumstantial a form that I asked Lady Russell whether she thought it could be true. Her answer

was, "I begin to think it is, for I have heard it every session for ten years."—SMITH.

I happened to be in church one Sunday morning when Mr. Gladstone came in; it was a church he attended very rarely, so he was quite unexpected. He had much difficulty in finding a seat, for it was a free and open church and apt to crowd up dreadfully. A curate deacon, whom we all loved, but whose forte was not preaching, happened to be in the pulpit and caught sight of the prime minister as he hurried in and looked around for a chair. It was about his first sermon and, nervous before, this quite upset him. This Mr. Gladstone quickly perceived and, picking up his hat and umbrella, he scurried to the top of the church and, finding a seat among the children, sat through the whole long sermon with his hand to his ear, paying the most marked attention to every word. This gave the curate—I am sorry to say he is since dead—more courage, but after service Mr. Gladstone took an opportunity of thanking him.—*New York Evening Post*, June 2, 1898, quoting a letter in the *London Church Gazette*.

A plain wreath of oak leaves was sent through the British consul at Berlin in the hope that it might find a place on Mr. Gladstone's coffin. The sender was a Berlin shoemaker, who at one time owed his success in business to the Grand Old Man. About twenty years ago this shoemaker came to London and established a small workshop, but in spite of industry and strict attention to business he continued so poor that he did not even have money enough to buy leather for work which had been ordered. One day he was in the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's cathedral with his betrothed bride, to whom he confided the sad condition of his affairs and the impossibility of their marriage. The young girl gave him all her small savings, with which he went next day to purchase the required leather, without knowing, however, that he was followed by a gentleman commissioned to make inquiries about him. The shoemaker was not a little surprised when the leather merchant told him he was willing to open a small account with him. In this way did fortune begin to smile upon him and soon to his great astonishment he received orders from the wealthiest circle in London society and his business became so well established that he was able to marry and to have a comfortable home of his own. He was known in London for years as the "Parliament Shoemaker," but only when, to please his German wife, he left London for Berlin, did the leather merchant tell him that he owed his credit account to none other than Mr. Gladstone. The cabinet minister had been in the Whispering Gallery when the poor shoemaker had been telling his betrothed of his poverty and, owing to the peculiar acoustics of the gallery, had heard every word that had been said.—*New York Evening Post*, July 9, 1898, quoting *British Weekly Correspondence*.

GODIVA, Lady, about 1045.

The legend of Leofric and Godiva is, I regret to say, wholly a myth. It was impossible that she should have ridden through Coventry, for the same reason that, according to an old song, prevented Guy Fawkes from crossing Vauxhall bridge on his way "to perpetrate his guilt." Coventry was not in existence at the time. There is, however, some foundation for the legend. Godiva was a lady possessing vast wealth, with which she determined to found and endow an abbey. This she did, "stripping herself of all she had," and hence the legend. Coventry gradually rose round the abbey and had no streets, and consequently no tolls, until Lady Godiva had been dead at least a century.—REV. J. G. WOOD, "Waterton's Wanderings in South America," biography of Waterton.

Of the existence of Godiva, indeed, no doubt exists, since she appears (as Godeva) in Domesday Book as one of the great landowners in Warwickshire. But the legend itself does not rest on good authority, since none of the chroniclers mention it before Roger de Wendower, who wrote in the reign of King John. . . . As for the Peeping Tom story, that Mr. Bloxam has demonstrated to be very improbable, if not actually impossible. According to the "Norman Survey," taken nearly thirty years after Earl Leofric's death, there were only sixty-nine houses in Coventry; and "if we take the Bayeux tapestry as our guide in delineating the habitations of the commonalty, we shall find them to be mere wooden hovels of a single story, with a door, but no windows. If there were no windows, the windows clearly cannot have been shut, nor can any Tom have got into trouble by peeping out of one of them. Consequently we may well surrender the legend unconditionally."—COUNTESS OF WARWICK, "Warwick Castle and Its Earls."

GORDON, Charles George ("Chinese"), 1833-1885. English general.

It is told of him that when a child at Corfu, where his father held a command, his terror of guns of all descriptions was ex-

treme, and that he would hide his head anywhere to escape the sound of firing. It was no test of pluck. The sailors used to encourage him to throw himself into the sea when they were swimming round the ship, and with perfect confidence he would leap towards them, utterly fearless. But at Woolwich most of his early years were passed. Fine opportunities lay to his hand as a lad, when he had the run of the gun-carriage department, nor was he slow in turning them to account. A carpenter made him a huge cross-bow, with which no fewer than twenty-eight squares of glass were broken at extreme ranges one Sunday afternoon. Nor would matters have ended here, in all probability, had not an infuriated officer brought things to a climax when a screw stuck into the wall of his room, just missing his head as he sat reading. A squirt was next constructed for him by one of his friends in the yard; it held a quart of water, and would throw a jet on to the windows of the cadets' lecture room, which it was his highest ambition to get within the line of fire. He used to describe the long chase one of them had after him, till a friendly turning in the fortifications—whose every nook and corner was familiar to him, just hid him in time to escape.

He had many a story in after days to tell of men and their manners in somewhat irritating times, when boundaries had to be laid down, nor did his observations end there. With a spice of irony and fun he used to describe the effect on the very storks which built on roofs beneath which suspicious heads were playing the diplomatic game of chess. In one of their nests a goose egg was placed during the absence of the old bird. Gordon went on to relate: On her return she said nothing, but made the best of it. Sad to say, as the gosling developed, the poor stork was driven to dreadful shifts to save him from the public gaze, but all to no purpose. There was a terrible to-do in the whole colony. First one mother stork would come and satisfy herself as to the common rumor by personal inspection, and then another, till they stood in rows, looking daggers at the unfortunate mother of the monstrosity. Finally a solemn conclave was held at a distance and, apparently being for once of one mind, they all returned and, pulling the wretched gosling out of the nest, despatched him forthwith. You could almost hear them saying, "This sort of thing will never do; who knows what he will grow up to?"—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1885.

A woman called on him one day with a piteous tale. Gordon went to his bedroom to get half a sovereign for her, and while he was away she took a fancy to a brown overcoat, which she hastened to conceal under her skirt. Gordon returned, gave her the money and she left with a profusion of thanks. While on her road home the coat slipped down and attracted the notice of a policeman, who demanded an explanation. She said, "I took it from the Colonel," and was marched back to him to identify his property and charge her with the theft. When Gordon heard the story he was far more distressed than the culprit and refused to comply with the constable's repeated requests to charge her. At last a happy thought came to his relief. Turning to the woman he said with a twinkle in his eye, "You wanted it, I suppose?" "Yes," repeated the astonished woman. Then, turning to the equally astonished policeman, he said, "There, there, take her away and send her about her business."—D. C. BOULGER, "Life of Gordon."

He was, however, an assiduous tract distributor, in a quiet way. Any one who next trod the same path when the colonel had walked from one fort to another, as he sometimes did, would generally find a sprinkling of tracts on the way, all so placed that they could not be mistaken for stray paper deposited by wind or chance. If there were a stile to get over, a tract would be on the top bar, kept in place by a heavy stone; if the footpath were narrow, another tract would be found in the middle of it, secured in the same way; others would be seen hung on any nails that might project from fence or wall, or wrapped round gate handles or bars, all so ingeniously placed that no one could fail to see that they had been put there purposely. At one fort a powerful telescope was kept, through which the actions of those at the next fort—a mile and a half distant—could be watched; and I fear it was very frequently used, when the colonel left on foot, to count up the tracts which he disposed of on the way.—ARTHUR STANNARD, *Nineteenth Century*, 1885.

It was while leading his men to the assault that Gordon saw the head of a small Chinese boy disappearing beneath the mud and frog-spawn of the ditch, and, for all any one cared, amongst the frogs he would have ended the seconds that were left to him of life. Making a long arm, Gordon caught the child's small pig-tail, pulled him out and sent a man to the rear with him, giving him strict orders to see to the boy and produce him at

night. We cannot spare space to relate the history of this poor little mud-lark, afterward named Quincey, and well known now in China, but it is one that, with variations, was repeated again and again in different parts of the world all through Gordon's life. When the friendless and he met, and there was a pound left of his pay, that pound soon found its way into a channel which led to another's good. — *The Quarterly Review*, April, 1885.

He began at the beginning and did not leave off until the boy he had rescued from the gutter had found his billet on board ship or in a situation. Nor did his interest end even with the safe placing of the boy in employment. "In his sitting room," writes one who knew him intimately [Sir Gerald Graham, "Last Words with Gordon"], "Gordon had a big chart of the world, with pins stuck in it, marking the probable positions of the different ships in which his kings (as he called them) were sailing. He thus followed them in his thoughts and was able to point out their whereabouts to their friends when they came to inquire about them."—WILLIAM F. BUTLER, "Charles George Gordon."

According to the diary the general possessed one theme on which he specially delighted to speak. Under date of April 8 appears the following somewhat remarkable passage: "The general was very talkative this evening, explaining to us his pet theory, viz., that the Seychelles Islands, which are situated to the northeast of Madagascar, are the site of the Garden of Eden. He gave many reasons for thinking so—one being that there is a tree found there that is not to be found in any other part of the world. This he is confident is the Forbidden Tree. It is called the Coco-de-Mer, or 'nut of the sea,' and has many peculiarities. The nut is shaped like a heart, but, with its husk taken off, it is like a man's body from the chest to the knees. To raise a tree, he explained, a nut is laid on the ground and covered with leaves. By and by a shoot comes out and runs along the ground and when about twelve feet long it takes root. The root is in the form of a bulb four feet in diameter. The tree itself grows to a height of one hundred feet and is only about nine inches thick. It is forty-seven years old before it bears any fruit and its nuts grow even in a bunch from the end of the extended arm, each weighing perhaps forty pounds. They take seven years to ripen. The leaves are twenty-five feet long and fourteen feet broad and can bear a man's weight. It must, indeed, be a wonderful tree." Many times during the voyage, in conversation during the evening, Gordon would revert to his pet theory. But, though he would sometimes become quite eloquent on the subject, his arguments hardly persuaded the other occupants of the cabin; the captain, a sound-headed Scotchman, "thinks to himself that if the theory is a correct one, then Eve must have experienced considerable difficulty in getting the 'apple' conveyed to her husband." In connection with this eccentric idea, so firmly believed in by Gordon, let me mention a peculiar and somewhat remarkable incident, as given in the captain's own words: "One evening," said the master of the Scotia, "I was working on deck when, in his usual polite manner, the general came and asked me to give him a hand in moving a large trunk marked 'Stationery,' which had up to this time occupied a place in his room. He merely wished its position reversed—that is, its address side turned towards the wall, so that he would not, as he said, see the imposing word 'Stationery' meeting his eye every time he ascended to the deck or descended from the deck to the cabin. He did not yet tell me what the mysterious box contained, but, some days later he informed me that he wished to put its contents into less space and respectfully asked me to help him. The case was after some difficulty opened; and judge of my surprise when, instead of books and papers, as I expected, there met my eyes a great number of equally cut pieces of wood, arranged with the greatest possible care and almost filling the large box. The general perceiving my surprise, speedily explained to me that this was a treasure he prized more highly than all his other personal belongings, 'for,' said he, suddenly becoming serious, 'this is the wood of the Coco-de-Mer, the Forbidden Tree. I heard,' he continued, 'that there was at one time seen in Mauritius a chest of drawers made of this wood and, though its discovery cost me a protracted search, I at last came across it in a second-hand upholsterer's shop. I paid a good price for the old and rickety piece of furniture and, depend on it, I would not have lost the opportunity of possessing a quantity of this most valuable of woods—not for any sum.'"—WILLIAM H. SPENCE, *The Contemporary Review*, February, 1890.

At this time Gordon was certainly not a misogynist, but I am sure that the rumors that he had met with an early disappointment in love are quite baseless of truth. From a very early period of his life, cer-

tainly before the Crimea, Gordon had made up his mind not to marry, and was in the habit of going even further and wishing himself dead. This sentiment led him constantly to refer to himself as the "dead man," and some years later he wrote, "There is a Miss —— here, the nicest girl I ever met; but don't be afraid, the dead do not marry." His own secret opinion seems to have been that marriage spoiled both men and women.

The Khedive fixed his salary at ten thousand pounds a year, but Gordon absolutely refused to accept more than two thousand a year, the same sum he received for his post on the Danube. Various reasons have been given for this decision, but there is no ground for supposing that it was due to such a very narrow-minded prejudice as "that he would take nothing from a heathen." If he ever used those words, they must have been intended as a joke and are not to be accepted seriously.—BOULGER.

Unquestionably Gordon's dread of notice was carried to an extreme: he would never admit that there was a certain stage when a man's name and fame might be allowably public property. It was a pain to him to feel that he might so descend from the obscurity he loved as to be mentioned in newspapers; and we remember that one gallant officer positively offended him, because he took occasion to inform the public years ago that "Chinese Gordon" had gone to Egypt as Governor-General of the Soudan under Ismail. "I have nothing much in this world," he said; "surely I may have my own name left me as private property."—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1885.

He had a great number of medals for which he cared nothing. There was a gold one, however, given him by the empress of China. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew where or how. Years afterwards it was found out by a curious accident that Gordon had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds and sent the sum anonymously to Canon Miller for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine in Manchester.—EGMONT HAKE, "The Story of Chinese Gordon."

The singular and almost loving view of death which clung to him to the end was strongly marked. At the storming of Kintang he led several desperate assaults himself, and finally fell with a ball through the thick of his right thigh. He once described the sensations which came over him as he was carried fainting to the boat from loss of blood and in a most dangerous condition; there was quite a tone of regret that ever "the delicious, calm, dreamy feeling" came to be broken up by nature's stern decree that he must come to, rally, and finally—though long before his doctors would give their sanction—buckle to and fight as hard as ever.—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1885.

GRAMMONT, Philibert, 1621-1707. French general.

The famous Count Grammont was thought to be the original of Molière's "Le Mariage Forcé." This nobleman, during his stay at the court of England, had made love to Miss Hamilton, but was coming away to France without bringing matters to a proper conclusion. The young lady's brothers pursued him and came up with him near Dover, in order to exchange some pistol shots with him. They called out to him, "Count Grammont, have you forgot nothing at London?" "Excuse me," answered the count, guessing their errand, "I forgot to marry your sister; so lead on and let us finish that affair." By the pleasantry of the answer, this was the same Grammont who commanded at the siege of a place, the governor of which capitulated after a short defense, and obtained an easy capitulation. The governor then said to Monsieur Grammont, "I'll tell you a secret—that the reason of my capitulation was that I was in want of powder." Monsieur replied, "And secret for secret—the reason for granting such an easy capitulation was because I was in want of ball."—"Biographica Gallica," quoted in Scott's edition of the "Grammont Memoirs."

Louis XIV., playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with his opponent; the bystanders were appealed to and could not decide the cause. It was referred to Grammont, who, from the further end of the gallery, declared against the king. "But you have not heard the case," said Louis. "Aye, sire," replied the count, "if your majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed to decide in your favor?"

When the "Memoirs of Grammont" were subjected to the examination of Fontenelle, then censor of the Parisian press, he refused to license them, on account of the scandalous conduct imputed to Grammont in this party at quinze. The count no sooner heard of this than he hastened to Fontenelle, and, having joked him for being more tender of his reputation than he was himself, the license was instantly granted.—Scott's notes to the "Grammont Memoirs."

GRANT, ULYSSES SIMPSON
1822-1885

American General and President

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Naming the Baby

I give you the origin of our illustrious boy's name, in the language of his father, who wrote me about it: "The maternal grandmother was quite a reader of history and had taken a great fancy to Ulysses, the great Grecian hero who defeated the Trojans by his strategy of the wooden horse. She wished the child named Ulysses. His grandfather wanted to have him named Hiram. So both were gratified by naming him Hiram Ulysses. When I wrote to Mr. Hamer, then a member of Congress from our district, to procure the appointment of cadet, he wrote to the war department and gave his name as Ulysses S. Grant. And we could not get it altered. Simpson was his mother's maiden name. We had a son named Simpson and Mr. Hamer confounded the two names. We regarded it as a matter of little consequence and so let it stand."—REV. P. C. HEADLEY.

On a slip of paper each [Grant's family when he was six weeks old] wrote the name which he or she preferred and deposited it in a hat. The hat was shaken and then an aunt, with head turned aside, drew forth a slip. It bore the name Ulysses. . . . Afterwards, in deference to the grandfather's wish, another name was prefixed and the lad was baptized Hiram Ulysses Grant. . . . Confounding the name Ulysses with that of his younger brother he [Congressman Thomas L. Hamer] asked the Secretary for the appointment of Ulysses Simpson. . . . In vain, after reaching West Point, did Ulysses attempt to get his own baptismal name substituted. Red tape argued that the appointment must be right and red tape proved too much for him. He could only acquiesce in the name.—RICHARDSON.

It seems that when his father solicited his appointment as cadet he designated him as Ulysses and that the member of Congress who made the nomination, knowing that his mother's name was Simpson, and perhaps had a son also named Simpson, sent in the name of Ulysses S. Grant instead of Hiram Ulysses Grant. As a matter of course the cadet warrant was made out in the exact name of the person nominated and, although the young candidate might have written his true name on the register when he presented himself for admission, it would probably have resulted in his suspension till the warrant of appointment could be corrected. Foreseeing this trouble and wishing to avoid it, he entered the academy as Ulysses S. Grant, and trusted to getting his name set right at

some future day. This, however, he did not succeed in accomplishing, but in order that there should be nothing lost on that score his classmates and comrades, looking about for a suitable nickname, gave him the familiar appellation of "Sam," which was often expanded into "Uncle Sam." Since arriving at the age of manhood he has not regarded the S in his name as having any signification whatever.—DANA.

His father tells us that his name was Hiram Ulysses, but that his cadet warrant was made out for Ulysses Sidney; that he accepted the name while at West Point, only changing it to Ulysses Simpson, in honor of his mother, when he graduated.—COFFEE.

He found himself registered as Ulysses Simpson Grant and sought through proper military channels to have it changed to the Hiram Ulysses of his birth. But the initials given him by Mr. Hamer appealed to the authorities of Uncle Sam at Washington and Sam Grant he was destined to remain.

Grant was never formally baptized until late in life and then, by his own choice, as Ulysses S. He would not take the full name of Simpson, which was borne by his younger brother, but elected to be baptized as he had been so long and well known to the nation. —KING.

Experience with Horses

In the matter of Grant's famous horse trade with Mr. Ralston, the version most current shows great acuteness on the part of the boy, in that, after telling Mr. R. all that his father had told him how to go about the trade, he bought the horse for the minimum price of forty dollars. The version that Grant himself repeats in his "Memoirs" is one which says that the boy, in his stupidity in telling just how much he would pay, had to pay fifty dollars, when really the farmer's price was only forty dollars. Nelson Waterman, who says he was working in a field near Ralston's when the boy came down to make the trade, says that there really was no trade. When the boy told all that his father had said to him—that if he could not buy the colt for forty dollars, to pay forty-five; if he couldn't buy for forty-five dollars, to pay fifty dollars—Ralston was disgusted with the boy's lack of business ability and would not make any sale to him; sent him home, in fact, to his father without the colt and with some good fatherly advice. This accords with the current stories of Grant's early stupidity.—GARLAND, *McClure's Magazine*, December, 1896, quoting letter from Henry J. Hannah.

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring and ask some lively-footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days and I tried to catch the kangaroo to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy, and not a runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to stride him. He was a very fat bay pony with no mane and nothing at all to hang on to. Ulysses looked on for awhile, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, "I believe I can ride that pony." He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off, by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat and paid the five dollars which he had promised the boy who would ride the pony. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing around, 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.' "—GARLAND, *McClure's Magazine*, December, 1896.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "when Grant started for Richmond last spring and said he 'was going to fight it out on that line if it took all summer,' I made up my mind that, like the old coon which Captain Scott aimed at, Lee would have to come down." He then added, turning to me and laughing, "Colonel, did you ever hear the story of Grant at the circus?" "No, sir." "Well, I think," said the president, "that's the best thing I ever heard about him. It seems when he was ten or twelve years old a circus company came along and Lys, as the boys called him, went. Whether he got a quarter out of the old tanner and paid his twenty-five cents—and I rather guess he didn't—or crawled in under the canvas, as I did when a youngster, I don't know for certain. Well, they had a pony or mule in that circus so trained that nobody could ride him without being thrown, although a dollar was offered —and this was a big sum of money out west in those times—to any one who should hang on while he went round the ring a few times. Several tried, but they were all shaken off. The audience thought that that fun was over, when in stepped Lys, took off his cap and

coat and said, 'I'll try him.' He got on and hung on, until almost around the ring three times, when he slid off over the animal's head like all the others. Not in the least disheartened, he jumped up and, as soon as he got the tanbark out of his eyes and mouth, he said, 'I should like to try that mule again,' and amid the cheers of the spectators away they went. But this time Lys faced to the rear, coiled his legs round the critter's body and held on by the tail. The mule tried in vain, with head down and then by standing on his hind legs, to shake him off, as he had done before, but it wasn't any sort of use; there Grant stuck like grim death and came off victorious. Just so he'll stick to Richmond. As Mrs. Grant says, 'He's a very obstinate man.' "—WILSON.

Once, when he was a boy, a show came along in which there was a mischievous pony, trained to go around the ring like lightning and he was expected to throw any boy that attempted to ride him. "Will any boy come forward and ride this pony?" shouted the ringmaster. Ulysses stepped forward and mounted the pony. The performance began. Round and round and round the ring went the pony, faster and faster, making the greatest effort to dismount the rider. But Ulysses sat as steady as if he had grown to the pony's back. Presently out came a large monkey and sprang up behind Ulysses. The people set up a great shout of laughter and on the pony ran, but it all produced no effect upon the rider. Then the ringmaster made the monkey jump up on Ulysses's shoulders, standing with his feet on his shoulders and with his hands holding on to his hair. At this there was another and still louder shout, but not a muscle of Ulysses's face moved. There was not a tremor of his nerves. A few more rounds and the ringmaster gave it up; he had come across a boy that the pony and the monkey could not dismount.—JESSE R. GRANT, father of U. S. Grant, *New York Ledger*, March 7, 1868.

One of his father's friends had a fine young horse which he wished to use as a riding horse, but he could not teach him to pace. Knowing Ulysses's unwillingness to set about such a task as this for hire, he engaged him to carry a letter to a neighboring town, and, as the lad was riding away, called out to him, "Please teach that colt to pace." Ulysses returned the horse that night a perfect pacer, but, having ascertained that the letter was simply a sham, he could never afterwards be induced to teach a horse to pace.—DANA.

One afternoon, in June, 1843, while I was at West Point, a candidate for admission to the military academy, I wandered into the riding hall, where the graduates of the riding class were going through their final mounted exercises before Major Richard Delafield, the distinguished engineer, then superintendent, the academic board and a large assemblage of spectators. When the regular services were completed, the class, still mounted, was formed in line through the center of the hall, the riding master placed a bar higher than a man's head and called out "Cadet Grant!" A clean-faced, slender, blue-eyed young fellow, weighing about a hundred and twenty pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully-built chestnut-sorrel horse and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the further end and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace, and, measuring his strides for the great leap before him, bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying the rider as if man and beast had been welded together. The spectators were breathless. "Very well done, sir," growled "old Hershberger," the riding master, and the class was dismissed and disappeared; but Cadet Grant remained a living image in my memory. . . . I was in General Grant's room on the 25th of May, 1885. . . . Though brave and cheerful, he was almost voiceless. Before him were sheets of his forthcoming book and a few artist's proofs of a steel portrait of himself made from a daguerreotype taken soon after his graduation. He wrote my name and his own upon one of the engravings and handed it to me. I said, "General, this looks as you did the first time I ever saw you. It was when you made the great jump in the riding exercises of your graduation." "Yes," he whispered, "I remember that very well. York was a wonderful horse. I could feel him gathering under me for the great effort as he approached the bar. Have you heard anything lately about Hershberger?" I replied, "No; I never heard of him after he left West Point years ago." "Oh," said the general, "I have heard of him since the war. He was in Carlisle, old and poor, and I sent him a check for fifty dollars."—FRY, *The North American Review*, December, 1885.

During our residence at the capital I heard a "horse story" about Grant, which has not appeared in the books, but which is,

at least, true. He was an admirable horseman and had a very spirited horse. A Mexican gentleman, with whom he was on friendly terms, asked the loan of his horse. Grant said afterwards, "I was afraid he could not ride him, and yet I knew if I said a word to that effect the suspicious Spanish nature would think I did not wish to lend him." The result was that the Mexican mounted him, was thrown before he had gone two blocks and killed on the spot.—COPPEE.

The Mexicans were in the habit of bringing in wild horses, which they would sell for two or three dollars. These horses came near costing more than one officer his life. One day a particularly furious animal was brought in. Every officer in the camp had declined to purchase it except Grant, who declared that he would either break that horse's neck or his own. He had the horse blindfolded, bridled and saddled and, when firmly in the saddle, threw off the blind, sunk his spurs into the horse's flanks and was soon out of sight. For three hours he rode the animal over all kinds of ground, through field and stream, and when horse and rider returned to camp the horse was thoroughly tamed.—GENERAL LONGSTREET, *New York Times*, July 24, 1885.

The heavy rains had swollen the Gravois to abnormal size and the frail bridge which spanned it was nearly submerged with a wild and turbid flood. As they approached it Miss Dent grew apprehensive and said, "Are you sure it's all right?" "Oh, yes; it's all right," Grant replied man-fashion to woman kind. "Well now, Ulysses, I'm going to cling to you if we go down," Miss Dent said. "We won't go down," he replied and drove across, while the frightened girl clung to his arm. She released her hold as they reached the other side of the bridge and he drove on in thoughtful silence for some distance. At length he cleared his throat and said, "Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to me no matter what happened. I wonder if you would cling to me all my life?" This was a great deal of imagery for a man with eight generations of New England ancestry behind him. The answer was favorable.—GARLAND, *McClure's Magazine*, February, 1897.

Characteristics

He had no fondness for music, nor could he remember a tune or note, with perhaps the single exception of "Hail to the Chief," which he had heard so often during and after the war. His old friend, Hon. Hamilton Fish, writes to me: "I do not think the general knew 'Hail to the Chief'; he did know, or thought he knew, 'Yankee Doodle.'" My friend, Robert C. Winthrop, says in a recent letter: "Your allusion to his insensibility to music, and to the saying of Governor Fish, recalls General Grant's remark to me, when I was sitting next to him at a concert at Baltimore at the Peabody Institute. 'Why, Mr. Winthrop, I know only two tunes. One is "Yankee Doodle" and the other isn't.'"—CHILDS.

It was a frequent remark of his that he did not know one tune from another, except "Yankee Doodle," "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." I recollect in 1870 once dining informally with him and his family in the White House. He had just been to Philadelphia and while there had been persuaded to attend an opera given at the Academy. My wife asked him how he had enjoyed it. He replied that he did not know. He had heard a great deal of noise, and had seen a large number of musicians, most of them violinists, sawing away upon their instruments. Here he exemplified by imitating with the carving knife and fork the actions of a violinist, and added that the noise they made was deafening, unintelligible and confusing to him.—PARKER, *McClure's Magazine*, May, 1894.

He enjoyed all the religious services of the church, excepting the singing, having a constitutional inability to appreciate music. He told me that all music seemed to affect him as discord would a sensitive and cultivated ear and that he would go a mile out of his way rather than listen to the playing of a band; and when the hymn to be sung consisted of four stanzas he experienced a feeling of relief as each one was sung and so disposed of.—REV. O. H. TIFFANY, Sermon, Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York, July 26, 1885.

One day, while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant. An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the president did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say that the president is not in." General Grant overheard the remark, turned round suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant, "Tell him no such thing. I don't lie myself and I don't want any one to lie for me."—PORTER, *McClure's Magazine*, May, 1894.

There was a slight tinge of superstition in his composition. I remember hearing him

say that he would never turn back if he could possibly avoid it, and he illustrated the remark by telling me of an incident that occurred when he was a boy living in the country. He had started on horseback to go to a mill and while musing had passed by the road that led to it; instead of retracing his steps he drove a long distance around, so that he could reach the mill without going back.—CHILDS. (General Grant tells of this incident in his "Personal Memoirs.")

One started the talk on clairvoyance, telling many remarkable stories. General Grant listened and finally broke the ice of his reserve to tell of his experience in St. Louis. He said that when he was coming into the city one day, in passing the negro quarters, he noticed a sign of "Fortune Telling Here," and went in to find an old negress. She looked at his hand and shuffled the cards, "and everything she told me has come true so far," said General Grant, and then was stolid and silent again.—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, *New York World*, July 27, 1885.

While on duty at Cold Harbor I was detailed to take some despatches to Grant's tent. I was then a lieutenant and for the purpose of making a favorable impression I put on my most showy uniform, with plenty of gold trappings and lace. When I saw Grant he was sitting in his tent in his shirt-sleeves with an old slouch hat on and the rest of his clothes looking rather seedy. The men round him were dressed in an equally careless manner. When I was leaving Grant asked my name and said, "You must have got up rather early to be dressed up as you are this morning."—GREGG, *New York Sun*, July 26, 1885.

His strongest and almost only oath, if oath it can be called, was the queer old Virginia expression, "Dog-gone it." This seemed to tickle his fancy and he would rip it out with an earnestness that was intensely amusing.—*New York World*, July 24, 1885.

We used to have great fun among each other over one hobby of the general's. He disliked showy accoutrements, but took a decided pride in being well mounted and was quite touchy at the idea of any staff officer attempting to outdo him in the way of horseflesh. He claimed that his nag Egypt was the fastest horse in the outfit and, although some of us had good and sufficient reason for doubting it, we took precious care not to undeceive him.—*New York World*, July 25, 1885.

In the long days of our stay in Louisiana and Texas we frequently engaged in the game of brag and five-cent ante and similar diversions. We instructed Grant in the mysteries of these games, but he made a poor player. The man who lost 75 cents in one day was esteemed in those times a peculiarly unfortunate person. The games often lasted an entire day. Years later, in 1858, I happened to be in St. Louis and there met Captain Holloway and other army chums. We went into the Planters Hotel to talk over old times and it was soon proposed to have an old-time game of brag, but it was soon found that we were one short of making up a full hand. "Wait a few minutes," said Holloway, "and I will find some one." In a few minutes he returned with a man poorly dressed in citizen's clothes and in whom we recognized our old friend Grant. Going into civil life Grant had been unfortunate and he was really in needy circumstances. The next day I was walking in front of the Planters when I found myself face to face again with Grant who, placing in the palm of my hand a five-dollar gold piece, insisted that I should take it in payment of a debt of honor over 15 years old. I peremptorily declined to take it, alleging that he was out of the service and more in need of it than I. "You must take it," said he; "I cannot live with anything in my possession which is not mine." Seeing the determination in the man's face and in order to save him mortification I took the money. —GENERAL LONGSTREET, *New York Times*, July 24, 1885.

Grant and his family were at the farm near St. Louis where Mrs. Grant resided. One hot day, after two o'clock dinner, when everybody was out on the lawn, Jesse mounted a haystack and exclaimed, "I'll show you how papa makes a speech." Grant himself laughed and we all went up to the haystack. Then Jesse made a bow (which his father would not have done) and began: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am very glad to see you. I thank you very much. Good night." Everybody laughed, but Grant blushed up to the eyes. I don't think he relished the imitation at all; it was too close. But Jesse was the baby and we talked of something else.—BADEAU.

Fondness for Tobacco

My father tried to smoke while at West Point, but only because it was against the regulations; and then he didn't succeed very well at it. He really got the habit of smok-

ing light cigars and cigarettes during the Mexican war, but it wasn't a fixed habit. When he left the army and lived in the country, he smoked a pipe—not incessantly. I don't think he was very fond of tobacco then and really there was always a popular misconception of the amount of his smoking. But he went on as a light smoker, a casual smoker, until the day of the fall of Fort Donelson. Then the gunboats, having been worsted somewhat, and Admiral Foote having been wounded, he sent ashore for my father to come and see him. Father went aboard and the admiral, as is customary, had his cigars passed. My father took one and was smoking it when he went ashore. There he was met by a staff officer, who told him there was a sortie and the right wing had been struck and smashed in. Then my father started for the scene of operations. He let his cigar go out, naturally, but held it between his fingers. He rode hither and yon, giving orders and directions, still with the cigar stump in his hand. The result of his exertions was that Fort Donelson fell, after he sent his message of "Unconditional surrender" and "I propose to move immediately upon your works." With the message was sent all over the country the news that Grant was smoking throughout the battle, when he only had carried the stump from Foote's flagship. But cigars began to come in from all over the Union. He had eleven thousand cigars on hand in a very short time. He gave away all that he could, but he was so surrounded with cigars that he got to smoking them regularly. But he never smoked as much as he seemed to smoke. He would light a cigar after breakfast and let it go out, and then light it again, and then again let it go out and light it; so that the one cigar would last till lunch time.—WATROUS, *McClure's Magazine*, May, 1894, quoting Colonel Frederick D. Grant.

Whittling and smoking are among Grant's favorite occupations. He is a true Yankee in these respects. It is recorded of him that during the battle of the Wilderness he was engaged in whittling the bark of a tree under which his headquarters were established: and, on all occasions, great or small, he smokes. He is a more inveterate smoker than either Sherman or Rosecrans, but he smokes in a different style and for a different effect. Both Sherman and Rosecrans take to tobacco as a stimulant to their nervous organizations. Grant smokes with the listless, absorbed and satisfied air of an opium smoker, his mind and body being soothed into repose rather than excited by the effect of the weed. Neither Sherman nor Rosecrans are neat smokers, the velvet breast-facing of their coats and shirt bosoms being generally soiled. Grant, on the contrary, is very neat and smokes only the best of cigars. He smokes almost without cessation and is never at ease when employed at anything which forbids smoking as an accompaniment. During the famous interview with Pemberton before Vicksburg he smoked with his usual composure. "We pardon General Grant for smoking a cigar as he entered the town of Vicksburg," said a rebel paper after the surrender; "a little stage effect," it added, "is admirable in great captains." But Grant never smokes dramatically. His cigar is a necessary part of himself and is neither assumed nor abandoned for state occasions. He has been known to smoke at reviews; and has frequently been brought to a halt and notified by sentinels or guards over commissary stores, "No smoking allowed here, sir." On entering the Senate chamber to be presented to the Senate he had to be requested to leave his cigar outside.—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1865.

His smoking has become historical. The habit in the field has not been exaggerated. During the second day of the battle of the Wilderness he smoked twenty-four strong cigars. The number of cigars generally bore some relation to the magnitude of the occasion.—PORTER, *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1885.

He was walking on the dock at City Point, just before the fall of Richmond, absorbed in thought and the inevitable cigar in his mouth, when a negro guard, belonging to one of the colored regiments, touched his arm, saying, "No smoking on the dock, sir." "Are those your orders?" asked the general, looking up. "Yes, sir," replied the soldier courteously but decidedly. "Very good orders," said Grant, as, walking away, he threw his cigar into the James river.—WILSON.

The Soldier

I once said to Grant, "General, if you had been a Southern man, would you have been in the Southern army?" "Certainly," he replied.—MOSBY, *Munsey's Magazine*, March, 1911.

When a friend first advised him to apply for a colonelcy, he said, "To tell you the truth, I would rather like a regiment, yet there are few men really competent to com-

mand a thousand soldiers, and I doubt whether I am one of them."—*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1869.

When we halted at Salt River, Missouri, two of our bloods, supposing it was necessary to show their hatred of the rebellion by some valorous exploit, had hardly pitched their tents when they started off, on their own responsibility, to seek for the enemies of the Union. They left in the afternoon, stayed all night and came back with flying colors the next day, bringing with them a "secesher" and two of his horses. Grant was seated by the door of his tent when the two heroes brought the trophies of their victory before him. He did not rise from his seat, nor pull the pipe from his mouth, but quietly asked the boys, "Who gave you permission to be absent from camp?" "Nobody; we just thought we would go out and look after some 'seceshers,' and we've found this fellow and brought him up," and they pointed triumphantly to their prisoner, who was still sitting on his horse and looked as if he expected to be shot before he could say his prayers. "I'll attend to your case first," said the colonel; and the flush of victory began to fade from their faces as he continued, "Captain, you will take these boys and have them tied to a tree for six hours for leaving camp without permission." The boys looked crestfallen and disappeared in company with the captain. After the colonel had questioned the trembling farmer, and his professions of attachment to the Union were found to be satisfactory, and he freely took the oath of allegiance, he set him at liberty and leisurely resumed his smoking as though nothing unusual had happened.—CRANE, *McClure's Magazine*, June, 1906. (At the request of Chaplain Crane the duration of the punishment was reduced.)

A true soldier writes to the Drawer from the fallen city of Vicksburg and says: During the siege of this place Logan's division erected in front of and near to the principal rebel fort a wooden tower for riflemen, which overlooked part of the enemy's works. One day the Forty-fifth Illinois were on duty as sharpshooters there, when a man came into the tower whose common dress and appearance led us to take him for one of your correspondents, or some private citizen on his travels. He made his way to the top of the tower and began to look over and survey the enemy's works, to the no slight exposure of his own person. One of the riflemen occupying this post called out, in rough and commanding tones, "Get down off there! Don't you know anything? You have no business here anyway and you'll get popped over in a minute, as sure as a gun." The stranger finished his survey and very leisurely retired from his post of observation. Hardly had he gone when a fellow soldier asked the other, "Do you know who that was?" "No; nor do I care; some newspaperman probably." "Not by a long shot," replied the other; "that's General Grant." "General Grant!" cried the rifleman; and, springing up, he rushed out and overtook the general and humbly said, "I beg your pardon for speaking so; I thought it was a stranger who did not know the danger." "All right," said the general, taking out his tobacco box and, handing it to the soldier, asked him, "Do you chew?" "Sometimes," and taking a soldier's "cud," he returned to his duty. The story soon got wind and as it spread through the army it kindled new enthusiasm for the hero who had already the heart of every one who knew his affability and his pluck.—*Harper's Magazine*, November, 1863.

A fine illustration of his practicability is found in a story related of him when operating before Fort Donelson. On the night before the surrender the preparations of a portion of the rebels to evacuate the fort led General McClernand to believe they were meditating an attack and he communicated his suspicions to Grant, at the same time sending him a prisoner who had been captured but a short time before. On reading McClernand's despatch Grant ordered the prisoner's haversack to be searched. It was found that it was filled with rations. "If the rebels intended to hold the fort they would not encumber their men with rations. They are preparing to leave," was the very sage and practical reasoning of the general and he immediately ordered McClernand to assume the offensive. The result was that a commanding ridge near Dover, south of the fort, was carried, and only a portion of the garrison escaped; the remainder capitulated.—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1865.

An officer who had served on General Grant's staff once told me an incident which illustrates the quick decision of General Grant. It was just after the battle of Shiloh. The officers were grouped around a camp fire, when General John A. McClernand rode up to General Grant and, handing him an autograph letter from President Lincoln directing Grant to turn his command over to General McClernand, General Grant read the letter carefully and, tearing it up into small

pieces and throwing them into the fire, said, "I decline to receive or obey orders which do not come through the proper channel." Pausing an instant he turned to General McClernand and said, "Your division is under orders to leave this department in the morning and I advise you to go with it." McClernand went and that was the last ever heard of the order.—GENERAL MCLAWS, *New York Times*, July 24, 1885.

Commodore Alden remarked, half in jest, to a gentleman who sat near him, that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. "What is that you are saying, Commodore?" said President Grant across the table. The commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew just when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some despatches from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the rebels and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded, the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now, if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me, Lee would have got off." I listened with wonder to the generous modesty which, before a brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his own brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan.—GEORGE F. HOAR, *Scribner's Magazine*, April, 1899.

Nothing could be seen of the battle [Wilderness], although it was so near; a heavy cloud of smoke hung over the woods, making the air oppressive, and the roar of musketry was like incessant thunder. Meade and Grant were pacing back and forth under the trees, sometimes talking to each other, sometimes looking at their maps, while the subordinate officers stood near, ready to mount at a moment's warning. Once in a while a cannon-ball fell, almost unnoticed, near the group. Suddenly an aide-de-camp rode up in great haste from the front, and announced, all out of breath, that Hancock had been driven in and absolutely cut to pieces. This was the turning-point of the battle of the Wilderness; one officer actually burst into tears; Meade looked very black; but Grant simply remarked, "I don't believe it," and went on whittling a stick which he had carried during the day. . . . Instead of withdrawing Hancock at once from his exposed position, Grant sent him reinforcements and waited for the issue. . . . He did not believe Hancock had been defeated. And so it proved.—*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1869.

The story runs that immediately after the battle of Shiloh, General Buell began criticizing in a friendly way what he termed the bad policy displayed by Grant in fighting with the Tennessee river in his rear. "Where, if beaten, could you have retreated, general?" asked Buell. "I didn't mean to be beaten," was Grant's reply. "But suppose you had been defeated despite all your exertions?" "Well, there were all the transports to carry the remains of the command over the river." "But, general," urged Buell, "your whole number of transports could not contain over ten thousand men, and you had fifty thousand engaged." "Well, if I had been beaten," said Grant, "transportation for ten thousand men would have been abundant for all that would have been left of us."—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1865.

Andrew Johnson attempted, two years ago, to drive Grant out of the country. It had become apparent that the general of the army was not a follower of the president in his reactionary course. . . . The president first sounded him in conversation, saying he wished Grant to go on a diplomatic mission to Mexico, in conjunction with the minister to that country. Grant at once detected the object of the president and declined the mission. Johnson, however, insisted and Grant still declined, the second time in writing, although the president had only addressed him orally. After this, Grant was summoned to a cabinet meeting, where his instructions, already printed, were read aloud by the secretary of state, without any reference to Grant's previous refusal. He at once, in the presence of the entire cabinet, declared his unwillingness to leave the country on such an errand. Johnson was aroused by this persistent opposition to his wish and abruptly asked the attorney-general whether there were any reasons why Grant should not obey —whether the general of the army could not be employed upon a diplomatic service? Grant at once started to his feet and exclaimed: "Mr. President, I can answer that question without appealing to the attorney-general. I am an American citizen, have been guilty of no treason or other crime, and

am eligible to any civil office to which any American is eligible. But this is a purely civil duty to which you wish to assign me, and I cannot be compelled to undertake it. Any legal military order you give me, I shall obey; but this is civil, not military, and I decline the duty. No power on earth can force me to it." The plotters were electrified and made no answer, and Grant, instead of resuming his seat, quitted the room. He was not sent to Mexico.—*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1869.

In Lighter Vein

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana cavalry, commanded the advanced men. Provisions were scarce on the march of 110 miles. On the third day Lieutenant Wickfield came up to a small farmhouse, and, thinking there might be something to eat, accosted the inmates of the house, imperatively demanding food, and upon being questioned said he was General Grant. [Grant was then brigadier-general commanding the expedition in Arkansas.] With loud professions of loyalty the inmates served up the best meal they could produce and refused to accept payment; whereupon our lieutenant went on his way rejoicing. Presently General Grant came up to the same house and asked if they could cook him some food. "No," was the answer; "General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten all in the house except one pumpkin pie." Having inquired the name of the good lady who gave him this information Grant induced her by half a dollar to keep the pie until he should send for it. That evening a grand parade was ordered for half past six o'clock for orders to be read and the troops were formed up, ten columns deep and a quarter of a mile long; officers were called to the front, and the following was read by the assistant-adjutant-general: "Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of Trenton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau's roads, excepting one pumpkin pie, is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also. U. S. Grant, brigadier-general, commanding." At seven o'clock, amidst the cheers of the army, the lieutenant and his men filed out of camp and in the course of the night duly returned and with all formality the pie was reported eaten.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1869.

The only joke Lieutenant-General Grant was ever known to perpetrate was one day during his campaign in Mississippi, when the rebel General Winter was coming up to attack one of the wings of his army, where the commander-in-chief himself happened to be present. "Gentlemen," said Grant, quietly knocking the ashes from his cigar and looking around at the officers near him, "you see a severe Winter approaching and I advise you to have the boys keep up a good fire."—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1866.

General Buckner sturdily held his ground, but sent a messenger to sue for terms. Grant replied in the simplest and most direct manner: "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Buckner grumbled at these "unchivalrous terms," but yielded and, when he met Grant within the defenses, he said with a bow and a smile, "General, as they say in Mexico, this house and all it contains are yours." Grant said, "I thought Pillow was in command." "He was," replied Buckner. "Where is he now?" "Gone." "Why did he go?" "Well, he thought you'd rather get hold of him than any other man in the Southern confederacy." "Oh," said Grant quickly, with a smile, "if I'd got him I'd let him go again. He would do us more good commanding you fellows."—GARLAND, *McClure's Magazine*, June, 1897, citing Buckner.

There was a grim joke in the despatch he sent to the War Department after having failed in repeated efforts to have a general officer relieved from a separate command. It read, "I beg that you will relieve General ——, at least until all danger is over."—PORTER, *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1885.

"I always disliked to hear anybody swear except Rawlins." Old army comrades who remember the peculiar vigor and eloquent anathemas of the chief of staff will understand the exception.—RICHARDSON.

The following shows that Jeff Davis's negroes were taught to pronounce "chairs" "cheers." During the siege of Vicksburg some of the Sixth Missouri Cavalry visited the former residence of President Davis and found the blacks all very much alarmed at the near approach of General Grant, who they believed would immediately devour them. The frightened creatures asked numberless questions of the boys as to what they should do to appease him if he should visit them. The boys told them that the general was not very frightful and if they would assemble in the yard at his approach and give him three cheers they would be safe. They were very much amused upon returning to find that

the darkeys had nicely swept a place under the trees in the yard and had set out three of the best chairs the mansion afforded.—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1864.

So dense was the tobacco smoke when I entered the room that the general and some dozen gentlemen seated beside him were almost invisible. As I approached he took his cigar-case from his pocket and offered me a huge Havana. I asked permission to smoke one of my own cigarettes. "So far as I am personally concerned," the general said, "I've no objection to your doing so, provided the other gentlemen do not object—to the smoke." This is the nearest approach to humor I have ever observed in him.—TUCKERMAN, *Magazine of American History*, August, 1888.

Some one remarked in Grant's presence that Sumner did not believe in the Bible. "Why should he?" said the general; "he did not write it."—TUCKERMAN.

When he was at Galena Grant said to me that he thought that Motley, the historian, would make a good secretary of state. Motley had been minister to Vienna but had been removed by Johnson for criticizing the reconstruction policy of the administration too sharply, and great sympathy was felt for him by republicans. Sumner especially was anxious that he should be restored to the post he had lost. Motley corresponded with me during the canvass and sent me copies of the speeches he had made for Grant. These were shown to Grant and they impressed him favorably. But soon after the election Grant visited Boston, where Motley called on him. I did not accompany my chief on this occasion and on his return I asked his opinion of Motley. "He parts his hair in the middle and wears a single eye-glass," was the reply, and the tone as well as the words indicated that the historian was too foreign in his ways to please the president-elect.—BADEAU.

On one of our Sunday walks we met two gentlemen, one of whom introduced the other to the general. The one introduced told the general that he knew him when he kept Knight's ferry, near Stockton, in California. The general smiled and said that he had met a great number of people who told him that they knew him when he kept that ferry. We passed on and our conversation was resumed without any comment in relation to these gentlemen or what had been said. Had any one asked us whether General Grant kept that ferry, I certainly would have replied affirmatively. On the return of General Grant, after his tour around the world, he visited Stockton in the autumn of 1879, and in a short, humorous address said that he had met hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people who had told him they knew him when he kept the ferry near that city. There must be some mistake about it, nevertheless, he said, as he never visited that locality but once before and on that occasion had stayed over night only.—AMMEN, *The North American Review*, October, 1885.

There is one amusing little incident I recall, apropos of a large full-sized portrait of General Sherman on his "March to the Sea" which hangs in my hall and which was painted from life by Kauffmann. Sherman sits in front of the tent, in a white shirt, without coat or vest. The picture shows a campfire in front and the moonlight in the rear of the tents. The criticism of General Grant when he first saw it was, "That is all very fine; it looks like Sherman; but he never wore a boiled shirt there, I am sure."

Grant, surrounded by those he knew well, always did two-thirds of the talking. He was a reticent and diffident man in general company and it was not until he was out of the presidency that he became a public speaker. He told a story that he was notified once that he was expected to make a reply to a sentiment given him and he looked it over and wrote his answer carefully, but when he got up he was stricken dumb. He utterly lost himself and could not say a word. After that he did not want to hear what was going to be said and never prepared anything. A gentleman told me that, in going to Liverpool and Manchester, a committee came down to meet him and brought a report of what they were going to say to show to him. He said, "No, I have had one experience; I don't want to see it."—CHILDS, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1889.

There was a lady of a very distinguished family of New York who came here [Long Branch] and wanted me to remove her son from Texas. He was an officer in the army and I told her I could not do that. My rich petitioner then said, "Well, could you not remove his regiment?" at which you can guess I could hardly help laughing.—CHILDS, *Philadelphia Press*.

In Europe

I was with General Grant in Rome but there was no disguising the fact that he did not appreciate pictures or statuary. He refused to admire the Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol, though I took him to see it especially because it was equestrian: I thought he

would like the horse. I went with him to the Vatican but he passed straight through the wonderful gallery of marble and never wanted to linger; he did not care for the Apollo or the Laocoon. He got tired of the Sistine Chapel and poked fun at me when I wanted to look once more at the Last Judgment of Michelangelo. He would not pretend. He was blind always to the beauties of art. I don't think he could tell a good picture from a bad one. In the same way he was utterly deaf to music. He never knew one tune from another; he thought he could distinguish "Hail to the Chief," it was played so often for him; but if it was changed to "Yankee Doodle" he did not know the difference. I more than once heard him say at balls, he could dance very well if it wasn't for the music; that always put him out.—BADEAU.

The general committed a sad mistake at the formal reception given him by the Duke of Devonshire. On this occasion the nobility wore their orders. The ex-president appeared decorated just the same way—that is, with a flaming red ribbon across his breast from shoulder to waist, and a large gold badge. General Badeau wore something smaller of the same kind. There were few Americans present, but we were shocked. I was embarrassed by the inquiries made of me by Englishmen present, whether there were orders and decorations of that kind in America. Of course, I could give no explanation. My friend, G. W. Smalley, if I remember rightly, told me that the gold medal was engraved with a list of Grant's victories. The incident excited ridicule and some Americans managed to let the general understand that this bit of imitation had changed the homage of the nobility to an ex-president into an ex-president's genuflexion before them. At any rate, the riband was laid aside later in the evening and not worn again in London.—CONWAY.

During his visit to this country he was dined at Apsley House, the guest of the second Duke of Wellington. A very distinguished company was present to meet him. He spoke in monosyllables only during the dinner, but when the ladies had retired he remarked aloud to his host, "My lord, I have heard that your father was a military man."—MACDONAGH, *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1898.

Laughing at Death

Though he was pain-weary and foreboding death, he joked a little. Once he alluded to the doctor's close-cut hair and said it was done in order that, if the doctor stopped at Sing Sing, on his way to Mount MacGregor, he would be properly clipped. During an examination of his throat, he wrote in an attempt to whisper another jocose remark: "I said that if you wanted anything larger in the way of a spatula—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind the house filling a ditch with a hoe. It was larger, and I think it can be borrowed." Referring to some report in a newspaper, he wrote: "The —— has killed me off for a year and a half; if it does not change it will get right in time."—GARLAND, *McClure's Magazine*, May, 1898.

He was not afraid of the disease after he knew all about it and the last time I saw him, just before he went to Mount MacGregor, he said, "Now, Mr. Childs, I have been twice within half a minute of death. I realize it fully, and my life was only preserved by the attention and skill of my physicians. I have told them the next time to let me go."—CHILDS, *Philadelphia Press*, August 30, 1885.

GRATTAN, Henry, 1746-1820. Irish statesman.

One day he and Mr. Duquerry, an eminent barrister, dined with Mr. Curran at the Priory. The water at the table was the theme of a panegyric and Duquerry said it was the best he ever tasted. The next morning Mr. Grattan was missed at the breakfast table; in a few minutes, however, he entered the parlor quite out of breath, his hat off, his hair disheveled and a tumbler of water in his hand. "Curran, when Duquerry said last night that the water here was the best he ever tasted, I did not choose to contradict him, because the water might have been kept and I might have done it an injustice; but I have now satisfied myself; here it is, taken fresh out of the well with my own hand and it is not to be compared to the water at Tinnehinch." "I declare," said Curran, "he was so serious, you would have thought that the character of the pump involved that of the country."—CHARLES PHILIPS, "Curran and His Contemporaries."

Mr. Grattan's manner at this time was so singular that at one of the places where he resided with his friend Day the landlady imagined not only that he was an eccentric character, but that he was deranged, and she complained to one of his friends that the gentleman used to walk up and down in her garden most of the night, speaking to himself; and, though alone, he was addressing some one on all occasions as Mr. Speaker; that it was not possible that he could be in

his senses and she begged they would take him away; and that, if they did, she would forgive him all the rent that was due. A letter that I have received from his friend Day gives a more exact account of his manner of living and his occupations at that period. "We lived in the same chamber in the Middle Temple and took a house in Windsor Forest, commanding a beautiful landscape; he delighted in romantic scenery. Between both we lived together there for three or four years, the happiest period of my life. . . . He would spend the whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations. He would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus preparing himself early for that assembly which he was destined in later life to adorn. One morning he amused us at breakfast with an adventure of the night before in the forest. In one of those midnight rambles he stopped at a gibbet and commenced apostrophizing the chains in his usual animated strain, when he suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder, and on turning about was accosted by an unknown person: 'How the devil did you get down?' to which the rambler calmly replied, 'Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question.'"—HENRY GRATTAN, "Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan."

GREELEY, Horace, 1811-1872. American editor and statesman.

Sumptuous was the attire of the bridegroom; a suit of fine, black broadcloth, and "on this occasion only" a pair of silk stockings! It appears that silk stockings and matrimony were, in his mind, associated ideas, as rings and matrimony, orange blossoms and matrimony are in the minds of people in general. Accordingly he bought a pair of silk stockings; but, trying on his wedding suit previous to his departure for the South, he found, to his dismay, that the stockings were completely hidden by the affluent terminations of another garment. The question now at once occurred to his logical mind, "What is the use of having silk stockings, if nobody can see that you have them?" He laid the case, it is said, before his tailor, who, knowing his customer, immediately removed the difficulty by cutting away a crescent of cloth from the front of the aforesaid terminations, which rendered the silk stockings obvious to the most casual observer.—JAMES PARTON, "Life of Greeley."

It is one of the peculiarities of Mr. Greeley never to be disturbed by personalities that may be addressed to him by small-beer politicians, or persons who have failed to succeed in inducing Mr. Greeley to turn the circular stone that is accounted needful to give edge to their little axes. Not long since one of these persons entered his private sanctum to express indignation at a *Tribune* editorial. Mr. Greeley was writing and, though violently accosted, never looked up. The irate politician roared out: "Horace Greeley, I charge you with betraying the best interests of the party. You are a secret foe of radicalism. You do us more harm than you do good. Confound it, if you'd go over to the democrats, body and soul, it would be the best thing you could do. You stay with the republicans and stab them in the dark. You are the worst enemy radicalism ever had in this country. I once thought you honest, though I knew you to be a fool. Now I'll swear you are a scoundrel and an idiot." Here he paused again for breath, as he had several times before, expecting Horace Greeley to make some defense, or at least reply to the ferocious charges. But he was disappointed. The veteran journalist remained at his desk apparently unconcerned, still scribbling at his editorial. The politician attempted to give vent to another burst of indignation, but he was so mad he could not speak and, after a splutter of epithets, he hurried to the door. The philosopher then lifted his head for the first time and called out in his high, shrill voice, "Don't go off that way, my friend. Come back and relieve your mind."—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1868.

Often such conversations as these took place in the office in the middle of the day. Greeley—"Jonas, have I been to dinner?" Mr. Winchester—"You ought to know best; I don't know." Greeley—"John, have I been to dinner?" John—"I believe not; has he, Tom?" To which Tom would reply "No" or "Yes," according to his own recollections or John's wink; and, if the office generally concurred in John's decision, Horace would either go to dinner or resume his work, in unsuspecting accordance therewith.—JAMES PARTON.

Chauncey M. Depew has told of finding a visitor in Greeley's editorial room when he made a call on him. The editor's patience had evidently been almost exhausted, and as he wrote on steadily he would give an occasional kick towards the caller, who every now and then put in a word. Finally, turning round, Greeley said, "Tell me what you want. Tell me quick and in one sentence." The man said, "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, for

a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow beings from going to hell." Greeley shouted: "I will not give you a cent. There don't half enough go there now."—W. A. LINN, "Horace Greeley."

He [Sumner] told us that in going through New York he had met Horace Greeley, who invited him to come to his house the next morning for breakfast. "I went up there," said Sumner, "a long distance, and Greeley talked and talked over an hour about politics. At last it occurred to him that I had not breakfasted and he called up the cook and asked her if there was anything for breakfast. She said that there were some milk and bread and cold meat. On that I had to breakfast." The amusing thing was the serious disgust manifested by the senator in telling it.—MONCURE D. CONWAY, "Autobiography and Memories."

In the evening after the adjournment of the convention [which had nominated General Taylor for president] I was in the office of *The Philadelphia North American*, writing out my report. The Hon. Morton McMichael, the editor of the *North American* (who was a gentleman of much social influence and political sagacity), was talking over the situation with several delegates (Taylor men) from the Southwest, when who should come tramping into the office, carpetbag in hand, but Horace Greeley. On seeing who were present, Greeley scowled upon them, turned round and started for the door. "Where are you going, Mr. Greeley?" McMichael courteously asked. "I'm going home," snarled Greeley. "But there's no train to-night," McMichael suggested. "I don't want any train," Greeley snapped out. "I'm going across New Jersey, afoot and alone." And away he went.—OLIVER DYER, "Great Senators."

One of the numerous stories told of the editor's autography is that some time before the war he wrote a note to a member of the staff, discharging this employee for gross neglect of duty. The expelled journalist went to California and, returning after several years, encountered Mr. Greeley in Printing-House square. The chief recognized him and inquired, with customary cordiality, where he had been and how he had gotten along. "Let me see, didn't I get mad at you and send you off?" "Oh, yes; you wrote me a note, telling me to clear out. I took it with me. Nobody could read it and so I declared it to be a letter of recommendation, gave it my own interpretation and got several first-class situations by it. I really am very much obliged to you."—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1873.

According to one legend Greeley happened to be for a time the chairman of a local railway company and he had occasion to send one of the clerks in one of the offices a written notice of dismissal. Greeley wrote this brief document with his own hand and it was duly delivered to the clerk, who used it for months afterwards as a free pass along the line of the railway. He had only to go to any station, present the document, mention that it was a free pass from Mr. Greeley and wait for its perusal. The official who saw it was able to make out the familiar signature, but could not hope to decipher the two or three lines of writing in the body of the document, and naturally presumed that it must be all right and allowed the bearer to pass along to his seat in the railway cars.—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences."

He had the capacity of spontaneous aversion—formed opinions of people by a kind of second sight. I knew one noted man whom he disliked, as well as I could make out, for no other reason than the color of his hair. He never forgave another for being a college graduate. Life and its employments were an earnest purpose: there should be no trifling by the wayside, no lolling over vanities, no giving way to meretricious appetites; and therefore the greatest of crimes was drink. A man's troth was sacred; it was the human expression of a divine attribute, and, therefore, next to drink there was no crime so great as marriage infidelity. His dislike to tobacco, as to wine, was an indication of personal discomfort. There was no virtue quite as desirable as thrift and thrift was best served by small salaries. The material happiness of mankind was a constant care. The Jersey marshes that stretch from Hoboken to Newark distressed him. "Is there no way—are there no lessons in the economic conditions of Holland to teach us how to reclaim these waste square miles of marsh and overflow and make them into wholesome enduring homes?" This was a frequent inquiry. His dislike to slavery, when you sifted it down, was rather an earnest of sympathy with the white man who was undersold in his labor than sentiment for the negro.—JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, *Lippincott's Magazine*, February, 1893.

Hear me you shall, pity me you must, while I proceed to give a short account of the dread calamities which this vile habit of turning the city upside down, 'tother side out, and wrong side before, on the first of

May, has brought down on my devoted head. You must know that having resided but a few months in your city, I was totally ignorant of the existence of said custom. So, on the morning of the eventful and to me disastrous day, I rose, according to immemorial usage, at dying away of the last echo of the breakfast bell, and soon found myself seated over my coffee, and my good landlady exercising her powers of volubility (no weak ones) apparently in my behalf; but so deep was the reverie in which my half-awakened brain was then engaged, that I did not catch a single idea from the whole of her discourse. I smiled and said, "Yes, ma'm," "Certainly ma'm," at each pause; and, having speedily despatched my breakfast, sallied immediately out and proceeded to attend to the business which engrossed my mind; dinner time came, but no time for dinner; and it was late when I was at liberty to wend my way over wheelbarrows, barrels and all manner of obstructions, towards my boarding-house. All here was still; but, by the help of my night keys, I soon introduced myself to my chamber, dreaming of nothing but sweet repose; when, horrible to relate, my ears were instantly saluted by a most piercing female shriek, proceeding exactly from my own bed, or at least where it should have been; and scarcely had sufficient time elapsed for my hair to bristle on my head before the shriek was answered by loud vociferations of a ferocious mastiff in the kitchen beneath, and re-echoed by the outcries of half a dozen of the inmates of the house, and these again succeeded by the rattle of the watchman; and the next moment there was a round dozen of them (besides the dog) at my throat and commanding me instantly to tell them what the devil this all meant. "You do well to ask me that," said I, as soon as I could speak, "after falling upon me in this fashion in my own chamber." "Oh, take him off," said the one who assumed to be master of the house. "Perhaps he is not a thief after all, but, being too tipsy for starlight, he has made a mistake in trying to find his lodgings." And, in spite of all my remonstrances, I was forthwith marched off to the watch-house to pass the remainder of the night. In the morning I narrowly escaped commitment on the charge of burglary with intent to steal (I verily believe it would have gone hard with me if the witnesses could have been got there at that unseasonable hour): and I was finally discharged with the solemn admonition to guard in future against intoxication. Think of that, sir, for a member of the Cold Water Society. I spent the next day in unraveling the mystery and found that my landlord had removed his goods and chattels to another part of the city on the established day, supposing me to be previously acquainted and satisfied with his intention of so doing, and another family had immediately taken his place; of which changes my absence of mind, and absence from dinner, had kept me ignorant, and thus I had been led blindfold into a Comedy (or rather tragedy) of Errors.—*Spirit of the Times*, New York, May 5, 1832.

One evening an associate editor of the *Tribune* accosted him as he came to his desk with some such question as this: "Didn't you know, Mr. Greeley, that you made a dreadful blunder in one of your statistical editorials this morning?" "No; how was it?" said Mr. Greeley. "Why, you said something about Heidsieck *and* champagne. Don't you know that Heidsieck *is* champagne?" "Well," said Mr. Greeley quietly, "I am the only editor on this paper that could make that mistake."—JOEL BENTON, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, July, 1887.

When General Dix was in command at New York and had charge of Fort Lafayette, and some of our fellow citizens who had been endeavoring to destroy the best government in the world were shut up there, a prominent democrat made his appearance at the military headquarters with a letter of introduction from Mr. Greeley and a demijohn of whiskey, to the neck of which was tied a card, addressing it to a gentleman of celebrity at that time retired in the fort from public activities. The conjunction was so singular that General Dix was disturbed and with great austerity asked, "Why should I send a jug of whiskey to your friend in Fort Lafayette?" "Because," said the bearer, "my friend likes whiskey." The general regarded him grimly for a moment and smiled and said, "I hadn't thought of that; it isn't a bad reason; the whiskey shall go to your friend," and it did. This was one of Mr. Greeley's favorite anecdotes. He told it with unction and said it was one of the most surprising instances that had come within his observation of the power of plain telling of the simple truth.—MURAT HALSTEAD, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, February, 1890.

A person who wished to have a little fun at the expense of his consistency said in a group where Mr. Greeley was standing, "Mr. Greeley and I, gentlemen, are old friends; we have drunk a great deal of brandy and water together." "Yes," said Mr. Greeley, "that is true enough. You drank the brandy

and I drank the water."—JOEL BENTON, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, July, 1887.

After the settlement of his estate the *Sun* published a list of Mr. Greeley's assets. It would have been one of the most laughter-exciting documents on record had it not been so pathetic—the pathos being evolved in the reflection that so much good money should have been expended in exploiting schemes that one would imagine could not have gained a moment's attention outside of the walls of a lunatic asylum. . . . Indeed, had it not been that his true friend, McElrath, the publisher of the *Tribune*, insisted on taking charge of his finances it is probable that the Greeley family would have been without the necessaries of life.—*The Bookman*, April, 1901.

GROUCHY, Emmanuel, Count de, 1766-1847. French marshal.

The last time I was at Waterloo, many years ago, the guide who accompanied me told me that a short time before a man, whose appearance was that of a substantial farmer, and who was followed by an attendant, called on him for his services. The guide made his usual rounds, making his oft-repeated remarks, and commenting severely on Grouchy. The stranger examined the ground attentively, and only occasionally replied, saying, "Grouchy received no orders." At last the servant fell back, detaining the guide, and in a low tone said, "Speak no more about Marshal Grouchy, for that is he." The man told me that after that he abstained from saying anything offensive; but that he watched carefully the soldier's agitation, as the various positions in the battle became apparent to him. He doubtless saw how little would have changed the current of the fight and knew that the means of doing it had been in his own hands. The guide seemed much impressed with the deep feeling of the marshal and said to me, "I shall never speak ill of him again."—"Personal Reminiscences," *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1858.

GUILLOTIN, Joseph Ignace, 1738-1814. French statesman.

Never, indeed, has the irony of history been bitterer or more striking than in this instance. For whilst the idea of death by decapitation alike for *noblesse* and *roturier* was Dr. Guillotin's, with the machine itself with which his name became irrevocably fastened he had nothing whatever to do. The inventor was another physician, one who had also risen to the foremost rank and who, like his colleague, was a humanitarian, Dr. Antoine Louis, son of a surgeon attached to the military hospital at Metz. . . . It remained for a skilful mechanician, a German, by name Schmidt, to carry out Dr. Louis's design, a design of extreme minuteness, not the least little detail having been omitted. Schmidt's efforts were successful and under the name of "la Louisette" the automatic and instantaneous decapitator forthwith replaced the breakings on the wheel, mutilations, burnings and torture unutterable of ante-revolutionary times. But every third French man or French woman bearing the name of Louis or Louise, such a designation was speedily discarded. The "guillotine" replaced "la Louisette," an honest and deservedly illustrious name being thus travestied for all time.—BETHAM-EDWARDS, "French Vignettes."

Propositions presented by Dr. Guillotin, October 10, 1798, to the National Assembly: 1. Crimes of the same kind shall be punished by the same kind of punishment, whatever be the rank of the criminal. 2. In all cases (whatever be the crime) of capital punishment it shall be of the same kind—that is, beheading—and it shall be executed by means of a machine. 3. Crime being personal, the punishment, whatever it may be, of a criminal shall inflict no disgrace on his family. 4. No one shall be allowed to reproach any citizen with the punishment of any of his relations. He that shall dare to do so shall be reprimanded by the judge and this reprimand shall be posted up on the door of the delinquent and moreover shall be posted against the pillory for three months. 5. The property of a convict shall never more in any case be confiscated. 6. The bodies of executed criminals shall be delivered to their families if such be demanded. In all cases the body shall be buried in the usual manner and the registry shall contain no mention of the nature of the death.—*Quarterly Review*, March, 1844.

M. Guillotin, a learned physician, had invented, two years before, the instrument of death which he deemed best calculated to abridge the sufferings of the culprits condemned to forfeit their lives by the sentence of severe but just laws. His invention was laid hold of for the purpose of despatching a greater number of victims. That was the expression used by a member of the convention. M. Guillotin, whom I have known in his old age, was inconsolable for what he considered an involuntary blemish in his existence. His venerable countenance bore the impress of a settled gloom and his hair

of snowy whiteness afforded a clear indication of his mental sufferings. He had aimed at relieving the sorrows of human nature and he unintentionally contributed to the destruction of a greater number of human beings. Had they been put to death in a less expeditious manner the people might soon have been wearied out by those executions, which they showed the same eagerness to behold as they would have done theatrical representations.—GEORGETTE DUCREST, "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."

The guillotine, formerly known in England as the Maiden, was used in the limits of the Forest of Hardwicke, in Yorkshire, and the executions were generally at Halifax.—*Notes and Queries*, December 26, 1857, quoting "a London publication in 1801."

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*, March and April, 1793, tells the following: Lord Lovat's Maiden was used in Scotland; an engraving, done in 1553 at Altegrat in Westphalia, shows a machine for the beheading of the son of Titus Manlius; a similar machine was used in Persia in 1510; twenty-five were decapitated by a similar machine in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.)

GUSTAVUS III., 1746-1792. King of Sweden.

A story was current that the king had stooped to a trick to deceive his subjects—that in order to persuade them that the war was a defensive war he caused a troop of his own cavalry to dress themselves in Cossack costumes (supplied from his own fatal opera house) and to make a false attack upon his advance guard. The story is questionable, but it served the turn of the conspirators, and chimes in singularly with the theatrical destiny of the king.

A short time before the beginning of the war a Swedish and rather unsparing satire against the king had been published in Stockholm. The author was detected and summoned to the palace. The poor man naturally looked for condign punishment. "I see," said Gustavus, after some little questioning, "I see you have much talent and much wit; but, poor fellow, I fear you have not much bread. I am desirous that you shall not be so hungry again and I therefore appoint you inspector of my library."—*Putnam's Magazine*, November, 1854.

It is certain that he frequently consulted a prophetess, named Arfwedson, who was living until some time after my arrival in Stockholm. It is not less certain that this same woman warned him, previously to his journey to Italy, to beware of red clothes, and that the first person he afterwards met with in clothes of that color was the very Count Ribbing, who twenty years later belonged to the number of his assassins, but who at that time was in great favor at court on account of the intimacy which subsisted between his mother and the mother of the monarch. To take off something of the wonderful from this circumstance it is necessary to add that the king went up to the count to whom he communicated the piece of advice he had just received and pretended to laugh at it; but still his aversion to this favorite dated from that moment and may partly serve to explain how Ribbing became one of the bitterest enemies of Gustavus. The king's fears of meeting with red clothes were manifested on several subsequent occasions. During his residence at Rome he went to pay a visit to the Vatican, where he was received by two cardinals. At the sight of them he started back, recollecting that he had forgotten the protecting talisman which he was accustomed to wear at his breast in a little satin bag. Without venturing to advance another step, he despatched Count Taube, one of his most confidential attendants, for the tutelary amulet which he hung around his neck and then proceeded with boldness and courage. On his return to his hotel he had to encounter another alarm, being informed that a stranger in a red coat was waiting for him. The king, however, soon recovered his composure when he recognized in this dreaded traveler Count Axel Fersen, who, being just then making a tour of Italy, had come to Rome to pay his respects to his sovereign.—BURGOING'S letters on Sweden, *The New Monthly Magazine*, January, 1818.

The poor king fell, mortally wounded, in the arms of his devoted Count Armfelt. Utter confusion followed. An immense crowd, swaying to and fro, dispersed the conspirators. The pistol was found upon the floor, but the hand that had pointed it was hidden among the innocent. Gustavus alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind. "Let the doors be closed," he exclaimed; "let all unmask," and, looking round upon every face and seeing but one general expression of alarm and grief, a natural greatness in his soul rose uppermost. "God grant," said he, "God grant he may escape."—*Putnam's Magazine*, November, 1854.

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HANCOCK, Winfield Scott, 1824-1886. American general.

A number of faint hearts, taking advantage of the night, started to the rear. The general specially noticed (it was a moonlit night) two individuals making hasty strides in that direction. He halted them, asking them who they were and where they were going. They replied that they were officers and were not leaving the field on account of being alarmed, but because they had not yet been mustered into service and they did not think it right for them to go into action in that unprotected state. "Well," said the general, "if that is your only trouble I can relieve you. I am General Hancock, your commanding officer; I will muster you into service now. Hold up your right hands." They held up their hands and the general administered the oath from memory. "Now," said he, "you are mustered in; join your command and remain with it."

When Hancock was encamped with his brigade near Lewinsville, Virginia, in the spring of 1861, before the Army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, certain officers of his command desired to know whether he would accept as a mark of esteem from the brigade a silver service. The general declined the gift, stating to those who had come to see him on the subject that he did not approve of such presentations and at all events it would be best to wait until the war was over, as in the mean time the officers and men concerned might change their feelings towards him.—JOHN W. FORNEY, "Life and Public Career of Winfield Scott Hancock."

A rebel major-general, with nearly his entire division, was captured. Among the brigadiers taken was General George H. Stewart, an acquaintance of General Hancock, and a former regular army officer. This person was ushered into General Hancock's presence. The latter, with characteristic frankness, offered his prisoner his hand with the remark, "Stewart, I'm glad to see you." Stewart, who was afflicted with overwhelming ideas of his own importance, drawing himself up, said, "Under the circumstances, sir, I cannot take your hand." With quiet composure Hancock replied, "Under any other circumstances, sir, I would not have offered you my hand."—A. S. SOUTHWORTH, "Life of General Winfield S. Hancock."

HARLAN, John Marshall, 1833-1911. Judge of the United States Supreme Court.

The matter was to be presented on a motion which under the rules, as they then stood, an hour was allowed to each side, and I suggested that my associate should open our case, intending that, if he presented it satisfactorily, I would leave him the entire time allotted to us; but he was so full of his case that he began the presentation of it in a way that would have required hours. I was growing a little nervous over the situation myself, but I hesitated to interrupt him, because I thought it might confuse him and, just as I was debating with myself what to do, Judge Harlan called on him in a stern voice to "come to your point." My young friend, confused beyond description, managed to say that he was coming to it; but Judge Harlan replied that his time would be consumed before he reached it and that in the meantime the court would have no idea of the question he was trying to present to it. It was a trying experience for a young, new member of the bar and I felt it so keenly that I shared the young man's resentment. A few days afterwards I happened to meet Judge Harlan as he was coming to the Capitol and I told him bluntly that I regarded his rebuke of that young man as little less than cruel. Instead of exhibiting an irritation, which would have been entirely permissible against a member of his bar who had presumed to criticize his conduct, he turned to me and, smiling, said: "My dear senator, you do not understand my purpose. I saw that the young man was embarrassed by his surroundings and I desired to relieve him from his embarrassment." I told him that I thought he had chosen a curious way to producing such a result and he desired me to watch the young man when he next appeared in his court. It so happened that a re-argument of that very case was ordered, and when my associate and myself appeared here to argue it at the next term I found Judge Harlan's remedy for a lawyer's embarrassment completely justified. When the learned justices interrogated my associate upon the second argument he answered them with as little embarrassment and more confidence than I could summon and acquitted himself so admirably from the beginning to the end of his address to the court that at the close of it Judge Harlan looked over to me, plainly pleased with the outcome, and afterwards recalled the circumstance more than

once.—JOSEPH W. BAILEY at the Supreme Court proceedings in memory of Judge Harlan, December 16, 1911.

He insisted on the dignity of the Supreme Court being maintained and in 1895, when the ambassadors thought the justices should make the first call in the social order of things, contrary to the previous understanding, Justice Harlan wouldn't have it and that season he did not call on the ambassadors.

For a number of years he refused to have a telephone put into his house, but, when he was away on a vacation one summer, Philander C. Knox, then Attorney-General, had a telephone put in and when Justice Harlan returned he submitted.

He played golf a great deal and once on the Chevy Chase links with an Episcopal bishop as opponent the bishop missed the ball several times, but made no comment. However he looked his disgust. "Bishop, that is the most profane silence I ever knew," said Justice Harlan.—*New York Sun*, October 15, 1911.

Justice Harlan was very fond of the late Justice Peckham. The latter twitted him about his Presbyterian predilections and in turn was twitted about being a democrat. On one occasion Justice Harlan was explaining to his brethren that he would be forced to absent himself from court on the following day to attend a Presbyterian conference. "You are such a good Presbyterian, Harlan," said Justice Peckham, "that I don't see why you are afraid to die." "I would not be afraid," responded Justice Harlan, "if I were sure that in the next world I would not turn up at democratic headquarters."—*New York Tribune*, October 16, 1911.

Justice Harlan and Justice White chewed tobacco while on the bench and a story was written once that Justice Harlan "borrowed a chew" from Justice White. Justice Harlan pretended to be very indignant and insisted on seeing the man who wrote the article. "It's wrong," said Justice Harlan; "it was White that borrowed the chew, not I."—*New York Sun*, October 15, 1911.

The venerable and learned Justice John M. Harlan, during a game of golf at Chevy Chase, explained the intricacies of evidence to a young man. "Usually in conflicting evidence," he said, "one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can decide easily which to believe. It is like the boy and the house hunter. A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a lad, 'My boy, I'm looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?' 'About twenty minutes' walk,' the boy replied. 'Twenty minutes!' exclaimed the house hunter; 'nonsense; the advertisement says five.' 'Well,' said the boy, 'you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement, but I ain't trying to make a sale.'"—*The Green Bag*, July, 1908, quoting the *Washington Star*.

Shortly before his death he became partly conscious and spoke his farewell words to those who were at his bedside, evidently with great difficulty: "Good-by, I am sorry to have kept you all waiting so long."—*New York Sun*, October 15, 1911.

HARRISON, Benjamin, 1833-1901. President of the United States.

Harrison would grant a request in a way which would seem as if he were denying it. An eminent western senator said to me once, what, of course, was a great exaggeration, that if Harrison were to address an audience of ten thousand men, he would capture them all. But if each of them were presented to him in private he would make him his enemy.—GEORGE F. HOAR, *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1899.

The story was told—how true it is I do not know—that in one of his railroad campaigns through Indiana he was making a series of those remarkable speeches for which he became famous, and at every place he stopped the crowds who listened would become wildly enthusiastic. Then he would hold a reception in the car and the people, after shaking hands with him, would pass out of the other end of the car silent and depressed, as if suffering from a chill. A wag in the party, who was particularly anxious that the good effect of his speech should not be lost in a certain town, pulled the bell rope and started the train as soon as Harrison stopped speaking. When chided for this he said, "Don't talk to me; I know my business. Ben Harrison had the crowd red hot. I did not want him to freeze it out of them with his handshaking."—JOHN S. WISE, "Recollections of Thirteen Presidents."

Mrs. Harrison had finally decided upon some slight architectural changes and brought her approved plans to the president and asked his opinion of them. General Harrison studied the drawing with care and noticed that several niches were left, each plainly marked. At last he said: "Well, my

dear, here is a place for Lincoln, and here is a place for Grant's bust. And you have left three places for Vest." Then he added with well-assumed indignation, "I am decidedly opposed to so many monuments to Vest in the White House." Mrs. Harrison hastened to explain what her husband of course knew all the time—that the word "Vest" was the architect's contraction for "vestibule," of which there were three in the plans. Whereupon the president said he was satisfied and handed the drawing back to her with a twinkle in his clear blue eyes.—W. H. CROOK, "Memories of the White House."

HARRISON, William Henry, 1773-1841. President of the United States.

During the war of 1812, as the northwestern army was engaged in one of its toilsome expeditions, a private soldier sank down beneath the hardships of the march and died. General William H. Harrison was careful to arrest the progress of the forces in order to give this man a Christian burial with coffin and funeral. As some of the military carpenters were engaged in preparing the coffin, he entered the shop and paced the floor in silence, watching the progress of the work, evidently with his feelings aroused by the circumstances. One of the soldiers, presuming perhaps on this exhibition of humane feelings, asked the general as to his plans for the future operations of the army. Pausing in his walk and elevating himself to a commanding height, Harrison asked, "Are you a soldier, sir?" "Yes." "Then, sir, be one," was the reply; which, with the tone and eye of the speaker, gave the daring soldier a lesson in subordination doubtless never forgotten.—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1861.

I had observed at the hotel table a man about the medium height and about the age of sixty years, stout and muscular, yet with the active step and lively air of youth. I had been struck by his open and cheerful expression, the amenity of his frank and certain air of command, which appeared in spite of his plain dress. "That is," said my friend, "General Harrison, Clerk of the Cincinnati Court of Common Pleas." "What! General Harrison of Tippecanoe and the Thames?" "The same, the ex-general, the conqueror of Tecumseh and Proctor; the avenger of our disasters on the Raisin and at Detroit; the ex-governor of the Territory of Indiana; the ex-senator in Congress; the ex-minister of the United States to one of the South American republics. He has grown old in the service of his country; he has passed twenty years of his life in those fierce wars with the Indians, in which there is less glory to be won but more dangers to be encountered than at Tivoli and Austerlitz. He is now poor, with a numerous family, neglected by the federal government, although yet vigorous, because he had the independence to think for himself. As the opposition is in the majority here, his friends bethought themselves of coming to his relief, by removing the clerk of the common pleas, who is a Jackson man, and giving him the place, which is a lucrative one, as a sort of retiring pension. His friends in the east talk about making him president of the United States. Meanwhile we have made him clerk of an inferior court."—MICHAEL CHEVALIER, "Travels."

Governor Harrison brought suit against a person who had thrown out some malicious hints in reference to his negotiations with the Indians. The charge was fresh, the testimony at hand, and a complete investigation was had before the Supreme Court. . . . The jury in one hour returned a verdict of four thousand dollars damages for the governor. This was an enormous verdict for a new country. The defendant's property was sold and bought in by the governor's agent. Shortly afterwards two-thirds of the property was returned by the governor to his slanderer and the remainder was given to the orphans of soldiers who had fallen in battle.—S. J. BURR, "Life and Times of William Henry Harrison."

HENRIETTA MARIA, 1609-1669. Queen of England.

The fanatics in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said that the queen, once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired "who that roundhead" was, and from this incident the distinction became general and the party were called Roundheads.—*Athenæum* (Boston), April, 1819.

You must know that a few days before the king left Paris I visited the queen of England, whom I found in the apartment of her daughter, since Madame d'Orléans. "You see, sir," said the queen; "I come here to keep Henrietta company; the poor child has lain in bed all day for want of a fire." The truth is, the Cardinal having stopped the queen's pension for six months, tradesmen were unwilling to give her credit and there was not a chip of wood in the house. You may be sure I took care that a princess

of Great Britain should not be confined to her bed the next day for the want of a faggot; and a few days afterwards I exaggerated the scandal of this desertion and the Parliament sent the queen a present of forty thousand livres. Posterity will hardly believe that a queen of England, granddaughter of Henry the Great, wanted a faggot to light a fire in the month of January, in the Louvre, and at the court of France.—CARDINAL DE RETZ, "Memoirs."

HENRY III., 1551-1589. King of France.

It is related that upon one occasion the *suisses* of the Hôtel d'Angoulême had been making large sums of money by selling what they pretended to be the water of the Jordan, to give an abundance of milk to wet nurses. But as it was discovered to be the water of the river of the Gobelins, which was not only useless but unwholesome, they were attacked before La Tournelle and the last of the Valois [Henry III.] was so shocked at the pursuits carried on against his followers that he sent and had the house of the President M. Mole set on fire. The servants of the Duke d'Angoulême having barricaded the neighboring streets so that no help could be obtained, the house was slowly burned without any opposition.—CATHERINE BEARNE, "Early Valois Queens."

The king during the session of the assembly continued to employ himself busily on the reformation of his household. He also published several edicts tending to promote the domestic prosperity of his people. Amongst other mandates were some severe sumptuary laws regulating the attire of the ladies of his realm. The extravagance in dress had reached a frightful climax, for the wives of the burghers, it was stated, arrayed themselves in the habiliments deemed suitable for a countess in the reign of Francis I. Gold embroideries, silks, velvets and satins were forbidden, under penalties of severe fines, to all women in rank below a president's wife. The king condescended to enter into minute details as to what he deemed to be a sufficient wardrobe for the different classes of his female lieges. The edict was received with angry defiance; but as the king was then in no humor to be disobeyed, he sent his provost La Perreuse commands to proceed rigorously against all infractors of the new laws. The consequence was that some fifty or sixty ladies were summarily arrested and conveyed from their homes to the prison of Fort l'Évêque, all offers to bail the fair prisoners being sternly rejected. This rigorous measure created great discontent and the streets adjacent to the prison were crowded by the populace whose remarks and jibes on the splendid raiment of the king and his minions more than avenged the captive dames. The following morning Henry arrived in Paris in person and, proceeding to the gaol himself, liberated the ladies and paid their prison fees. They were courteously dismissed by his majesty with a suitable reprimand, but, after some further attempt to enforce the observance of the edict, its evasion was tacitly connived at.

On the cushions by the king lay a number of little dogs, which Henry sometimes fondled or incited to make a deafening clamor. The number of lap dogs thus kept in his majesty's apartment often exceeded a hundred—seldom fewer. One of the favorite chamberlains, observing that it cost the king emotion to select from his pack the dogs which were to accompany him in his daily airing with Queen Louise, invented a novel expedient of a light basket, richly lined with crimson satin, to be slung from the royal neck, wherein from twenty to thirty of Henry's diminutive pets might be comfortably stowed. The king adopted the device, bestowing many eulogiums on the ingenuity of his favorite. . . . At the various palaces Henry now had two thousand lap dogs. These dogs were divided into bands of six, each half dozen having a keeper, who yearly received from his majesty a stipend of two hundred crowns, exclusive of the food consumed by the animals in his charge. In each palace an apartment adjacent to the royal bedchamber was appropriated to the dogs and fitted with cushions and baskets lined with green velvet for the repose of the king's diminutive pets. Sometimes Henry would take a sudden disgust and give away his lap dogs and then buy them back again at extravagant prices. Usually, however, the present of a dog from his majesty to one of his nobles was indicative of a high degree of personal favor. When the Venetian ambassador Lippomano had his audience of farewell, Henry, as a crowning gift and mark of favor, took from his doublet a diminutive white dog of Turkish breed and, after kissing the little animal repeatedly, gave it to the ambassador to keep for love of him. Another foible which the king at this period pursued with an eagerness perfectly incredible, was to collect illuminated letters and monograms, also colored effigies of the saints and the Madonna. Often the ladies of his court propitiated his majesty by presentation of a packet of these treasures, very greatly to the

destruction of their missals and hours. When he had amassed a sufficient quantity of these paintings, the king gravely proceeded, with a few favored attendants, to one or other of the many oratories or chapels he had established in the churches of Paris and amused himself by pasting them on the walls of the edifice.

Voluptuous to excess, his majesty is also devout to superstition. . . . Madame de Montpensier procured a tube of brass, which St. Luc, whose chamber was adjacent to that of his majesty, agreed to introduce by perforating the wooden partition, into the alcove, close to the king's bed, and through which he was to whisper denunciations of divine wrath. Accordingly one night Henry was aroused from slumber by a voice close to his ear, uttering words of reproachful admonition. The king at first paid little heed to the sounds, believing that he had been dreaming, and again composed himself to sleep. Again a hissing whisper caused his majesty to start from his pillow. Appalled at the supernatural sounds, the king, now feeling assured that he was being addressed by an angelic messenger of divine wrath, listened in an agony of apprehension and awe. After a time the mysterious voice ceased and Henry, calling his *valet de chambre* from the anteroom, cast himself from his bed on the floor and remained in that attitude of humiliation until dawn. When the hour arrived for admission to the royal apartment, the usual reckless and dissipated band waited to give his majesty the accustomed *réveille-matin*. But the king, with wan and downcast countenance, passed through their midst without accepting any greeting whatever and entered his private cabinet, the door of which he shut. St. Luc, charmed with the success of his stratagem, presently asked to speak to the king on very important matters. He was admitted with Joyeuse and La Valette. Taking his royal master aside, St. Luc then pretended to confide to his majesty the terrible apprehension that had befallen him during the night, when, he said, an angel armed with a flaming sword had appeared by his bedside and commanded him under pain of eternal damnation to renounce his profligate career and use his influence with his majesty to exhort him to repentance. Henry received this statement as a confirmation of his own vision, which, however, he did not impart to his favorite. When night approached, the king, overpowered by his superstitious fears, retired to the apartments of Queen Louise and dispensed with the attendance of those whom his spiritual visitant had adjured him to discard. For several nights subsequently, however, St. Luc plied his tube, his nocturnal admonitions being sedulously strengthened by the exhortations and concern expressed by Joyeuse, by Queen Louise and by his majesty's confessor, the bishop of Auxerre; for both these latter personages believed in the reality of the supernatural visitations. . . . M. d'O had now obtained the knowledge he sought in order to elucidate the mystery. He thereupon instituted so careful a watch that he discovered the stratagem of M. St. Luc, and presently revealed his discovery to the king and even showed his majesty the tube used to transmit the sounds to the royal chamber. Henry's compunctions of conscience immediately evaporated in a transport of rage and he decided to inflict a prompt but stealthy vengeance on the offenders.—MARTHA WALKER FREER, "Henry III."

Henry III. could not remain in the same room with a cat.—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

HENRY IV., 1553-1610. King of France.

Henry d'Albret, his grandfather, made his daughter promise to sing a song to him while she was in labor; in order, said he, "that you may bring me a child who will neither weep nor make wry faces." The princess had fortitude enough in the midst of her pains to keep her word and sang a song in Bearnois, her own country language. As soon as Henry entered the chamber the child came into the world without crying; his grandfather immediately carried him to his own apartment and there rubbed his little lips with a clove of garlic and made him suck some wine out of a gold cup to make his constitution strong and vigorous.—M. PEREFIXE, "History of Henry the Great."

Henry d'Albret had made his will which the princess, his daughter, was very anxious to peruse, because it had been told her that this testamentary paper was to her disadvantage and in favor of a lady for whom her royal parent had entertained tender sentiments. Jeanne, however, did not dare to breathe a word upon the subject; but her father, being made acquainted with her wish, promised to place the will in her hands as soon as she should have produced to him the fruit of her loins; but upon condition that during the period of her labor she would sing him a song, "in order that," said he, "you do not produce me a peevish and crying child." The princess gave her promise and testified so much courage that, notwithstand-

ing the pains attendant upon her situation, she sang a song in the language of Bearne as soon as she heard the king enter the apartment. It was remarked that, in opposition to the general course of nature, the infant was born without screaming or weeping; and it might naturally be expected, says Perefixe, that a prince destined to ensure the joy and prosperity of France would not enter the world amidst cries and wailings. Immediately after the birth of Henry, his grandfather transported the boy in the skirt of his robe to his chamber, and then presented his will, enclosed in a golden casket, to his daughter, saying, "My daughter, there is what belongs to you," and then, holding up the child to its mother, he added, "and this is mine."—W. H. IRELAND, "Memoirs of Henry the Great."

The midday repast in the Louvre—Henry IV. loved heavy and rich meals—always included four *entrées*, four soups, a course of boiled meat, "a ten-pound joint of beef, a side of mutton, a capon, veal and three chickens," roasts, "to wit, a shoulder of mutton, two capons, a brace of game birds, a loin of veal, three chickens and three pigeons, a joint of mutton and another of veal." On Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays these were reenforced by a capon pastry. A pike or carp helped out the lighter fare on days of fast. The evening menu was a little if at all lighter. At neither meal were vegetables served; partridges and quail graced the table only when the king's shooting had prospered. The Count of Mantua sometimes added a variety by his gifts—from the Duchess of Mantua "Bologna sausages and cheese," from the duke presents of fruit and carp. A dessert was always provided, though it did not appear in the menus which were drawn up by the chief steward of the queen.—LOUIS BATIFFOL, "Marie de Medici and her Court."

His wife's freedom began to disturb him. The story runs that on one occasion he went to her room, making sure that he would find her with a certain Lutheran who was trying to convert her. He meant to thrash him for his pains, but when he reached the apartment the bird had flown and he found Margaret in solitude. He was not a man of words. "You want to know too many things, Madame," he said, and boxed her soundly on the ears.—EDITH SICHEL, "Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation."

Sometimes these quarrels had a comic side. The queen would refuse to dine as usual with the king and would order a small table to be brought into her cabinet. On these occasions, the good-tempered Henry, who never could be angry long and who preferred living at peace with a wife he really did not dislike, would send her choice morsels from his table, even from his plate. If Marie's temper had not reached the level of accepting a peace-offering, she would coldly return the dainties. Court gossip declared that she was afraid of poison.—ELEANOR C. PRICE, "Cardinal Richelieu."

All the funeral ceremonial [of Gabriel d'Estrées] was, by the king's express command, such as was observed at the death of a member of the house of France. One of the despatches of Franceso Contarini; the Venetian envoy, supplies some interesting particulars. In accordance with the usage of the times a wax effigy of the deceased favorite was prepared and exhibited in solemn state. (Lescure imagines that the corpse was exhibited, but this was not the case. The practise of setting up wax effigies was very old. We are told that Jean Perreal worked day and night beside the corpse of Louis XIII., preparing the effigy for that monarch's obsequies.) On its head was set a ducal coronet, the body was clad in gold-embroidered robes, perhaps indeed those which Gabrielle had prepared for her nuptials; and, having been thus arrayed, the effigy was placed in a sitting posture on a magnificent bed—the very one which the deceased had purchased for the chamber of the queens at the Louvre—while above this bed, which was set on a platform with three steps, there depended a baldachin of cloth of gold.—E. A. VIZETELLY (Le Petit Homme Rouge), "Favorites of Henry IV."

Henry IV. went to Rouen to be present at the assembly of notables. It was here he made the following celebrated harangue: "I have not summoned you as my predecessor did, to induce you to approve of my intentions: I have assembled you that I might receive the benefits of your counsels; to give ear to them; to follow them; in short, I desire to place myself under your guidance, a desire which is seldom felt by kings, greybeards and conquerors, but the immense love I bear my subjects," etc. He made this harangue in the hall of the house where he took up his abode and insisted on having Madame la Marquise [Gabrielle d'Estrées] present, for which purpose she concealed herself behind some tapestry. The king asked her what she thought of his address, to which she replied that she had never heard anything better, only she had been very much surprised when he talked of placing himself un-

der their guidance. *"Ventre saint gris,"* exclaimed the king, "very likely; but I meant with my sword by my side."—SAINT BEUVE, "Causeries du Lundi."

After he had selected Pierre Mathieu to write a history of himself for his son (the future Louis XIII.) Mathieu one day read to him a passage respecting his partiality for women. "What is the use of revealing that weakness?" said Henry. "It will be a lesson for your son," said Mathieu; whereupon the king, after a pause, replied, "Yes, yes, the whole truth must be told. If you were to remain silent about my failings, people would not believe you respecting the rest. Well, set them down, then, so that my son may know and avoid them."—E. A. VIZETELLY (Le Petit Homme Rouge), "Favorites of Henry IV."

I was present and approached in an agony of grief, seeing the king all covered with blood, and fearing, with reason, that the stroke was mortal. The king removed our apprehensions by a composed and agreeable behavior; and we perceived immediately that his lip only was wounded; the stroke having been aimed too high, the force of it was stopped by a tooth, which it broke. The parricide was discovered without difficulty, though he had mixed among the crowd. He was a scholar, named John Chatel; and readily answered, when he was interrogated, that he came from the college of the Jesuits, accusing those fathers of being the authors of his crime. The king, who heard him, said with a gaiety which on such an occasion few persons could have been capable of, that he had heard from the mouths of many persons that the society never loved him and that he was now convinced of it by his own.—DUKE OF SULLY, "Memoirs."

The speech of Henry IV. to the Spanish ambassador, when he discovered the king riding round the room on a stick with his son, is well known: "You are a father, Seignor Ambassador, and so we will finish our ride."—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1828.

The municipal authorities of Paris having requested permission to levy a temporary rate on the water supply, to defray the expenses of some meditated festivities, he told them: "Find some other expedient; it belongs to our good Lord alone to turn water into wine."—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1879.

The Stuarts should say, as our Henry IV. did of the mass, "A crown is worth more than a sermon."—MARQUIS D'ARGENSON, "Memoirs."

The famous saying of Henry, "Paris is well worth a mass," loses somewhat of its point when we bear in mind that the occasion of its utterance was his second conversion, or re-conversion, from expediency. M. Fournier ("L'Esprit dans l'Histoire," p. 211) doubts whether Henry ever gave utterance to such a phrase and traces it back to a book of slight authority in which Sully is made to say to the king, "Sire, sire, the crown is worth a mass."—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1869.

The notorious saying so often attributed to him, "Paris is well worth a mass," is, of course, apocryphal so far as he is concerned. Whatever may have been his inclination for "gasconading" he was too skilful and shrewd a man to have made a remark which would have cast doubt upon the sincerity of his conversion, and allowed the people to think that his chief, if not sole, motive in changing his religion was the desire to secure possession of his capital. The saying may, perhaps, have originated with Sully, not, however, at the time of the king's abjuration, but subsequently, when Henry, having become a Catholic, thought that his Huguenot minister ought to act likewise, and asked him why it was that he did not accompany him to mass, whereupon Sully is said to have retorted, "Sire, sire, the crown is well worth a mass."—VIZETELLY.

HENRY VIII., 1491-1547. King of England.

The new duke [of York], though little more than three years old, also played a profitable, if passive, part in other great affairs of state. Six weeks before receiving his new title he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with Sir Edward Poynings as his able deputy; and he had been nominated Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle since he was between nine and ten months old. Among other dignities crowded upon him in his infancy were those of Earl Marshal and Warden of the Scottish Marshes, in addition to which he was created a Knight of the Bath and admitted to the Order of the Garter, being invested with the last of these honors on May 17, 1495, a few weeks before his fourth birthday.—FRANK A. MUMBY, "The Youth of Henry VIII."

Puebla [representing the Spanish government at the English court] reports that the king and queen of England were anxious that Katherine [of Aragon] should take the opportunity of speaking French with her, in order to learn the language. "This is neces-

sary, because the English ladies do not speak Latin, and much less Spanish. The king and queen also wish that the princess should accustom herself to drink wine. The water of England is not drinkable, and, even if it were, the climate would not allow the drinking of it."—MARTIN HUME, "The Wives of Henry VIII."

Extracts from a curious manuscript contain directions for the household of Henry VIII.: His highness's baker shall not put alum in the bread, or mix rye, oaten or bean flour with the same; and, if detected, shall be put into the stocks. His highness's attendant shall not steal any locks, keys, tables, forms, cupboards or other furniture, out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses where he goes to visit. Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked or lie all night before the kitchen fire. No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies. The officers of his majesty's council shall be loving together, no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime. The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person. There shall be no romping with the maids on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are broken. Coals only to be used by the king's, queen's and Lady Mary's chambers. The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale. Twenty-four loaves a day allowed for his highness's greyhounds.—*The Literary Panorama*, 1816.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the portrait of Henry VIII. was the means of preventing a commercial treaty between the Portuguese and the king of Borneo. A Portuguese vessel having touched at that place, opened a trade there with great success. The king received the strangers with special favor and they displayed before him the presents with which they were prepared. Among other things was the marriage of Henry the Eighth and Catherine represented in tapestry. When the king of Borneo saw the bluff figure of Henry, as large as life, he bade the Portuguese pack up their presents, take them on board, and leave his dominions immediately. He knew, he said, what they brought him those figures for; that ugly man was to come out in the night, cut off his head and take possession of his dominions. There was no persuading him out of his imagination and the Portuguese were compelled to abandon a commercial speculation which was so auspiciously commenced.—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

At Chingford, in Essex, is a house called "Friday Hill House," in one of the rooms of which there is an oak table with a brass plate thus inscribed: "All lovers of roast beef will like to know that on this table a loin was knighted by King James I., on his return from hunting in Epping Forest. . . . Fuller, in his "Ecclesiastical History," relates of Henry VIII. at the Abbey of Reading, how "a sirloin of beef was set before him, so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry."—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

As King Henry VIII. was hunting in Windsor Forest, he either casually lost, or probably wilfully losing himself, struck down, about dinner time, to the Abbey of Reading where, disguising himself (much for delight, much for discovery unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, as he passed for one of the king's guards, a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this Henry) on which the king laid on, lustily, not disgracing one of that place for which he was mistaken. "Well fare thy heart (quoth the abbot) and here in a cup of sack I remember his grace, your master. I would give a hundred pounds on condition I could feed as lustily on beef as you do. Alas, my weak and squeasie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small chicken or rabbit." The king presently pledged him and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after which he departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks afterwards the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept close prisoner and fed for a short time with bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself, when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, of which the abbot fed as a farmer of his grange and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behavior. "My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your squeasie stomach and, here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same." The abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped so, riding to Reading as somewhat lighter in purse, so

much more merry in heart, than when he came thence.—W. A. CLOUSTON, "Choice Anecdotes," citing "Fuller's Ecclesiastical History."

In the jousts and tournaments [Field of the Cloth of Gold, June 24, 1520] the English knights appear to have shown more strength and vigor and the French more skill and agility. Henry himself was a splendid archer and was "good to see" in his trials with the cross-bow. But Fleurange tells us that on one unlucky day when the two princes were in the great pavilion together and had taken some wine, the king of England exclaimed, "My brother, I will wrestle with you," and, seizing the king of France in his strong arms, sought to overthrow him, but François also was a good wrestler and, being more skilful, tripped him up and Henry fell flat on the ground. He got up in a rage and wished to continue the fight, but the queens interfered and the wrestlers were persuaded to sit down to the supper which awaited them. This defeat rankled in the mind of Henry and did much to counteract the good which all the gifts and festal meetings had done. The two kings parted with all the appearance of cordiality, but Henry VIII. had scarcely left François I. before he went on to Gravelines, where the emperor Charles awaited him and they agreed to a new treaty together.—CHRISTOPHER HARE, "Charles de Bourbon."

In the summer of 1513, while the king was sojourneying at Tournay, he received a visit from the Archduke Charles of Castile and Austria, and his aunt, the Dowager Duchess of Savoy, Regent of the Netherlands. These august personages came to congratulate the English monarch on the capture of Tournay from their mutual enemy, Louis XI. of France. At this time the Austro-Spanish archduke still hoped to secure the hand of the king of England's handsome sister, Mary Tudor, who had accompanied her brother to France. Henry did his best to ingratiate himself with the regent, a handsome lady with a foolish, whimpering expression, who, if we may judge by her portrait in the museum at Brussels, was most apt to credit anything that flattered her fancy. The king and his favorites, indeed, to amuse her, behaved less like gentlemen than mountebanks. Henry danced grotesquely before her and played on the giltrone, the lute and the cornet for her diversion, and his boon companions followed their master's example and exhibited their accomplishments as dancers and musicians. The contemporary *Chronicle* of Calais contains a most amusing account of the way Henry and Charles made game of the poor dowager, who betrayed her too evident partiality for the latter. Brandon actually went so far on one occasion as to steal a ring from her finger; "and I took him to laugh," says Margaret of Savoy, describing this incident, "and said to him that he was *un larron*—a thief—and that I thought the king had with him led thieves out of his country. This word *larron* he could not understand." So Henry had to be called in to explain it to him. His majesty next contrived a sort of love scene between the pair, in which he made the duchess Margaret a very laughing stock, by inducing her to repeat after him in her broken English the most appalling improprieties, the princess being utterly ignorant of the meaning of the words she was parroting. To lead her on, Suffolk, who was not a good French scholar, made answer at the king's prompting, to the princess's extraordinary declarations, in fairly respectable French. At last, however, the good lady realized the situation and, rising in dudgeon, declared Brandon "to be no gentleman and no match for her," and thus he lost his chance, though he never lost the great lady's friendship. This silly prank on the English king's part was no doubt the final cause of the rupture of the proposed alliance between Mary Tudor and the Archduke Charles of Castile.—RICHARD DAVEY, "The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey."

François I., when Henry requested to be permitted to choose a lady of the royal blood of France for his queen, replied "that there was not a damsel of any degree in his dominions who should not be at his disposal." Henry took this compliment so literally, that he required the French monarch to bring the fairest ladies of the court to Calais, for him to take his choice. The French king's gallantry was shocked at such an idea and he replied, "that it was impossible to bring ladies of royal blood to market as horses were trotted out at a fair." . . . In the succeeding month . . . Henry reiterated his demand that "they should be brought to Calais for inspection." Chatillon said "that that would not be possible, but his majesty could send some one to look at them." "Pardie!" exclaimed Henry, "how can I depend upon any one but myself?" He was also very desirous of hearing the ladies sing and seeing how they looked when singing. "I must see them myself and must see them sing," said he. After alternately

wheedling and bullying Chatillon for nearly a year on this subject, Henry reluctantly resigned his Sultan-like idea of choosing a bride from the beauties of the French court and turned his attentions elsewhere.—AGNES STRICKLAND, "Queens of France."

HENRY, Patrick, 1736-1799. American statesman.

It is recorded of Patrick Henry that in his professional practise, by mistake, he made a powerful argument against his client, apparently sufficient to decide the case, till his client crept up in affright and said to him, "Sir, you have ruined me." "Don't fear," said Mr. Henry; "you will see what I am after." To the court and jury he then said, "Such is the argument of the opposite counsel." He had said more than they could say for themselves and then went on to demolish it all and gained the cause.—CALVIN COLTON, "Life and Times of Henry Clay."

"Sink or swim; live or die." These words, used with such effect by the eloquent Patrick Henry, appear in a poem by Rev. Nicholas Noyes, printed at Boston, July 30, 1707. The following is the line: "Then, sink or swim; or live, or die."—*Magazine of American History*, January, 1877.

It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while he was descanting on the tyranny of this obnoxious act, that he exclaimed in a voice of thunder and with the look of a god: "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third——" "Treason!" cried the speaker —"Treason, treason," echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." I had frequently heard the above anecdote of the cry of treason, but with such variations of the concluding words, that I began to doubt whether the whole might not be fiction. With the view to ascertain the truth, therefore, I submitted it to Mr. Jefferson as it had been given to me by Judge Tyler, and this is his answer: "I well remember the cry of treason, the pause of Mr. Henry at the name of George III., and the presence of mind with which he closed his sentence." The incident, therefore, becomes authentic history.—WILLIAM WIRT, "Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry."

Edmund Randolph gave it as follows: "Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell and George the Third"—— "Treason, sir," exclaimed the Speaker. "And George the Third—may he never have either." This is, of course, lame and flat, compared with the current version —"and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." Thomas Jefferson, who was a young law student at the time and heard this speech, confirms the popular version, which was first given out by Mr. (afterwards Judge) Tyler, who stood by the side of Jefferson on that eventful day.—LYNDON ORR, *Munsey's Magazine*, November, 1907.

Distressed and alarmed at the increase of drunkenness after the Revolutionary War, he did everything in his power to arrest the vice. He thought that the introduction of a harmless beverage, as a substitute for distilled spirits, would be beneficial. To effect this object, he ordered from his merchant in Scotland a consignment of barley and a Scotch brewer and his wife to cultivate the grain and make small beer. To render the beverage fashionable and popular, he always had it upon his table when he was governor during his last term of office; and he continued its use, and drank nothing stronger, while he lived.

In his old age the condition of his nervous system made the scent of a tobacco pipe very disagreeable to him. The old colored house servants were compelled to hide their pipes and rid themselves of the scent of tobacco before they ventured to approach him. . . . They protested that they had not smoked, or seen a pipe; and he invariably proved the culprit guilty by following the scent and leading them to the corncob pipes hid in some crack or cranny, which he made them take and throw instantly into the fire.—M. C. TYLER, "Patrick Henry," quoting Fontaine Mss.

HOAR, George Frisbie, 1826-1904. American statesman.

I was placed on the Committee on the Revision of Laws. My law practise had been in the interior of the commonwealth. So I had little knowledge of United States jurisprudence. I determined in order to fit myself for my new duties to make a careful study of the statutes and law administered in the United States courts. I took with me to Washington a complete set of the reports of the Supreme Court of the United

States and purchased "Abbott's Digest" of those decisions, then just published. The first evening after I got settled I spent in reading the decisions of the Supreme Court. I took the "Digest," beginning with the letter A, reading the abstracts and then reading the cases referred to. I got as far as Adm and read the cases relating to Admiralty practise. The next morning the Speaker announced his committees and the House adjourned. After adjournment, Judge Poland, Chairman of the Committee on the Revision of Laws, called the committee together and laid before them a letter he had just received from Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, asking for a change in the law in regard to monitions for summoning defendants in Admiralty. The change had been made necessary by some recent decisions of the court. The other members of the committee looked at one another in dismay. None of them was familiar with the question or knew at all what it was all about. I then stated to them the difficulty, the necessity for a remedy and the recent decisions, giving them the names of the cases and the volumes where they were to be found. They were all quite astonished to find a man from the country, of whom probably none of them had ever heard before, having the law of Admiralty at his tongue's end. If the question had related to anything in the "Digest" under Adr, or anything thereafter, I should have been found probably more ignorant than they were. But Judge Poland took me into high favor and I found his friendship exceedingly agreeable and valuable. I do not remember that the Committee on the Revision of Laws had another meeting while I belonged to it. —GEORGE F. HOAR, "Autobiography."

The chief carnal luxury of my life is in breakfasting every Sunday with an orthodox friend, a lady who has a rare gift in making fishballs and coffee. You unfortunate and benighted Pennsylvanians can never know the exquisite flavor of codfish salted, made into balls, and eaten of a Sunday morning by a person whose theology is sound and who believes in all the fine points of Calvinism. I am myself but an unworthy heretic; but I am of Puritan stock of the seventh generation and there is vouchsafed to me also some share in that ecstasy and a dim glimpse of the beatific vision.—MARY E. CRAWFORD, *The National Magazine*, October, 1904, quoting Hoar.

His delight in country life and his enjoyment of nature, his rare fondness for birds and, entirely unmusical as he was, his passion for listening to their singing, were very prominent traits of his character.

He was a great friend of children and young people and often carried about quarters and half dollars fresh from the mint to give those he met.—NATHANIEL PAINE and G. S. HALL, "Memoir of George Frisbie Hoar."

HOCHE, Lazare, 1768-1797. French general.

"You might have been worth two hundred thousand livres more," observed one of his relations, "if you did not thus throw away your money to every one that chooses to ask for it." "I should have been a million poorer," replied Hoche. "A million! Pray, where have you such a sum?" "In the purses of my friends," answered he, "where I should find it this moment had I occasion to make a collection among them."

A ball had cut a tree under which the commander was on horseback; the branches fell about him and wanted but little of crushing him with their weight; he disengaged himself with his usual presence of mind and continued to give his orders. He had no sooner extricated himself from this entanglement than another ball killed his horse under him; far from being disconcerted at this danger, he took the horse of a dragoon who attended him, and observed with a laugh as he mounted "that the gentlemen on the other side seemed determined to make him serve in the infantry."—ALEXANDER ROUSSELIN, "Life of General Hoche."

HOLLAND, Henry Fox, Baron Holland, 1705-1774. English statesman.

Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feeling for the arts, "Painting gives him no pleasure and music absolute pain."—THOMAS MOORE, "Journals."

It is said that a day or two before his death, George Selwyn, who had a passion for seeing dead bodies, sent to ask how he was, and whether a visit would be welcome. "Oh, by all means," said Lord Holland; "if I am alive I shall be delighted to see George; and I know, if I am dead, he will be delighted to see me."—LEIGH HUNT, "Old Court Suburb."

Educating His Famous Son

The father of Mr. Fox having resolved to take down the wall at the bottom of the lane before Holland House, and to have iron palisades put up in its stead, that the passengers on the road might enjoy a better view of the fine antique building, it was necessary to make use of gunpowder to facili-

tate the work. Mr. Fox had promised his son Charles that he should be present whenever the explosion took place. Finding that the workmen had completed its fall without giving him notice, he ordered the wall to be rebuilt and when it was thoroughly cemented had it blown up again for the gratification of his favorite.—R. FELL, "Memoirs of Charles James Fox."

Charles, after he had arrived at the years of maturity, often boasted that from his earliest infancy he never failed to do what he had a mind; it being a principle with his kind papa never to check his children: two instances of this are given in this young gentleman before he was six years old. One day, standing by his father while he was winding up a watch, "I have a great mind to break that watch," said the boy. "No, Charles," said the father; "that would be foolish." "Indeed, papa, I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "if you have such a violent inclination I won't balk it"; on which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who instantly dashed it against the floor. Another time, while he was secretary of war, having just finished a long despatch which he was going to send, Mr. Charles, who stood near him with his hand upon the inkstand, said, "Papa, I have a mind to throw this ink over the paper." "Do, my dear," said the secretary, "if it will give you any pleasure." The young gentleman immediately threw on the ink, and the secretary sat down very contentedly to write the despatch over again.—B. C. WALPOLE, "The Days of the Dandies."

One night, Lord Holland, when secretary of state, in the midst of the war, having a number of important expresses to despatch, took them home from his office, in order to examine their contents more attentively before he sent them away. Charles, then about eight years old, came into the study, to which he had free access, and, taking up one of the packets, which his father had examined and set apart for sealing, he perused it with much seeming attention for some time, then expressed his disapprobation of the contents and threw it into the fire. The secretary, far from being ruffled by this incident, or attempting to reprimand his son, turned immediately to look for the office copy and with the utmost composure and good humor made out another.—FELL.

At the age of fourteen Mr. Fox accompanied his father to Spa, at that time a place of fashionable resort of the most distinguished characters from all parts of Europe. Here it is said that Lord Holland excited in his youthful mind a passion for play by allowing him five guineas a night to be spent in games of hazard.—FELL.

But in the year of his death Lord Holland saved his favorite son from ruin. The crash was hastened by the birth of a son to Stephen, whereby another life was interposed between Charles Fox and the parental wealth. His jest that the boy was born, like a second Messiah, for the destruction of the Jews, fell wide of the mark. They came within little of destroying him and Holland had to provide no less than one hundred and forty thousand pounds to save him from bankruptcy.—LLOYD SANDERS, "Holland House Circle."

HOLT, John, 1642-1710. Chief Justice of England.

During one of his rambles he found himself at an inn without money. The daughter of the landlord was suffering from an ague fit, which had baffled the doctors; hearing which, Holt proposed to cure her by a talisman and, scribbling a few Greek words on a piece of parchment, desired it to be tied around the arm of the patient. Either faith or accident effected a cure and the grateful landlady of course declined payment of her bill. Forty years afterwards a poor old woman was tried before him for witchcraft—the overt act being the possession of a spell. The Chief Justice desired that the implement of mischief might be handed to him and discovered, enveloped in bandages, the identical piece of parchment he had given to the landlady. The mystery was forthwith expounded to the jury; it agreed with the story previously told by the prisoner; the prisoner was instantly acquitted, her guest's long-standing debt discharged with interest; and, it is added, this incident came so opportunely to the discomfiture of ignorance and bigotry, as to put a final end to prosecutions for witchcraft in that part of the country.—*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1846.

Holt, having some time after committed another of his brotherhood, called John Atkins, to take trial for seditious language, the same Lacy called at the Chief Justice's house in Bedford Row and desired to see him. Servant—"My lord is unwell to-day and cannot see company." Lacy (in a very solemn tone)—"Acquaint your master that I must see him, for I bring a message to him from the Lord God." The Chief Justice, having ordered Lacy in and demanded his business, was thus addressed, "I come to you a prophet

from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, His servant, whom thou hast sent to prison." Holt, C. J.: "Thou art a false prophet and a lying knave. If the Lord God had sent thee, it would have been to the attorney-general, for He knoweth that it belongeth not to the chief justice to grant a *nolle prosequi;* but I, as chief justice, can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company." This was immediately done and both prophets were convicted and punished. —LORD CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Chief Justices."

HOUSTON, Samuel, 1793-1863. American general and statesman.

Intelligence reached the family that Sam had crossed the Tennessee river and gone to live among the Indians, where, from all accounts, he seemed to be living much more to his liking. They found him and began to question him on the motives for this novel proceeding. Sam was now, though so very young, nearly six feet high, and, standing straight as an Indian, replied that "he preferred measuring deer tracks to tape—that he liked the wild liberty of the red men better than the tyranny of his brothers and, if he could not study Latin in the academy, he could at least read a translation of Greek in the woods and read it in peace. So they could go home as soon as they liked." . . . This wild life among the Indians lasted until his eighteenth year.—C. E. LESTER, "Houston and His Republic."

Soon after the battle of San Jacinto a theatrical company visited the city of Houston. At one of their performances President Houston stepped into the box, wearing a cocked hat with an enormous red feather and the red velvet lining of his coat turned outside. Standing in the front of the box until all eyes were turned on him he raised his finger and, fixing his eye on the leader of the orchestra, thundered out, "Do President Houston the favor to play 'Won't You Come into My Bower?'"

During Sam Houston's governorship of Texas an old acquaintance of his went to Austin to obtain an appointment of Captain of Rangers. Among Houston's peculiarities was his recollection of faces. A man's face once seen was never forgotten; so when our friend entered his presence he was greeted with, "Ah, Perry, how are you—haven't seen you for twenty years—how have you prospered?" The proper answers having been made, Perry really began to have hopes of success. "Well, Perry," continued the governor, "can I do anything for you?" Perry presented his little matter, to which Old Sam replied, "Ah, Perry, I should like to oblige you, but do you remember, Perry, soon after Jacinto your name, with others, appeared attached to a paper stating that Sam Houston was a coward, a knave, etc.? So, Perry, I can't do it; I'm sorry, Perry, but I can't. Good-by, Perry; God bless you, Perry—my boy." And Perry emitted himself from the premises and returned to his own ranch.—*Harper's Magazine,* March, 1868.

When General Houston was governor of Texas he was very active and persistent in causing the prosecution of a defaulting officer—so much so, indeed, that the friends of the accused raised the cry of persecution. The governor, speaking of this to a company of gentlemen, declared he had no other motive than the enforcement of the laws, and said that he would probably have the opportunity of convincing the public that he had no feeling of personal animosity against the man. "The evidence against him will be so overwhelming that any grand jury will find a bill of indictment," said the general, "and no petit jury in the world can fail to convict the criminal on such evidence. Then, when found guilty and sentenced, he will change his tune, and he, and his sympathetic friends for him, will appeal to me for executive clemency. Then will be my time to show that I have no prejudice. I shall pardon him; for I shall never allow such an unmitigated scoundrel to contaminate the penitentiary of Texas." —*Harper's Magazine,* November, 1887.

During his presidency Congress took an exception to Houston's oral messages, insisting that they should be written out, so as to be available for reference and as being more respectful. Acceding to their wishes, and the next day being one set apart for the delivery of his inaugural, he appeared with a roll of paper in his hand, tied with a ribbon and marked in large letters "Inaugural." He addressed them with the roll in his hand, waving it gracefully that all might see it, and on conclusion handing it with a bow to the clerk, and stalked out of the chamber. On opening it was found to be a roll of blank paper.—*Harper's Magazine,* March, 1868.

Old General Sam Houston was some time ago in Austin and, as usual, his fresh humor and racy humor had drawn quite a crowd around him. Among them was Dr. Tims, who was most violently opposed to Houston in politics. The doctor, heated by a remark of

Houston's, exclaimed, "General Houston, I like you well enough in private and social life, and believe you to be a gentleman; but, politically, sir, I would not believe you upon your oath." To which the general replied in a quiet way, "I would believe you, doctor." "Well, sir," vehemently exclaimed Dr. T., "you have a better opinion of me than I have of you; for I actually would not believe you, politically, on your oath." "No, doctor," replied General Houston, gravely shaking his head; "I have not a better opinion of you than you have of me, but I have more politeness."—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1859.

While president of the Texan republic he received a challenge to fight a duel with some person whom he considered his inferior. [Dr. Green, of Galveston.]—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1874. Turning to the bearer of the challenge, he said, "Sir, tell your principal that Sam Houston never fights down hill." —*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1868.

Governor Jones sent him a hostile message; he refused peremptorily. Jones threatened to post him. Houston replied that if he believed he could persuade the people of Texas to believe him a coward, he was welcome to make the experiment and, as to assaulting him personally, he was sure the governor was too prudent a man to engage in such an enterprise.—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1874.

He had a great many difficulties about trifles and at one time he was sued in the justice's court at Houston by an Irishman who had dug a well for him. Houston asserted that the man had left his tools in the well and that this was an offset to his claim. Judgment was given against Houston by default and he appealed. On the trial of the appeal he claimed that as senator of the United States he had been called upon by his constituents to make a speech and that this was a valid reason for his absence, so that the case should not have been defaulted. He could not understand why his appeal was rejected on this excuse and the dignity of his office as senator disregarded.—ALFRED M. WILLIAMS, "Sam Houston."

His manner was very swelling and formal. When he met a lady he took a step forward, then bowed very low and in a deep voice said, "Lady, I salute you." It was an embarrassing kind of thing, for it was performed with the several motions of a fencing lesson. If she chanced to please him, at the same or the next interview he took a small snakeskin pouch from his pocket and pulled out of it a little wooden heart, the size of a twenty-five cent piece, and presented it with, "Lady, let me give you my heart." These hearts he whittled all day long in the senate and had a jeweler put a little ring in them.—MRS. VARINA DAVIS, "Jefferson Davis."

General Houston was as great a whittler as any Yankee, as every one who ever saw him in the senate chamber, where a quantity of soft pine and a wastebasket were always furnished him by the attendants, could testify. I was once present when a countryman from Guadaloupe county called upon him while he was governor of this state. Country wanted to know if he could bring his wife into the office to see the governor. "Certainly, certainly," exclaimed Old Sam, with that pleasing grace of which he was master, "by all means invite the good lady in." The pair soon returned and had a very pleasant chat with the old hero. Just as they started, Old Sam presented her with a lot of silk winders and other little mementoes of his whittling. The old lady laughed very heartily and said, "Well, governor, Mrs. Henry McCulloch told me that you would be certain to give me some silk winders and she told me to ask you to make her a butter paddle." At this the general and all of us roared. The next time I called upon him I found him "spreading himself" on the butter paddle.—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1867.

HUGUENOTS.

Old writers give two derivations of the word "Huguenot." Some say that it came from a corruption of the German *Eidgenossen*, or "confederates"; others attribute it to Hugues, the old ghost of Tours. In the deserted places he was supposed to haunt, the heretics held their *prêches* by night, and, so says the legend, the folks of the countryside learned to call them Huguenots, or followers of Hugues. Modern readers may choose whichever derivation they please; accuracy may perhaps demand the first, but allegory prefers the second. For the Huguenots were surely the ghosts who haunted the hidden places in the life of Catherine de Medici.—EDITH SICHEL, "Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation."

Some etymologists suppose this term derived from *huguon*, a word used in Touraine to signify persons who walk at night in the streets. And as the first Protestants, like the first Christians, may have chosen that season for their religious assemblies, through

fear of prosecution, the nickname of Huguenots may naturally have been applied to them by their enemies. Others are of opinion that it is derived from a French and faulty pronunciation of the German *Eidgenossen*, which signifies "confederates."—MOSHEIM'S "Ecclesiastical History."

These people were called Huguenots because the first conventicles they held in the city of Tours (where that belief first took strength and increased) were in certain cellars underground near Hugo's gate, from whence they were by the vulgar called Hugonots; and in Flanders, where they went about in the garb of mendicants, they were called Gueux.—DAVILA, "Histoire des Guerres Civiles de la France."

This name took its rise from the conspiracy of Amboise; for when the petitioners fled at that time from fear, some of the country women said that they were poor fellows, "not worth a huguenot," which was a small piece of money, of less value than a denier, in the time of Hugo Capet. From whence, by way of ridicule, they were afterwards called Huguenots, which title they likewise gave to themselves when they took up arms.—MICHAEL DE CASTELNAU, "Memoirs."

HUMBERT, 1844-1900. King of Italy.

An amusing story from their daily life has been recently recounted. The king knows absolutely nothing about music and has no ear for the divine art. The queen has of late found it necessary to use glasses when reading. His majesty cannot bear to have her put them on, as he declares she is not old enough, and whenever she attempts to wear them he remonstrates. "Marguerite," he exclaimed one day, "put down those ugly glasses. Thou shalt not disfigure thy pretty face with them." She did not obey at once and her husband exclaimed, "If you do not take off those hideous glasses I shall sing." This threat was sufficient and she took them off at once, as the pain of hearing his unmusical voice in an attempt at song would be a much greater trial than to renounce her reading for a time.

"I am too old to wear white gowns any longer," she said recently to her husband with evident regret in her tone. "We shall take a fortnight to consider that," he replied. At the end of two weeks a huge case was brought to her apartments, filled with beautiful white gowns of every description. With it was a card bearing this brief inscription, "The king's decision."—FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR, *Munsey's Magazine*, Dec., 1893.

I

ISABEL, 1566-1633. Queen of the Netherlands.

A curious incident, which nearly proved fatal to the Infanta in the first hours of her life, illustrates the rigor of court etiquette. The queen had omitted to appoint a nurse from the many applicants for that honor. Each was required to prove by an elaborate pedigree that she was free from taint of Moorish or Jewish blood. Inquiries on this point, and also with regard to the orthodoxy of the family and the personal reputation of the three ladies primarily selected, were not complete when the child was born. None adventured to give the command; and until the king could be approached, the physicians consulted, and the lady required sent for, the infant pined and appeared to be in a dying condition. But by August 25th, all danger seeming over, she was baptized in the royal chapel at Segovia, by the papal nuncio, the Archbishop of Rossano. The ceremony was splendid, but without the great magnificence lavished at a later period upon the many short-lived infants of Philip IV. The king himself, whom etiquette forbade to be present, watched the ceremony from a secret window.

She made a vow, we are told, that until Ostend was captured she would not change her linen; which gradually assumed that hue since known as "couleur Isabelle." Such an action, even in an age less nice in matters of cleanliness than our own, must have passed for fortitude.

The hospitable Swiss sent ambassadors to meet the travelers [Archduke Albert of Austria and the Infanta Isabel] on their entrance into the territory, and at each canton the courtesy was repeated, and the cavalcade was conducted to the confines of the next canton. Nor did they come empty-handed. The ambassadors were accompanied by thirty or forty of their countrymen, each carrying in either hand a bottle of wine, which was deposited on the ground in such a way that Isabel and her husband were surrounded by bottles. The quaintness of the custom, which was accompanied by speeches in German of

great length, filled the Infanta with mirth; but the kindliness of the mountain-folk could not but please her.—L. KLINGENSTEIN, "The Great Infanta."

IVAN, 1530-1584. Czar of Russia.

The bride had been chosen, this time, according to the accepted rule. All the marriageable girls in the empire belonging to the class of "the men who serve" had been ordered to repair to Moscow. A huge building, containing many rooms, each with twelve beds in it, had been prepared for their reception. On the occasion of Vassili's first marriage, five hundred beauties, according to Francesca da Collo, or fifteen hundred, according to Heberstein, had thus been brought together. These figures probably apply to two successive choices out of the general mass of competitors, and a preliminary selection had no doubt been made in the various provinces. At Byzantium, where the same practise was in vogue, the provincial governors received detailed instructions for the purpose, with directions as to the height and other qualifications required. When the seraglio had received all its inmates the sovereign, accompanied by one man, chosen among his oldest courtiers, took his way there. He walked through all the rooms and presented each fair lady with a kerchief embroidered with gold and gems, which he threw upon her bosom. His choice once made, gifts were bestowed upon the companions of the bride, and they were sent back to their own homes. After this fashion, in the year 1547, the Tsar's choice fell upon Anastasia, the fatherless daughter of Iourievitch Kochkine, of an ancient boyar family.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "Ivan the Terrible."

One night in disguise he sought a lodging in a village near the city of Moscow, but in vain, for no one would let him in; but at last one poor fellow, whose wife was momentarily expecting to become a joyful mother, opened his door and admitted the apparently exhausted beggar. In the course of the night the child was born and the vagrant, getting himself gone, told the man he would bring him some godfathers the next day. Accordingly the next day the emperor and many of his nobles came and presented the poor fellow with a handsome largess, and set fire to and burned up all the other houses in the village, playfully exhorting the inhabitants to charity and the entertainment of strangers and that it were good for them to try how excellent it was to be outdoors on a cold winter night. It was his custom to associate with thieves and robbers in disguise. Once he went so far as to advise them to rob the imperial exchequer, "for," said he, "I know the way to it." But upon this in a moment one of the fellows up with his fist and struck him a hearty good blow in the face, saying, "Thou rogue! Wilt thou offer to rob his majesty who is so good to us? Let us go and rob some rich boyar who has cozened his majesty out of vast sums." Ivan was mightily pleased with this fellow and at parting changed caps with him, bidding him meet him the next morning in the Dravetz, a place in the court where the emperor was accustomed to pass by, "and there," said he, "I will bring thee a good cup of *aqua vita* and bread." The next morning the thief was there and, being discovered by his majesty, was called up, admonished to steal no more, preferred to high dignity about the court and appointed chief commissioner of the detective force.—*The Antiquary*, January, 1881.

On a certain festival he played mad pranks, which caused some Dutch and English women to laugh, and he, noticing this, sent all to the palace, where he had them stripped stark naked before him in a great room and then commanded four or five bushels of peas to be thrown on the floor and made them pick them all up one by one, and, when they had done, gave them wine and bade them heed how they laughed before an emperor again. He sent for a nobleman of Kasan, who was called Pleasheare, which is "bald," and the vayvode, mistaking the word, thought he sent for a hundred baldpates and therefore got together as many as he could, some eighty or ninety, and sent them up speedily with an excuse that he could find no more in his province and asking pardon. The emperor, seeing so many, crossed himself and, finding out how the mistake occurred, made the baldpates drunk for three days and then sent them home again.—WIRT GERRARE, "Story of Moscow," quoting Collins.

J

JACKSON, Andrew, 1767-1845. American soldier and statesman.

Several races having been run, there was a pause for dinner, which pause was duly improved. The long table was full of eager diners; General Jackson presiding at one end; a large number of men standing at the sides of the tables waiting for a chance to sit down; and all the negroes of the neighborhood employed as waiters who could look at a plate without its breaking itself. A roaring tornado of horse talk half drowned the mighty clatter of knives and forks. After the dinner had proceeded awhile, it was observed by General Jackson and those who sat near him that something was the matter at the other end of the table—a fight, probably. There were a rushing together of men and evident excitement. Now "difficulties" of that kind were so common at that day, whenever large numbers of men were gathered together, that the disturbance was little more than mentioned, if alluded to at all, at Jackson's end of the table, where sat the magnates of the race. At length, some one, in passing by, was heard to say, in evident allusion to the difficulty, "They'll finish Patten Anderson this time, I do expect." The whole truth flashed upon Jackson and he sprang up like a man galvanized. How to get to the instant rescue of his friend? To force a path through the crowd along the sides of the table would have taken time. A moment later the tall general might have been seen striding towards the scene of the danger on the top of the table, wading through the dishes, and causing hungry men to pause astonished, with morsels suspended in the air. As he neared the crowd, putting his hand behind him in his coat pocket—an ominous movement in those days and susceptible of but one interpretation—he opened his tobacco box and shut it with a click so loud that it was heard by some of the bystanders. "I'm coming, Patten," roared the general. "Don't fire," cried some of the spectators. The cry of "Don't fire" caught the ears of the hostile crowd, who looked up and saw a mad Colossus striding toward them, with his right hand behind him, and slaughter depicted in every lineament of his countenance. They scattered instantaneously, leaving Anderson alone and unharmed.

During the Creek war that followed, Parson Craighead gave to General Jackson the support of his eloquence and influence. Years after the patriotic clergyman incurred the disapproval of a portion of his brethren and was at length openly and formally accused of heresy. An evening was appointed for the investigation of the charge. General Jackson, Mrs. Jackson and a lady of their household were in prompt attendance to stand by their friend in his time of trouble. At nine o'clock in the evening the parson arose to reply to the accusation, or, rather, to state fully and precisely what his opinions were and to show that they accorded with the writings recognized by the church as authoritative. His address was perhaps the longest and, to a man like General Jackson, certainly the least interesting ever delivered in Tennessee. After the first hour the congregation began so to melt away that by eleven o'clock there were not fifty persons in the church. The eager parson, however, kept on ardently stating his points and arranging his texts, regardless of the emptying pews; for there sat General Jackson, in the middle of the church, bolt upright, with his eyes intently fixed on the speaker. Midnight arrived. There were then just four persons in the church—the party from the Hermitage and the lady to whom the reader is indebted for this story. The general still listened with a look of such rapt attention that he seemed to produce upon the speaker the effect of a large assembly. "I was dying to go," said my informant, "but I was ashamed to be outdone by General Jackson, who was more fit to be in bed than any one who had been present, and so I resolved to stay as long as he did, if I dropped asleep upon the floor." The parson wound up his discourse just as the clock struck one. General Jackson went up to him as he descended from the pulpit and congratulated him heartily upon his triumphant vindication.—JAMES PARTON, "Life of Andrew Jackson."

A friend of Mr. Clay's, Mr. Davis, speaking of Jackson's proverbial obstinacy, said that one day, looking at a horse, Jackson remarked, "That horse is seventeen feet high." "Seventeen hands, you mean, general." "What did I say?" "You said seventeen feet." "Then, by the Eternal, he is seventeen feet high."—GEORGE P. A. HEALY, *The North American Review*, November, 1890.

When I lived in Carthage, General Jackson passed through the town on the way home from the Burr trial. The tavern where he stayed was at once crowded with people. He ordered the customary treat all round. A man in the crowd sneered out something

about "your friend Burr." Jackson's glass was at his lips, but he threw the whiskey into the speaker's eyes.—H. S. TURNER, *Magazine of American History*, May, 1892, quoting Colonel Robert Chester.

The groom of "Old Truxton," a negro named Ephraim, whom, by the way, the general always called Ephraham, complained one day that a white man named Grayson had struck him with a riding whip at Lebanon. Jackson forthwith went to Lebanon, hunted up Grayson and beat him with a heavy cane so severely that he was laid up for four or five weeks, and warned him that if he ever touched "Ephraham" again—or any other "servant" of his—he would shoot him on sight.—A. C. BUELL, "History of Andrew Jackson."

He never learned to write the English language correctly, though he often wrote it eloquently and convincingly. He never learned to spell correctly, though he was a better speller than Frederick II., Marlborough, Napoleon or Washington.—PARTON.

General Jackson himself, to the end of his life, never liked to begin anything of consequence on Friday, and would not, if it could be avoided without serious injury to some important interest.—PARTON.

Miss Vaughan, the handsome and accomplished niece of the British minister, said to him, "Mr. President, you and General Washington enjoy a unique fame. No one else has ever defeated my countrymen." "That, my dear lady, is because we were descended from your countrywomen," he retorted.—BUELL.

Once when he was president a highly accomplished Baltimore lady—no less a personage than the wife of Jerome Bonaparte—said to him, "General, there must be a sensation of exalted pride in feeling that you hold the place once held by Washington." With his courtliest bow and most winning smile he replied, "Yes, madame; it is a sensation not unlike that which a gentleman must feel when he is honored by the society of Napoleon Bonaparte's sister-in-law."—BUELL.

When General Jackson objected in 1845 to Polk's selection of James Buchanan for Secretary of State in his cabinet, Polk pleaded, "But, general, you yourself appointed him minister to Russia in your first term." "Yes, I did," retorted the old commander quickly; "it was as far as I could send him out of my sight and where he could do the least harm. I would have sent him to the North Pole if we had kept a minister there."—BUELL.

After the termination of the Seminole campaign, General Jackson visited Washington City, and during his stay there, having occasion to supply himself with a nether garment, employed a fashionable tailor named Ballard to make it. Ballard, who was a very pompous little fellow and very fond of being recognized by great men who had been his customers, a few days after he had finished the unmentionables, seeing the general in front of Tennison's hotel in conversation with some gentlemen, stepped up and spoke to him. The general, thinking him some distinguished individual, very cordially gave him his hand, but not remembering him, in a whisper inquired his name. To which Ballard replied, "I made your breeches." The general, deceived by the sound, immediately turned to the company and introduced him as Major Breeches—a title which poor Ballard was afterwards obliged to wear to the day of his death.—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1852.

When sitting as judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, an atrocious culprit escaped from the custody of the sheriff, seized a loaded musket with a bayonet, placed himself in the angle of two stone walls and swore he would shoot the first and bayonet the second man that attempted to take him. The sheriff reported the fact to the judge. "Summon one hundred men then," said Judge Jackson. It was done but they also feared to arrest him. Upon a second appeal, "Summon me then," said the judge. It was done. He descended from the bench, approached the culprit with a stern countenance and dignified firmness, seized the musket with one hand, the culprit with the other and handed him over to the sheriff.—S. P. WALDO, "Memoirs of Andrew Jackson" (1818).

At Jonesborough a desperate man of giant frame had been indicted for cutting off the ear of his infant, while in a state of drunkenness. The sheriff informed Judge Jackson that the brute was in the court house yard, armed with a dirk and two pistols, and that he refused to be arrested. "He must be taken," said the judge; "summon the people to your aid." The sheriff cunningly waited until the court adjourned for dinner, when he summoned the judge as a part of the *posse comitatus*. "I will attend," promptly responded Jackson, "and see that you do your duty." Then, taking a loaded pistol, he said to the sheriff, "Advance and secure the miscreant." The criminal's eyes flashed with anger and desperate resolution. Seeing the sheriff hesitate, Judge Jackson advanced and,

fixing his keen eye upon the felon, he bade him surrender instantly. The lip of the strong man quivered; the weapons fell from his hands and he stammered out, "I will surrender to you, sir, but to no one else."—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1855.

His personal courage almost instantly dispersed a mob collected for the purpose of abusing him. By exposures of stupendous land frauds he had exasperated many people in the vicinity of Jonesborough and a regiment under a militia colonel collected there on the morning of the first day of court to punish the judge. Jackson had been so sick on his journey that he was compelled to retire to his bed on his arrival. A few moments afterwards a gentleman came in great haste to inform him that a mob was in front of the house, prepared to tar and feather him. He begged Jackson to bar his door immediately and avoid the indignity. The judge immediately arose, threw the door wide open and said, "Give my compliments to Colonel H., and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to call upon me, and I hope the colonel will have the chivalry to lead his men, not to follow them." Abashed at this bold message, and filled with admiration for the manly courage of an unarmed invalid, the mob instantly dispersed and the leader, making a humble apology, remained an unwavering friend of Jackson ever afterwards.—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1855.

The general and his men were equally destitute and with eagerness seized upon anything which the forest presented to gratify the cravings of hunger. While marching with the van of his army, General Jackson observed under an oak tree a quantity of acorns, which tempted his appetite. Dismounting, he gathered some handfuls of them into his pocket and, holding his bridle in one hand, sat down on the roots of a tree to enjoy his repast, while the rear came up. A soldier observing him in the act of eating and supposing that he had taken care to provide for himself while his men were starving, approached and demanded something to eat. "I never turn away the hungry," said the general, "while I have anything to give them." Thrusting his hand into his pocket and offering the soldier a few acorns, he added, "I will most cheerfully divide with you such food as I have."—Amos Kendall, "Life of General Andrew Jackson" (1815).

The troops before New Orleans embraced many of the first young gentlemen, in point of talents, education, family and fortune, in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana and Mississippi, and among them were of course many of the rougher character. The pleasant raillery, which is the very zest of life, when played off by one gentleman upon another, was unfortunately practised upon a captain of a company, who took it in high dudgeon. In imitation of the names of Indian chiefs, his men called him Captain Flatfoot. He remonstrated against it to General Jackson, who pleasantly remarked: "Really, captain, it is difficult getting along with these gay young fellows; but so long as they toil at the lines with such vigor and fight the enemy with such courage, we officers must overlook a little innocent levity. Why, captain, they call me Old Hickory, and if you prefer my title to yours I will readily make an exchange." The captain retired, proud of the title of Captain Flatfoot.—Waldo. (According to Philo A. Goodwin, "Biography of General Jackson" (1832), the captain at first insisted on resigning because his men called him Pewter Foot and was quieted by the offer to exchange nicknames and a promise—after the war—of a court martial to redress the wrongs of both.)

One of the most characteristic anecdotes of General Jackson is related with a great deal of zest by General Collum, who was, as he says, "raised under the shadow of the Hermitage." As General Jackson's second term was drawing to a close, the politicians were anxious to get his "preferences." It was suspected that he had determined to go for Mr. Van Buren, but no overt demonstration had yet been made. A number of Mr. Calhoun's shrewdest friends, hoping the old general might be induced to go for their favorite, managed to get an invitation to dine at the White House, and amid the genialities of wine and familiar conversation the absorbing subject of "the succession" was brought forward and cautiously narrowed down to the important point of the old general's preferences. The old man appeared to be perfectly unsuspecting, but finally said he "was in favor of Mr. Van Buren." One of the inquisitors, not content, asked, "General, who is your second choice?" "By the Eternal," said Old Hickory, growing impatient, while his eyes fairly flashed with excitement, "By the Eternal, sir, I never had a second choice in my life."—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1854.

The following incident, which has been sent us by a correspondent in Albany, in this state, "for insertion" and preservation in "The Drawer," we are informed may be relied upon as perfectly true. The incident,

it may be added, occurred in the year 1834, twenty years ago, and was known to many of General Jackson's friends at the time: A widow lady, in rather straitened circumstances, had been keeping a boarding-house in Washington City; and during the general prostration of active business, growing out of the currency arrangements of that date, had become in arrears; and that she might be enabled to pay some of her most urgent debts, sent such of her furniture as she could spare to auction. The purchaser was a clerk in one of the government offices; one of those "loafers," of which there have always been too many at Washington and elsewhere, who run in debt as far as they can obtain credit and without ever intending to pay. The lady called on the auctioneer, the auctioneer called on the official, who proposed to pay as soon as his month's salary was due. The month rolled round and June succeeded March, and September June, without payment being made, to the great distress of the widow and uneasiness of the auctioneer. After further application the officeholder refused absolutely to do anything, alleging that it was wholly out of his power to pay. The sum was too large for the auctioneer to pay out of his own pocket, or he would have paid it himself, so deeply did he feel for the poor creditor. In this perplexity he concluded to call upon the president and state the case, hoping that he might suggest some mode of relief. He waited therefore upon General Jackson with his narrative. When he had heard the story the old man's eyes fairly flashed fire. "Have you got Mr. P.'s note?" asked Old Hickory. "No," was the reply. "Call on him at once then and, without speaking of the purpose for which you want it, get his negotiable note and bring it here." The auctioneer accordingly asked P. for his note. "What do you want with the note?" asked the office holding "loafer"; "I don't know of anybody who would take it." But sitting down and writing it, he added, "There it is—such as it is." The auctioneer promptly returned to the president and handed him the note. He sat down and, without saying a word, wrote on the back of the paper, "Andrew Jackson." "Now, sir," said the general, "show Mr. P. the endorsement and if he does not pay it just let me know it." The first man the auctioneer met as he entered Gadsby's Hotel was Mr. P. "Ah, how d'ye do?" said he; "have you passed the note?" "Not yet," said the other, "but I expect to, without much trouble, for I have got a responsible endorser upon it." "Nonsense," said P.; "who is it?" The endorsement was shown him. He turned pale, then red; then begged the auctioneer to wait a few moments; then went out and in a very short space of time returned with the money, which was at once paid over to the widow, to the gratification of all parties. It would not have been very strange if this story should have transpired at once; nor would it have been very wrong if the Jeremy Diddler had been turned neck over heels out of office; but the following is the only sequel: P. kept quiet in relation to the subject for years; but finally, on a remark being made in his presence that "General Jackson never endorsed for anybody whatever," remarked that he himself knew better, for the general once endorsed for him and he produced as evidence the very note, to the great surprise of all who were not acquainted with the circumstances of the case.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1854.

This anecdote was related to the author many years ago by the veteran and famous shipbuilder, Charles H. Cramp: In 1833, while the *Constitution* was rebuilding at the Boston navy yard, the commandant there was Jesse D. Elliott, who, as a lieutenant, served with such conspicuous gallantry under Perry on Lake Erie. Captain Elliott was an ardent admirer of General Jackson and when the president visited Boston in 1833 conceived the idea of using his bust in woodcarving as a new figure-head for the famous old frigate. . . . An East India captain in the service of Messrs. William and Henry Lincoln, great shipping merchants of the time, named Samuel M. Dewey, was a strong anti-Jackson man. . . . In the privacy of a select circle he announced his intention of sawing off the obnoxious head. . . . Taking advantage of a dark, rainy night he obtained a small boat, rowed out under the bow of the ship, climbed up by means of the bobstay and "martingale" to the cutwater and with a well-greased handsaw soon severed the head. . . . When President Jackson was informed of it he seemed more inclined to censure the commandant who had made such use of his bust without authority than the bold practical joker who had subjected him to vicarious decapitation. Concerning the latter he said—thinking probably he was some one connected with the navy, "Of course, he is a grand rascal, whoever he may be. But I'll bet he's a fellow who will fight if you get him started right. Such daring as that, actuated by proper motive, would nerve a man to go out in a boat and put a Bushnell torpedo under the bow of an enemy's ship on our coast in

time of war. Should he be found out I don't know whether I would break him or promote him. It would depend on 'the cut of his jib,' as the sailors say." Subsequently it was proposed to place the general's bust on the figurehead of the 74-gun ship *North Carolina*, but he peremptorily vetoed the suggestion. A year or so later Captain Dewey, to relieve from suspicion an officer or two of the sloop of war *Cyane* who had been accused of sawing off the head, openly avowed the act and sent his trophy to Washington, where it was shown to the general, who merely repeated what he had said about the affair. Of course Captain Dewey was liable to prosecution for destroying public property, but Jackson ordered that the matter be ignored. He received the captain himself pleasantly.—BUELL.

When the twenty-first congress assembled, on December 7, 1829, General Jackson sent in a message which naturally attracted some attention. Meeting his old and intimate friend, General Armstrong, General Jackson said, "Well, Bob, what do the people say of my message?" "They say," replied General Armstrong, "that it is first rate, but nobody believes that you wrote it." "Well," good-naturedly replied Old Hickory, "don't I deserve just as much credit for picking out the man who could write it?"—*The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1880.

Among the slain was found an Indian woman with an infant boy unhurt sucking her lifeless breast. The little orphan was carried to camp with the other prisoners and General Jackson attempted to hire some of the captive women to take care of him. They refused, saying, "All his relations are dead; kill him too." The general had a little brown sugar left and he directed his attendants to make feed of sugar and water for the child until he should reach Huntsville, where he sent him to be nursed at his expense. Upon his return from the campaign he took the child home, named him Lincoyer, and with the cordial aid of Mrs. Jackson raised him as tenderly as if he had been his own son.—KENDALL.

I arrived at his house one wet, chilly evening in February and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold and begged him to bring it in—which he had done to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old. . . . The son of the famous Daniel Boone had come to Nashville on his father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodgings at a small tavern towards the lower part of the town. General Jackson heard of it; sought him out; found him; took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the country, saying, "Your father's dog should not stay in a tavern, where I have a house."—THOMAS H. BENTON, "Thirty Years' View."

General Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, who was tutor at the Hermitage many years ago, tells me that Andrew Jackson wore a medallion of his wife Rachel and that while he was in the White House it was his custom to prop this picture up against the Bible on the table at his bedside before he retired in such a way that it would be the first thing his eyes would fall upon in the morning. Jackson never recovered from the shock of his wife's death, which occurred just after his election to the presidency. It is said that he could hardly be prevailed upon to part with her body but held it tightly in his arms until it was almost forced from his embrace.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1886.

JACKSON, THOMAS JONATHAN (STONEWALL), 1824-1863.

American General.

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He borrowed a friend's horse to ride to Clarksburg, where he expected to take the stage, promising to leave the animal at a certain stable in the town, but upon reaching the place he found that the stage was several miles upon its way. This was a serious disappointment to the ardent youth and a friend, seeing his trouble, urged him to ride to the next town, where he could come up with the vehicle, promising to send after the borrowed horse and return it to its owner. The temptation to accept this offer was great. The roads were ankle-deep in mud and the stage rapidly rolling on its way; the only obstacle was the promise to leave the horse at Clarksburg. He declined the friendly offer, delivered the horse at the appointed place and, shouldering his baggage, set off on foot through the mud to catch the stage. He came up with it and proceeded to Washington. This occurred in June, 1842. Jackson's application was successful and on the first of July in the same year he was admitted a cadet at West Point.—COOKE.

Reconnoitering the enemy's front on one occasion, in the winter of 1862, when prudence forbade the use of fire, he became so chilled that his medical attendant urged him to take some stimulant. There was nothing at hand but some ardent spirits and he consented to take some. As he experienced a difficulty in swallowing it, and it seemed to produce a sensation of choking, his friend asked him if it was very unpleasant. "No," he said; "I like it; I always did, and that is the reason I never use it." At another time he took a long and exhausting walk with a brother officer, who was also a temperate and God-fearing man. The walk terminating at his quarters, he proposed to General Jackson, in consequence of their fatigue, to join him in a glass of brandy and water. "No," he said; "I am much obliged, but I never use it. I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets."—DABNEY.

It is stated that he used to fancy that he suffered from consumption and that he should die a painful death. He was also possessed with the notion that he was in danger of having his limbs paralyzed and he would pump his arm for many minutes, counting the strokes, and feeling annoyed beyond measure whenever his companions interrupted him in his count. He was accustomed to sit upright at his meals and had a curious way of holding up his head very straight, whilst his chin would appear as if it were trying to get up to the top of his head. Another of his eccentricities was a remarkable precision as to the time he took his meals and he was so particular in this respect that he would lay his watch before him on the table at the hour of meal and if the latter were not ready at the precise moment appointed he would obstinately refuse to partake of it.—ADDEY.

At that time he was convinced that one of his legs was bigger than the other and that one of his arms was likewise unduly heavy. He had acquired the habit of raising the heavy arm straight up so that, as he said, the blood would run back into his body and lighten it. I believe he never after relinquished this peculiar practise, even upon the battle-field.—MAURY.

Seymour amused himself by learning to play the flute, which instrument Jackson also felt an inclination to learn. To accomplish this he went to work with accustomed vigor and perseverance; but he was never enabled to master even the most simple air, and at last gave up his attention to the goddess of music, after having for six months unsuc-

cessfully courted her in an attempt to master the first bar of "Love Not."—ADDEY.

He delighted in listening to music, both instrumental and vocal, but he had so little talent for it that it was with difficulty that he could distinguish tunes. When he heard that the tune "Dixie" had been adopted by the Confederacy as the national air, he felt that he ought to know it when he heard it. So, during the first visit I paid him in camp he requested me to sing the air to him until he could impress it on his memory so as to be able to recognize it. It was a tedious service and became so perfectly ridiculous from his oft-repeated command, "Again," "Again," that it finally ended in hearty laughter on both sides.—MOSBY, *Munsey's Magazine*, June, 1912.

One day Jackson informed his class that the clock in front of the Institute was not correct and declared his intention to ascertain by scientific means the exact time. He accordingly marched out to the parade ground, with the class at his heels, to take an observation. The result was amusing and delightful to the cadet heart. He finished his work about half past twelve in the day and to his profound astonishment discovered that it was near seven in the evening. The cadets set up a shout and, after looking around him in incredulous surprise for some time, Jackson joined in the general laughter. It was soon discovered that the instruments were out of order but the cadets did not suffer this fact to lessen their appreciation of the joke.—COOKE.

One morning in 1858 he called up a member of the graduating class and with profound gravity propounded the following scientific question: "Why is it impossible to send a telegraphic despatch from Lexington to Staunton?" The cadet reflected for some moments and then replied that the explanation of this phenomenon doubtless lay in the fact that the amount of iron ore in the mountain drew the magnetic current from the wires. A covert smile touched upon Jackson's features, fled away, and he said, "No, sir; you can take your seat." Another was called up and he too failed to explain the mystery. A second—then a third—were equally unsuccessful, Jackson listening to their theories with profound attention, but with the same sly smile which had greeted the first solution. This smile probably attracted the attention of the next cadet who was called and threw a sudden light upon the subject. His countenance lit up; his lip broke into a smile in return and he said, "Well, Major Jackson, I reckon it is because there is no telegraph between the two places." "You are right, sir," replied Jackson, who had suddenly renewed his composed expression; "you can take your seat." An outburst of laughter from the class greeted this passage at arms in which the professor was overthrown, but the unwonted display of humor had apparently exhausted Jackson's appreciation of that quality for the time. He called the class to order and calmly continued the subject of the recitation as if nothing had happened. We give this incident upon good authority. It is the first and last attempt at a practical joke which we find in Jackson's life.—COOKE.

When age and religion came upon him he used still to indulge, for exercise, in an occasional polka, "but," as Mrs. Jackson remarks deliciously, "no eye but that of his wife was ever permitted to witness this recreation." In his family he was tender, affectionate, playful, sympathetic. "His abandon was beautiful to see, provided there were only two or three people to see it."—BRADFORD, *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1911.

Devotee

Thus he carried out his self-denial in the use of his eyesight so rigidly that even a letter received on Saturday night, if it was only one of compliment or friendship, was not read by him until Monday morning, for his Sabbaths were sacredly reserved from the smallest secular distractions. If his friend exclaimed, "Surely, major, your eyes would not be injured by the reading of one letter more," his answer was, "I suppose they would not, but if I read this letter to-night, which it is not truly necessary to do, I shall be tempted to read something else that interests me to-morrow night, and the next, so that my rule would be broken down. Then my eyesight would undoubtedly be injured. But if I were to incapacitate myself, by acts not wholly necessary, for my duties to my employers and my pupils in this institute, I should commit sin." And once, when his most intimate friend knew that he had received a letter of affection late on Saturday night, the question was asked as they were walking to church on Sabbath morning, "Major, you surely have read your letter?" "Assuredly not," said he. "Where is it?" said his friend. "Here," said he, tapping the pocket of his coat. "What obstinacy," exclaimed his friend; "do you not know that your curiosity to learn its contents will distract your attention from divine worship far more than if

you had done with reading it? Surely, in this case to depart from your rule would be promotive of a true Sabbath observance instead of injurious to it." "No," answered he quietly; "I shall make the most faithful effort I can to govern my thoughts and guard them from unnecessary distraction, and as I do this from a sense of duty I expect the divine blessing on it."—DABNEY.

One instance he related with peculiar satisfaction. It was that proceeding on the Sabbath day to divine worship with a Christian associate, his friend proposed to apply at the post office for his letters, on the plea that there was perhaps a letter from a dear relative whose health was in a most critical state and might, for aught he knew, demand his immediate aid. But he dissuaded him by the argument that the necessity of his departing in this from the Sabbath rest was not known, but only suspected. They went together to church and enjoyed a peaceful day. On the morrow it was ascertained that there was a letter to his friend from his afflicted relative, announcing a most alarming state of disease; but there was also a later one, arrived that day, correcting all the grounds of distress and stating that the health of the sufferer was restored. "Now," said Jackson, "had my friend causelessly dishonored the Sabbath, he would have suffered a day of harrowing anxiety, which the next day's news would have shown utterly groundless, but God rewarded him for his obedience by mercifully shielding him from this gratuitous suffering: He sent him the antidote along with the pain."—DABNEY.

To one of his friends he declared that he had cultivated the habit of "praying without ceasing" and connecting a silent testimony of devotion with every familiar act of the day. "Thus," said he, "when I take my meals there is the grace. When I take a draught of water I always pause, as my palate receives the refreshment, to lift up my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received I stop to pray to God that He may prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good."—POLLARD.

Among his curious rules of Christian discipline was one which required, whenever the usual Sunday exercises were omitted in his command from the exigencies of the campaign, that some other day of the week should be set apart for religious services, to be performed in all respects as on the Sabbath.—POLLARD.

He would seat himself upon a small fence which bounded the field and there he would remain often for an hour with his hands clasped and his face turned upwards, convulsed with emotion and the tears streaming down his face, deep in the performance of secret and agonizing prayer.—ADDEY.

Twice a day, for weeks (my friend said), rain or shine, he saw Jackson slip away to this secluded place—unseen as he believed—and seat himself upon the small fence which bounded the field. There he would remain, often for an hour, with his hands clasped, face turned upward, convulsed with emotion, the tears streaming down his face, deep in the performance of secret and agonizing prayer.—ADDEY, quoting "Two Months in the Confederate States."

Every despatch from his hand has as its exordium "By the blessing of God." Continual are the prayer meetings which he holds among his men, invoking a blessing upon his arms before the battle and returning thanks for preservation, and (as it has rarely failed to happen) for victory after it is over.—ADDEY, quoting Dr. Charles Mackay, New York correspondent to the *London Times*.

I was standing in the road smoking a pipe when I heard behind me a horse's hoofs. I turned and there was Stonewall Jackson. I at once took off my cap and said, "Good morning, general." He also uncovered, bade me good morning and said, "Captain, is divine service going on in your camp?" I replied, "I don't know, sir." He at once inquired, "Where are your colonel's quarters?" I answered, pointing in the direction, "Just over there; shall I take you to them, sir?" He responded, "Yes." We started through the woods and had gone a short distance when he reined up his horse and said, "I see service is going on." He then paused and, looking at me with his deep-blue eyes, said very gently, "Captain, the next time I order divine service to be held, won't you promise me to attend?" I raised my cap and answered, "Yes, sir." It is almost needless to say that I always kept my promise.—ALFRIEND, *Lippincott's Magazine*, May, 1902.

Always an admirer of delightful Uncle Toby, I had contracted the most villainous habit of his army in Flanders, and, forgetful of Jackson's presence, ripped out, "What in hell are you dodging for? If there is any more of it, you will be halted under this fire

for an hour." The sharp tones of a familiar voice produced the desired effect and the men looked as if they had swallowed ramrods; but I shall never forget the look of reproachful surprise on Jackson's face. He placed his hands on my shoulders, said, in a gentle voice, "I am afraid you are a wicked fellow," then turned and rode back to the picket.—TAYLOR, *The North American Review*, March, 1878.

He systematically gave to the extent of his limited means to every benevolent object. In illustration of this trait in his character it is related that when the news reached Lexington of the victory of Manassas, it was reported that Rev. Dr. White had received a letter from Jackson and the people gathered around him to hear the particulars of the battle. The venerable preacher mounted on a store box, arranged his spectacles, broke the seal of the letter and read as follows: "My dear Pastor—In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience and oblige, Yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson." And that was all.—GITTINGS.

He had in his service a negro, who had become so accustomed to his ways that he was enabled to discern whenever he was about to start on an expedition, without receiving any notice to that effect. When once asked how he was able to ascertain this, as his master never divulged his plans, the negro replied: "Massa Jackson allers prays ebery night and ebery mornin'; but when he go on any expedition, he pray two, or tree or four times durin' the night. When I see him pray two or tree or four times durin' the night, I pack de baggage, for I know he gwine on an expedition."—ADDEY.

After Jackson was wounded General Lee wrote him a note in which he said to him, "I thank you for the victory, which was due to your skill and genius alone. Could I have had the direction of events, I would have been prostrated in your stead." (I quote from memory and am substantially correct.) When the note was read to Stonewall Jackson, lying on his bed fatally wounded, he replied, "General Lee is wrong. He awards the credit to me. It belongs to God."—ALFRIEND, *Lippincott's Magazine*, May, 1902.

Soldier

It is stated that at the battle of Chapultepec Jackson was ordered by Pillow, to whose division Magruder's battery was attached, to withdraw his section, as his superior officer considered that it was too much exposed. He gave no heed, however, to the general's order, but rapidly limbered up and moved his guns a hundred yards nearer the enemy's works, on which he did great execution.—ADDEY.

He had the magnetic faculty of extending to others his own furious determination. He could demand the impossible of them because he performed it himself. "Come on," he cried in Mexico, "you see there is no danger." And a shot passed between his legs spread wide apart. His soldiers marched to death when he bade them. What was even worse, they marched at the double through Virginia mud, without shoes, without food, without sleep. "Did you order me to advance over that field, sir?" said an officer to him. "Yes," said Jackson. "Impossible, sir; my men will be annihilated. Nothing can live there. They will be annihilated." "General," said Jackson, "I always endeavor to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead. You have heard my order—obey it."—BRADFORD, *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1911.

It is said that, like Hannibal, he is accustomed to live among his men without distinction of dress, without greater delicacy of fare, and that it is almost impossible on this account for a stranger to recognize or distinguish him among them.—ADDEY, quoting Mackay.

I was also honored with the pleasing mission of presenting Old Stonewall, as a slight token of Stuart's high regard, a new and "stunning" uniform coat, which had just arrived from the hands of a Richmond tailor. The garment, neatly wrapped up, was borne on the pommel of a saddle by one of our couriers who accompanied me; and starting at once I reached the simple tent of our great general just in time for dinner. I found him in his old weather-stained coat from which all the buttons had been clipped long since by the fair hands of patriotic ladies, and which, from exposure to sun and rain and powder smoke, and by reason of many rents and patches, was in a very unseemly condition. When I had despatched more important matters, I produced General Stuart's present in all its magnificence of gilt buttons and sheeny facings and gold lace, and I was heartily amused at the modest confusion with which the hero of many battles regarded the fine uniform from many points of view, scarcely daring to touch it, and in the quiet way in which he at last folded it up care-

fully and deposited it in his portmanteau, saying to me, "Give Stuart my best thanks, my dear major—the coat is much too handsome for me, but I shall take the best of care of it and shall prize it highly as a souvenir—and now let us have some dinner." But I protested energetically against this summary disposition of the matter of the coat, deeming my mission, indeed, but half executed, and remarked that Stuart would certainly ask me how the uniform fitted its owner and that I should therefore take it as a personal favor if he would put it on. To this he readily assented with a smile and, having donned the garment, escorted me outside the tent to the table where dinner had been served in the open air. The whole of the staff were in a perfect ecstasy at their chief's brilliant appearance, and the old negro servant, who was bearing the roast turkey from the fire to the board, stopped in mid-career with a most bewildered expression and gazed in wonderment at his master as if he had been transfigured before him. Meanwhile the rumor of the change ran like electricity through the neighboring camps and the soldiers came running by hundreds to the spot, desirous of seeing their beloved Stonewall in his new attire; and the first wearing of a robe by Louis XIV., at whose morning toilet all the world was accustomed to assemble, never created half the sensation at Versailles that was made in the woods of Virginia by the investment of Jackson in this new regulation uniform.—BORCKE, *Blackwood's Magazine*, December, 1865.

He was very fond of children and those in the neighborhood will long remember the kind voice and smile of the soldier—his caresses and affectionate ways. We have alluded to the new cap which the general wore at the battle of Fredericksburg, resplendent with gold braid and all manner of decorations. He did not admire this fine substitute for that old sun-scorched cap, which had so long served him; and, when one day a little girl was standing at his knee, looking up from her clustering curls at the kindly general, whose hand was caressing her hair, he called for a pair of scissors, ripped off the rich gold band and, joining the ends, placed it like a coronet upon her head, with smiles and evident admiration of the pretty picture thus presented.—COOKE.

Jackson rode with me during the day. From time to time a courier would gallop up, report and return toward Luray. Scarcely a word was spoken during the march. An ungraceful horseman, mounted on a sorry chestnut with a shambling gait, his huge feet, with out-turned toes, thrust into stirrups, and such parts of his countenance as the low visor of his shocking cap failed to conceal wearing a wooden look, our new commander was not prepossessing. That night we crossed the east branch of the Shenandoah, on a bridge near Luray, and camped near the stream. Here, after three long marches, we were but a short distance below the bridge at Conrad's Store—a point we had left several days before. I began to think that Jackson was a concealed, perhaps unconscious, poet and, as an ardent lover of nature, desired to give strangers an opportunity to admire the beauties of the valley. It seemed hard lines to be wandering, like sentimental travelers, about the country instead of gaining "kudos" on the Peninsula.

Jackson was on the road a little in advance of his line, where the fire was hottest, with reins on his horse's neck, seemingly in prayer. Attracted by my approach, he said in his usual low voice, "Delightful excitement."

A figure, perched on the topmost rail of a fence, overlooking the road and field, was pointed out as Jackson. Approaching him, I saluted and declared my name and rank; then waited for a response. Before this came I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap, with visor drawn low, a heavy, dark beard, and weary eyes—eyes I afterwards saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the distance and road marched that day. "Six and twenty miles, Keazletown road." "You seem to have no stragglers?" "Never allow stragglers." "You must teach my people. They straggle badly." A bow in reply. Just then my creoles started their band and a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, "Thoughtless fellows for serious work," came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gaiety. A return to the lemon gave me an opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons "no fellow could find out," but he was rarely without one. To live twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it did the witty dean. Quite late that night General Jackson came to my camp fire, where he remained some hours. He said he would move at dawn, asked a few questions about the marching of my men, which seemed to have impressed him, and then remained silent. If silence be golden, he was a "bonanza." He sucked lemons, ate

hard tack and drank water and, I imagine, his idea of "the whole duty of man" was—praying and fighting.

An officer, riding hard, overtook us, who proved to be the quartermaster of the army. He reported the wagon trains far behind, impeded by bad road in Luray Valley. "The ammunition wagons?" (sternly). "All right, sir. They were in advance and I doubled teams on them and brought them through." "Ah!" (in a tone of relief). To give countenance to this quartermaster, if such can be given of a dark night, I remarked jocosely, "Never mind the wagons. There are quantities of stores in Winchester and the general has invited us to breakfast to-morrow." Jackson, who had no more capacity for jests than a Scotchman, took this seriously and reached out and touched me on the arm. In fact, he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his unconsciousness of jokes was *de race*. Without physical wants himself, he never remembered that others were differently constituted, and paid little heed to the commissariat; but woe to the man who failed to bring up ammunition. In advance, his trains were left far behind; in retreat, he would fight for a wheelbarrow.—TAYLOR, *The North American Review*, March, 1878.

Jackson was meanwhile on his way to the Chickahominy. . . . Extraordinary precautions were used to conceal the route of the troops. The men were forbidden even to ask the names of the villages through which they passed, and orders were issued that to all questions they should make but one response, "I do not know." "This was just as much license as the men wanted," said an eyewitness, "and they forthwith knew nothing of the past, present or future." An amusing incident grew out of this order. One of Hood's men left the ranks on the march and was climbing a fence to go to a cherry tree in a field near at hand, when Jackson rode by and saw him. "Where are you going?" asked the general. "I don't know," replied the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know." "Well, what state are you from?" "I don't know." "What is the meaning of all this?" asked Jackson of another. "Well," was the reply, "Old Stonewall and General Hood issued orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight." Jackson laughed and rode on.—COOKE.

An incident exhibiting Jackson's kindness of heart belongs to this period and is here related in the words of the officer who communicated it: In November, 1862, while passing through Middletown, Va., General Jackson, with his staff—riding some two or three miles in advance of his army, then on the march to Fredericksburg—met an old woman looking for her grandson who was somewhere in the army. As we passed she hailed the general, saying, "Are you Mr. Jackson?" He told her he was and asked her what she wanted. "I want to see my grandson, George Martin—he belongs to your company. I've brought him these clothes and victuals." The general asked her what regiment her grandson was in, but she could not tell. She did not know what company he was in—the name of his captain—even whether he was a private or an officer. All she could tell was that he "was in Mr. Jackson's company." In her disappointment she cried, "Why, Mr. Jackson, don't you know little George Martin? George Augustus Martin? He's been with you in all your battles, and they say," she added, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, "that he fit as hard as the best of them." At this point some of the younger members of the staff laughed. The general turned around quickly, with his brow contracted, his lips compressed and his eyes flashing with anger. He looked as if he were trying to find the guilty one. Dismounting from his horse and approaching the old woman, he, in the kindest and simplest words, explained why he did not know her grandson; but gave her such simple and repeated directions as would enable her to find him.—COOKE.

As an evidence of his fatalism I once saw him standing in a mountain road when the wheel of a caisson came off and was rolling directly on him. An officer of his staff called to him to move, but he stood still. The wheel struck a stone, bounded off the side of the mountain and Stonewall Jackson turned to the officer and said, "You see there was no danger; I knew it."

Jackson's practise was to speak of the Northern troops as Mexicans. He very rarely called them anything else. Dr. Hunter Maguire, his medical director, is my authority for this statement.—ALFRIEND, *Lippincott's Magazine*, May, 1902.

In one of his late fights Old Stonewall got into a tight place. He found himself surrounded with only one way to escape, which was over a bridge raked by a battery of the Federals. The old hero saw in a moment his strait. With his cape over his uniform he rode up to the battery and said, "Boys, you have this battery in the wrong place; move it to that eminence," pointing

to a hill a short distance up; "limber up and be in a hurry." The order was obeyed and, as the artillery was taking the new position, Stonewall rode safely across the bridge. . . . The Yankee discovered the ruse and let fly with his gun, but it was too late. . . . The Federal soldier in charge of the gun was Captain Robinson, who, on relating the incident, exclaimed, "I might have known that I could not hit him."—ADDEY.

He sent the following terse telegram to the War Department at Richmond: "Send me more men and fewer questions."—ADDEY.

On one occasion, when he was falling back from Winchester, three Federal cavalrymen performed an inexplicable feat of daring in charging through the whole length of one of his brigades. Two of them were shot from their horses. Colonel Patton, giving the details to Jackson, said he would have prevented the troops from firing on these audacious men, if he could have controlled them; they were brave men who had got into a desperate situation, where it was as easy to capture them as to kill them. Jackson's reply was brief and cold. "Shoot them all," he said; "I don't want them to be brave."—POLLARD.

Another incident was related of him by Colonel Ford, a Federal officer, who conversed with the general at Harper's Ferry. "While we were in conversation," says the colonel, "an orderly rode rapidly across the bridge and said to General Jackson, 'I am ordered by General McLaws to report to you that General McClellan is within six miles with an immense army.' Jackson took no notice of the orderly apparently and continued his conversation; but when the orderly had turned away Jackson called after him with the question, 'Has McClellan any baggage train or drove of cattle?' The reply was that he had. Jackson replied that he could whip any army that was followed by a drove of cattle, alluding to the hungry condition of his men."—ADDEY.

The sobriquet "Stonewall" was applied to him during the first engagement at Manassas, or Bull Run. His brigade was making a superb stand against General McDowell's column, which had been thrown with such momentum upon the southern flank as to threaten the destruction of the whole army. General Bee, of South Carolina, whose blood was almost the earliest sprinkled on the Southern altar, determined to lead his own brigade to another charge, and, looking across the field, he saw Jackson's men, firmly, stubbornly resisting the Federal advance. General Bee, in order to kindle in the breasts of his men the ardor that glowed in his own, pointed to Jackson's line and exclaimed, "See, there stands Jackson like a stone wall." Bee himself fell in the charge, but he had christened Jackson and his brigade by attaching to them a peculiar and distinctive name which will live while the history of the Civil War lives.—GORDON.

General Jackson said the sobriquet "Stonewall" was won in the battle by his brigade and that it did not belong to him but should be applied to the "Stonewall Brigade."—GITTINGS.

He expressed a wish that he might be buried in "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia," and then his mind began to wander. That delirium which seizes upon the most powerful organizations, the most vigorous brains, at the mysterious moment when the last sands are falling from the hour-glass, began to affect him. His thoughts reverted to the battle-field of Saturday and he exclaimed at intervals, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action," "Pass the infantry to the front," "Tell Major Hawkes to send forward provisions to the men." He evidently believed himself once more amid the forest of the Wilderness and about to advance with his great corps upon the enemy. This martial agitation, however, soon passed away. His excitement disappeared, his features again became serene and he murmured with a smile, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." The moment had indeed arrived when the illustrious leader was about to pass the dark river which separates two worlds, and rest under the shade of the Tree of Life. From this time he continued gradually to sink and at fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon, on Sunday, the 10th of May, he peacefully expired. —COOKE.

After Stonewall Jackson's death at Chancellorsville a story became current among the Confederate legions—which the soldiers loved to repeat over their fires at their bivouac—that, on account of his extreme piety, when their famous chieftain fell, a detachment of angels left the heavenly gates to visit the battle-field and escort the hero's soul to heaven. The celestial squadron reached the corpse-strewn plain, but without effect. He whom they sought could not be found and they returned mournfully to heaven to report their want of success. But lo! Behold, on arriving they found the spirit of the immortal warrior there already. Stonewall Jackson

had made a flank march and got to heaven before them.—*Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1869.

JAMES I., 1566-1625. King of England.

While the queen was reposing after her fatigues the king was bestirring himself to raise funds for the expenses which his marriage had rendered unavoidable. He was afflicted with all the tribulations common to those who wish to make a splendid appearance with very slender means, or rather, without any means whatsoever. Very piteous were the missives sent forth to his nobles, requiring benevolence to meet the expenses of his queen's coronation and the celebration of his marriage festivities. Nothing came amiss; from those who had no ready cash, goods were thankfully accepted or borrowed. One family possesses an autograph letter from the king, dated Linlithgow palace, in which he begs "the loan of some silver spoons, to grace his marriage feast." In another letter he craved the loan of a pair of silk stockings from his dear Johnnie Slaites (the Earl of Mar), for his own royal wearing at a reception he gave the Spanish ambassador, adding, with a pathos peculiar to himself, "Ye wad na that your king suld appear a scrub on sic an occasion."—AGNES STRICKLAND, "The Queens of England."

I shall leave him dressed to posterity in the colors I saw him in the next progress after his inauguration, which was as green as the grass he trod upon: with a feather in his cap and a horn instead of a sword by his side.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1829, quoting OSBORNE'S "Memoirs of King James I."

In the middle of the negotiations for the Spanish match, the king, who was at Theobalds, was much discomposed at missing some important papers which he had received respecting it. On recollection he was persuaded that he had entrusted them to his old servant Gib, a Scotchman and a gentleman of the bedchamber. Gib, on being called, declared, humbly but firmly, that no such papers had ever been given to his care; on which the king, transported with rage, after much reviling, kicked him as he kneeled before him. "Sir," exclaimed Gib, instantly rising, "I have served you from your youth and you never found me unfaithful; I have not deserved this from you, nor can I live longer with you under this disgrace; fare ye well, sir; I will never see your face more." And instantly he took horse for London. No sooner was the circumstance known in the palace than the papers were brought to the king by Endymion Porter, to whom he had given them. He asked for Gib and, being told he was gone, ordered them to post after him and bring him back, vowing that he would neither eat, drink nor sleep till he saw him. And when at length he beheld him entering his chamber, he kneeled down and very earnestly begged his pardon; nor would he rise from his humble posture till he had in a manner compelled the confused and astonished Gib to pronounce the words of absolution.—LUCY AIKIN, "Memoirs of the Court of James the First," citing WILSON'S "History of Great Britain."

Sir Kenelm Digby imputes the strong aversion that James had to a drawn sword to the fright his mother was in, during her pregnancy, at the sight of the swords with which David Rizzio, her secretary, was assassinated in her presence. "Hence it came," says this author, "that her son, King James, had such an aversion all his life time to a naked sword; and that he would not see one without great emotion of spirits, although otherwise courageous enough; yet he could not overmaster his passion in this particular. I remember when he dubbed me knight, in the ceremony of putting a naked sword on my shoulder, he could not endure to look upon it, but turned his face another way; insomuch, that in lieu of touching my shoulder he had almost thrust the point in my eyes, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright."—"Granger's Biographical Dictionary," Supplement.

He had aversion to crossing a bridge, using the argument that "a brig could bu fa' ance." And that when on his progress to London on his accession he objected to cross the bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and desired to be ferried over.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1823.

James I. had a miscellaneous taste for pet animals—Virginia squirrels, a cream-colored fawn, a splendid white gyrfalcon of Ireland, an elephant, five camels and of course dogs of every kind.—W. H. D. ADAMS, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1888.

King James I. being apt to talk to his courtiers in time of divine service, a certain bishop made a full stop in his sermon as often as he perceived the king engaged in discourse. His majesty asking him the occasion, the bishop told him he could not think it consistent with good manners to interrupt his majesty, which modest reproof was taken well and had the desired effect.—*Grubstreet Journal*, April 11, 1734.

In one of James's letters he tells the favorite [Buckingham] that he wears Steeney's picture under his waistcoat, next his heart; and in another he bids him, his only sweet and dear child, hasten to him "that night that his white teeth might shine upon him."—*Dublin University Magazine*, 1853.

This monarch was extremely profuse in his presents to his favorites. Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, his treasurer, according to Osborn, in his memoir of the life of that prince, took the following method to correct that extravagance: "The Earl of Somerset had procured from King James a warrant to the treasurer for twenty thousand pounds, who, in his exquisite prudence, finding that not only the exchequer but the Indies themselves would want fluency to feed so immense a prodigality, and, not without reason, apprehending the king as ignorant of what was demanded as of the desert of the person who begged it, laid the former mentioned sum upon the ground, in a room through which his majesty was to pass, who, amazed at the quantity, as a sight not unpossible his eyes never saw before, asked the treasurer whose money it was? who answered, 'Yours, before you gave it away.' Thereupon the king fell into a passion, protesting that he was abused, never intending any such gift, and, casting himself upon the heap, scrabbled out the quantity of two or three hundred pounds and swore he should have no more."—WILLIAM SEWARD, "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons."

They [a theatrical troupe] brought forward their own king and his favorite in a very strange fashion. They made him curse and swear because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman because he had called off the hounds from the scent. They represent him as drunk at least once a day, etc. He has upon this made an order that no play shall henceforth be acted in London, for the repeal of which they have already offered a hundred thousand livres.—FREDERICK VON RAUMER, "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries."

"I wonder," said James one day to Gondomar, "that my ancestors should ever have permitted such an institution as the House of Commons to have come into existence. I am a stranger and I found it here when I arrived, so that I am obliged to put up with what I cannot get rid of."—R. W. CHURCH, "Bacon."

He said to the shabby candidate for knighthood, who knelt down with a too evident sense of his own unworthiness, "Look up, man; I have more reason to be ashamed than thou."—*The Quarterly Review*, July, 1829.

JAMES II., 1633-1701. King of England.

"I can't find what he sees to admire in me," said Catherine Sedley; "certainly it is not for my beauty—and as to his wit, he has not enough to see that I have any."—*Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1877.

When the last Stuart king died at St. Germain, he died according to French etiquette, and, to please Louis XIV., in a laced night-cap. This cap was called a toquet. "It was the court etiquette," writes Madame in her "Memoirs" "for all the Royals to die with a night-cap on." This toquet of King James is now in the Museum at Dunkirk. Mary of Modena died also in like fashion, *coiffe* with the toquet.—*The Quarterly Review*, July, 1868.

His heart was presented to the convent at Chaillot, which already possessed the heart of his mother; part of the intestines, skull and lungs and a portion of the flesh removed in the process of embalming were placed in St. Germain's church, a tablet being erected on the wall and a marble slab showing the spot where they were interred. His brain was given to the Scotch college at Paris, where the Duke of Perth constructed for it a marble monument with bronze decorations. . . . A piece of the fleshy part of his right arm, wrapped in a rag soaked with his blood, was given to the adjoining English Austin nunnery, where it was embedded in the wall of the chapel. The remaining portions of the intestines were forwarded to the English college of St. Omer. . . . The Jacobins, who in 1793 tore open the tombs of the French kings at St. Denis, had of course equally little respect for the relics of a foreign sovereign. The St. Omer college was in that very month converted, on account of its spaciousness, into a political prison, its priests and students being transferred to the College of St. Bertin and all its treasures disappeared. Chaillot convent was closed, its relics being scattered to the winds, and Napoleon demolished the very ruins, intending to erect on the site a palace for his son; but he left the scheme unfulfilled and the growth of Paris has covered the spot with houses. All the ornamentation of the Scotch College was wrenched away and the gilt urn containing James's brain disappeared. Of what took place at the Benedictine monastery we have only one account, taken down at Toulouse in 1840 from the lips of an octogenarian

Irishman Fitzsimon and published in *Notes and Queries* in 1850. Fitzsimon was one of the British subjects detained at the monastery during the Reign of Terror as hostages for Toulon. He states that there was a wooden coffin, inclosed in lead, and that again in a wooden case. The lead was wanted by the Jacobins for bullets. . . . A young lady prisoner wished for a tooth and he tried to pull one out for her, but they were too firmly fixed. . . . The French and English prisoners gave money to the Jacobins for permission to see the body. The Jacobins said James was a good *sans-culottes* and they were going to put him into a hole in the churchyard, like other *sans-culottes*. The body was carried away, but where it was thrown he never heard.—J. G. ALGER, *The Nineteenth Century*, January, 1889.

JAY, John, 1745-1829. American statesman.

He was an early riser, cutting a hole in the solid shutter that the first rays of the sun might fall upon his pillow and rouse him from sleep.—WILLIAM WHITELOCK, "Life and Times of John Jay."

He at once began his legal studies and that in the office of Mr. Benjamin Kissam, one of the then noted lawyers of New York. After he was admitted to the bar he was employed in a number of cases in which Kissam was the lawyer for the opposite side. One day in argument, when Jay pushed Kissam very hard, the latter said, pointing to Jay, "There I have brought up a bird to pick out my own eyes." "Not to pick out your eyes," replied Jay instantly, "but to open your eyes, Mr. Kissam."—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *The North American Review*, August, 1888.

When asked how it was possible for him to occupy his mind [after his retirement from public life] he replied with a smile, "I have a long life to look back upon and an eternity to look forward to."—WHITELOCK.

JEFFERSON, Thomas, 1743-1826. American statesman.

While the question of independence was before Congress it had its meetings near a livery stable. The members wore short breeches and silk stockings and, with handkerchief in hand, were very diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic. This anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much, as well as to give great credit to the influence of the flies. He told it with such glee and seemed to retain a vivid recollection of the attack, from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the scene.—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1871.

On one occasion, at which Mr. Jefferson was present, a question being started as to the best mode of providing the executive chief, it was among other opinions gravely advanced that a hereditary designation was preferable to any elective process that could be devised. At the close of an eloquent effusion against the agitations and animosities of a popular choice, and in favor of birth as on the whole affording a better chance for a suitable head of the government, Mr. Jefferson with a smile remarked that he had heard of a university somewhere in which the professorship of mathematics was hereditary. —B. L. RAYNER, "Life of Thomas Jefferson."

A grandson of Mr. Jefferson once asked an old man who in his youth had often heard him plead causes how he ranked as a speaker. "Well," said the old man, "it is hard to tell, because he always took the right side."—JAMES PARTON, *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1872, citing "Domestic Life of Jefferson."

The new president walked home with two or three of the gentlemen who lodged in the same house. At dinner he took his accustomed place at the bottom of the table, his new station not eliciting from his democratic friends any new attention or courtesy. A gentleman from Baltimore, an invited guest, who accidentally sat next to him, asked permission to wish him joy. "I would advise you," said Mr. Jefferson smiling, "to follow my example upon nuptial occasions, when I always tell the bridegroom I will wait till the end of the year before offering my congratulations." And this was the only solitary instance of any notice being taken of the event of the morning [the inauguration of Jefferson].—RAYNER, quoting "a Washington reminiscent."

The weekly levee was at once abolished. On two days of the year, the Fourth of July and the first of January, when houses and hearts are usually open in the United States, he opened his to all who chose to visit him. On other days he was accessible to visitors on the terms and conditions which his duties imposed; all were welcome who had claims upon his attention or regard, except so far as the superior claim of the whole people

restricted him. Some of the Federalists in Washington, we are told, hit upon an expedient to balk the president's intention of abolishing the levee. On the usual day, at the usual hour—two in the afternoon—ladies and gentlemen began to arrive at the president's house, attired in the manner customary at levees. The president was not at home. He was enjoying his regular two hours' ride on horseback, which nothing but absolute necessity could make him forego. When he returned at three o'clock and learned that the great rooms were filled with company waiting to see him, he guessed their object and frustrated it gracefully and with perfect good humor by merely going among them, booted, spurred, splashed with mud, riding whip in hand, and greeting them as if the conjunction of so many guests were merely a joyous coincidence. They in their turn caught the spirit of the joke and the affair ended happily. But it was the last of the levees.—PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1873.

Some years after the period of which we have been writing, a new member of Congress called upon Mr. Jefferson, then president of the United States. After an hour's interview the gentleman was asked by some of his friends how he liked the president. He replied he was greatly pleased with him, but found him very different from what he expected in one particular. "What was that?" "Why," exclaimed Mr. ——, "he is the most pliable great man I have ever met with. I brought him to my views on the . . . question and I verily believe I could change his mind on almost any point." The exquisite comedy of the affair was that Mr. ——'s associates were not long in discovering that he had been completely converted out of his own and into Mr. Jefferson's views on this very . . . question.—H. S. RANDALL, "Life of Thomas Jefferson."

A relative of Mr. Jefferson, although very desirous of visiting him, was yet disinclined to thrust his rusticity and illiterateness on his great kinsman. Upon one occasion, however, he was prevailed upon to attend a social gathering at Monticello, when, upon being ushered into the saloon, he was duly presented by Mr. Jefferson to the company. During this ceremony the awkward countryman slipped up several times upon the well-waxed floor and, then seating himself thoroughly ill at ease, was perfectly silent. After chatting with some of his guests Mr. Jefferson took a seat beside his relative and made an unusual effort to be agreeable, talking on all manner of topics, but without receiving answers to his queries or making the slightest impression upon the visitor, who remained as dumb as an oyster. In despair of drawing him out, Mr. Jefferson happened to ask him if he liked black-jack fishing. The countryman's eyes snapped and his mouth poured forth a garrulous budget in regard to his favorite sport, to all which Mr. Jefferson, amused, as were all others present, listened attentively. When at last the countryman made an end, Mr. Jefferson opened up eloquently on the same subject, displaying an intimate knowledge of black-jack, so far surpassing that of his relative that the latter was held spell-bound. When the great Signer stopped talking the countryman rushed for his hat and bolted from the mansion, nor could vociferous calls persuade him to return.—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1883.

I have made it a rule since I have been in public life never to let the sun rise before me and before I breakfasted to transact all the business called for by the day.—RAYNER, quoting Jefferson.

He delighted in the society of children, with whom he was accustomed in his old age to practise feats of agility which few could imitate. Being taken by surprise on one of these occasions, by the entrance of a stranger, he grasped his hand and, smiling, said, "I will make no other apology than the good Henry the Fourth did, when he was caught by an ambassador playing horse and riding one of his children on his back, by asking, 'Are you a father? If you are, no apology is necessary.'"—RAYNER.

His uniform mode of riding was on horseback, which was daily, and always unattended. In one of these solitary excursions, while passing a stream of water, he was accosted by a feeble beggar who implored his assistance to transport him and his baggage. He immediately mounted the beggar behind him and carried him over; on perceiving he had neglected his wallet he as good-humoredly recrossed the stream and brought it over to him.—RAYNER.

Unfortunately he was without a sense of humor. He rarely told a story and seldom enjoyed one and witticisms were wasted in his presence.—WILLIAM E. CURTIS, "The True Thomas Jefferson."

Great men often have queer whims. Mr. Jefferson published the first edition of his "Parliamentary Manual" without paging; a work much of the utility of which depended

on an accurate means of a correct and easy reference, to which proper paging and index are essential. Folly, however ridiculous, is catching. F. X. Martin & Co., printers and booksellers at Newbern, published several novels without paging, in imitation of Mr. Jefferson.—MATTHEW CAREY, *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, July, 1834.

While he was minister to France a lady from the United States had the courage to commission Jefferson to buy her a pair of corsets, but failed to send the dimensions. He exercised his best judgment and sent them with a playful letter: "Should they be too small," he says, "you will be good enough to lay them by for a while. There are ebbs as well as flows in this world. When the mountain refused to come to Mahomet, he went to the mountain."—CURTIS.

This Kentuckian, sitting solitary on the bank of a swollen stream, let the gay young men of the president's party all pass on and flounder across the river, without making known his desire. Last of all rode the president. Him the rough wayfarer addressed and Mr. Jefferson took him up behind him without more ado. Being asked why he selected that particular individual of the party, the Kentuckian replied: "I reckon a man carries Yes or No in his face. The young chaps' faces said No; the old man's said Yes."

One day in his daily ride near Washington, the president fell into conversation with a stranger. Politics becoming the topic, he had the pleasure of hearing not only his own measures roundly denounced, but his character most indecently reviled. "Do you know Mr. Jefferson personally?" he asked. "No; nor do I want to." "But is it fair play to believe and repeat such stories and then not dare to meet the subject of them face to face and trust to your own senses?" "I will never shrink from meeting Mr. Jefferson if he comes in my way." "Will you go to his house to-morrow and be introduced to him if I meet you there?" He consented and Jefferson galloped on. Instantly it occurred to the traveler that it was the president himself with whom he had been conversing. But he kept his appointment, appearing at the hour, attired in his best. "I have called, Mr. Jefferson," said he, "to apologize for having said to a stranger——" Here the president broke in and finished the sentence, "hard things of an imaginary personage who is no relation of mine." The stranger tried to get in his apology, but the president laughed it down, insisted on his staying to dinner and made a friend of him and all his family.—JAMES PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1873.

He wrote to his acquaintance, Charles MacPherson, cousin of the translator, that "merely for the pleasure of reading Ossian's works he was desirous to learn the language in which he sung." He begs MacPherson to send him from Scotland not only a grammar, a dictionary, a catalogue of Gaelic works, and whatever other apparatus might be necessary, but copies of all the Ossianic poems in the original Gaelic. If they had been printed, he would have them in print. If not, "my petition is, that you would be so good as to use your interest with Mr. MacPherson to obtain leave to make a manuscript copy of them, and procure it to be done. I would choose it in a fair, round hand, with a good margin, bound in parchment as elegantly as possible, lettered on the back, and marbled or gilt on the edge of the leaves. I would not regard expense in doing this." He tells him that if there are any other Gaelic manuscript poems accessible, it would at any time give him "the greatest happiness" to receive them; for "the glow of one warm thought is to me worth more than money."—PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1872.

Nothing afflicted Mr. Jefferson like the wanton destruction of the fine trees scattered over the city grounds. I remember on one occasion (it was after he was president) his exclaiming, "How I wish I possessed the power of a despot!" The company at the table stared at a declaration so opposed to his disposition and principles. "Yes," continued he in reply to their inquiring looks, "I wish I was a despot that I might save the noble, the beautiful trees that are daily falling sacrifices to the cupidity of their owners or the necessity of the poor." "And have you not authority to save those on the public grounds?" asked one of the company. "No," answered Mr. Jefferson, "only an armed guard could save them. The unnecessary felling of a tree, perhaps the growth of centuries, seems to me a crime little short of murder; it pains me to an unspeakable degree."—MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH, "Diary," *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1906.

During his European tours he had been struck with the waste of power caused by the bad construction of the plows in common use. The part of the plow called the mold-board, which is above the share and turns over the earth, seemed to him the chief seat of error; and he spent many of his

leisure hours during his last two years in France in evolving from Euclid the mold-board which should offer the minimum of resistance. Nothing is more likely than that he should have discussed many a time in Paris with so ardent an agriculturist as the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. Satisfied at length that he had discovered the best form of mold-board, he sent a plow provided with it to the Royal Agricultural Society of the Seine, of which the duke was a member. The medal which they awarded it followed the inventor to New York, and eighteen years after the society sent President Jefferson a superb plow containing his improvement. An agreeable incident in connection with that plow invention has been reported. Among the many young Virginians who were educated under the direction of Mr. Jefferson was the late William C. Rives, born almost in the shadow of Monticello. In 1853, when for the second time Mr. Rives was minister to France, he was elected a member of the Agricultural Society, then temporarily dishonored by the prefix of "Imperial" to its name. In his address at his public reception Mr. Rives alluded to the prize bestowed by the society half a century before upon one of his predecessors. "Yes," said the president, "we still have, and will show you, the prize plow of Thomas Jefferson."—PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1873.

In Greenbriar county, Virginia, a deposit of bones, supposed to be those of a mammoth, were found and sent to Monticello, where Jefferson set them up and pronounced them to be those of "a carnivorous animal entirely unknown to science." A curious sight might have been witnessed by people who lived along the route of travel between Monticello and Philadelphia when the vice-president of the United States, on his way to take the oath of office and assume the second place in the gift of the nation, carried a wagon-load of bones for his baggage. He delivered them to Dr. Wistar, the naturalist of the American Philosophical Society, with a labored report under date of March 10, 1797, entitled, "A Memoir of the Discovery of Certain Bones of an Unknown Quadruped, of the Clawed Kind, in the Western Part of Virginia." Dr. Wistar at a glance pronounced them the bones of the common sloth, or giant edentate, and showed Jefferson other specimens of the same sort. The vice-president was greatly humiliated and the scientist called it *Megalonyx Jeffersonii*, a name by which the animal has since been known to naturalists. Fortunately for his sensitive nature, Jefferson's lack of humor prevented him from recognizing the satire. The bones are still exhibited at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.—CURTIS.

He combated the Count de Buffon's theory of the degeneracy of animals in America. After much discussion he tried an argument similar to that which Dr. Franklin had used, when, in reply to a remark of the same nature, he requested all the Americans seated on one side of the table to stand, and then all the Frenchmen, who happened to sit in a row on the other side. The Americans towered gigantic above the little Gauls and the doctor came off triumphant. Jefferson, on his part, wrote to General Sullivan of New Hampshire to send him the bones and skin of a moose, mightiest of the deer kind; Sullivan, exaggerating the importance of the object, on fire to do honor to his country and oblige its representative, formed a hunting party, plunged into the measureless snows of the New Hampshire hills, found a herd, killed one, cut a road twenty miles to get it home, got the flesh from the bones, packed skeleton and skin into a great box, with horns of five other American deer, and sent it on its way to the ocean. In the course of time Mr. Jefferson received a bill of thirty-six guineas for the carriage of the box and a glowing account from General Sullivan of his exertions in procuring its contents. He paid the bill with a wry face, but the moose did not arrive. Six months after the grand hunt he wrote thus: "That the tragedy might not want a proper catastrophe, the box, bones and all, are lost; so that this chapter of natural history will still remain a blank. But I have written to him not to send me another. I will leave it for my successor to fill up, whenever I shall make my bow here." A week later, however, he had the pleasure of sending the box to the Count de Buffon, promising much larger horns another season. The naturalist gracefully acknowledged the gift and owned that the moose was indeed an animal of respectable magnitude. "I should have consulted you, sir," said he, "before publishing my Natural History and then I should have been sure of my facts." He died next year, too soon to enjoy the enormous pair of buck's horns coming to Jefferson from his native mountains to maintain in Europe the credit of his native continent.—PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1872.

Jefferson, at least, still played on the violin. A violinist now of fifteen years'

standing, extremely fond of music, an indefatigable practiser, and inheriting a touch of singular delicacy, he had become a superior performer. For journeys he had one of those minute violins called kits, with a tiny case, which could be packed into a portmanteau or even carried in a large pocket. Wealthy Virginians were late risers in those easy-going, luxurious times; but he was always an early riser; and he found in his kit a precious resource in the long mornings while he was waiting at country houses for the family to come down to breakfast. At night, too, he and his kit could whisper together without disturbing the occupants of adjoining rooms.—PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1872.

Mr. Jefferson used to tell in after years with great glee an anecdote connected with this fire. He was absent from home when it occurred and a slave arrived, out of breath, to inform him of the disaster. After learning the general destruction he inquired, "But were none of my books saved?" "No, master," was the reply, "but" (with a look of truly African satisfaction) "we saved the fiddle."—RANDALL.

Jefferson played his last piece on the violin in Paris. Walking one day with a friend four or five miles from home, absorbed in earnest conversation, he fell and dislocated his right wrist. He grasped it firmly with his other hand and, resuming the conversation, walked home in torture, of which his companion suspected nothing. It was unskilfully set and he never, as long as he lived, recovered the proper use of it; could never again write with perfect ease, could never again play upon his instrument. Mr. Randall records the curious fact that, so inveterate had become his habit of entering his expenditures, he continued to record items that very afternoon, using his left hand. In the morning before the accident, he entered the payment to his steward, Petit, of five hundred and four francs for various household expenses, and, in the afternoon, after the accident, in a hand more legible, records the expenditure of "24f.10" for buttons and "4f.6" for gloves. The next day he was out again, "seeing the king's library," for which he paid ten francs.—PARTON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1872.

Her hand was sought by wooers far and near. Tradition has preserved one anecdote of the contest. It has two renderings and the reader may choose between them. The first is, that two of Mr. Jefferson's rivals happened to meet on Mrs. Skelton's door-stone. They were shown into a room from which they heard her harpsichord and voice, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice, in the passages of a touching song. They listened for a stanza or two. Whether something in the words or in the tones of the singers appeared suggestive to them, tradition does not say, but it does aver that they took their hats and retired, to return no more on the same errand. The other, and we think less probable version of the story, is, that three met on the door-stone and agreed that they would "take turns" and that the interviews should be made decisive; and that, by lot or otherwise, Mr. Jefferson led off; and that then, during his trial, they heard the music that they concluded settled the point.—RANDALL.

Thomas Jefferson refused the mission offered him in 1776, in company with Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, to represent the United States at Paris, on account of his wife's health, though he was very anxious to accept. His letter of declination states that no other condition would have compelled him to decline the appointment. As it was, he kept the messenger waiting three days, hesitating between his duty to his wife and his duty to his country and at the time his love conquered. Six years later his wife died and a second appointment was tendered him as minister to France. He accepted it promptly and tried to lose his grief in hard work.

Mrs. Jefferson hung between life and death for four months and during all this time Thomas Jefferson was at her bedside or in a little room adjoining. He gave her her drinks and her medicine and took turns with his sister and his wife's sister in sitting up with her at night. He solemnly promised her on her death-bed that he would never marry again and when she died he staggered from the room into the library and fainted. His insensibility lasted so long that people feared he was dead. They brought a cot into the library and lifted him upon it. When he revived, his grief was so great that he almost lost his senses. For three weeks he did not leave the library and he was waited on during this time by his little daughter Martha, who says that he walked up and down the room all day and all night, only lying down when he was utterly exhausted. When he at last came out of the library he spent hours at a time riding through the mountain paths and dense woods about Monticello, now and then bursting forth into passionate grief. He kept his

promise to his wife and, though he was for many years thrown into the society of the court circles of France and the United States, we have no record of his making love the second time.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1886.

The night before we left young Randolph came up late from Charlottesville and brought the astounding news that the English had been defeated before New Orleans by General Jackson. Mr. Jefferson had made up his mind that the city would fall and told me that the English would hold it permanently—or for some time—by a force of sepoys from the East Indies. He had gone to bed, like the rest of us; but of course his grandson went to his chamber with the paper containing the news. But the old philosopher refused to open his door, saying he could wait till morning, and when we met at breakfast I found he had not yet seen it.—GEORGE TICKNOR, letter, February 7, 1815.

JINGO.

The men of action got a nickname. They were dubbed the Jingo party. The term, applied as one of ridicule and reproach, was adopted by chivalrous Jingoes as a name of pride. The Jingoes of London, like the beggars of Flanders, accepted the word of contumely as a title of honor. In order to avoid the possibility of any historical misunderstanding or puzzlement hereafter about the meaning of Jingo, such as we have heard of concerning that of whig and tory, it is well to explain how the term came into existence. Some Tyrtaeus of the taptable, some Koerner of the music-halls, had composed a ballad which was sung at one of these caves of harmony every night amidst the tumultuous applause of excited patriots. The refrain of this war-song contained the spirit-stirring words, "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too." Some one, whose pulses this lyrical outburst of national pride failed to stir, called the party of its enthusiasts the Jingoes.—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "History of Our Own Times."

JOAN OF ARC. 1412-1431.

The English were called by the French peasants, who did not understand their language, "the Goddams." The heroes of Agincourt were thus named, after their favorite oath. When, afterwards, the last step to make France an English province, or to make England a province of France, was thwarted by the genius and faith of Joan of Arc, it is curious that this wonderful peasant girl was accustomed to name the English, as distinguished from the French, "the Goddams." This is the more to be noticed as she had an utter horror of profanity. When she took command of the six thousand soldiers that under her lead threw themselves into Orléans, she first required that the profane and dissolute French men-at-arms who marched under her sacred banner should entirely banish from their minds, as well as from their lips, their copious stores of ribaldry and blasphemy. La Hire, one of the bravest and coarsest of her captains, growlingly consented to talk like a decent human being. Yet she always spoke of the English by the name they had doubtless obtained by the profusion with which they lavished their national imprecation on their enemies. Her knowledge of the English language was probably confined to this single phrase. When she was preparing her assault on one of the strongest forts that the English had erected against Orléans, she was asked by a French soldier to partake of a breakfast of fish, before she set out on her hazardous expedition. "In the name of God," she exclaimed, "it shall not be eaten till supper, by which time we shall return by way of the bridge, and I will bring you back a Goddam to eat it with." And in her lonely dungeon, after she had been captured and imprisoned, she proudly said to the Earls of Warwick and Stafford: "You think when you have slain me you will conquer France; but that you will never do. No! Although there were a hundred thousand more Goddams in this land than there are now."—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, *The North American Review*, June, 1885, citing Julian Sharman, "A Cursory History of Swearing."

JOHN I., 1357-1438. King of Portugal.

John I. had risen early to hunt at some distance from Cintra. In passing through his chamber he happened to meet one of the maids of honor and presented a rose to her at the same time saluting her on the cheek. The gallantry was not unwitnessed, for the queen was entering the room by a side door. In the confusion of detection the king could only say, "*Por bem, por bem*," meaning that he meant no harm, had only taken an innocent liberty. The queen made no remark, but her revenge showed that she was not implacably offended. On the king's return after a few days he found the roof of the dining room painted all over with magpies, each bird holding a rose branch in its claws and a label in its beak, on which labels were painted the words, "*Por bem, por bem.*" The king was pleased to be rebuked so playfully and adopt-

ed the *Por bem* for his motto. This was our guide's version of the tale and much the prettiest of the three traditions that are current. A second tells us that the king himself caused the ceiling of his room to be painted in that manner, in attestation of the innocence of the proceeding in which he had been detected and that he now applied in the sense of our "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," the motto *Por bem*, which he had previously adopted as a declaration of his disposition to do good to his people. The third interpretation is that the adventure was whispered from mouth to mouth among the ladies, to the scandal and great disturbance of the poor maid of honor and that the king, to punish the palace gossips, caused their malicious garrulity to be thus typified.—*The Quarterly Review*, June, 1847, citing "A Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal," by a Lady.

JOHNSON, Andrew, 1808-1875. American statesman.

Johnson was announced to speak on one of the exciting questions of the day and loud threats were uttered that, if he dared to appear, he should not leave the hall alive. At the appointed hour he ascended the platform and, advancing to the desk, laid his pistol upon it. He then addressed the audience in terms as near like the following as my informant could recollect: "Fellow Citizens—It is proper, where men assemble for the discussion of important public interests, that everything should be done decently and in order. I have been informed that part of the business to be transacted upon the present occasion is the assassination of the individual who now has the honor of addressing you. I beg repectfully to propose that this be the first business in order. Therefore, if any man has come here to-night for the purpose indicated, I do not say to him, Let him speak, but Let him shoot." Here he paused with his right hand on his pistol and the other holding open his coat, while with his eyes he blandly surveyed the assembly. After a pause of half a minute he resumed: "Gentlemen, it appears that I have been misinformed. I will now proceed to address you on the subject which has called us together."—JOHN SAVAGE, "Life and Public Services of Andrew Johnson."

When we were at Nashville seven years ago anecdotes of the coolness and courage of Governor Johnson were among the current coin of conversation. One gentleman, a political opponent of the governor, an eye-witness of the occurrence, told us that a placard was posted in the town one morning announcing, in the well-known language of old Tennessee, that Andy Johnson was to be shot on sight. Friends of the governor assembled at his house, desirous to form a bodyguard to escort him to the State house. "No," said he, "gentlemen, if I am to be shot at, I want no man to be in the way of the bullet." He walked alone and with his usual deliberation through the streets to his official apartments on Capitol Hill.—SAVAGE, quoting "a recent writer."

It is a true story that a Pennsylvania senator was very much chagrined at President Johnson's refusing him an appointment for a constituent, when the senator was very close to the president's policy. "Why, Mr. President," the senator said, "that appointment is worth $5,000 to me." The president suddenly turned his chair towards his desk and filled up a check for $5,000 and tendered it to the senator, who, of course, refused it.—JAMES M. SCOVEL, *The National Magazine*, April, 1903.

He seemed to believe that those who opposed him politically would harm him in every possible way. About 1857 his arm was broken in an accident on the Chattanooga railway, and was so badly set by a country doctor that Dr. Paul F. Eve, then considered to be the best surgeon in Nashville, who was called in later, decided that it must be broken again and reset. The operation was performed in a bedroom in a hotel in Nashville, where Johnson boarded, the arm being pulled around a bedpost, and the first bedpost selected for the purpose was fluted or grooved. After Johnson had nearly fainted from the pain he asked whether a square bedpost could not be used, and the breaking was completed with the aid of a square bedpost. Mr. Johnson, when he told my mother of this incident, said that Dr. Eve had purposely used the grooved post in order to torture him, because he was a democrat and Eve a whig.—HARRIOT S. TURNER, *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1910.

General Grant offered to introduce me to President Johnson, whom I had never met. We walked across to the executive mansion and General Grant gave the usher a card on which was written, "General Grant with General Gordon of Georgia," with instructions to the usher to hand it to the president. We were at once admitted to his presence and I was introduced by General Grant as General Gordon, with some complimentary reference to my rank and services in General Lee's army. The president met this introduction by these words, pronounced with peculiar em-

phasis, "How are you, Mr. Gordon?" especially accentuating the word "Mister."—GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, "Reminiscences of the Civil War."

He refused an invitation one day to dine with A. V. Brown, a leader of the democratic party in Tennessee and afterwards Buchanan's postmaster-general, although all the guests were to be fellow democrats, and let them know that on that day he had dined with his washerwoman, off bacon and cabbage.

His only creed was democracy and he professed to believe that mechanics were superior to other men. "Why then, governor," said my mother to him one day when he reiterated this belief, "why did you make lawyers of Charles and Robert, both your sons?" "Because they had not sense enough to be mechanics," he retorted. He used to say, "I thought better when I was on the tailor's bench," and that women were more fortunate than men in that they had some occupation for their hands in needle-work.—HARRIOT S. TURNER, *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1910.

JOHNSON, Reverdy, 1796-1876. American statesman.

The American Minister, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, distributed yesterday week the prizes awarded by the Birkbeck Institute to pupils of both sexes. After commenting, as he was in duty bound, on the importance of feminine culture, and also awarding the usual compliments to the memory of Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, speaking on America and England with a touch of true American humor—not the less humorous because what he said may have had its truth—went on to remark that "not only are our institutions identical, but we speak the same language, and although we speak it better than you do, we understand each other and by and by you will be able to speak the language as well as we do."—*London Spectator*, 1868.

In the clerk's office Mr. Reverdy Johnson berated some man who had recently published one of his former letters in which it appeared he, Mr. Johnson, had not been entirely consistent. Whereupon Mr. Badger warmly urged Mr. Johnson to make the man produce the original letter, and Mr. Johnson wanted to know what good that would do. "Why," said Mr. Badger, "no one on earth can read it but yourself and you can read it to suit you."—A. H. GARLAND, "Experiences in the United States Supreme Court."

JOHNSTON, Albert Sidney, 1803-1862. American general.

General Johnston sometimes told an anecdote of his early boyhood, from which he was wont to draw many a valuable moral. Playing marbles "for keeps"—a species of boyish gaming—was a favorite sport of his boyhood days, and he was so skilful and successful a marble-player that at one time he had won a whole jarful of white alleys, taws, potters, etc. It was then that the design entered his breast of winning all the marbles in the town, in the state and eventually in the world. Filled with enthusiasm at the vastness of his project, he cast about for the means; and finally concluded, as the first step, to secure his acquisitions by burying them. He buried his jar very secretly, reserving only marbles enough "to begin life on." Purpose lent steadiness to his aim, so that again he beat all his rivals "in the ring" and added daily to his store. Only one competitor stood against him, whose resources seemed to consist not so much in skill as in an exhaustless store of marbles, that were sacrificed with a recklessness arguing unlimited pocket money. At last he, too, succumbed, and the victor went with a jar larger than the first, to add it to his spoils. To his dismay, however, he found his hoard plundered and his treasure gone. The inferior, but desperate, marble-player had furtively watched him, robbed him and then staked and lost his ill-gotten gains. The second jar contained the same marbles as the first and larceny had contended for empire with ambition. General Johnston said that he felt the lesson as a distinct rebuke to his avarice and rapacity; the plans he had built upon success vanished; and he learned that world-wide renown as a marble-player was merely "vanity and vexation of spirit."

The habits of all classes at that time were plain and unostentatious; but this family were necessarily trained to Spartan simplicity that was ever after the rule and habit of life most congenial to the subject of this memoir. Captain Wilson Duke, United States Navy, one of the choice friends of his youth, used laughingly to tell how he tore off the ruffled shirt collar and hid his shoes on the road to school, from fear of Albert Johnston's ridicule.

During his sojourn as bachelor at Jefferson barracks, being fond of music, he tried to learn to play the flute. A wide difference of opinion existed between himself and his friends as to his musical aptitude. He persevered in spite of their jests until these and

the resulting doubts in his mind rendered him somewhat irritable on the score of his skill. One day, as he was practising in his room, he heard a tapping on the floor above, occupied by a fellow officer. Instantly referring this to his music, and regarding it as an indecorum, he nevertheless continued the air; but when it occurred again he stopped and the tapping stopped. Waiting a moment to restrain his rising anger, he resumed the tune and the tapping began again. This was too much for the outraged patience of the angry musician, who, dashing down his flute, sprang up the stairs, determined to exact satisfaction. To a thundering knock at the door a friendly voice replied, inviting him to come in, and when he strode in he found his neighbor, with a look of mild inquiry at his evident excitement, unsuspiciously cracking walnuts on his hearth. With a brief apology for his intrusion, he rushed downstairs again, mortified by his own hastiness and loss of temper. He at once gave up the flute; for, as he said, "I did not think that a man so sensitive about his skill was fit for a flute-player." —WILLIAM P. JOHNSTON, "Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston," Copyright, D. Appleton & Co.

While at Corinth, the owner of a drug store living in Tennessee, near to Donelson, represented to the general that his entire stock of drugs had been taken by a Confederate quartermaster for the use of his command and paid for in Confederate money, which was useless to him. He had come to ask the general if he might not be paid at least its equivalent in Tennessee funds, the difference between the two being then ten or fifteen to one. . . . He directed the quartermaster to take back the Confederate money and give in its stead its equivalent in Tennessee currency, remarking to me at the time, "It wouldn't be honest to pay a man in the enemy's lines in money which had no value to him."—JOHNSTON, quoting DR. T. W. YANDALL, General Johnston's medical director.

General Johnston's deliberateness is illustrated by his remark to a precipitate friend who was about to run across the street in front of a carriage driving rapidly, "There is more room behind that carriage than in front of it."—JOHNSTON.

JOSEPHINE, 1763-1814. Empress of France.

Of this parentage the only child, the subject of these Memoirs, was born at St. Pierre, the capital of Martinico, on the 23d of June, 1763. By some authorities, and among others the act of her civil marriage with Bonaparte, still extant on the revolutionary registers of Paris, Josephine's birth is placed in 1767. The four years, however, thus deducted from her real age must be assigned either to mistake or, not improbably, in the instance quoted, to voluntary forgetfulness. It is deserving of notice also, as something like a mutual abnegation of curious inquiry on that head, that in the same instrument one year is added to the general's age. The births of the children of her first marriage are likewise decisive on the point; and, in truth, so little attention has been paid to consistency here, that we have read biographies of Josephine whose authors, with an innocent inadvertence to the fact, make her a mother at the age of little more than ten years.—JOHN S. MEMES, "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."

There is one story, however, which is not an invention, although it sounds very much like one, and that is the well-known prediction made to Josephine when a child announcing to her that she would ascend the throne of France. Josephine repeated this story so often that at last people began to doubt it. And yet it was quite true; General Lemarque reproduces the story in his memoirs; and as this story gives certain details which we do not find in any other work, as it confirms once and for all what otherwise might be considered an invention of Josephine's fertile brain, we will reproduce it here; no biographer hitherto has taken the trouble to look for this prediction in the memoirs of the hero of Fontarabia and Capri: "In my childhood," says General Lemarque, "I often met Josephine at the house of an American, Madame de Holstein, with whom she had been brought up; she was then the wife of Alexander de Beauharnais, who was much remarked at the Assemblée constituante for his wit, his charming manners and his patriotic principles. I saw her some years later when I was ordered to carry the banners won from Spain at the battle of Saint-Martial and at the taking of Fontarabia; she, together with good Madame de Holstein, had only just been released from prison, and we dined with the celebrated General Santerre, who had shared these ladies' captivity and shown them all manner of little attentions. It was then I heard mention for the first time (*thermidor*, 1794) the prediction which a gipsy had made: 'that she would be queen of France some day but that she would not die a queen'—'Robespierre almost prevented that prediction from coming true,' said she with a

little laugh. Josephine married Bonaparte; he was commanding the army of Italy at the time; his name was in everybody's mouth, and Madame de Holstein, when on her death-bed, said to me in a feeble voice, 'Well, my friend, the gipsy, was out in her geography; Josephine will not be the queen of France, but of Italy.'" "I repeat these details," General Lemarque adds, "because they relate to the strangest stroke of good fortune which perhaps ever befell any woman."—JOSEPH TURQUAN, "The Wife of General Bonaparte."

The following is the narrative in her own words, as she long after related the circumstances to the ladies of her court: "One day, some time before my first marriage, while taking my usual walk, I observed a number of negro girls assembled around an old woman, engaged in telling their fortunes. I drew near to observe their proceedings. The old sibyl, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. Amused at these absurdities, as I thought them, I allowed her to proceed, saying, 'So you discover something extraordinary in my destiny?' 'Yes.' 'Is happiness or misfortune to be my lot?' 'Misfortune. Ah, stop!—and happiness too.' 'You take care not to commit yourself, my good dame; your oracles are not the most intelligible.' 'I am not permitted to render them more clear,' said the woman, raising her eyes with a mysterious expression towards heaven. 'But to the point,' replied I, for my curiosity began to be excited; 'what read you concerning me in futurity?' 'What do I see in the future? You will not believe me if I speak.' 'Yes, indeed; I assure you. Come, my good mother, what am I to fear and hope?' 'On your own head be it then. Listen: You will be married soon; that union will not be happy; you will become a widow, and then—then you will be queen of France. Some happy years will be yours; but you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotion.' On concluding these words," continued Josephine, "the old woman burst from the crowd and hurried away as fast as her limbs, enfeebled by age, would permit. I forbade the bystanders to molest or banter the pretended prophetess on this ridiculous prediction; and took occasion, from the seeming absurdity of the whole proceeding, to caution the young negresses how they gave heed to such matters. Henceforth I thought of the affair only to laugh at it with my relatives. But afterwards, when my husband had perished on the scaffold, in spite of my better judgment this prediction forcibly recurred to my mind after a lapse of years; and though I was myself then in prison, the transaction daily assumed a less improbable character, and I ended by regarding the fulfilment as almost a matter of course." The above recital might be corroborated, if necessary, by the evidence of various persons, who, at different times, had likewise heard it from the lips of the individual concerned. One of these has given the narrative with less simplicity, but more dramatic effect, by putting into the mouth of the sable prophetess the words, "Thou shalt be greater, yet less, than queen of France." As the writer, however, professes a knowledge of English literature, this variation may be set down to an imitation of Shakespeare's weird sisters. Be this as it may, that such a prediction was actually delivered at the time there appears no reason to doubt; and that Josephine mentioned, and even in some measure acted upon it, before events had transpired, is certain.—MEMES.

We must not blame Josephine for liking dogs; on the contrary, it was one of her good points: and in caring for Fortune, she was only fulfilling her duty, as we shall now see. And then this little four-legged personage occupies so important a part in history that he is worthy of being introduced to my readers. The poet Arnault, who had the honor to enjoy his acquaintance and to belong to the Académie Française, will now introduce him to us. "Fortune," said he, "was neither handsome, good-natured nor nice. He was short-legged; his body was long, his color was more red than fawn-colored; this pug-dog, with a nose like a weasel, only resembles his distant relations by his black muzzle and corkscrew tail. In his infancy he had promised to be handsome, but as he grew up these promises came to naught; nevertheless, Josephine and her children were very fond of him, when a sad event made him still dearer to them. Josephine, who had been arrested at the same time as her husband, was lying in prison suffering tortures of anxiety; she knew not of what was going on outside the walls of her prison. Her children, together with their governess, were allowed to see her at the wicket-gate. But how could they speak to her in private? The concierge was always present at these interviews. As Fortune was also present and as he was allowed to go in and out of the prison, the governess contrived a plan by which she hid a paper containing all the news which she did not dare to impart to her mistress under a new collar which she then fastened to Fortune's neck.

Josephine, who was not wanting in shrewdness, guessed what she had done. The same messenger carried her reply. Thus she and her friends kept up an active correspondence under the very eye of the gaoler, and by this means she was able to learn of her friends' efforts to save her and so she kept up her courage. The family was as grateful to the dog for his useful services as if he had known what he was doing, and he became, both to the children and their mother, the object of a veneration which the general was obliged to tolerate whether he liked it or not."—TURQUAN.

She spent her life foretelling the future from cards and lamenting her fate.—GASTON MAUGRAS and COMTE P. DE CROZE-LEMERCIER, "Memoirs of the Marquis de Custine."

Madame d'Aiguillon grew faint and I led her towards the window, which I threw open that she might breathe the fresh air; I suddenly caught sight of a poor woman who was making signs to us, which we could not understand. She was laying hold of her gown at every moment and we were still at a loss to know what she meant; finding that she continued I cried out to her "Robe," she nodded in the affirmative and then picked up a stone, placing it in her gown, which she again laid hold of, raising the stone with the other hand. "Pierre," I again cried out to her. Her joy was unbounded when she discovered that we at last understood her, and, bringing her gown close to the stone she made quick and repeated signs of cutting her throat and began to dance and applaud the act. This strange pantomime excited an emotion in our minds which it is impossible to describe, as we ventured to hope that it gave us the announcement of Robespierre's death. Whilst we were in this state of alternate fear and hope, we heard a great noise in the passage and the formidable voice of the doorkeeper, who, giving a kick to his dog, said to the animal, "Will you move on then, —— Robespierre?" This energetic phrase proved to us that we had nothing more to apprehend and that France was rid of the tyrant.—GEORGETTE DUCREST, "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine," quoting Josephine.

She received certain sums of money derived from taxes levied on gaming houses as a reward for her services, and that Fouché always gave her money with his own hand, or else made Madame de Copons, the widow of a former magistrate at Perpignan and related in some way to Madame Bonaparte, give it to her.—TURQUAN, citing Theodore Jung, "Lucien Bonaparte and His Memoirs," and Leonce Pingaud, "A Secret Agent During the Revolution and the Empire."

Had he but known that his wife received one thousand francs a day from Fouché for keeping that individual informed of all that went on in the Tuileries! Poor Bonaparte! neither did he know that his good Josephine "received the sum of five hundred thousand francs for giving the contract for supplying the Army of Italy with provisions to the Compagnie Flachat, whose shameful chicanery caused such awful misery and suffering among our troops during the siege of Genoa and eventually forced Massena to treat with Melas."—TURQUAN, citing Fouché and quoting Thiebault.

Bonaparte was in the habit of occupying the same room with his wife; she had cleverly persuaded him that doing so tended to insure his personal safety. "I told him," she said, "that as I was a very light sleeper, if any nocturnal attempt against him were made, I should be there to call for help in a moment." In the evening she never retired until Bonaparte had gone to bed. But when M'lle Georges was in the ascendant, as she used to visit the château very late, he did not on those occasions go to his wife's room until an advanced hour of the night. One evening Madame Bonaparte, who was more than usually jealous and suspicious, kept me with her and eagerly talked of her troubles. It was one o'clock in the morning; we were alone in her boudoir and profound silence reigned in the Tuileries. All at once she rose. "I cannot bear it any longer," she said; "M'lle Georges is certainly with him. I will surprise them." I was alarmed by this sudden resolution and said all I could to dissuade her from acting, but in vain. "Follow me," she said; "we will go up together." Then I represented to her that such an act, very improper even on her part, would be intolerable on mine; and that, in case of her making the discovery which she expected, I should certainly be one too many at the scene which must ensue. She would listen to nothing; she reproached me with abandoning her in her distress, and she begged me so earnestly to accompany her, that, notwithstanding my repugnance, I yielded, saying to myself that our expedition would end in nothing, as no doubt precautions had been taken to prevent a surprise. Silently we ascended the back stairs leading to Bonaparte's room; Madame Bonaparte, who was much excited, going first, while I followed slowly, feeling very much alarmed at the part I was made to play. On our way we heard a slight noise.

Madame Bonaparte turned to me and said, "Perhaps it is Rustan, Bonaparte's Mameluke, who keeps the door. The wretch is quite capable of killing us both." On hearing this, I was seized with such terror that I could not listen further and, forgetting that I was leaving Madame Bonaparte in utter darkness, I ran back as quickly as I could to the boudoir, candle in hand. She followed me a few minutes after, astonished at my sudden flight. When she saw my terrified face, she began to laugh, which set me off laughing also, and we renounced our enterprise. I left her, telling her that the fright she had given me was a very good thing for her, and that I was very glad I had yielded to it.—"MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, "Memoirs."

But, if Madame Bonaparte's credit with the authorities was at a low ebb, her reputation for it was also injured by her own proceedings; for example, among her most attached friends was Madame Houdetot, and her interposition was for once successful in recommending that lady's brother, M. de Cere, to the First Consul's favor, in which sense, good manners and a pleasing address rapidly advanced him. He was becoming a familiar on the establishment when he was sent on a mission, and a certain day fixed for his return, after which he was to receive the appointment of aide-de-camp. But, alas, youth is heedless, and M. de Cere exceeded his appointment by a whole fortnight. Napoleon, doubly incensed by the neglect of his orders and his own error of judgment, a circumstance not very common, would listen to no solicitations for pardon and peremptorily prohibited the young man's reappearance before him; while Madame Bonaparte observed that "a volcanic head, leading into follies for want of reflection, would not be associated with the indolence of a Creole." After many months had elapsed, determined on a new effort to recover his lost ground, he solicited, through the medium of his sister and of Savary, who was also his friend, an audience of Madame Bonaparte, and to his great joy was desired to repair on the morrow to Malmaison, furnished with a very clear and explicit memorial, which Josephine promised to forward. Arriving at the château, he found Madame, as usual, gracious and enchanting; she told him that the First Consul, already predisposed by her, would easily overlook an irregularity, which M. de Cere promised to obliterate by future good conduct, and concluded by receiving his memorial, and recommending him to come himself in a few days for the answer. The poor young man, intoxicated with the success of his overtures, demanded by anticipation the congratulations of his friends; but he discovered, before retiring to rest, that the memorial was still in his pocket, and he had left as its substitute in the hands of his patroness a long bill from his tailor. In despair at an incident which threatened annihilation to all his new-raised hopes, he passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning was again on his road to Malmaison, determined, as his last chance, to explain the whole affair to Madame Bonaparte. His consternation may be imagined when, advancing with outstretched hand to meet him, she anticipated his explanation with: "How happy I am! I have delivered your memorial to the First Consul, and we read it together; it was admirably drawn up," added she, with an approving smile, "and made a great impression on him. He told me Berthier should report it, and within a fortnight all will be settled. I assure you, *mon cher*, this success, for I consider the affair as concluded, made me the whole of yesterday the happiest woman in the world." —DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

Was not that German author a prophet when he said during the Directoire: "A Parisian lady requires three hundred and sixty-five bonnets, as many pairs of shoes, six hundred dresses and twelve chemises"? He was mistaken about the chemises, at least in Madame Bonaparte's case, for she changed hers three times a day, so that twelve would not have been enough. As for dresses, she had some very extraordinary costumes which are quite worth mentioning. Here is one which she wore at the house of her brother-in-law and enemy, Lucien, during the early days of the consulate; it was made of white crêpe entirely covered with little feathers from that strange bird called the toucan; these feathers were sewn on the crêpe and a little bead was glued to the tip of each feather. Madame Bonaparte wore a complete set of rubies with this costume. In her hair, artistically arranged by the hairdresser, Duplan, whose salary exceeded that of a general, she wore a garland of toucan plumes sprinkled with beads, which gave her a very singular expression. But here is even a more eccentric costume: it was also made of white crêpe and scattered all over with rose leaves, real rose leaves of the palest pink; this very springlike trimming could only be added just before putting on the dress; and then she could only wear this strange, sweet-smelling costume at home for an hour or two at the most and she was obliged to keep standing all

the time; for, even supposing she was as light as a sylph, how could she have sat down on those rose leaves without crumpling them a little? It is a curious fact that this is the only pink dress Madame Bonaparte wore during the days of the consulate; and this dress was not really pink; it only looked so on account of the petals which were sewn on it. Afterwards, at the fête given at the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honor, she wore a really pink dress. Towards the end of the empire she often wore pink in order to try and look younger, but when youth has once fled it never returns.—TURQUAN.

The Parisians often diverted themselves at the expense of the Count de Cobentzel, the second ambassador of that name who came to France. His reputation for avarice was so great that Josephine, then Madame Bonaparte, resolved to play a trick upon him. On a court day she chose him for her partner at whist. He was unfortunate and lost several rubbers in succession. On every occasion of ill luck his partner said to him, "I am really vexed, count, to see you losing in this way, but you will be more fortunate the next time," and addressed a thousand other phrases to him which cut him to the heart, as he was fully persuaded that the wife of the First Consul must be playing for very high stakes. His vexation increased and, notwithstanding his court habits, he could not conceal it. Madame Bonaparte committed fault on fault, which tripled the torment of her unfortunate partner, whose distress augmented to such a degree that large drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead. At last cards were given up and the trembling ambassador asked, in a querulous voice, how much he had to pay. "Nothing, count," said Josephine, "and that will explain to you the philosophy with which I supported our run of bad luck."—DUCREST.

The First Consul, during a fit of temper aroused by his brother Lucien, who had been blaming him for something or other, even went the length of saying, "Look here, I will crush you as I crush this box." So saying he flung a gold snuff-box, in the cover of which was a miniature of Josephine painted by Isabey, on the floor. The box was not broken, owing to the fact that the floor was carpeted, but the portrait fell out of the cover. Lucien picked up the box and the portrait and presented them to his brother, saying in an impudent tone, "What a pity! You have smashed the portrait of your wife instead of breaking my original." Madame Bonaparte, who heard of this incident, became very uneasy when she was informed that her portrait had fallen out of its frame. "Oh!" she cried; "it is all over with me. 'Tis a sign that he is going to divorce me. Bonaparte will tear himself away from me, as my portrait has been torn from the lid of that snuff-box."—TURQUAN.

M. de Talleyrand did his best to get Napoleon to divorce Josephine, so that he might marry Princess Wilhelmina of Baden. Napoleon probably told Josephine all about the matter and Josephine revenged herself in a very witty manner upon M. de Talleyrand by asking him to marry his old mistress, Madame Grand.—TURQUAN.

On the very day of her death she wished to put on a very pretty dressing gown because she thought the emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her. She died all covered with ribbons and rose-colored satin. "One would not, sure, be frightful when one is dead."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, "Memoirs."

JONES, John Paul, 1747-1792. Scottish-American seaman.

When he came within cannon shot I made sail to try his speed. Quartering and finding that I had the advantage I shortened sail to give him a wild goose chase and tempt him to throw away powder and shot. Accordingly a curious mock engagement was maintained between us for eight hours, until night with her sable curtains put an end to this famous exploit of English knight errantry. He excited my contempt so much, by his continued firing at more than twice the distance, that when he rounded to, to give his broadside, I ordered my marine officer to return the salute with only a single musket.—JOHN PAUL JONES, letter dated September 30, 1776, Providence off the Isle of Sable.

When Captain Jones was in Paris some short time after the action, he was informed that Captain Pearson [of the *Serapis*] had been knighted. "Well," said he, "he deserved it and if I fall in with him again I'll make a lord of him."—CHARLES W. GOLDSBOROUGH, *United States Naval Chronicle*, quoted in the *North American Review*, July, 1825.

The words with which he replied to the astonished Pearson, who saw the enemy's ship beaten to a pulp and wondered why he did not yield: "I have not yet begun to fight."—C. T. BRADY, *Munsey's Magazine*, July, 1905.

JOSEPH II., 1741-1790. Emperor of Austria.

A story is told in connection with this garden (Prater and Augarten) being thrown open to the public. On hearing the emperor's intention a nobleman said, "If the common people are allowed to have free entrance, where can I walk with my equals?" The answer was characteristic of Joseph II. "If I wish to walk with my equals," he said, "then I must go to the Capuchin crypt."—A. S. LEVETUS, "Imperial Vienna."

On his way to Brest he stopped a whole day to examine the fine harbor of Nantes in Bretagne. It was at the time of the insurrection of the United States of America. The ships being all dressed with their colors, in compliment to the illustrious visitor to Nantes, the new flag of the insurgents, on which were thirteen stars, a symbol of the new constellation rising in the west, was pointed out to the emperor, who turned away his eyes. "I cannot look at that," said he to Count Menou, the commander of the place, who attended him; "my trade is that of a royalist."—JOSEPH WEBER (Lally-Tollendal), "Memoirs of Marie Antoinette."

At Rheims he arrived before his suite and was just shaving when the inquisitive host asked him whether he belonged to the suite of the emperor and what office he held about him. "I shave him sometimes," was Joseph's answer.—DR. K. E. VEHSE, "Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy and Diplomacy of Austria."

It was on the whole a most creditable and instructive grand tour. A few light, genial traits of it survive, such as the emperor's getting—as usual in advance of his retinue—to a stage in France where the postmaster was about to have his child christened and volunteering to act as godfather to it. When asked by the priest for his name he replied "Joseph," adding as his surname the word "Second." And then when it came to giving "emperor" as his occupation, one can imagine the amazement of these simple folk and their delight at the liberal christening gift that accompanied the announcement. —HORACE RUMBOLD, "Francis Joseph and His Times."

He visited prisons and a famous tale is told how one day he asked several prisoners for what reason they were there. All said they were innocent except one who fell on his knees and begged forgiveness, which the kaiser granted, saying, "This bad fellow is spoiling all the innocent ones; send him home to his people."—LEVETUS.

The mania of Catherine [II. of Russia] to sketch everything and complete nothing drew from Joseph II. a very shrewd and satirical remark. During his travels in Tauris he was invited by her to place the second stone in a town of which she had herself with great parade laid the first. On his return he said, "I have finished in a single day a very important business with the Empress of Russia; she has laid the first stone of a city and I have laid the last."—CHARLES F. P. MASSON, "Secret Memoirs of the Court of Petersburg."

JUNOT, Andoche, Duke of Abrantès, 1771-1813. French marshal.

The representatives of the people appointed him a sub-lieutenant and ordered Colonel Bonaparte to hand him his commission. On receiving it, without a word, he tore it up and threw down the pieces. "What are you doing?" said his chief. "What a man ought to do who is not the sort to take his epaulettes from those beggars. When you are a general give them to me if you think I deserve them and you will see how I shall receive them." Soon afterwards, Bonaparte being promoted major-general, got Junot made an officer and took him as his first aide-de-camp.

He was supping with some comrades near the batteries in a tent which I think they shared, when a shell from the fort fell in the middle of the tent and was about to burst in the hole which it had made in the ground. Every one had risen and was running away when Junot seized a glass and exclaimed, "To the memory of those of us who are going to perish!" How far the wine had any influence on the effect his words produced I know not, but all stopped, took up their glasses and remained motionless until the shell exploded. One fell dead, the others, tossing off their bumpers, cried, "To the memory of a hero!" . . . Colonel Bonaparte of the artillery wished to see the author of this freak. He found a young man, full of cleverness and ardor, who had had an excellent education, and from that time he never lost sight of him. Some days afterwards he had occasion to order a reconnoissance of considerable danger; involving a risk of being taken prisoner, Junot offered to undertake it. "Very well," said Bonaparte, "but go in civilian clothes—your uniform would expose you too much." "No," said Junot, "I will never shrink from the danger of being killed by a cannon ball, but I will not run the risk of being hanged as a spy." The duty successfully accomplished, Junot rejoined Bonaparte, who was

in one of the advanced batteries, and made his report. "Put it in writing," said the colonel, and Sergeant Junot, using the parapet as his desk, rapidly and cleverly wrote out his report in four pages. As he was finishing the first page a round shot, meant for him, struck the parapet and covered writer and writing with earth. "Polite of those English," he said laughing, "to send some sand just when I want it."—GENERAL PAUL THIEBAULT. "Memoirs."

I have before spoken of the mutual attachment which subsisted between Junot and Dupuy, the colonel of the famous Thirty-second regiment of which Bonaparte said, "I was quite easy, for the Thirty-second was there." On his arrival in Egypt, Dupuy received a commission, the nature of which I cannot specify, but which obliged him to employ measures that had been forbidden by the commander-in-chief. His expedition not only failed, but was attended with fatal consequences. Informations were laid against him, minutes of examination were drawn up and submitted to the commander-in-chief, and a court martial was appointed. Dupuy was a man of romantic honor. On hearing the orders of the commander-in-chief, he said to Junot: "I love nobody here but you—I might lose you by a stroke of one of these Mameluke's sabers. My resolution is taken—I shall send two balls of lead through my brain. I prefer this much to a trial by court martial." Junot listened without answering, but he knit his brow and proceeded to ask an audience of the commander-in-chief. "General," said he in a voice of great emotion, "you believe me on my word of honor, do you not?" General Bonaparte looked at him with a look of amazement, but immediately replied, "I believe in your honor as in my own—but why do you ask me?" "Why, I not only give you my word of honor, but I will answer with my head that Dupuy is innocent." "Affairs of this nature do not concern you," answered Bonaparte angrily. "Ah, this affair does concern me," exclaimed Junot loudly, "when my brother-in-arms says to me, 'Brother, I shall kill myself if they bring me before a court martial.'" The commander-in-chief fixed his eyes upon him on hearing these strange words. Junot repeated his request, but with no better success. He said nothing to Dupuy about his failure, and the next day returned to the commander-in-chief. Whether Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the culpability of Dupuy, or whether he was under the influence of one of those fits of ill humor which would not admit contradiction, did not appear, but he refused Junot's request for permission to bring poor Dupuy to him that he might have an opportunity of explaining to himself the motives and cause of his conduct. "Let him explain himself to his judges," said Bonaparte; "the affair is not in my hands." Junot was wounded to the heart by this persevering refusal. He shut himself up with Dupuy, again inquiring into the particulars of the affair, and made himself master of them. When this was done, and he was thoroughly convinced of Dupuy's innocence, he again went to the commander-in-chief and again introduced the obnoxious subject. Bonaparte bent his brow and murmured his displeasure. It was already the rising wrath of Jupiter. "I have forbidden you meddling in this affair of General Dupuy; it is altogether a bad business; but he will be tried to-morrow." "No, general, he will not be tried to-morrow." "Not to be tried? Why not? I ask," replied Bonaparte. "For the very simple reason that the reporting captain will want documents to support his charge, and I defy him to produce a single one." Bonaparte went to his escritoire and sought for the papers connected with Dupuy's case; but they had disappeared. He turned toward Junot, his eyes sparkling with indignation. It required all the courage of attachment to face him in such a mood. Junot was calm, for it was now his own fate that was in question. "It is I, general," said he, "who have taken the papers relating to my friend's affair—I have burned them. If you choose to take my head in exchange—here it is. I value it less than the honor of a friend—of an innocent friend." The commander-in-chief stood silently looking at Junot, who, without braving him, did not cast down his eyes. "You will remain for a week under arrest," said Bonaparte at length; "you must be treated like a sub-lieutenant." Junot bowed and retired to his quarters. The next day Eugène came to him from the commander-in-chief on an affair of little consequence connected with the service. He was surprised at finding him under arrest and inquired the cause, which Junot treated as a matter of such small consequence as to have escaped his memory. Eugène replied that he would request his stepfather to release him, because, having a breakfast party the next day, Junot's absence would be very unpleasant to him; but Junot refused to ask pardon, as he called it. In the evening, however, Eugène came again to inform him that he was released and Junot has ever since been persuaded that General Bonaparte sent his stepson to him purposely to take advan-

tage of his mediation.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

Junot was a true soldier of fortune. He had a good deal of natural humor. On one occasion the exclusiveness of the old French nobility was spoken of before him. "And why," said he, "are these people so angered at our elevation? The only difference between them and me is that they are descendants, when I am an ancestor."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, "Memoirs."

One of the absurd ceremonies of the court of Portugal [1805] is that, on the arrival of an ambassador, he must give, immediately on entering his hotel, a collation to the individual who is to introduce him at court. This collation, as it is styled, is nothing less than a great dinner, since covers are laid for five and twenty. The ambassador and his introducer sit down at table alone, face to face, and, without tasting a morsel, amuse themselves with folding and unfolding their napkins for the space of five or six minutes, like two automatons. This ludicrous custom is more at variance with common sense, inasmuch as when the ambassador arrives by sea there can be no time for unpacking the plate and making the requisite arrangements for the observance of this etiquette. However, as there is no possibility of evading the ceremony, the ambassador borrows from some friendly power whatever may be necessary for the collation. Thus the embassy of Spain enabled Junot to do the honors of his hotel as soon as he alighted from his carriage.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

I went to dine with Junot in Lisbon while the negotiations were proceeding. He lived in state at the house of a great tobacco contractor; and Loison (Maneta, as the Portuguese called him) lived at the house of Bandeira, the other great tobacco contractor of Portugal. Loison had been ill just before, and Junot, having been to visit him, said in going away to Bandeira—and this Bandeira told me himself—I hope you will take the greatest care of General Loison, for I must give you notice that if he should die I intend to bury you under him.—LORD STANHOPE, "Conversations with Wellington."

Plunder must have been extensive, if the means required for its transport be a test. Junot demanded five ships to remove his own personal effects; a man, be it remembered, who entered Portugal with scarcely a change of linen.—W. H. MAXWELL, "Life of Wellington."

When made governor of the Illyrian provinces, he one morning surprised the whole population by appearing in the great square before his palace on a pedestal, mounted on a charger unsaddled, unbridled, with a single filet, himself naked as he was born and personifying an equestrian statue. The police advanced to stop this scandalous exposition and to their astonishment found that it was their general-in-chief.—THOMAS RAIKES, "Journal," April 22, 1836.

K

KAUNITZ, Wenzel Anthony Dominic, Prince of Kaunitz Rietberg. 1711-1794. Austrian statesman.

In order to protect themselves against treachery on the part of the officials of the Foreign Office, very drastic remedies have sometimes been used in Vienna. I once had in my hands a secret Austrian official document, and this sentence has remained in my memory: "Kaunitz, not being able to find out which of his four clerks had betrayed him, had them all four drowned in the Danube by means of a boat with a valve." BISMARCK, "Thoughts and Recollections."

Whatever could remind him of dying was to be carefully kept in the background. All the persons usually about him were strictly forbidden to utter in his presence the words "death" and "smallpox." He had not himself been afflicted with the latter disorder, but he had been shocked by it in the case of the empress. His readers received from him in writing an earnest injunction to eschew these two obnoxious words. The wags would have it that even the inoculation of trees was not to be spoken of, because it reminded him of the inoculation for the smallpox. His birthday, also, was never to be alluded to. When the Referendery von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raidt, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: "Baron Binder is no longer to be found." The prince after some moments' silence, replied, "Has he died? He was anyway quite old." The news of the death of Frederick the Great reached him in this way: His reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian ambassador's with the notifications of King Frederick William. Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his armchair, showing no sign of having understood the

hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then sat down and said, raising his arms to heaven, "Alas! When will such a king again ennoble the diadem?" When the emperor Joseph died the valet returned to Kaunitz the document which the emperor was to have signed, with the words, "The emperor signs no more." The death of his sister, Countess Questenberg, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning. In a like manner he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from severe illness until the convalescent came in person to call on him; Kaunitz had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favorite dishes four years after her death. . . . Kaunitz had such a transcendent opinion of his own superior merit, that he once said, "Heaven takes a hundred years to form a great genius for the regeneration of an empire, after which he rests a hundred years. This makes me tremble for the Austrian monarchy after my death." When he wished to bestow the highest praise on anything, he would say, "Even I could not have done it better." The Prince de Ligne, who once introduced a Russian to him, heard him say to the stranger, "I would advise you, sir, to buy my portrait, for the people in your country will be glad to see the likeness of one of the most celebrated men, of a man who is the best horseman, who as the best minister has ruled this monarchy for fifteen years; who knows everything, is aware of everything and understands everything." Schlosser writes in a letter from Vienna in 1783: "Prince Kaunitz is upwards of seventy, but he every day takes a ride in his riding school, in doing which he gives himself the most ridiculous airs; he actually demeans himself on horseback like a madman. When he wants to run to the right or to the left, he pulls the reins to and fro with the full length of his arm; and, if he reins in, he leans back with all his body. After having executed these maneuvers he said to us with great complacency, 'That is the way a finished horseman does it, so perfectly and quietly that you would suppose the animal was governed by means of some hidden contrivance.'" He liked to argue with the tailor about the best cut and with the shoemaker about the most suitable shape for a shoe. Even with his brickmaker he would dispute about the best form of bricks. In fact, he thought that he knew all and everything better than any one else. . . . The table was most exquisitely supplied, but the guests, according to the statement of the English tourist Swinburne, were expected not to touch certain particular dishes of the dessert which were reserved for the prince's own use. Swinburne asserts that, when he once neglected the warning which had been given on that score, Kaunitz sulked with him for several days. . . . If the prince accepted an invitation to any other house, his host, whatever might be his rank, had to allow Kaunitz's cook to supply the principal dishes of his master—who in this respect went so far as to have the wine, the bread and even the water sent to him from his own house. . . . His coach was hermetically closed and his favorite exercise of horsemanship was taken under cover, except in the heat of summer. "The prince is coming" was the signal for closing the ever-open windows of Maria Theresa's apartments, and Caroline Pichler says that he wore nine silk mantles in order to accommodate the layers of drapery to the temperature of the room. Yet, in defiance of hygiene, he lived to be eighty-four.—Dr. Karl Edward Vehse, "Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy and Diplomacy of Austria."

One day, at the end of dinner, she [Princess Czartoryska] related that she had known Prince Kaunitz, who had a varied reputation, and incidentally one for impudence. Having fine teeth, he attended to them without the slightest regard for his guests. As soon as the table was cleared his valet put a mirror, a basin and brushes before him, and then and there the prince began his morning toilet over again, just as if he had been alone in his dressing room, while every one was waiting for him to finish to get up from the table. I could not suppress my astonishment and asked the princess if she, too, had waited. "Yes, alas," she replied; "I was so put out of countenance that I only recovered my senses at the foot of the stairs; but later on it was different: I complained of the heat and left the table at dessert."—Countess Potocka, "Memoirs," Copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.

At dinner we had the Count de Burghausen, the Countess de Thun, the Countess de Clary, a young widow, the favorite of Kaunitz, and Baron Swieten, son of the famous physician, Mr. Beaky. After dinner the prince treated us with the cleaning of his gums, one of the most nauseous operations I ever witnessed, and it lasted a prodigiously long time, accompanied with all manner of noises. He carries a hundred implements in his pockets for this purpose—such

as glasses of all sorts for seeing before and behind his teeth, a whetting steel for his knife, pincers to hold the steel with, knives and scissors without number, and cottons and lawns for wiping his eyes. His whims are innumerable. Nothing allusive to the mortality of human nature must be ever rung in his ears. To mention the smallpox is enough to knock him up for a day. I saw an instance of this: for Burghausen, having been long absent, came out with it and the prince looked as black as he could all the rest of the day. To derange the train of his ideas puts him sadly out of sorts. The other day he sent a favorite piece of meat as a present to an aunt of his, four years after her decease, and would not have known it but for a blundering servant, who blabbed it to him. He is full of childish vanities and wishes to be thought to excel in everything. He used to have a spiral glass for mixing the vinegar and oil for salads, which he shook every day with great parade and affectation. At last the bottle broke in his hands and covered him and two neighboring ladies with its contents. A gentleman, not opening a bottle of champagne to his mind, he called for one to give the company a lesson in uncorking and frothing the liquor; unluckily he missed the calculation of his parabola and poured out the wine into his uplifted sleeve, as well as into his waist-coat, etc. By-the-bye, he is dressed very oddly; his wig comes down upon his nose, with a couple of small, straggling curls on each side, placed in a very ridiculous manner. He is extremely fond of adulation, will swallow anything in its shape and indeed lays it upon himself with a very liberal hand.—HENRY SWINBURNE, "The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century" (1841).

Towards the end of dinner the attendants used to bring him a looking glass, together with the whole apparatus of a dentist, and then he used to clean his teeth carefully before the whole company without any ceremony. On one occasion he happened to dine at the French Ambassador's, Baron Breteuil. When he was about to begin washing his teeth, his host arose with the words, "Let us go, the prince wishes to be alone." From that day Kaunitz never dined abroad. Being in the habit of retiring at eleven o'clock at night he would not break the rule for the sake of an archduke, or even the emperor himself, and if he happened to be playing billiards with him at that hour he would throw down his cue, make his bow, and leave him to himself.—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 1851.

One of the maxims that he was constantly quoting, and which the Emperor Joseph might have studied with advantage, was never to do oneself what another can do for one. "I would rather tear up paper," he used to say, "than write a line which another person could write as well as myself."

He had a great aversion to scents and, if approached by a lady who had any about her, he would accost her bluntly with the words, "Go away, madame, your odor is vile."—BARON VON GLEICHEN, "Things Worth Remembering."

He carried the extravagant fashion of dressing the hair, which then prevailed in Europe, to the utmost excess, and spent whole days in embellishing his head with innumerable buckles. Thus he was more in company with his hairdresser than anybody else.—CL. RULHIERE, "History of Anarchy in Poland."

He was greatly occupied with the care of his personal appearance, and the mere manner of powdering his hair was a ceremony by itself, a circumstance which, to the diarists of the day, seemed curious enough to note. He kept a room solely for the purpose and, when his head was dressed, four servants, standing one in each corner of the room, would shake powder out in a cloud. All this elaborate precaution was taken so that the powder might settle equally and delicately on the ambassador's hair.—JANET ALDIS, "Madame Geoffrin, her Salon and her Times."

KISSING, Manners and Customs of.

The fact that kissing is unknown to various races has long been recognized. The Mongols, for example, and many Polynesians and negroes do not kiss, while the Eskimos are said to kiss not as a mark of affection but only as a prophylactic against disease; but the Eskimo kiss is really only an inhalation of breath or sniff, and the practise of sniffing to insure health is one not confined to savages. Instead of kissing, rubbing noses (called *hongi*) is the Malay and Polynesian substitute, but among the African negroes it is customary to show affection by means of a vigorous sniff.—E. WASHBURN HOPKINS, "Journal of the American Oriental Society," Vol. 28.

Negroes are entirely ignorant of kissing.—A. L. CUREAU, "Savage Man in Central Africa."

Origin

Among the ancient Roman matrons and virgins the use of wine was unknown and the women were taxed with immodesty whose breath smelled of the grape. Pliny says that Cato was of the opinion that kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters or nieces had tasted wine.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, November, 1861.

Pomponius Letus writes that the use of kissing hands did come from the ancient emperors, who first gave all their hands to noblemen and then after came the kiss; but to meaner people they gave the knee to be kissed.—ANTHONY DU VERDIER, "The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times," 1613.

In England

With respect to females and children their manners are extremely free, insomuch that throughout the whole island, whenever a person visits a friend, he will kiss the lady of the house and thus install himself as guest.—"History of Chalcondyles" (about 1450), *The Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1851.

Here are girls with angels' faces, so kind and obliging that you would prefer them to all your Muses. They have a custom, too, which can never be sufficiently recommended. On your arrival you are welcomed with kisses, on your departure you are sent off with kisses. If you return, the embraces are repeated. Do you receive a visit, your first entertainment is of kisses. Do your guests depart, you distribute kisses among them. Wherever you meet them, they greet you with a kiss. In short, whichever way you turn, there is nothing but kissing. Ah! Faustus, if you had once tasted the tenderness, the fragrance of these kisses, you would wish to stay in England, not for a ten years' voyage like Solon's, but as long as you lived.—ERASMUS, to Faustus Andrelinus, 1499.

What a different being is Erasmus, the natural man, from Erasmus, the theologian! Hear him again: "It becometh not therefore the persons religious to follow the manners of secular persons, that in their congresses and common meetings or departings done use to kiss, take hands and such other touchings, that good religious persons should utterly avoid."—*Notes and Queries*, October 14, 1893.

It was constantly noted by foreign visitors that English ladies were kissed on the lips by men. It appears to have been quite an English custom and greatly surprised Spaniards, who kept their women in almost Oriental seclusion.—MARTIN HUME, "The Wives of Henry VIII."

Cavendish describes very minutely the banquet, balls, masses and boar hunts which took place [Wolsey's conference with Francis of France in 1527]; but he is most amusing in relating his own visit to the Chastel de Crequi, where the countess received him most gently, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. "And when she with her train came all out, she said to me, 'Forasmuch,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlemen without offense, and, although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her women."—LORD JOHN CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," Wolsey.

The English display great simplicity and absence of jealousy in their usages towards females, for not only do those of the same family and household kiss them on the mouth with salutations and embraces, but even those who have never seen them before. And to them this appears by no means indecent.—NICANDER NUCIUS (about 1550), Camden Society Publications, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1851.

A merchant of Ulm [about 1600] committed to paper his experiences in England and his impressions of the people: "The women there are charming and by nature so mighty pretty as I have scarce ever beheld. . . . When a foreigner or an inhabitant goes to a citizen's house on business or is invited as a guest, and having entered therein, he is received by the matron of the house, the lady or the daughter, and by them welcomed—as it is termed in their language—he has even a right to take them by the arms and to kiss them, which is the custom of the country, and if any one does not do so it is regarded or imputed as ignorance and ill-breeding on his part; the custom is also observed in the Netherlands." The worthy Ulm merchant traveled about Europe a great deal, but he does not tell us of any other country where kissing was in fashion and the particular way in which he notes the custom in England shows that it was unfamiliar to him. It was certainly not common in Sweden in the seventeenth century for men and women to kiss in the promiscuous way of the English, for when Cromwell's ambassador, Bulstrode Whitlock, was sent to the court of Queen Christine, he was requested by her majesty to perform the delicate, but not un-

congenial, task of instructing the Swedish ladies in the English mode of salutation.—*Notes and Queries*, October 14, 1893.

One of the oddest things to an English traveler on the continent is the sight of two grown-up men rushing into each other's arms at a railway station and saluting on both cheeks. Kissing among men has so far gone out of fashion in England that it is hard to realize that it was once the general mode of salutation. It has been asserted that kissing was introduced by the fair princess Rowena. However this may be, the practise seems to have found favor in this country from early times and to have continued to be a common form of greeting with men so late as the middle of the seventeenth century, when it had ceased to be fashionable in France.—*Notes and Queries*, October 14, 1893.

Sir J. Shaw did us the honor of a visit on Thursday last, when it was not my hap to be at home, for which I was very sorry. I met him since casually in London and kissed him there unfeignedly.—EVELYN, "Diary and Correspondence" (1680).

Being unaware of the fact that it was customary in England to kiss the corner of the mouth of ladies by way of salutation, instead of shaking hands as we do in Hungary, my younger brother and I behaved very rudely on one occasion. We were invited to dinner to the house of a gentleman of high rank, and found his wife and three daughters, one of them married, standing in array ready to receive us. We kissed the girls, but not the married ladies, and thereby greatly offended the latter, but Duval [a French Protestant clergyman] apologized for our blunder and explained to us that when saluting we must always kiss the senior lady first and leave the girls and children to the last; after dinner it was considered sufficient to kiss the hostess only in recognition of the hospitality received.—NICOLAUS DE BETHLEN, "Autobiography."

When the Constable of Castile visited the English court after the accession of James I., proud and pompous as the Spaniard was, he was right well pleased to bestow a kiss on Anne of Denmark's pretty maids of honor.—*Chambers's Journal*, January 26, 1861.

It appears that in the time of Charles II. it was the custom for visitors to kiss the senior lady first and leave the girls and children to the last. Kissing as a mode of greeting was used in France about the same time. —*Notes and Queries*, October 5, 1912.

A custom which so greatly astonished a visitor from abroad in the previous reign [referring to the reign of Elizabeth] of gentlemen being permitted to kiss their partners, seems by this time to have been dying out. Shakespeare has a passing reference to it in Henry VIII.: "Sweet, I were unmannerly to take you out and not to kiss you." But the guest from Castile makes no reference to it, nor to the custom of visitors being expected to kiss the ladies of the house on being received or taking leave. Readers of Gibbon will recall the scandalized astonishment of the Greek Chalcondyles at this on his visit to England in the fifteenth century. It was probably regarded as no more of a familiarity than a shake of the hand in these days, for Englishwomen were at least as correct in manners and morals as those of foreign countries. At any rate, by the seventeenth century it must have been entirely discontinued in fashionable circles, though it probably survived much longer round the rustic maypole, for Venetia Stanley was furiously indignant with Kenelm Digby when he ventured to kiss her on meeting again after long absence and estrangement. Anne Murray also, when she permitted her lover, from whom she was parting for good, to kiss her, expressly says: "which was a liberty I never permitted before, nor should not then"——. So that clearly these ladies would not have allowed it as part of the courtesies of the dance.—ELIZABETH GODFREY, "Social Life Under the Stuarts."

How they kiss one another and offer their children, even their cats and dogs, to be kissed by friends departing! Does this last ceremony show heart hunger or was it affectation?—B. M. MALABARI, "The Indian Eye on English Life."

The claim of gloves by ladies when they had stolen a kiss from a sleeping man is alluded to by Gay (1688-1732): "Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, And kissed with smacking lips the snoring lout; For custom says, 'Whoe'er this venture proves, For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.'"—*Notes and Queries*, January 7, 1893.

To the best of my knowledge the origin of claiming a pair of gloves for a stolen kiss is still unknown. Sir Walter Scott alludes to the custom in his "Fair Maid of Perth," c. v., Catherine, finding Henry Gow asleep on St. Valentine's morn, gives him a kiss. Scott, speaking of valentines for the year, says that they had to begin the year with a kiss of affection, and that it was looked upon as a particularly propitious omen if the one

party could find the other asleep and awaken him or her by the performance of this interesting ceremony.—*Notes and Queries*, January 28, 1893.

The old Derbyshire kissing bunch or bush, hung up at Christmas time like a household god, is now almost a thing of the past. . . . Two wooden hoops—sometimes three or four—passed one through the other, were the foundation of the structure. . . . The hoops were firmly tied at the poles of the skeleton globe and then the bows were decked lightly with evergreen—yew, box, ivy, holly, according to taste. . . . For the next day or two kissing was the sole order of things under this bunch, every visitor being kissed, and having to kiss, beneath the mistletoe at the base.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE, *Notes and Queries*, December 24, 1892.

A little girl of my acquaintance asked me the other day if I would like a butterfly kiss. As this kind of salutation was quite new to me, I asked her to explain it, when my little friend gave a practical illustration by bringing the lash of one eye against my face, accompanied by an upward and downward movement.—*Notes and Queries*, April 28, 1894.

The Pope's Toe

Kissing the pope's toe was a fashion introduced by one of the Leos, who had mutilated his right hand.—*Chambers's Journal*, January 26, 1861.

In Italy and France

Italian women disported with this kissing with perfect grace all sorts of little refinements. At a casual meeting they confined themselves to a pleasant handshake; but *tête-à-tête* with a man they wished to honor, they would be the first to kiss his hand, fondly, and without any of those affectations of bashfulness which sometimes inspire such bitter afterthoughts. It was a charming and very natural custom; but in France it took quite another complexion. Men, being the masters, knew nothing of fine shades and nice distinctions; the having to greet or take leave of an agreeable woman was sufficient pretext for kissing her lips, and the motive they alleged for this proceeding was that it struck them as being "amiable and sweet." In the ball room it was another story; every dance figure ended with a kiss, and if we must add that it was complicated with wild and giddy horse-play, it must be remembered that a French ball was racy of the soil. Like a genuine Frenchman, Louis XII. felt it his duty to kiss one after another all the ladies presented to him, in other words, every woman in Lombardy. . . . The question was more than once raised as to what extent good manners authorized, or rather obliged, well-born women to offer their lips to all and sundry, and to lend themselves to promiscuous capering. . . . This question was much debated: in general the most sensible folk considered that they could not absolutely avoid the custom, accepted as it was in good society, but that it was possible to practise some reserve; for example, to present the cheek instead of the mouth. Montaigne pities with all his heart the women "who have to lend their lips to any Jack with three lackeys in his suite"; but so trivial an objection seemed to him, by its very triviality, to be of no consequence. "A high price adds a flavor to meat." He holds rather with those who saw in it a simple act of courtesy, to which an honest woman could have no possible objection, or at most so insignificant a favor that there was nothing to make a fuss about. We are bound to add, however, that this was not every one's opinion; and that there were not wanting dilettantes who by no means regarded this favor as so unimportant; Ronsard in all frankness considered it delightful and took infinite pleasure in it. As to Melin de St. Gelais, on one occasion when he had won a dozen kisses at forfeits, he swore that it was not half enough: "Twelve is too few compared to the infinite."—R. DEMAULDE, "The Women of the Renaissance."

Formerly the "Queens of France were held to kiss the princes, dukes and officers of the crown," who saluted them, but Marie [de Medici] refused to conform to this custom, "begging to be allowed to kiss the king only."—LOUIS BATIFFOL, "Marie de Medici and Her Court."

In Russia

I remember at a ball at Lord Wharncliffe's house in Curzon street, Madame Brunnow, for many years the Russian ambassadress in London, appearing in a sort of pink velvet semi-circular cushion on the top of her head, in which many diamonds were fastened. The duke [of Wellington] immediately walked up to her and kissed her on both cheeks. The old lady looked extremely delighted. . . . The duke with his stern sense of duty and total disregard of what ignorant people thought, walked on and Madame Brunnow then explained that on the emperor of Russia's birthday, I think that was the occasion, everybody kissed everybody else, so far as I could make out; at any rate,

every one of a certain rank in society, such as dukes, ambassadresses, etc.—WILLIAM FRASER, "Words of Wellington."

Nicholas constantly longed to express his feelings in some new and original way, to avoid conformity to ordinary formalities. . . . Boris, on the contrary, pressed the three regulation kisses on his cheek quite calmly and affectionately.—COUNT TOLSTOI, "War and Peace."

All Russia now breaks out into an Oriental exuberance of kisses. What arithmetician shall undertake to compute the osculatory expenditure? Every member of a family salutes every other member with a kiss. All acquaintances, however slight, greet with a kiss and a *Christohs vorkress!* Long-robed mujiks mingle beards and kisses, or brush their hirsute honors over the faces of their female acquaintances. In the public offices all the employees salute each other and their superiors. So in the army. The general embraces and salutes all the officers of his corps; the colonel of a regiment those beneath him, besides a deputation of the soldiers, and the captain salutes all the men of his company. The czar does duty at Easter. He must of course salute his family and retinue, his court and attendants. But this is not all. On parade he goes through the ceremony with his officers and a selected body of privates, who stand as representatives of the rest, and even with the sentinels at the palace gates.—*Harper's Magazine*, 1852.

In Arabia

The emir and his whole court heard with some pleasure the little detail I gave them, but when I told them of the handsome liberty the men have with the women, I observed that the prince blushed and that all his court were out of countenance. Our custom especially of saluting the ladies seemed insupportable to them; nothing shocked them so much as that; they could not comprehend how a man of honor could suffer his wife or his daughter to be kissed before his face by way of civility; it is with them to injure the honor of the whole family.—LAWRENCE D'ARVIEUX, "Travels in Arabia," 1718.

KITCHENER, Horatio Herbert, Earl Kitchener of Khartum, 1850-1916. English general.

He was sitting one evening with some friends in the court yard of his house when a fanatic suddenly sprang through the dusk into the midst of the group and waving his right hand above his head seemed as if he were about to hurl a bomb straight at Kitchener's head. Kitchener, I am told by two persons who were present, never moved a muscle, never turned a hair. He remained exactly as he had been the moment before, occupying his chair as if it were a throne, and showing not the smallest concern for his safety. The madman, who carried no bomb, was caught and removed and K. of K. went on with the conversation.—HAROLD BEGBIE, "Lord Kitchener," Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Himself a bachelor, he declined to have married men on his staff.—*New York Sun*, June 7, 1916.

The idea that Kitchener is a woman-hater is false and has its origin only in a busy man's natural distaste for chatter and frivolity. It is said that Queen Victoria challenged him on this question, anxious to arrange a match for the triumphant young general and that Kitchener replied, "But I love one woman already, ma'am, and have always loved her." Here were romance and mystery. The old queen raised her head. "Who is she?" asked Victoria. "Your majesty," replied Kitchener.—BEGBIE.

When Captain Marchand, the French explorer, marched on to Fashoda with the determination of raising the flag of his beloved France on the banks of the Nile, it was Kitchener's unpleasant duty to stop him. Kitchener's first step was to send a hamper full of good things to eat with some ice and excellent champagne, which somewhat appeased the anger of the fiery French soldier. —*New York Times*, June 7, 1916.

When the Durbar was held at Agra in February, 1907, in honor of the Ameer of Afghanistan, the bandmasters were instructed to play the Afghan national anthem on the arrival of the dusky potentate. No one had ever heard of such a tune and finally the commander-in-chief was appealed to for instructions. "It does not matter two straws," Kitchener replied, "as he does not know a note of music. Play two or three bars of something heavy, pompous and slow, and let it go at that." The bandmasters finally decided upon a march from one of the older German operas, very little known by the general public. This was played with such success that the newspapers of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras and other cities visited by the Ameer printed columns about the "weirdly beautiful Oriental strains of the Afghan national anthem," and it has been used ever since at all royal functions at Cabul.—*New York Times*, June 7, 1916.

Mr. Lloyd George called one day upon Lord Kitchener to explain to him that recruiting in Wales would be far quicker if the men were told that they would form a Welsh army and serve under a Welsh general who understood their traditions and spoke their language. "But where is your Welsh general?" demanded Kitchener, who does not greatly like to be bothered with details of nationalism. "We had better discuss that with Colonel Owen Thomas, who has come with me and is now in your waiting room." Kitchener rang his bell and gave orders for the visitor to be admitted. As soon as he saw him he said, "You were in South Africa?" "Yes, sir," replied the colonel. "Well, you are now brigadier-general commanding the Welsh army; you'd better get to work at once."—BEGBIE.

A well-known city man in his dealings with the war office was able to render valuable assistance during the earlier stages of the war. One day urgent and insistent telephone calls were made from the war office to the merchant's office. But he had left town on business for the day. On his return the next morning he immediately called on the head of the department in question. The tone and bearing of this tactless individual exasperated the merchant, although he was generally a mild-mannered man. The attitude of the head of the department was all the more incomprehensible to the city merchant, the chief of a big firm, since he was asked to make a considerable sacrifice to the war office. This he would have done, as he had, indeed, done in other ways before, but for the rank insolence of this official, who thereby cost many thousands to the war office. The merchant wrote to Lord Kitchener formally explaining why he had not been able to make the sacrifice. An immediate reply was forthcoming: "Lord Kitchener very much regretted, etc., etc., and the pressure of his work made it impossible for him to offer an apology personally. He would be glad, however, if Mr. (the city merchant) would call again at the war office and see the *new* head of this department."—SYDNEY A. MOSELEY, "With Kitchener in Cairo."

Kitchener had no use for favorites. A young officer was sent to him in the Orient by the war office. He reported to Kitchener who asked him if he knew when the next steamer sailed for England. "I have not looked it up, sir." "Well," snapped Kitchener, "you look it up and sail on that steamer."—*New York Sun*, June 7, 1916.

A surgeon wrongly diagnosed the illness of a soldier and it was necessary for him to summon two other physicians. Learning the truth he sent for the first doctor and said, "Take this man to the hospital and yourself to England."—*New York Sun*, June 7, 1916.

Some officers were in the habit of running down to Cape Town and spending a few days at the Mount Nelson hotel, so K. thought it was time the practise was stopped. Unannounced he arrived at Cape Town on his private train one morning and went to the hotel. He ordered the night clerk on duty to give him the list of the guests and then visited the various rooms to give them a surprise. When one captain called out on hearing the rap at the door, "Is that the iced rum and lime juice?" the chief replied, "No; it is only old K. who wants to speak to you." The officer jumped out, thinking it was a joke, but found out his mistake when he opened the door. K. had only one order for the pleasure-loving officers: "A train leaves for the lines of communication at eleven o'clock and a transport sails for home at four this afternoon. You have your choice." —*New York Times*, June 7, 1916.

Before Lord Roberts left Cape Town he called into his office a certain colonel and charged him with a certain mission. "Now," said the chief, "how soon can you put this through? I know you'll do the best you can." "Well," replied the colonel, "I'll try to do it in a fortnight." "Well," Lord Roberts replied, "I know you will do the best you can," and with a pleasant smile he dismissed the officer. Outside the door he met Lord Kitchener. "Well?" said Kitchener with businesslike abruptness. "Oh," said the colonel; "I've just seen the chief; he wants me to do so and so." "When are you going to get it through?" "Well," said the colonel, "I promised to try and do it in a fortnight." "Now, colonel," was Kitchener's retort, "if this is not done within a week we shall have to see about sending you home." —HORACE G. GROSER, "Lord Kitchener."

Kitchener brought the Boers to surrender by his series of well-organized drives and block houses. British officers under his energetic influence had to work hard or else be sent home. Each brigade commander had typewritten instructions given him stating what he should do and concluding with the following: "If twenty-four hours elapse without my hearing from you I shall take steps to discover what you are doing."—*New York Times*, June 7, 1916.

In South Africa one of Kitchener's companies of yeomanry escaped from a Boer onslaught by retreating at full speed. When an officer reported the fact and asked, "What shall I do with your yeomen?" he received this answer, "Keep them as far from me as they kept from the Boers."—*New York Sun*, June 7, 1916.

At the battle of Atbara a staff officer rode up to him and on behalf of Sir Archibald Hunter asked for some tactical instructions. "Go back and tell him," said Lord Kitchener, "that it has taken me three years to bring him here to fight this battle and that the issue is now in his own hands and not in mine."—VISCOUNT ESHER, *National Review*, July, 1916.

He was reviewing a drill of a home defense company shortly after the German bombardment of Whitby and Scarborough. The captain asked K. of K.: "Should the Germans come what uniform shall we wear, sir?" "The one you want to be buried in," was the reply.—*New York Sun*, June 7, 1916.

Once in the hottest moment of a blazing Sudan I incautiously reported that D. had got sunstroke and therefore could not execute some order. "Sunstroke!" K. replied; "what the devil does he mean by having sunstroke? Send him down to Cairo at once." However, D. being a friend of mine I wired to warn him that he was under a delusion and was quite well and the order was carried out and nothing more heard of the matter.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, December, 1902.

It happened that Lord Kitchener, during his Egyptian command, wanted a certain bridge to be built and sent for an engineer to give his orders. When the command was finished he added, "I will inspect that bridge on ——," naming a certain date. The engineer expressed his doubts whether the bridge could possibly be finished in so short a time. He was told that on that day Kitchener would come to the spot and if the bridge were not finished there would be trouble. There the interview ended. The engineer set off on his labor of Hercules. He was young, devoted and ambitious. He worked by night and by day, did incredible things, and at the moment when Kitchener arrived had everything ready for inspection. His eyes shining with pleasure, his face wet with perspiration, his hands still grimed with the anxious work of the last touches, he advanced to Kitchener, saluted and said, with a smile, "Well, sir, we've just managed to do it in time." The only answer he received, the dreadful eyes fixed upon him, the voice cold with authority, was this, "Yes; but you ought not to appear before me unshaved." . . . When this story was told to Kitchener in after years he laughed heartily. —BEGBIE.

KRUGER, Stephanus John Paulus, 1825-1904. President of the Transvaal Republic.

I am on this occasion able to confirm the authenticity of an anecdote which tells how a gentleman who introduced an English lord to President Kruger, thinking that the latter did not take sufficient account of his aristocratic visitor, and hoping to make a greater impression upon him, began to enumerate the important positions which this nobleman occupied and to tell who his ancestors had been. Whereupon the president answered drily: "Tell the gentleman that I was a cowherd and my father a farmer."—Note by the editor of the German edition of "Memoirs of Paul Kruger."

To these qualities, too, Mr. Kruger adds a playfulness of disposition the manifestations of which sometimes surprise those who witness it. It is no uncommon thing for him, as he passes along the corridors of the public buildings to his office, to give a friendly dig in the ribs with his stick to any personal acquaintance—possibly some highly responsible official—whom he may encounter. There is, too, a well-authenticated story of how, coming out of his office with a piece of wood in his hand, he gave a pretty sharp rap on the head to one of the occupants of the antechamber he had to pass through, doubtless supposing it was one of his clerks. "Who's that?" said the person struck, who happened to be a missionary and a total stranger in Pretoria. "Who's that?" was the answer; "why, it's the president."

When a petition full of complaints from Johannesburg was submitted to the executive, "Ah," remarked Mr. Kruger, "that's just like my monkey. You know I keep a monkey in my back yard, and the other day, when we were burning some rubbish, the monkey managed to get his tail burned, whereupon he bit me. That's just like these people in Johannesburg. They burn their tails in the fire of speculation and then they come and bite me." —F. R. STATHAM, "Paul Kruger and His Times."

President Kruger is quoted as having issued an order to kill as many officers as possible, "but, for God's sake, spare the generals."—POULTNEY BIGELOW, *Anglo-Saxon Review*, March, 1900.

I sent a kaffir from my farm at Waterkloof to my mother's farm (I had lost my father in 1852) to fetch some raisins. My mother sent me about five or six pounds and said so in a note, which the kaffir conscientiously delivered. But the latter was proof that the kaffir had robbed me, for the raisins he brought weighed much less than the quantity mentioned in the letter. I asked him what he meant by trying to cheat me and why he had eaten nearly all the raisins. "The letter tells me," I said, "that there were a great many more than you brought me." "Baas," he replied, "the letter lies, for how could it have seen me eat the raisins? Why, I put it behind a big rock under a stone and then sat on the other side of the rock and ate the raisins."—PAUL KRUGER, "Memoirs."

Kruger was shooting one day when his gun exploded and blew away a part of his thumb. The surgeon to whom Kruger finally submitted the case found that the flesh had begun to mortify and advised amputating the arm half way up. But Kruger said that he could not afford to lose his arm, for then he would be no longer able to handle his rifle. Then the doctor said that Kruger should at least allow him to cut off his left hand. But even this was too much for Kruger. The surgeon thereupon told Kruger that he would have nothing whatever to do with the case and left. Kruger then got his jack-knife and sharpened it carefully, so that it became as sharp as a razor. He then laid his thumb upon a stone and himself cut off its extreme joint. But to his great chagrin the flesh would not heal at that point, as putrefaction had already gone too far. Again he laid his hand upon the stone and this time carefully cut away all the flesh above and about the second joint of the thumb, and this time the flesh healed and his hand was spared. He now uses his left index finger as a thumb and seizes small objects between the first two fingers of that hand.—POULTNEY BIGELOW, "White Man's Africa."

Kruger used to tell the story of his gun having burst and shattered his thumb, and said that he sharpened his knife on his *veldschoen*, then took the end of his thumb in his mouth, placed the knife in position and, fixing his eye on a white stone about twenty yards in front, he suddenly slashed and the thumb came off in his mouth.—GORDON LE SUEUR, "Cecil Rhodes."

His friends told me that while engaged in building the first church at Rustenburg young Kruger was so delighted at having laid the ridge-pole beam that he. at once climbed to its highest point and there stood on his head, to the alarm and scandal of the whole community. But, as his old friend explained, Kruger was not a wicked youth; it was, to be sure, an impious thing to do over a church, but it was done in sheer exuberance of spirit.—BIGELOW.

In the early days of the gold fields the Transvaal government generously granted four stands, or plots of ground, to the various religious communities for the erection of places of worship, with one single exception, the Jewish community, which received only two stands. This caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the Israelites, who, as is their wont, immediately sent over a deputation to interview the president, to inquire why they had been treated so shabbily compared with the other denominations. The president, smoking as usual, listened stolidly to their complaint; then, after a long pause, gave his reason, saying, "You people believe in only half the Bible, the others believe in the whole of it; when you do the same I will give you the other two stands."—JOHN SCOBLE and H. R. ABERCROMBIE, "The Rise and Fall of Krugerism."

He consented to open a Jewish tabernacle. "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I declare this building open," he said in a loud voice, so that all could hear.—FRED. A. MCKENZIE, "Paul Kruger."

He was in 1891 asked to be a patron of the queen's birthday ball. He declined in horror, alleging that a ball was a kind of Baal worship, akin to those practises for which the Lord had, through His servant Moses, ordained the punishment of death. "As it is therefore contrary to his honor's principles, his honor cannot consent to the misuse of his name in such a connection," his secretary wrote.—HOLMES PRESCOTT, "Paul Kruger."

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LAFAYETTE, Marie Jean Paul Joseph Yves Gilbert de Motier, Marquis de, 1757-1834. French general.

When he was arrested by the Austrians in 1792, an aide-de-camp of Prince de ——, the enemy's general, came to him to demand the funds of the army he had been obliged to quit. Lafayette, astonished at the demand, laughed heartily; and, when the aide-de-camp advised him to take the matter more seriously—"How can I help laughing?" said he, "for all that I understand of your demand is, that had your prince been in my place he would have robbed the cash box of the army."

When after his attempt to escape he had been retaken and brought back to Olmutz, he was at first confined in a spacious apartment. Soon afterwards an officer requested him to pass into an adjoining room. "For what purpose?" asked Lafayette. "That your irons may be put on," replied the officer. "Your emperor has not given you such an order," said the illustrious prisoner in a tone of firmness and assurance; "beware of doing more than he requires and of displeasing him by exceeding his orders through an ill-timed zeal." Struck by this observation the officer reflected and insisted no further. . . . One day the officer on guard, who was present during his meals, and who saw him obliged to eat with his fingers, asked him if that mode was not new to him. "No," replied Lafayette coolly, "I have seen it employed in America among the Iroquois."—JULES CLOQUET, "Recollections of the Private Life of Lafayette."

His reception in New York was sublime and brilliant in the extreme. The meeting between Lafayette, Col. Willet, Gen. Van Cortlandt, Gen. Clarkson and other revolutionary worthies was highly affecting. He knew them all. After the ceremony of embracing and congratulations were over, Lafayette sat down by the side of Col. Willet. "Do you remember," said the colonel, "at the battle of Monmouth, I was a volunteer aid to General Scott? I saw you in the heat of battle; you were but a boy, but you were a serious and sedate lad." "Aye, aye," returned Lafayette, "I remember well. And on the Mohawk I sent you fifty Indians and you wrote me that they set up such a yell that they frightened the British horse and they ran one way and the Indians another." Thus these veteran soldiers fought their battles o'er again.—WILLIAM H. SEWARD, "Life of John Quincy Adams," copied from "Life of Lafayette," by An Officer in the Late Army.

A member of Congress, conversing with the general on the proceedings of Congress, and delicately apologizing for the opposition which the appropriation in his favor had experienced in that body, the general, with great naïveté and never-failing presence of mind, interrupted him with this happy remark: "I, sir, am one of the opposition. This gift is so munificent, so far exceeding the services of the individual, that had I been a member of Congress I must have voted against it."—"Memoirs of General Lafayette" (1825).

In his children he cherished the memory of their mother (Mademoiselle de Noailles) whom he had loved most tenderly and whose name he ever mentioned with but visible emotion. One day, during his last illness, I surprised him kissing her portrait, which he always wore suspended to his neck in a small gold medallion. Around the portrait were the words, "I am yours," and on the back was engraved this short but touching inscription, "I was then a gentle companion to you! In that case, bless me." I have since been informed that regularly every morning Lafayette ordered Bartien to leave the room, in which he shut himself up and, taking the portrait in both hands, looked at it earnestly, pressed it to his lips and remained silently contemplating it for about a quarter of an hour. Nothing was more disagreeable to him than to be disturbed during this daily homage to the memory of his virtuous partner.—CLOQUET.

To the last days of his life Lafayette preserved his so-called French gallantry, or devotion to the fair sex. He was inflammable as tinder and was easily brought into the state of an amoroso by any handsome and distinguished face, without regard to social gradations or shadowings. He did the honors of Paris to Julia Grisi, who, then a girl of eighteen, had broken off her engagement at the theater at Milan and, secretly escaping the Austrian police, had reached Paris to join her lover, Count Mariani, a Milanese patriot and refugee. The general liked to talk about his successes when young and was not unwilling to be a little teased on that account. I once asked him about his famous interview with Marie Antoinette and how much gallantry and loyal devotion there was in the reported kissing of her hand. He

smiled self-complacently and, tapping me on the nose, replied, "Why are you so curious?" — *Putnam's Magazine*, October, 1855.

LAMAR, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, 1825-1893. American statesman.

He was begging alternately at the doors of St. Cloud and St. James's for aid for his Southern cause. He said he was anxious to win the friendship of the London press. He prepared one day a careful article gently leading up to the point of interesting the English government in the struggle for Southern independence. He called upon Mr. Delane, of the London *Times*, and submitted it. After a careful reading the editor accepted it and said he would use it as a leader in the *Times*. "I waited for days," said Mr. Lamar, "for the appearance of that article, which I fondly hoped would open the way for others more direct and forcible. Time rolled on and the article did not appear. I was anxious, for our cause could not well wait. I had kept a copy of the article. Concluding that Mr. Delane had decided on reflection not to use the article, I carried it to the editor of the *Telegraph*. Two days after he printed it as a leading editorial and, by a most singular coincidence, it came out as an original article in the *Times* on the same morning, word for word. I could not explain. I never saw either editor afterwards and I have never been able to estimate what the Confederacy lost by that *faux pas*. I know that it stopped my writing for the London press. —EDWARD MAYES, "Life of Lucius Q. C. Lamar," quoting John A. Cockerill.

"Don't you know that your Southern chin whisker is very unbecoming to you? Why don't you wear your mustache alone—that whisker adds to the seeming length of your face." "I know it—an artist friend told me that long ago—but it is too late to change now—and, say, shall I tell you how I came to wear that confounded thing at all? . . . How was I to know that my nerves would not betray me when I was under fire the first time? I said to myself, day and night, 'Suppose, Lushe, you should be frightened?' . . . It was midnight and I said aloud, 'If only I could hide that possible nervous tremor.' The word 'hide' caught my attention. Suddenly I slipped out to the gallery and, looking up to the stars, an idea came to me. I knew my face was not an expressive one. My eyes I could control to steadiness at any time. My voice was absolutely obedient to my will. Just one feature I could not control when under excitement of any kind—my mouth. Anger, pain or fear would blanch my lips instantly and I knew they quivered under great emotion, so it simply came to this: If I could somehow get a little apron or curtain over my mouth I might go a-soldiering with the best of our people; and, like a thief in the night, I then and there stole into the sleeping room of one who put faith in bear's grease. For days and days the razor and the bear's grease of my unsuspecting friend filled my secret hours with scraping and anointing—with wild hopes and desperate fears. Then at last the shadow darkened on my lip. One glorious day my blessed little wife frowned at my kiss because my chin was rough and had scratched her cheek. The recruiting proceeded, the regiment was formed and I became lieutenant-colonel—and—and——."—CLARA MORRIS, *The Cosmopolitan*, March, 1904.

The salary of a cabinet officer was eight thousand dollars. Senator Lamar had been transplanted from the Senate to the cabinet by President Cleveland. He wanted to rent a residence. Mrs. Dahlgren, widow of the late Admiral Dahlgren, had just completed an elegant house—in the same neighborhood, by the way, where the justice had now bought a lot—which she wanted to let. Secretary Lamar called upon her, was ushered into the parlor and made known his business. The lady replied that the house was to rent, the rental being $7,500 per annum. The secretary sat perfectly quiet, his eyes bent upon the carpet, apparently absorbed in profound thought. This was kept up so long that Mrs. Dahlgren finally inquired if he were ill. "No, Madam," replied the secretary. "I was only wondering what I could do with the rest of my salary."—MAYES.

One day a gentleman, who was not a caller for office, was shown into Mr. Lamar's inner apartment. In the outer room were several prominent Democrats, including a high judicial officer, several senators and a number of members of the House. Mr. Lamar waved his visitor to a chair without saying a word. He was evidently too much exhausted to speak. By and by the visitor said he would go away and return at some other time as he feared he was keeping the people outside. "Pray, sit still," requested Mr. Lamar; "you rest me. I can look at you and you do not ask me for anything and you keep these people out as long as you stay in. I can have them at any time I choose to send for them. I can't get you. Please do not go away."—*New York Times*, January 25, 1893.

LANNES, Jean, Duke of Montebello, 1769-1809. French marshal.

Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel for having punished a young officer just arrived from school at Fontainebleau because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, Colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon [the term was even more strong] will boast that he never was afraid."—FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE, "Memoirs."

French influence began to increase at Lisbon, Lannes was courted by the minister and the prince regent himself stood godfather to his son. The story goes that after the ceremony the prince regent took the ambassador into the salon of the palace where the diamonds of Brazil were stored and then gave him a handful, saying, "That is for my grandson," and a second handful for the mother and a third for him. Whatever the truth of the story the fact remains that Lannes returned to France a rich man, able not only to repay his loan to Augereau but to indulge in fresh extravagance.—R. P. DUNN-PATTISON, "Napoleon's Marshals."

LEE, Charles, 1731-1782. American general.

Washington was directed by Congress to administer the oath of allegiance to the commanding officers of the army; and, having called the major-generals in a circle around him, extended the Bible, on which they all placed their hands. But just as he was about to repeat the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand. Every eye immediately rested upon him; when he again placed it on the Bible and a second time drew back. On Washington inquiring the cause of this strange procedure, he replied, "As to King George I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales." The oddness of the reply produced a burst of laughter, which for a while suspended the ceremony. Eventually, however, Lee took the oath with the rest.

Thatcher, in his "Military Journal," tells an amusing incident, illustrating both his dreadful temper and his profanity. Judge Breckinridge, of Philadelphia, had excited Lee by some galling paragraph he had published about his conduct, and the latter challenged him. The judge declined the honor in a very odd and laughable manner; and so Lee provided himself with a horsewhip and, seeing his enemy going down Market street one day, gave chase. The latter no sooner saw him than he ran into a public house and bolted the door in his face. Lee immediately began to swear at him, telling him to come out and fight like a man. The humorous judge replied that he never had a fancy to be shot at, and had rather not, if it was just as agreeable. By this time a crowd had gathered around and, hearing Breckinridge's droll replies to Lee's threats, burst into uproarious laughter. This maddened the latter still more and he cursed Breckinridge dreadfully and dared him to come out and he would horsewhip him. The imperturbable judge replied, with the utmost simplicity, that he had no occasion for such discipline—he never liked it when a child, and did not now. Shouts of laughter followed and Lee, at length finding that he was making himself ridiculous, retired, when the judge quietly walked forth. —J. T. HEADLEY, "Washington and His Generals."

LEE, Henry, 1756-1818. American general.

The Lees frequented Fredericksburg and Light Horse Harry was once in prison there for debt. It is related that from the jail of that town he wrote to his old friend Robert Morris about his sad case and asked him to accommodate him with a loan. The great financier replied that he was "very sorry he could not oblige him, because he, too, was in the same condition."—GENERAL DABNEY HERNDON MAURY, "Recollections of a Virginian."

In 1779 General Lee was elected to Congress and on the death of General Washington was appointed to deliver an address in commemoration of the services of that great man, in which occurs the famous sentence so often quoted, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow citizens." In this popular quotation the word "countrymen" is always substituted for the original words used by the author, Henry Lee.

His agony at times was very great, causing irritation to overcome his rarely failing amiability. At times he would lose self-control and order his servants and every one else from the room. At length, an old woman, who had been Mrs. Greene's favorite maid, and who was then an esteemed and privileged family servant, was selected to wait upon him. The first thing General Lee did when she entered his room was to hurl his boot at her head and order her out. Entirely unused to such treatment, she deliberately picked up the boot and threw it back. The effect produced was marked and instantaneous. The features of the stern warrior relaxed, in the midst of his pain and anger a

smile passed over his countenance and from that moment on to the day of his death he would permit no one except "Mom Sarah" to do him special service.—FITZHUGH LEE, "Life of General [Robert Edward] Lee."

LEE, Robert Edward, 1807-1870. American general.

My father was out riding one afternoon with me, and, while rounding a turn in the mountain road with a deep wood ravine on one side, we came suddenly upon three cadets far beyond the limits. They immediately leaped over a low wall on the side of the road and disappeared from our view. We rode on for a minute in silence; then my father said, "Did you know those young men? But no; if you did, don't say so. I wish boys would do what is right; it would be so much easier for all parties." He knew he would have to report them, but not being sure who they were, I presume he wished to give them the benefit of the doubt.—CAPTAIN ROBERT E. LEE, "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee."

He happened to go into a store in Alexandria, across the Potomac from Washington, to pay a bill. His heart was burdened with a great sorrow and he uttered these words which the merchant wrote down in his journal—they stand there still to-day: "I must say I am one of those dull creatures that cannot see the good of secession." Below this entry the merchant wrote: "Spoken by Colonel R. E. Lee when he paid his bill, April 19, 1861." A few days later Lee was made commander-in-chief of the forces of the state of Virginia. The late Judge John Critcher represented Westmoreland, Lee's native county, in the secession convention, and was one of the committee sent to notify him of his appointment. The judge told me that when Lee returned with the committee to the convention hall, in the capitol in Richmond, they had to wait for a few minutes in the rotunda. Looking at Houdon's statue of Washington, Lee said very gravely: "I hope we have seen the last of secession." He evidently feared that the seceding states would soon separate from one another.—COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY, *Munsey's Magazine*, April, 1911.

General Robert Edward Lee could look back on long lines of paternal and maternal ancestors, but it is doubtful if he ever exercised the privilege; in a letter to his wife, written in front of Petersburg, February, 1865, he says: "I have received your note. I am very much obliged to Mr. M—— for the trouble he has taken in relation to the Lee genealogy. I have no desire to have it published and do not think it would afford sufficient interest beyond the immediate family to compensate for the expense. I think the money had better be employed in relieving the poor."—FITZHUGH LEE, "Life of General Lee."

In the spring of 1861, while on an inspection to Norfolk, a friend there insisted that he should take two bottles of very fine old London Dock brandy, remarking that he would be certain to need it, and would find it very difficult to obtain so good an article. General Lee declined the offer, saying he was sure he would not need it. "As a proof that I will not," he said, "I may tell you that, just as I was starting for the Mexican war, a lady in Virginia prevailed upon me to take a bottle of fine old whiskey, which she thought I could not get on without. I carried that bottle all through the war without having the slightest occasion to use it, and on my return home I sent it back to my good friend that she might be convinced I could get along without liquor."—REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, "Personal Reminiscences of Robert E. Lee."

His ordinary dinner consisted of a head of cabbage, boiled in salt water, and a pone of corn bread. The story is jocosely told that on one occasion a number of gentlemen having appointed to dine with him, he had ordered his servant to provide a repast of cabbage and middling. A very small bit of middling garnished the dish; so small that the polite guests all declined middling and it remained on the dish when the guests rose from the table. Next day the general, remembering the untouched meat, ordered his servant to bring "that middling." The man hesitated, scratched his head and finally said, "De fac is, Massa Robert, dat ar middlin' was borrid middlin', and I done give it back to de man whar I got it from."—E. A. POLLARD, "Life, Campaigns and Public Services of Robert E. Lee." (Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, in "My Day," credits this anecdote to the *Mobile Advertiser*.)

General R. E. Lee called at my office for a ride to the defenses of Richmond, then under construction. He was mounted on a stallion, which some kind friend had sent him. As I mounted my horse, his was restive and kicked at mine. We rode on quietly together, though Lee was watchful to keep his horse in order. Passing by an encampment, we saw near a tent two stallions tied at a safe distance from one another. "There," said he, "is a man worse off than I am." When asked to explain, he said, "Don't you see he has two

stallions? I have but one."—JEFFERSON DAVIS, *The North American Review*, January, 1890.

Military Leader

One of his officers, speaking of the enemy, once remarked, "I wish those people were all dead." "How can you say that?" Lee remonstrated; "now, I wish they were all at home attending to their own business, leaving us to attend to ours."—MRS. GENERAL PICKETT, *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1907.

He disliked very much to have officers with a grievance allowed to make their way to him. At times this would happen, however. Immediately after one such occurrence General Lee came to the adjutant's tent with a flushed face and said warmly, "Why did you permit that man to come to my tent and make me show my temper?"—GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR., *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1911.

"It is well war is so terrible," said Lee at Fredericksburg; "we should grow too fond of it."—FITZHUGH LEE.

Jefferson Davis always claimed that he himself was intended for a soldier, not a president; and he was fond of being under fire if he could not get behind the guns. One day he came out in a field during a battle. Lee turned to him and asked, "Mr. President, am I in command here?" "Certainly," said Mr. Davis. "Then, sir," Lee replied, "I forbid you to stand here under the enemy's guns. I order you off the field." The president went.

On the last day of Gettysburg, Longstreet, with his fixed policy of maintaining the defensive, pointed out that there was still time to maneuver Meade into making an attack, but, shaking his clenched fist towards Cemetery Heights, Lee said, "The enemy is there and I intend to strike him." The blow he struck was Pickett's charge. But his resolution to attack was equaled by his magnanimity in defeat. When he met General Pickett leading his shattered and bleeding battalions back from Cemetery Heights, and he pointed with trembling hand to the few of his division that could still follow him, Lee said, "It is all my fault. You have done nobly. You and your men have covered yourselves with glory." Then, turning to the soldiers reeling back from the bloody height, he shouted, "I have lost this battle. You must help me out of it the best you can." Even in that bitter moment cheer after cheer told him that the men would stand by him to the last.—MRS. GENERAL PICKETT, *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1907.

General Wilson now came up to him and, in very depressed tones of annoyance and vexation, explained the state of his brigade. But General Lee immediately shook hands with him and said in a cheerful manner, "Never mind, general. All this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight and you must help me out of it the best way you can."—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. L. FREMANTLE, *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1863.

General Lee was noted for his impartiality. Only worthy deeds won recognition from him. He was urged by some of his officers to give his own son command of a brigade, but he replied that he would not appoint an untried officer to so important a position. He paid no more attention to personal antagonisms than to personal affection in the management of the army. He recommended a certain officer for promotion, despite the fact that friends urged him to withdraw his favor because the officer was in the habit of speaking disparagingly of Lee. "The question is not what he thinks of me, but what I think of him," he said. "I have a very high opinion of this officer as a soldier and I shall certainly recommend him for promotion and do all in my power to secure it."—MRS. GENERAL PICKETT, *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1907.

While he was on duty in South Carolina and Georgia, Lee's youngest son, Robert, then a mere boy, left school and came down to Richmond, announcing his purpose to go into the army. His older brother, Custis, was a member of my staff and, after a conference, we agreed that it was useless to send the boy back to school, and that he probably would not wait in Richmond for the return of his father; so we selected a battery which had been organized in Richmond and sent Robert to join it. General Lee told me that at the battle of Sharpsburg this battery suffered so much that it had to be withdrawn for repairs and some fresh horses; but, as he had no troops even to form a reserve, as soon as the battery could be made useful it was ordered forward. He said that as it passed him a boy mounted as the driver of one of the guns, much stained with powder, said, "Are you going to put us in again, general?" After replying to him in the affirmative, he was struck by the voice of the boy and asked him, "Whose son are you?" to which he answered, "I am Robbie," whereupon his father said, "God bless you, my son,

you must go in."—JEFFERSON DAVIS, *The North American Review*, January, 1890.

Another incident, told in a soldier's letter, was when Private Robert E. Lee, shabby and travel-worn, appeared at the commanding general's headquarters barefoot, carrying in his hand the ragged remnant of a pair of shoes. "I only wanted to ask, sir, if I might draw a new pair, as I can't march in these." "Have the men of your company received permission to draw shoes yet?" asked the general. "No, sir, I believe not yet." "Then go back to your battery, my boy, and wait until they have."—MRS. BURTON HARRISON, "Recollections, Grave and Gay."

"I was badly wounded," said a private of the Army of the Potomac. "A ball had shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge and, as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As he came along I recognized him and, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face and shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union!' The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted and came toward me. I confess I first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression on his face that all fear left me and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me and, grasping mine firmly, and looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years I will never forget the expression on General Lee's face. Here he was, defeated, retiring from a field that cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition, who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me, I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."—P. A. BRUCE, "Robert E. Lee."

One of his brigadiers asked him one day, "Why is it, general, that you do not bear the full insignia of your rank, but content yourself with the stars of a colonel?" "Oh," replied the modest chieftain, "I do not care for display. And the truth is, the rank of a colonel is about as high as I ought to have gotten; or, perhaps I might manage a good cavalry brigade if I had the right kind of subordinates."—JONES.

He used to speak sometimes of the enemy as "General Meade's people," "General Grant's people," or, "our friends across the river."—JONES.

"He was visiting a battery," says a member of his staff, who related the anecdote, "and the soldiers, inspired by their affection for him, gathered near him in a group that attracted the enemy's fire. Turning towards them he said in his quiet manner, 'Men, you had better go farther to the rear; they are firing up there and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger.' The men drew back, but General Lee, as if unconscious of the danger to himself, walked forward, picked up some small object from the ground and placed it on the limb of a tree over his head. It was afterwards perceived that the object for which he had risked his life was an unfledged sparrow which had fallen from its nest. It was a marked instance of that love for the lower animals and deep feeling for the helpless which he always displayed."—BRUCE.

General Lee's disposition was always grave and serious, but he was not without a vein of humor. At Malvern Hill an officer who had made considerable noise during the battle without accomplishing any distinct results, came to him and, pointing to a distant height on which was a group of soldiers, said, "I think, general, that I can take that hill now, if I have your permission to try." "I believe that you would succeed now," replied Lee very gravely. "There is only one thing that restrains me from giving you permission. I am afraid that I might hurt my friend, Captain M——, who is over there with a reconnoitering party. The enemy left the hill about an hour ago."—MRS. GENERAL PICKETT, *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1907.

One day, at Petersburg, General Lee, who never suffered a day to pass without visiting some part of his lines, rode by the quarters of one of his major-generals and requested him to ride with him. As they were going he asked the general whether a certain work he had ordered to be pushed had been completed. He replied with some hesitation that it was, and General Lee then proposed that they should go and see it. Arriving at the spot it was found that little or no progress had been made since they were there a week before, and General —— was profuse in his apologies, saying that he had not seen the work since they were there together, but that he had ordered it to be completed at once, and that Major —— had informed him that it had already been finished. General Lee said nothing then except to remark quietly, "We must give our personal attention to the lines." But riding on a little further, he be-

gan to compliment General —— on the splendid charger he rode. "Yes, sir," said General ——, "he is a splendid animal, and I prize him the more highly because he belongs to my wife, and he is her favorite riding horse." "A magnificent horse," rejoined General Lee, "but I should not think him safe for Mrs. —— to ride. He is entirely too spirited for a lady and I would urge you by all means to take some of the mettle out of him before you suffer Mrs. —— to ride him again. And by the way, general, I would suggest to you that these rough paths along the trenches would be very admirable ground over which to tame him." The face of the gallant soldier turned crimson; he felt most keenly the rebuke, and never afterwards reported the condition of his lines upon information received from Major —— or any one else.

While at winter quarters at Petersburg, a party of officers were one night busily engaged in discussing at the same time a mathematical problem and the contents of a stone jug which was garnished with two tin cups. In the midst of this General Lee came in to make some inquiries. He got the information he wanted, gave a solution of the problem and went out, the officers expressing to each other the hope that the general had not noticed the jug and cups. The next day one of the officers, in the presence of the others, was relating to General Lee a very strange dream he had the night before. The general listened with apparent interest to the narrative and quietly rejoined, "That is not at all remarkable. When young gentlemen discuss at midnight mathematical problems, the unknown quantities of which are a stone jug and two tin cups, they may expect to have strange dreams."—JONES.

Now that the war has ended it would be cruel, perhaps, to specify a certain Virginia battalion in General Heth's division, A. N. V., which made its name more notorious than respected throughout the army for never making a stand in action, or doing anything else it was ordered or expected to do. Every appliance of discipline was exhausted by General Lee to force this unreliable corps up to the standard of its duty, but without avail; the stuff of which soldiers are made was not in it. One of the men belonging to it was once walking along the road to Petersburg in the winter of '64, quietly giggling and laughing low to himself, as if his soul were in secret feasting on some very choice morsel of fun or fortune. Some one who met him inquired as to the occasion of his mirth. "We've got one of the best jokes on General Lee you ever heard of," said the fellow. "How's that?" asked the other. "Why, you see, he's just issued an order for our battalion flag to be taken away from us, when the Yankees took it two months ago in the fight at Hatcher's Run."—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1872.

General Lee said that when he met General Grant, they exchanged polite salutations, and he stated to him at once that he desired a conference in reference to the subject-matter of their correspondence. "General Grant returned you your sword, did he not, general?" one of the company asked. The old hero, straightening himself up, replied, in most emphatic tones, "No, sir; he did not. He had no opportunity of doing so. I was determined that the side arms of the officers should be exempt by the terms of surrender, and of course I did not offer him mine. All that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized to me for not wearing his own sword, saying that it had gone off in his baggage, and he had been unable to get it in time."—JONES.

After the War

Soon after he went to Lexington he was visited by an agent of a certain insurance company, who offered him their presidency at a salary of ten thousand dollars per annum; he was then receiving only three thousand from the college. He told the agent that he could not give up the position he then held and could not properly attend to the duties of both. "But, general," said the agent, "we do not want you to discharge any duties. We simply wish the use of your name; that will abundantly compensate us." "Excuse me, sir," was the prompt and decided rejoinder, "I cannot consent to receive pay for services I do not render." . . . Nearly every mail brought him some such proposition, and just a short time before his death a large and wealthy corporation in the city of New York offered him a salary of fifty thousand dollars per annum if he would consent to become their president. But he steadfastly refused all such offers and quietly pursued his chosen path of duty.—JONES.

His generous sympathy was not confined to war time. Long afterwards, a friend came up just as Lee was sending a poor fellow from his gate with a happy face. "An old soldier in hard circumstances," he explained. When the friend asked to what command the soldier belonged, Lee replied,

"Oh, he was on the other side, but we must not hold that against him now."—MRS. GENERAL PICKETT, *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1907.

An excellent student, now a distinguished lawyer in Tennessee, was once beguiled into an unexcused absence. The dreaded summons came. With his heart in his boots he entered General Lee's office. The general met him smiling. "Mr. M., I am glad to see you are better." "But, general, I have not been sick." "Then I am glad to see you had better news from home." "But, general, I have had no bad news." "Ah," said the general, "I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty." . . . To a lazy fellow he once said: "How is your mother? I am sure you must be devoted to her; you are so careful of the health of her son."—DR. EDWARD S. JOYNES, address to the professors of the University of South Carolina, January 19, 1907.

LEFEBVRE, François Joseph, Duke of Dantzic, 1755-1820. French marshal.

At the emperor's coronation, having to wait for about an hour in the cathedral before the court arrived, he drew a hunk of bread and a slice of cheese from the pocket of his gold-laced coat and offered to share these dainties with the other marshals. The popular account of the incident which reached Napoleon's ears was that the marshal had regaled himself with onions.

Once Lefebvre fell ill of ague and his servant, an old soldier, caught the malady at the same time. The servant was quickly cured, but the fever clung to the marshal until it occurred to his energetic duchess that the doctor had blundered *comme un ane* by giving to the marshal the same dose as to a private soldier. She rapidly counted on her fingers the different rungs of the military ladder. *"Tiens, bois! en voila pour ton grade,"* she said, putting a full tumbler to her husband's lips and the duke, having swallowed a dozen doses at one gulp, was soon on his legs again. *"T'as beaucoup à apprendre, mon garçon,"* was the lady's subsequent remark to the astonished doctor.—*Temple Bar*, August, 1883.

Certain sayings of the Marshal Duke of Dantzic have a soldier-like ring. He was lamenting to my grandfather the misconduct of a son. "You see," he said, "I am afraid he may not die well." Once, when he was vexed by the tone of envy and unkindness with which a companion of his childhood, on meeting him again in his prosperity, spoke of his riches, titles and luxury, he answered him, "Well now, you shall have it all, but at cost price. We will go down into the garden; I will fire at you sixty times and then, if you are not killed, everything shall be yours."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, "Memoirs," note by Paul de Rémusat.

LEOPOLD I., 1790-1865. King of Belgium.

I played the piano with indefatigable industry and read aloud Henrietta Hanke's grandmotherly "Pearls" while Prince Leopold of Coburg, the princely widower of the heiress to the throne of England, Field Marshal of Great Britain, and candidate to the Greek throne, sat with all the diligence and earnestness in the world—drizzling. Of all the many incomprehensible points in my princely wooer, this one of drizzling was the most incomprehensible. And how detestable to me was this drizzling! I no sooner saw the prince alight from his carriage, followed by the groom with the horrible drizzling-box, than I felt seized with a spasm of yawning. And to this very day, after more than a generation, in writing down the hateful word, an irresistible, distressing yawn grips hold of my heart and forces itself mercilessly up into my mouth. But I am forgetting that my dear readers, children of another time, have, for their happiness, no idea of what this dreadful drizzling is. It was an invention of Paris, or rather of the Versailles court, in the time of Louis XVI. and his unhappy queen, Marie Antoinette, ten years before the people, provoked into inhuman fury, struck off their crowns and then their heads. The forward ladies of the court had no scruples about asking the gentlemen of their acquaintance for cast-off gold and silver epaulettes, hilt bands, galloons and tassels, with which, according to the fashion of that time, all clothes were then copiously trimmed. These ornamental appendages the ladies would then take with them into company, and there pick out the gold and silver threads to sell them afterwards. If an admirer of those days wanted to ingratiate himself particularly into the favor of his sweetheart he presented her, not as in these days, flowers, perfumes, jewelry, etc.—no, but, according to the magnitude of his love and his purse, some dozens of gold tassels or such like, and the lady would in the next company she visited proudly pick out the valuable threads entwined in the sweet presents of her noble adorer. From the word *parfiler* (to pick out threads), these thread-picking ladies came to be called *perfileuses* and the business itself

parfilage. These parfileuses took with them into parties, and even to court, gigantic picking bags to receive the presents of their cavaliers, and that beauty was proudest who could drag home with her the best filled bag. A successful parfileuse might in this way clear over a hundred louis d'or a year. All the customary New Year's presents in Paris from gentlemen to ladies were made in parfilage, and a cavalier no longer betted with his fair one so many louis d'or, but so many gold tassels for picking. Thus the Countess Genlis won from the Duke de Coigny twenty-four golden tassels, each of the value of twelve francs, because she had betted she would mount the steps of an aqueduct, and she won her bet. She then in the evening distributed these tassels among all the ladies in the drawing room, without reserving a single gold thread for herself, because she hated the unbecoming habit of parfilage. In her anti-philosophical novel, "Adele et Theodore, ou Lettres sur l'Education," which appeared in Paris in 1782, she attacked this shameless custom. Thus, drawing from a scene in real life, where the duc de Chartres in Rainci was the victim, she makes her hero, the Knight of Herbain, relate: "One day we were assembled in the reception room, before setting out for a walk, when all at once Madame de R. observed that the golden fringes of my dress would do uncommonly well for picking. So saying, by way of merry frolic, she whisks off one of my fringes. Instantly I am begirt by ten ladies who, with a charming grace and diligence, proceed to strip me, tearing away my dress and packing all my fringes and galloons into their work bags." This open declaration of war against parfilage on the part of Madame de Genlis set all zealous parfileuses in hostility against the authoress. Nevertheless, the parfilage succumbed. . . . If parfilage was thus ostracized from the court of France as early as 1782, it was smuggled into England ten years later by the fashionable, hungry lady emigrants who fled from the bloody revolution. It came to be called "to drizzle," and that this habit of picking gold and silver threads continued in England throughout a generation later I was to learn to my horror by the drizzling of my admirer, Prince Leopold. . . . My august wooer did not seem to have the slightest inkling of our torments. He drizzled on indefatigably and at leaving was always proud to show me how much he had drizzled; and, in fact, during the year in which we were in England, his highness drizzled out a stately silver soup tureen, which on the 24th of May, 1830, Prince Leopold solemnly presented to his young niece, the Princess Victoria of Kent, on her eleventh anniversary in Kensington. Doubtless Queen Victoria of England still piously preserves the drizzled-out soup tureen as a love gift from her revered uncle, little dreaming, I dare say, of how many painful hours this silver vessel cost me.—CAROLINE BAUER, "Diary."

A true Coburg, King Leopold was shrewd in money matters, but he was more close-fisted than most of his race. What he gave to Belgium was, mainly, his advice. His money he kept for himself. A story frequently repeated in the Belgian press is that of the saying of the president of the Grand Harmonie, the musical club of the Brussels shopkeepers, to which he presented a flag. "I am afraid you will find it heavy," said the king to the president. "Your majesty's gifts are always light," replied the good citizen, thinking he had hit upon a courtly reply. Into this reply the people read another meaning and the jest upon it is laughed at even to the present day.—JOHN C. MCDONNELL, "Belgium, Her Kings, Kingdom and People."

LEOPOLD II., 1835-1909. King of Belgium.

Gossip will have it that when the Duke of Brabant undertook his long journey to the East he not only made himself acquainted with the customs of the peoples, but his curiosity also prompted him to pry into the Mohammedan sanctum—the Oriental harem. The Duke of Brabant seems to have had many interesting and, though perilous, not unpleasant adventures. One of these adventures occurred at Smyrna and is not without a comic side. The governor of Smyrna was a former Prussian officer who had embraced Islam and risen to high honor in the service of the Sultan. Leopold expressed a wish to visit a Turkish harem. The governor obligingly sent his defterdar, or financial secretary, who placed himself at the service of his royal highness. The defterdar then took the duke to a Greek restaurateur, who promised for an unsubstantial remuneration to procure for Leopold the entry into some harem in the absence of the master. The defterdar then left the duke to pursue his adventures in company with the old restaurateur. The Greek rogue took the prince to the harem of the very same defterdar. The servants and the negro eunuchs were made drunk and the duke was able to penetrate into the sacred apartments of the defterdar's wives. An hour later the financial secretary came to visit his harem and only with great difficulty

did the prince escape without being caught by the infuriated and jealous husband. The next morning the defterdar called upon the Duke of Brabant to inquire how he had succeeded in his efforts. Leopold told him his adventure and from his description the old Turk knew what trick the wily Greek had played on him. He told the truth to the amazed and amused prince, but refused to take any further steps in the matter, for fear of making himself ridiculous. "The remuneration, however, which your royal highness promised to the Greek by right belongs to me," added the financial secretary. This business trait appealed to the future sovereign of the Congo. "You are a financial genius," he said, "and when I am in Constantinople I shall recommend you for the post of Minister of Finance." The defterdar looked frightened. "What harm have I done unto your royal highness that you should wish to ruin me?" he asked. "Ruin you? But I wish to serve you," said Leopold. "Oh, no," replied the defterdar, "the Sultan knows that all his ministers are robbing him and after a while he usually sends them to prison or to death and confiscates their goods. I prefer to remain here in Smyrna and to work in peace."

The king used to drive his car on the Belgian roads at express speed. It is related that one day—the king's chauffeur was driving—the car turned round a curve, when king and chauffeur suddenly saw in front of them a woman wheeling a perambulator with a baby in it and leading another child by the hand. The woman was so frightened that she lost her head and stood still. There was no room to turn, no time to stop, ditches bordering the road on both sides. "Run into the ditch," commanded the king; the chauffeur obeyed and into the ditch the car with the Belgian king flew. The car turned over and its occupants were flung on the bank near, but luckily escaped with a few bruises; the woman and the babies were saved.

His straw hat in which he used to stroll about—the straw hat which had done duty for years—will, as a writer in *Matin* suggested, perhaps in the future become legendary. One day the Baroness de Vaughan bought his majesty a new hat, which she substituted for the old one. The millionaire sovereign of the Congo flew into a rage and could only be pacified when the lady explained that it was a bargain she had made, as she had procured the hat for a quarter of its real value. A bargain always appealed to the late king. His pocket handkerchief was renewed only on Sunday mornings when going to mass and on no account would he take another in the interval. If his valets changed his towels more than once a week, they were sure to receive a good scolding from his majesty.

The following anecdote has often been told in regard to his culinary tastes: it happened in a fashionable restaurant in Paris. A gentleman had ordered a dish of vegetables, but not considering it up to the mark had sent it back. The waiter placed the dish on a sideboard with the intention of sending it down to the kitchen later on. In the meantime another visitor, who was none other than the king of the Belgians, ordered a similar vegetable, and the audacious waiter, without any hesitation, presented to his majesty the discarded dish. The king was quite aware of its defects, but ate what was put before him without making any observations. He was a king and he felt that his approval or disapproval would be made a great fuss of. He had to pay the penalty of his greatness.

He disliked music, hunting, tobacco and had no taste for physical exercise, except walking. . . . Another of Leopold's hobbies was his dislike for gloves, and, although he often wore uniforms, he is reported never to have put on gloves. It may have been a hatred of restraint, but more probably it was a pardonable vanity on the part of the late king, for he possessed the shapely and beautiful hands of the Orléans family.

Leopold's alleged relationship with the famous dancer Cleo de Merode has been the subject of much talk; in fact, "Cleopold" was the common sobriquet by which the king was known in Paris and caricatured in the press. On the other hand, it has been asserted by those who should be in a position to know that, while public gossip was discussing Leopold's love affairs, for ten years he had never set eyes on the charming object of this *chronique scandaleuse*. One evening, at the opera in Paris, the king of the Belgians is reported to have said to a famous singer, "Will you please introduce me to the charming dancer of whom I hear so much?" The tenor looked surprised. "Your majesty!" "Certainly," replied the king; "I have never seen her." Cleo de Merode was introduced to his Belgian majesty and the king very simply remarked, "Madam, I am delighted to see you at last and to be able to express to you my deepest regret, if the good fortune which is falsely attributed to me has in any way inconvenienced you. We are far from those times when the favor of a king did not compromise. Besides, I am only a small king."—A. S. RAPPAPORT, "Leopold II."

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, 1809-1865

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BEFORE THE PRESIDENCY

Beginning His Career

Money was a commodity never reckoned upon. Abraham split rails to get clothing and he made a bargain with Mrs. Nancy Miller to split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers. In those days he used to walk five, six and seven miles to his work.—HOLLAND, quoting George Cluse.

In 1854, during the high Know Nothing excitement of that year, Mr. Lincoln was elected to the legislature and, much to the surprise of the opponents of the Democracy, they had a majority of one in the legislature. Here was a chance for Mr. Lincoln to secure a seat in the United States Senate and his friends persuaded him to decline qualifying,

as the Illinois constitution barred the election of a member of the legislature to the United States Senate. Mr. Lincoln complied and a new election was called, he being confident that an anti-Democrat would be chosen in his place. But the Democrats availed themselves of this confidence, brought out no candidate publicly, seeming willing to let the election go by default. But, lo, when the votes were counted, one McDaniel, a Democrat, was discovered to have been voted for —and, worse yet, he had a majority of the votes. This was a terrible blow to Mr. Lincoln's friends, who "took on" terribly; but "Old Abe," when he heard the result, te-heed one of his peculiar laughs and, of course, told a story. He said the result reminded him of one of the camp-followers of General Taylor's army, who had secured a barrel of cider, erected a tent and commenced dealing it out to the thirsty soldiers at twenty-five cents a drink; but he had sold but little before another sharp one set up another tent at his back and tapped the barrel so as to flow at his side and peddled out No. 1's cider at five cents a drink, of course getting the latter's trade entirely on borrowed capital. The Democrats, said Mr. Lincoln, played "know nothing" on a cheaper scale than had the real devotees of "Sam," and had "raked down his pile" with his own cider.—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1861.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Lincoln, "about eighteen years of age, I was living in Kentucky, and, like everybody else in that part of the country at that time, I was obliged to struggle pretty hard for a living. I had been at work all winter helping a man distill a quantity of whiskey and, as there was little or no money in the country, I was obliged to take the pay for my winter's services in whiskey." Turning to Mr. Chase with a quizzical look he added: "You were not around in those days, Chase, with your greenback printing machine. Whiskey," he continued, "was more plentiful than almost anything else, and I determined, if possible, to find a market for my share in some other locality, so as to get the largest amount possible for my winter's work. Hearing that a man living a short distance up the Ohio river was building a flatboat to send to New Orleans as soon as the water in the river was at the proper stage, I paid him a visit and made an agreement with him that if he would take my whiskey to that city I would go with him and work my passage. Before the boat was completed and ready to start, I made up my mind that I should find a good deal of whiskey in New Orleans when I arrived there, and, having found a man who was sending a lot of tobacco to market, I made a trade with him for half of my whiskey, so that if whiskey should be down when I got there, tobacco might be up, or vice versa; at any rate, I should not have all my eggs in the same basket. The boat was ready at the proper time and stopped at my landing for me and my whiskey and tobacco. My short experience as a sailor began from that moment. Our voyage down the river was not attended by much excitement or any catastrophe. Floating with the current during the day, we always tied up to a tree on the bank of the river at night. One evening, just after we had tied up the flat-boat, two men came down to the shore and asked me what I would charge them to row them out in the small boat that we had with us into the middle of the river to meet a steamboat that was coming up the river, and on which they wanted to take passage. I told them I thought it would be a shilling apiece, and the bargain was made. I pulled out into the stream and delivered them safe on board the steamer, and, to my astonishment, received for my services a dollar. It was the first money I had had for some time. On my way back to the flat-boat, I made a calculation to myself that I had been gone about an hour, and that if I could earn a dollar an hour and live long enough I would be a rich man before I died." Here Mr. Lincoln's story ended. The captain, whose curiosity had been somewhat excited, inquired how the whiskey and tobacco sold in New Orleans; but the president, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, replied, "Captain, I was only narrating to you my experience as a marine, not as a merchant," which hint the captain had the good sense to understand. Lincoln did not refer to the subject again and I never knew the result of his rather shrewd commercial venture.—EGBERT L. VIELE, *Scribner's Monthly*, October, 1878.

The proper sense of personal dignity forbade him to go to the capitol at Vandalia in the shabby clothing which was good enough for his daily round of life and work in New Salem. . . . Among his older acquaintances was a man named Smoot, as dry a joker as himself, but better supplied with ready money. To him Lincoln went one day, in company with another friend, Hugh Armstrong. "Smoot, did you vote for me?" "I did that very thing." "Well, that makes you responsible. You must lend me money to buy

suitable clothing, for I want to make a decent appearance in the legislature." "How much do you want?" "About two hundred dollars, I reckon." The honor of Sangamon county, and of New Salem in particular, was at stake and the new representative received his two hundred dollars on the spot.—STODDARD.

Some time in 1857 a lady reader or elocutionist came to Springfield and gave a public reading in a hall immediately north of the state house. As lady lecturers were then rare birds, a very large crowd greeted her. Among other things she recited "Nothing to Wear," a piece in which are described the perplexities that beset Miss Flora McFlimsey in her efforts to appear fashionable. In the midst of one stanza, in which no effort was made to say anything particularly amusing, and during the reading of which the audience manifested the most respectful silence and attention, some one in the rear seats burst into a loud, coarse laugh, a sudden and explosive guffaw. It startled the speaker and audience and kindled a storm of unsuppressed laughter and applause. Every one looked back to ascertain the cause of the demonstration, and was greatly surprised to find it was Mr. Lincoln. He blushed and squirmed with the awkward diffidence of a schoolboy. What prompted him to laugh no one was able to explain. He was doubtless wrapped up in a brown study and, recalling some amusing episode, indulged in laughter without realizing his surroundings. The experience mortified him greatly.—HERNDON and WEIK.

He was riding alone and came across a pig deeply mired in the mud by the roadside. Feeling compassion for the porker, his first impulse was to help the struggling animal out of its sad predicament, but, looking at the mud and then at his new suit of clothes, he reluctantly rode away, leaving it to its fate. As he rode on, however, he could not forget the pig and the farther he got away from it the worse he felt. He finally turned around and rode back the nearly two miles, dismounted, built a passageway of old rails from dry ground to the pig, and with great difficulty extricated it, but not without soiling his clothes. Afterwards, when thinking about it, in an endeavor to analyze, as he said, the motive which prompted him to the act, he concluded that it was selfishness and that he had to do it in order to take the pain out of his mind.—W. H. SOMERS (Clerk of the Champaign County—Illinois—Court, 1857), *The Green Bag*, February, 1908.

Six gentlemen, I being one, Lincoln, Baker, Hardin and others, were riding along the road, two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees. Lincoln and Hardin were behind. There were two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babes. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek and while our horses were drinking Hardin rode up. "Where is Lincoln?" said one. "Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest." In perhaps an hour he came. They laughed at him. He said with much emphasis: "Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears."—SPEED.

Before Mr. Lincoln's election in 1860, I, then a child of eleven years, was presented with his lithograph. Admiring him with my whole heart, I thought still his appearance would be much improved should he cultivate his whiskers. Childish thoughts must have utterance. So I proposed the idea to him, expressing as well as I was able the esteem in which he was held by honest men. A few days after I received this kind and friendly letter: "Springfield, Ill., October 19, 1860. Miss Grace Bedell: My Dear Little Miss—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine and one seven. They with their mother constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, I have never worn any; do you not think that people would call it a piece of silly affectation were I to begin wearing them now? I am your true friend and sincere well-wisher, A. Lincoln." It appears I was not forgotten, for after his election to the presidency, while on his journey to Washington, the train stopped at Westfield, Chautauqua county, at which place I then resided. Mr. Lincoln said: "I have a correspondent at this place, a little girl, whose name is Grace Bedell, and I would like to see her." I was conveyed to him; he stepped from the cars, extending his hand and saying, "You see I have let these whiskers grow for your sake, Grace," kissed me, shook me cordially by the hand and was gone. I was frequently afterwards assured of his remembrance.—HERNDON and WEIK.

I remember his narrating his first experience in drilling his company. He was marching with a front of over twenty men across a field, when he desired to pass through a gateway into the next inclosure. "I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that I could get through the gate, so as we came near the gate I shouted, 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again at the other side of the gate.'" —POORE, Allen Thorndike Rice, "Reminiscences of Lincoln." Copyright, Harper & Brothers.

Toombs met Abraham Lincoln while in Congress. He related that Mr. Lincoln once objected to sitting down at table because he was the thirteenth man.—STOVALL.

One Elmore Johnson, an ignorant, but ostentatious, proud man, used to go to Lincoln's post office every day—sometimes three or four times a day, if in town—and inquire, "Anything for me?" This bored Lincoln, yet it amused him. He fixed a plan, wrote a letter to Johnson, as coming from a negress in Kentucky, saying a good many things about opossums, dances, corn-shuckings, etc., winding up with "Johns'n, come and see me again and old master won't kick you out of the kitchen any more." Elmore took it out and opened it, but could not read a word; he went away and got some friends to read it; they read it correctly, but he thought they were fooling him. He went to others with the same result. At last he said he would get Lincoln to read it. . . . It was almost too much for Lincoln, but he read it through. The man never asked again, "Anything for me?"—LAMON.

In those days our Eastern mail reached us overland by stage, via Terre Haute; but the bottoms of the roads had fallen out, as was their way of doing every spring, and our communications had been severed for about a week when the glad news flew rapidly through the town that the blockade had been raised, that a skeleton team, consisting of a queensware crate mounted on a pair of wheels and drawn by four horses, had just arrived with all the delayed letters. In a few minutes the post office was so thoroughly thronged with citizens that the postmaster's temperament showed itself in great nervousness, he being rather new at the business, and, to secure the desired privacy, he lowered a curtain provided for that purpose on the inside of the six-foot partition which separated him from the public. Against this partition Mr. Lincoln was leaning, his thoughts intent upon the paper in his hands, when all but he was startled and completely mystified by hearing the official cry out, in a high-pitched tone of voice, "Get down from there, you young pest, and stay down! Now mind me!" For that morning, on the arrival of the Alton mail, there had been a spirited little argument between our postmaster and an urchin whose curiosity prompted him to climb up on the boxes, which war of words Mr. Lincoln had listened to, not without amusement, and he now bethought him that the fur cap he wore was much like the one worn by the boy, and he also rightly decided that in changing his position he had momentarily elevated that misleading signal into the range of the postmaster's alert vision. Not showing the least surprise at the outcry, nor indeed giving evidence that he had even heard it, he continued to read his paper soberly, the puzzled crowd engaged the while in whispered conjectures as to the meaning of the outbreak. Thus several minutes passed, when out rang our official's voice again, raised this time to an unmistakable fighting pitch, "If you get up there again, I'll come out and brand you sure! I've given you fair warning! Don't try it again!" The secret by this time was out, for some one who had witnessed the affair of the morning chanced to notice that Mr. Lincoln had abruptly shortened himself several inches by the simple process of relaxing his muscles, which act, from the postmaster's standpoint, must have perfectly represented a boy "ducking" his head; and now that all eyes were centered upon the still deeply engrossed reader, and many of the whispers evidently heard by him, his facial muscles were put to a severe test, which they, however, proved equal to, for not even the twitching of a nerve could be detected, but he read on as if deaf to all earthly sounds. The waiting silence was not lost upon our wary official; he knew there was mischief brewing out there; that boy had backers and was about to try it again and he'd have it out with him once for all. But those in the lobby feared the fun was over, for Lincoln made no sign. The temptation finally, however, became irresistible; shifting his weight from one foot to the other, his cap was seen to bob up several inches and as quickly subside. Open flew the door in the partition and with an angry cry, "Now I've got you," out sprang our letter man, with ruler high uplifted, to catch the young miscreant on the wing, as it were. The surprise which seized upon him might well be

classed as of the paralyzing order, as his eyes alone seemed capable of motion; they made several excursions in a desultory sort of way up and down the tall form confronting him ere they became fascinated with something upon its apex, when the still upraised ruler fell noisily to the floor, and our but lately thoroughly perplexed friend remarking only, "By George!" set an example which all promptly followed, though his jolly, contagious laugh sounded high above all others, with but short intervals of respite, until the large mail had been distributed; but Mr. Lincoln had been given the chair of honor in his sanctum, not unlikely as a measure of precaution against further interruptions.—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1890.

And this that I am going to tell was related to me by Albert B. Chandler, who was and is a cipher operator in the office of Major Eckert, now Assistant-Secretary of War. The president was sitting at my table one evening, as was his custom almost every evening, reading the despatches of the afternoon. There was nothing in the despatches of much importance. All was still without, save the peculiar nasal whining cry of the newsboys' song, "Philadelphia In-qui-ry!" The president laid down the last slip and his spectacles simultaneously and caught up the newsboys' cry, repeating, "Philadelphia Inqui-ry," in their very accents and key. After singing about three verses of the laconic song he said, "Boys, did I ever tell you the joke the Chicago newsboys came on me? Well, soon after I was nominated for president at Chicago, I went up one day and one of the first really distinguished men who waited on me was a pictureman, who politely asked me to favor him with a sitting for my picture. Now, at that time there were fewer photographs of my phiz than at present and I went straight away with the artist, who detained me but a moment and took one of the most really lifelike pictures I have ever seen of myself from the fact that he gave me no fixing or position. But this stiff, ungovernable hair of mine was sticking every way, very much as it is now, I suppose; and so the operation of his camera was but holding the mirror up to nature. I departed and I did not think of pictures again until that evening I was gratified and flattered at the cry of the newsboys who had gone on vending the pictures, ''Ere's your last picter of Old Abe! He'll look better when he gets his hair combed.'"—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1866.

Mr. Lincoln received hearty congratulations at the close, many Democrats joining the Whigs in their complimentary comments. The speech was pronounced by the older members of the House almost equal to the celebrated defense of General Harrison by Tom Corwin, in reply to an attack made on him by a Mr. Crary of Ohio. The two speeches are equally characterized by vigorous argument, mirth-provoking irony and original wit. One Democrat, however (who had been nicknamed "Sausage" Sawyer, from having moved the expulsion of "Richelieu" Robinson from the reporters' gallery for a facetious account of his lunching behind the Speaker's chair on bologna sausage), did not enthuse at all. "Sawyer," asked an Eastern representative, "how did you like the lanky Illinoisian's speech? Very able, wasn't it?" "Well," said Sawyer, "the speech was pretty good, but I hope he won't charge mileage on his travels while delivering it."—POORE, Allen Thorndike Rice, "Reminiscences of Lincoln," copyright, Harper & Brothers.

President Lincoln's first love was a golden-haired blonde, who had cherry lips, a clear blue eye, a neat figure and more than ordinary intellectual ability. Her name was Anne Rutledge. She was the daughter of a tavernkeeper in Salem, Illinois. Mr. Lincoln met her when he was about twenty-three and after a romantic courtship became engaged to her. She died before they could be married, and Lincoln was so much affected by her death that his biographer, Ward Lamon, says his friends pronounced him crazy for a time. He was watched carefully and became especially violent during storms, fogs and damp and gloomy weather. At such times he would rave, declaring among other wild expressions, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rain and storms beat upon her grave."—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1886.

Speed went through with the ceremony and settled down with his young bride to a very domestic sort of life. Eight months elapsed and then Lincoln wrote to him a very singular letter: "I want to ask you a close question. Are you, in feeling as well as in judgment, glad that you are married, as you are? From anybody but me this would be an impudent question, not to be tolerated; but I know you will pardon it in me. Please answer it quickly, as I am impatient to know." Speed's answer was not only reassuring, but enthusiastic; and, thus hastened, Lincoln once more renewed his offer to Mary Todd and they were married late in

1842. That Lincoln was still beset by apprehension was apparent on the evening of the ceremony. When he was donning his wedding garb at the house of a friend, a child asked him where he was going. "To hell, I suppose," was the gloomy answer. As he entered the presence of his bride his face was pale and his limbs trembled visibly—a strange phenomenon in one who was to wed the woman of his choice.—LYNDON ORR, *Munsey's Magazine*, January, 1907.

With women in general Lincoln was extremely shy. His friend Ellis attributes this attitude to the consciousness of his ungainly appearance and the conspicuous shabbiness of his habitual apparel. "On one occasion," writes this same Ellis, "there stopped at our tavern a lady, her son and three stylish daughters." They were Virginians whom a chance of travel had detained for a season at the modest hostelry which was then Lincoln's home. During their stay he never appeared at the table, his *mauvaise honte* leading him to prefer the eating of his bread and cheese under a neighboring tree or on the counter of the village shop.—GORDON, *The Cosmopolitan*, December, 1894.

Practising Law

Mr. Lincoln often remarked to me that it was accident that stimulated his ambition to enter the legal profession. He told it in these words: "One day a man who was migrating to the West drove up in front of my store (in New Salem, Illinois) with a wagon which contained his family and household plunder. He asked me if I would buy an old barrel for which he had no room in his wagon and which he said contained nothing of special value. I did not want it, but to oblige him I bought it and paid him, I think, half a dollar for it. Without further examination I put it away in the store and forgot all about it. Some time after, in overhauling things, I came upon the barrel and, emptying it upon the floor to see what it contained, I found at the bottom of the rubbish a complete edition of "Blackstone's Commentaries." I began to read these famous works and the more I read the more intensely interested I became. Never in my whole life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."—*The Green Bag*, February, 1911, quoting Chauncey M. Depew.

When Senator McDougall, of California, was a young lawyer in Troy, N. Y., he was sent to attend a suit in Illinois. He arrived at the country town late in the afternoon and after supper listened for an hour to Western stories told by a tall young man to a group of idlers on the porch, which elicited shouts of laughter, in which the narrator loudly joined. McDougall went to bed in a double-bedded room and, when the occupant of the other bed appeared, it proved to be the tall young man, Lincoln, who took a seat on the side of McDougall's bed and asked questions, which were answered in a cheerful tone. Lincoln then told his own life history. He had tried farming, log-rolling, boating and finally practising law, but all had been failures. He thought the Lord was against him. McDougall said he talked like one on the verge of suicide and it seemed hardly possible that it was the same man who an hour before had laughed so boisterously at his own jokes.—NADAL, *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1906.

It was in the spring of 1837 and on the very day he obtained his license that our intimate acquaintance began. He had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, with no earthly property save a pair of saddle-bags containing a few clothes. I was a merchant at Springfield and kept a large country store, embracing dry goods, groceries, hardware, books, medicines, bed-clothes, mattresses, in fact, everything that the country needed. Lincoln came into the store with his saddle-bags on his arm. He said he wanted to buy the furniture for a single bed. The mattress, blankets, sheets, coverlid and pillow, according to the figures made by me, would cost seventeen dollars. He said that was perhaps cheap enough; but, small as the sum was, he was unable to pay it. But if I would credit him till Christmas, and his experience as a lawyer was a success, he would pay then, saying in the saddest tone, "If I fail in this I do not know that I can ever pay you." As I looked up at him I thought then, and think now, that I never saw a sadder face. I said to him, "You seem to be so much pained at contracting so small a debt; I think I can suggest a plan by which you can avoid the debt and at the same time attain your end. I have a large room with a double bed upstairs which you are welcome to share with me." "Where is your room?" said he. "Upstairs," said I, pointing to a pair of winding stairs which led from the store to my room. He took his saddle-bags on his arm, went upstairs, set them down on the floor and came down with a most changed countenance. Beaming with pleasure, he exclaimed, "Well, Speed, I am moved."—SPEED.

He paid but little attention to the fees and money matters of the firm—usually leav-

ing all such to me. He never entered an item in the account book. If any one paid money to him which belonged to the firm, on arriving at the office he divided it with me. If I was not there he would wrap up my share in a piece of paper and place it in my drawer, marking it with lead pencil, "Case of Roe vs. Doe.—Herndon's half."—HERNDON and WEIK.

A singular story is told of a case in which a good many prominent men were involved besides Lincoln. Abraham Brokaw, of Bloomington, loaned five hundred dollars to one of his neighbors and took a note, which remained unpaid. Action was brought, the sheriff levied on the property of the debtor and collected the amount, but neglected to turn the proceeds over. Brokaw employed Stephen A. Douglas, who collected the amount from the bondsmen of the sheriff; but returned to his seat at Washington without making a settlement. Like some other great men, Douglas was very careless about money matters and, after appealing to him again and again, Brokaw employed David Davis to bring suit against the senator. Being an intimate friend and fellow Democrat, Davis disliked to appear in the case, and by his advice Brokaw engaged the services of Lincoln. The latter wrote to Douglas at Washington that he had a claim against him for collection and must insist on prompt payment. Douglas became very indignant and reproached Brokaw for placing such a political weapon in the hands of an abolitionist. Brokaw sent Douglas's letter to Lincoln and the latter employed "Long John" Wentworth, then a Democratic member of Congress from Chicago, as an associate in the case. Wentworth saw Douglas, persuaded him to pay the money and forwarded five hundred dollars to Lincoln, who, in turn, paid it to Brokaw and sent him a bill for three dollars and fifty cents for professional services.—CURTIS.

I had leased the Quincy House, at Quincy, Illinois. The property was owned by a widow, Mrs. Enos, who lived at Springfield. I employed Mr. Lincoln to execute the lease for me. He sent the lease to me at Quincy, but said nothing about pay for his services. Thinking twenty-five dollars would be about right I sent him that amount. In a few days I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, of which the following is a copy: "February 21, 1856. Dear Sir:—I have just received yours of the 16th inst. with a check on Flagg & Savage for twenty-five dollars. You must think I am a high-priced man. You are too liberal with your money. Fifteen dollars is enough for the job. I send you a receipt for fifteen dollars and return you a ten-dollar bill. Yours truly, A. Lincoln."—FLOYD, *McClure's Magazine*, January, 1908.

The following story, told me by a valued friend, well-informed and accurate, illustrates what is said in the text and mentions an event in President Lincoln's life not stated, so far as I know, by any biographer. An important patent case (McCormick's reaper) was to be tried; Mr. Harding, of Philadelphia, was retained on one side by a Mr. Watson, who had the management of the case on that side. Harding wished Mr. E. M. Stanton to lead in the case, who was older in the profession than himself, Harding being especially a patent lawyer. The next step was to retain a lawyer in Illinois; the list in that state was looked over and a particular man selected. But it was found he could not be had. Then Abraham Lincoln's name was canvassed; he had occasionally had to do with patent cases. Mr. Watson made a journey to Springfield, Illinois, to see him and decide. He arrived after dark—was directed to a two-story frame house; knocked; a window above was opened. Mr. Lincoln was engaged—could not be seen. "Oh, but," said Mr. Watson, "I have come all the way from the East to consult with him about an important case." There was a pause and the voice said Mr. Lincoln would come down. He did descend; received Mr. Watson in his shirt-sleeves—he had been putting up a bedstead. Mr. Watson conferred with him and reported he thought he would do. He was accordingly engaged. Watson, Stanton, Harding and Lincoln went at the appointed time to Cincinnati, where the case was to be tried before the United States Circuit Court. They met at the hotel. Lincoln's appearance was uncouth and Stanton was especially disturbed by it. "Suppose we go up to the court in a gang," said Lincoln. Stanton made no reply, but walked off with Harding. In the court room Lincoln's appearance caused remark and Reverdy Johnson, who was engaged on the other side, thought he could gain something by making sure of a speech from his uncouth opponent. He accordingly, addressing the court, said, he hoped that all the counsel on the other side would speak; that although but two counsel were engaged on his (Johnson's) side, that need not prevent three from speaking on the other side. Stanton instantly saw what Reverdy Johnson was aiming at and sprang to his feet. He was much

obliged to his learned friend for the interest in their management of the case; but they preferred to direct it themselves. There would only two speak on that side. Accordingly, Stanton opened and spoke for three days. Lincoln did not speak. That side won and the fee Lincoln received was the money he used in stumping Illinois in 1859 against Douglas. Stanton became Secretary of War, Watson Assistant Secretary; Harding was offered office, but declined.—JOHN MACDONNELL, *The Contemporary Review*, September, 1867.

One day when Mr. Lincoln was absent—he had gone to Chicago to try a suit in the United States court—his wife and I formed a conspiracy to take off the roof and raise his house. It was originally a structure one and a half stories high. When Lincoln returned he met a gentleman on the sidewalk, and, manifesting great surprise, inquired, "Stranger, can you tell me where Lincoln lives?" The gentleman gave him the necessary information and Lincoln gravely entered his own premises.—HERNDON and WEIK, quoting a statement by James Gourley.

After listening one day to a would-be client's statements, with his eyes on the ceiling, he swung around in his chair and exclaimed: "Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while talking to the jury I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."—MONTGOMERY, *American Law Review*, May-June, 1903, quoting General John H. Littlefield.

He told me that, in his judgment, one of the two best things he ever originated was this: He was trying a case in Illinois where he appeared for a prisoner charged with aggravated assault and battery. The complainant had told a horrible story of the attack, which his appearance fully justified, when the district attorney handed the witness over to Mr. Lincoln for cross-examination. Mr. Lincoln said he had no testimony and unless he could break down the complainant's story he saw no way out. He had come to the conclusion that the witness was a bumptious man, who rather prided himself on his smartness in repartee, and so, after looking at him for some minutes, he said, "Well, my friend, how much ground did you and my client here fight over?" The fellow answered, "About six acres." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "don't you think that this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground?" The jury laughed, the court and district attorney all joined in and the case was laughed out of court.—DEPEW, Allen Thorndike Rice, "Reminiscences of Lincoln."

The following anecdote of the late President Lincoln has never been published, I think, and unlike, perhaps, some of the stories attributed to him, is an actual fact, for I have it from one who was present at the time and sat next to the hero: During Mr. Lincoln's practise of the profession of the law, long before he was thought of for president, he was attending the circuit court, which met at Bloomington, Illinois. The prosecuting attorney, a lawyer by the name of Lamon, was a man of great physical strength and took particular pleasure in athletic sports and was so fond of wrestling that his power and experience rendered him a formidable and generally successful opponent. One pleasant day in the fall Lamon was wrestling near the court house with some one who had challenged him to a trial and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of his unmentionables. Before he had time to make any change he was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished and Lamon got up to address the jury and, having on a somewhat short coat, his misfortune was rather apparent. One of the lawyers for a joke started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of pantaloons for Lamon, "he being," the paper said, "a poor but worthy young man." Several put down their names with some ludicrous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln. He quietly glanced over the paper and immediately took up his pen and wrote after his name, "I cannot contribute anything to the end in view."—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1866.

In a case in which Judge Logan—always earnest and grave—opposed him, Lincoln created no little merriment by his reference to Logan's style of dress. He carried the surprise in store for the latter till he reached his turn before the jury. Addressing them he said: "Gentlemen, you must be careful and not permit yourself to be overcome by the eloquence of counsel for the defense. Judge Logan, I know, is an effective lawyer. I have met him too often to doubt that, but shrewd and careful though he be, still he is

sometimes wrong. Since this trial has begun I have discovered that, with all his caution and fastidiousness, he hasn't knowledge enough to put his shirt on right." Logan turned red as crimson, but, sure enough, Lincoln was correct, for the former had donned a new shirt and by mistake had drawn it over his head with the pleated bosom behind. The general laugh which followed destroyed the effect of Logan's eloquence over the jury.—HERNDON and WEIK.

During my first attendance at court in Menard county some thirty young men had been indicted for playing cards and Lincoln and I were employed for the defense. The prosecuting attorney, in framing the indictments, alternately charged the defendants with playing a certain game of cards called seven-up, and in the next bill charged them with playing cards at a certain game called old sledge. Four defendants were indicted in each bill. The prosecutor, being entirely unacquainted with games at cards, did not know the fact that seven-up and old sledge were one and the same. Upon the trials of the bills describing the game of seven-up our witnesses would swear that the game was old sledge and vice versa on the bills alleging the latter. The result was an acquittal in every case under the instructions of the court. The prosecutor never found out the dodge until the trials were over and immense fun and rejoicing were indulged in at the result.—HERNDON and WEIK, quoting "a lawyer who traveled the circuit with Lincoln."

I remember a murder case in which we appeared for the defense and during the trial of which the judge—a man of ability far inferior to Lincoln's—kept ruling against us. Finally, a very material question—in fact, one around which the entire case seemed to revolve—came up and again the court ruled adversely. The prosecution was jubilant and Lincoln, seeing defeat certain unless he recovered his ground, grew very despondent. The notion crept into his head that the court's rulings, which were absurd and almost spiteful, were aimed at him and this angered him beyond reason. He told of his feelings at dinner and said, "I have determined to crowd the court to the wall and regain my position before night." From that time forward it was interesting to watch him. At the re-assembling of the court he arose to read a few authorities in support of his position, keeping within the bounds of propriety just far enough to avoid a reprimand from the court. He characterized the continuous rulings against him as not only unjust but foolish, and, figuratively speaking, he peeled the court from head to foot. Lincoln had the crowd, a portion of the bar and the jury with him and this nerved him to a feeling of desperation. He was in fact "mad all over." He had studied up the points involved, but, knowing full well the caliber of the judge, Lincoln relied mostly on the moral effect of his personal bearing and influence. He was alternately furious and eloquent, and after pursuing the court with broad facts and pointed inquiries in rapid succession, he made use of this homely incident to clinch his argument. He said: "In early days a party of men went out hunting for wild boar. But the game came on them unawares and, scampering away, they all climbed trees, save one, who, seizing the animal by the ears, undertook to hold him. After holding on for some time and feeling his strength giving way, he cried out to his companions in the trees, 'For God's sake, boys, come down and help me let go.'" The prosecution tried in vain to break him down and the judge, badgered effectually by Lincoln's masterly arraignment of law and fact, pretended to see the error of his former position and finally reversed his decision in his tormentor's favor. His client was acquitted and he had swept the field.—ROW HERNDON.

On one occasion Mr. Lincoln rode up to the tavern, where he usually put up, a day or two after the other lawyers had arrived, and, on being pleasantly rallied by the landlord for his tardiness, responded, using an apt illustration: "Well, uncle, you know as the drove of cattle are driven along the largest animals always fall behind." When it is remembered that Mr. Lincoln was very tall, the humor of his remark can be appreciated.—SOMERS (Clerk of the Champaign County—Illinois—Court, 1857), *The Green Bag*, February, 1908.

"Old Squire Bagley," he said, "came into my office and said, 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not, when the old squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly and said, 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now, Bob Thomas and me have bet on this thing and we agreed to let you decide; but, if this is your opinion, I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better, for I have been squire now eight years and have done it all the time.'"—*The Green Bag*, February, 1911, quoting Chauncey M. Depew.

The president then told the story of a witness in a court in a neighboring county who, being asked his age, replied, "Sixty." Being satisfied he was much older and receiving the same answer, the court admonished the witness, saying, "The court knows you to be much older than sixty." "Oh, I understand now," was the rejoinder, "you're thinking of those ten years I spent on the eastern shore of Maryland; that was so much time lost and don't count."—HERNDON and WEIK.

One evening the president brought a couple of friends into the state dining room to see my picture. Something was said in the conversation that ensued that "reminded" him of the following circumstance: "Judge ——," said he, "held the strongest ideas of rigid government and close construction that I ever met. It was said of him on one occasion that he would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with."—CARPENTER in "Raymond's Lincoln."

After his admittance to the Springfield bar in 1836, Lincoln rode several miles to witness a trial by jury. This incident afterwards became the theme of one of his best stories with which he was wont to regale us. "The court, I remember," said Mr. Lincoln, "was held in a small town in the Eighth Judicial District of Illinois. On account of the absence of a court house, the town school, much to the joy of the scholars, was brought into use. The circuit judge, an elderly and portly man, had had a bad touch of the gout, and the master's hard wooden chair in which he sat became decidedly uncomfortable as a long, uninteresting case dragged through the hot afternoon. Finally the opposing lawyer finished and he arose for the final address. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' he began, savagely brushing a pair of hungry flies from his shiny bald head, 'you have heard all the evidence. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if on the other hand you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do.'" —*The Green Bag*, February, 1911, quoting Chauncey M. Depew.

A gentleman driving along the Springfield road was accosted by Mr. Lincoln, who said, "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" "With pleasure," replied the stranger, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very readily," replied Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it."—SCOVEL, *The National Magazine*, March, 1903, quoting Orville H. Browning.

On the Stump

While "stumping" in Illinois I had an appointment to address an open air meeting in the capitol grounds in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's place of residence. . . . The day was blazing hot. Mr. Lincoln expressed his regret that I had to exert myself in such a temperature and suggested that I make myself comfortable. He indeed made himself comfortable in a way which surprised me not a little, but which was thoroughly characteristic of his rustic habits. When he presented himself for his march to the capitol grounds I observed that he had divested himself of his waistcoat and put on, as his sole garment, a linen duster, the back of which had been marked with repeated perspirations and looked somewhat like a rough map of the two hemispheres. On his head he wore a well-battered "stove pipe" hat which had evidently seen several years of hard service. In this attire he marched with me behind the brass band, after us the local campaign committee and the Wide-Awakes. Of course, he was utterly unconscious of his grotesque appearance.—SCHURZ.

It was this warm frankness in Mr. Lincoln's manner that made a hard-headed old "hunker" once leave the hustings where Lincoln was speaking, in 1856, saying, "I won't hear him, for I don't like a man that makes me believe in him in spite of myself."—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1865.

Sarcastically commenting on the efforts of General Cass's biographers to make the old statesman a military hero, Lincoln, in a congressional speech delivered during the canvass of 1848, said: "By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir; in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled and came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place soon afterwards."—ABBOTT.

When Senator Douglas made his first speech in Chicago, in opening the great campaign in which Lincoln was pitted against him, Mr. Lincoln was present and was invited to sit on the platform. On the evening before the Common Council of Chicago had passed a resolution denouncing the Dred

Scott decision, and Douglas called the council to account for attempting to reverse and override a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, saying that it reminded him of the statement of an old friend who used to declare that if you wished to get justice in a case you should take it to the Supreme Court of Illinois and from that court take an appeal to a justice of the peace. Lincoln's voice was heard from behind the speaker, *sotto voce*, calling, "Judge! Judge! Judge!" The senator paused and turned around and Lincoln said, "Judge, that was when you were on the Illinois Supreme bench." So far from being put out by the interruption Judge Douglas repeated the joke of his "friend Lincoln" to the audience.—CARR.

He carried the crowd with him and swayed them as he pleased. So deep an impression did he make that George Forquer, a man of much celebrity as a sarcastic speaker and a great state reputation as an orator, rose and asked the people to hear him. He commenced his speech by saying that this young man would have to be taken down and he was sorry that the task devolved on him. He made what was called one of his slashergaff speeches, dealing much in ridicule and sarcasm. Lincoln stood near him with his arms folded, never interrupting him. When Forquer was done Lincoln walked to the stand and replied so fully and completely that his friends bore him from the court house on their shoulders. So deep an impression did his first speech make upon me that I remember its conclusion now. Said he: "The gentleman commenced his speech by saying that this young man will have to be taken down and he was sorry that the task devolved upon him. I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks of the trade of a politician; but, live or die young, I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, change my politics and simultaneous with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year and then have to erect a lightning rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God." To understand the point of this, Forquer had been a Whig, but changed his politics and been appointed register of the land office and over his house was the only lightning rod in the town or county. Lincoln had seen it for the first time on the day before. Not understanding its properties he made it a study that night by the aid of a book, bought for the purpose, until he knew all about it.—SPEED.

He had another saying, or rather story, which was often bandied back and forth betwixt him and Judge Douglas. Either, when some darling scheme had gone amiss, was apt to say, "he felt like the boy who stubbed his toe and said it hurt too bad to laugh over it and he was too nigh a man to cry over it."—BUTTON, *Lippincott's Magazine*, February, 1901.

"I once knew," he said, "a good sound churchman, whom we will call Brown, who was in a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones, who had built several bridges and could build this. 'Let us have him in,' said the committee. In came Jones. 'Can you build this bridge, sir?' 'Yes,' replied Jones. 'I can build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary.' The sober committee were horrified. Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'he is so honest a man and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades, why, I believe it, but I have my doubts about the abutments on the infernal side.' So," Mr. Lincoln added, "when politicians said they could harmonize the northern and southern wings of the Democracy, why, I believe them, but I have my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side."—ABBOTT.

THE PRESIDENCY AND ITS BURDEN

Dark Days of the Rebellion

No nobler reply ever fell from the lips of a ruler than that uttered by President Lincoln in response to the clergyman who ventured to say, in his presence, that he "hoped that the Lord was on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," replied Mr. Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."—F. B. CARPENTER, "Six Months in the White House."

A short time before the death of Mr. Lincoln a prominent politician from Pennsylvania called upon him and in the course of conversation a remark was made at which the president said, "That reminds me of a little story. But," continued he, "don't tell the people of Pennsylvania when you return that Lincoln said that reminded him of a little story. People all say that; and yet, if they had ridden this old, rough war horse over the corduroy roads as I have done dur-

ing the past four years they would be glad of an opportunity to mount a pony occasionally and amble around the door yard to amuse the children."—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1865.

It was in the dark days of 1862. He called upon the president early one morning, just after news of a disaster. Mr. Lincoln commenced telling some trifling incident, which the congressman was in no mood to hear. He rose to his feet and said, "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." Instantly the smile disappeared from Mr. Lincoln's face, who exclaimed, "A——, sit down. I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now that, were it not for this occasional vent, I should die."—CARPENTER, in Raymond's "Lincoln."

General Schenck once told me of being with Lincoln on the occasion of his receiving bad news from the army. Placing his hand upon the general's knees and speaking with much emotion he said: "You have little idea of the terrible weight of care and sense of responsibility of this office of mine. Schenck, if to be at the head of hell is as hard as what I have to undergo here, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan himself."—RICE.

It is true you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.—MCCLURE.

Instances were given by the president to show that courage does not depend on color. A colonel on the eve of battle gave his color-bearer the regimental flag, saying, "Defend it, and protect it; die for it, if need be, but never surrender it." The black color-bearer replied, "Colonel, I will return this flag with honor, or I will report to God the reason why." He died in defending the flag.—SCOVEL, *Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1889.

The president respected the sanctity of the Sabbath and disapproved of unnecessary work on that day. I accompanied him on his visit to McDowell at Falmouth, when the general told him he would not be ready to start before Sunday on the march to Richmond, but, knowing his objections to initiating movements on that day, he would leave it to his judgment. The reply was, "Take a good rest and start Monday morning."—HAUPT.

As I came up to the railing in front of him he was reading a paper that had just been presented to him by a man who sat in the chair opposite to him and who seemed, by his restlessness and unsteady eyes, to be of a nervous disposition or under great excitement. Mr. Lincoln, still holding the paper up and without movement of any kind, paused and, raising his eyes, looked for a long time at the man's face and seemed to be looking down into his very soul. Then, resuming his reading for a few moments, he again paused and cast the same piercing look upon his visitor. Suddenly, without warning, he dropped the paper and stretching out his long arm he pointed his finger directly into the face of his *vis-à-vis* and said, "What's the matter with you?" The man stammered and finally replied, "Nothing." "Yes, there is," said Lincoln. "You can't look me in the face. You have not looked me in the face since you sat there. Even now you are looking out of that window and cannot look me in the eyes." Then, flinging the paper in the man's lap, he cried, "Take it back! There is something wrong about this. I will have nothing to do with it"—and the discomfited individual retired.—BANCROFT, *McClure's Magazine*, February, 1909.

We were to leave City Point on Saturday, April 8th. A few hours prior to our leaving, the military band came from the headquarters on board the River Queen. We assembled to hear it. After the performance of several pieces Mr. Lincoln thought of the "Marseillaise," and said to us that he had a great liking for that tune. He ordered it to be played. Delighted with it, he had it played a second time. "You must, however, come over to America," said he, "to hear it." He then asked me if I had ever heard "Dixie," the rebels' patriotic song, to the sound of which all their attacks had been conducted. As I answered in the negative he answered, "That tune is now Federal property; it belongs to us and, at any rate, it is good to show the rebels that with us they will be free to hear it again." He then ordered the somewhat surprised musicians to play it for us.—CHAMBRUN, *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1893.

The surrender of the city, written upon a piece of wall paper, had been formally delivered into the hands of Major Stevens and the star-spangled banner once more waved from the capitol. Through the desolate, smoke-blackened streets of Richmond Mr. Lincoln came to the old Pickett house in search of his friend and law partner, the

general's uncle. Then he asked for the general, perhaps wishing in his generous heart to offer the comfort of a cordial handshake to the soldier he had known in his ambitious youth, whose hopes had gone down with the pride and glory of Richmond. The general being yet in the field, Mr. Lincoln asked for the general's wife. The inquiry was answered by a lady who came forward with a baby in her arms and saw at the door a tall, strong-visaged stranger, with earnest, careworn features and a kindly light in his tender, melancholy eyes. "I am George Pickett's wife, sir," I said. "And I am Abraham Lincoln." "The president?" "No; Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend." Seeing baby's outstretched arms, Mr. Lincoln took him and little George opened wide his mouth and gave his father's friend a dewy baby kiss. As the baby was taken back into his mother's arms, Mr. Lincoln said in that deep and sympathetic voice which was one of his greatest powers over the hearts of men: "Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your mother's sweet smile and your bright eyes."—MRS. GENERAL PICKETT, *Lippincott's Magazine*, May, 1906.

I shall never forget a homely incident which occurred at that interview [1863] illustrating the entire absence of conventionalities upon the part of the president. Mr. Lincoln sat at an office desk, under which his long legs protruded to an extent which made them conspicuous. At first he had on a pair of carpet slippers, but as the conversation progressed he unconsciously withdrew his feet, disclosing what seemed to be a pair of dark yarn stockings, through which had worked his great toe and this he kept in almost perpetual motion.—BRANDEGEE, *New York Tribune*, January 23, 1887.

Appeals for Clemency

During the war a beautiful and spirited Virginia belle, whose brother, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure for the lady an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be very prudent and let not a word escape her which would betray her Southern sympathies. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln and their objects and wishes stated. The tall, grave president bent down to the petite maiden and, looking her searchingly in the face, said, "You are, of course, loyal?" Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied, "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia." Mr. Lincoln kept his intense gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and then handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. Once outside, the extreme vexation of Mr. Blair found vent in reproachful words. "Now you have done it," he said; "didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame." The young lady made no reply but opened the paper. It contained these words: "Pass Miss ——; she is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. Lincoln."—*Magazine of American History*, March, 1889.

Two boys ran away from their parents while under age and enlisted in the navy. The parents made many ineffectual efforts to get their sons discharged. They finally got an audience with Mr. Lincoln—no easy matter under the pressure of the president's manifold duties and engagements. The parents said that the worst fault of the boys was their disobedience to parental commands. Mr. Lincoln listened quietly to the story of the anxious fathers. He made no answer to their earnest appeals for the boys' discharge but, reaching over to an adjoining table, picked up a blank card and wrote these words: "Secretary Welles—The United States don't need the services of boys who disobey their parents. Let both Snyder and Ratcliffe be discharged. A. Lincoln."—JAMES M. SCOVEL, *Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1889.

In company with a gentleman I was on the way to the War Department one day. Our way led through a small park between the White House and the War Department building. As we entered this park we noticed Mr. Lincoln just ahead of us and meeting him a private soldier who was evidently in a violent passion, as he was swearing in a high key, cursing the government from the president down. Mr. Lincoln paused as he met the irate soldier and asked him what was the matter. "Matter enough," was the reply; "I want my money; I've been discharged and can't get my pay." Mr. Lincoln asked him if he had his papers, saying that he used to practise law in a small way and could possibly help him. My friend and I stepped behind some convenient shrubbery where we could watch the result. Mr. Lincoln took the papers from the hand of the crippled soldier and sat down with him at the foot of a convenient tree, where he examined them carefully and, writing a line on the back, told

the soldier to take them to Mr. Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, who would doubtless attend to the matter at once. After Mr. Lincoln had left the soldier we stepped out and asked him if he knew whom he had been talking with. "Some ugly fellow who pretends to be a lawyer," was the reply. My companion asked to see the papers and, on their being handed to him, pointed to the endorsement they had received. This endorsement read: "Mr. Potts—Attend to this man's case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L." The initials were too familiar with men in position who knew them to be ignored. We went with the soldier, who had just returned from Libby prison and had been given a hospital certificate of discharge, to see Mr. Potts and before the paymaster's office was closed for the day he had received his discharge and a check for the money due him, he in the meantime not knowing whether to be more pleased or sorry to think that he had cursed "Abe Lincoln to his face."—TARBELL, *McClure's Magazine*, June, 1899, quoting A. W. Swan.

In Lighter Vein

I was asked to sing. Poor Mr. Lincoln! who, I understood, could not endure music. I pitied him. "None of your foreign fireworks," said Mr. Trott, in his graceful manner as I passed him on my way to the piano. I answered, "Shall I sing 'Three Little Kittens'? I think that is the least fireworky of my repertoire." But I concluded that a simple little rocket like 'Robin Adair' would kill nobody; therefore I sang that and it had a success. When the gaunt president took my hand to thank me, he held it in a grip of iron, and when, to accentuate the compliment, meaning to give a little extra pressure, he put his left hand over his right, I felt as if my hand was shut in a waffle-iron and I should never straighten it out again. "Music is not much in my line," said the president; "but when you sing you warble yourself into a man's heart. I'd like to hear you sing some more." What other mild cracker could I fire off? Then I thought of that lovely song, 'Mary was a Lassie,' which you like so much, so I sang that. Mr. Lincoln said, "I think I might become a musician if I heard you often, but so far I know only two tunes." "'Hail Columbia'?" I asked. "You know that, I am sure." "Oh, yes; I know that, for I have to stand up and take off my hat." "And the other one?" "The other one? Oh, the other one is the other when I don't stand up." —LILLIE DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE, letter to her aunt, dated Philadelphia, July, 1864.

In his eulogy of the late Chief Justice Chase Mr. Evarts told a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Lincoln. It was in reference to the distribution of government patronage that he said, at the outset of his administration, "I am like a man letting rooms at one end of his house while the other is on fire."—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1874.

I called upon the president soon after he was installed in the White House. In the room where Mr. Lincoln granted interviews were several persons who were waiting their turn to speak to him. I listened to the requests of several men and women and I saw that very few were granted what they solicited. I had a seat at or near one end of a long table. Mr. Lincoln sat at the other end. Soon after I was seated, in walked several officers in the Spanish navy to pay their compliments to Mr. Lincoln. By some means they were directed to my end of the table and I saw that they took me for the president. Mr. Lincoln saw the same thing and hastily signaled to me "go ahead," as he expressed it, and receive them. I rose, shook hands with each officer and exchanged a few words with them, which would, I suppose, have been appropriate, had I indeed been the president. The moment their backs were turned I looked towards Mr. Lincoln. He was shaking with laughter. I thought now I had paved my way to win the position I had come to ask. I made up my mind to address the president in a new way and thus add to the hold I already had upon him. So when my time came I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln and said: "Sir, I have seen the annoyances to which you are subjected by so many and oft-repeated requests for innumerable positions, etc. Now, if you will permit me to shake hands I will endeavor to smother my desire for a certain position which I had come to ask of you." Mr. Lincoln jumped and, grasping my hand, said, "Sir, you are one man in a thousand. I am doubly indebted to you. You have been the means of conveying to those Spanish officers that the president of the United States is a very handsome man and then you do not even ask an office. But," he added; "hurry home; you may repent." It is sufficient to say that I hurried.—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1877.

One day—said Mr. Lincoln—when I first came here, I got into a fit of musing in my room and stood resting my elbows on the bureau. Looking into the glass it struck me what an awfully ugly man I was. The fact grew on me and I made up my mind that I must be the ugliest man in the world. It so

maddened me that I resolved, should I ever see an uglier, I would shoot him on sight. Not long after this, Andy—naming a lawyer present—came to town and the first time I saw him I said to myself, "There's the man." I went home, took down my gun and prowled around the streets waiting for him. He soon came along. "Halt, Andy," said I, pointing the gun at him; "say your prayers, for I am going to shoot you." "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter? What have I done?" "Well, I made an oath that if I ever saw an uglier man than I am I'd shoot him on the spot. You are uglier; sure; so make ready to die." "Mr. Lincoln, do you really think that I am uglier than you?" "Yes." "Well, Mr. Lincoln," said Andy deliberately and looking me squarely in the face, "if I am any uglier, fire away."—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1877.

Senator Voorhees once told me a rather interesting story in connection with President Lincoln. It was the occasion of the dedication of what was known as the Foundery Methodist church in Washington. Mr. Lincoln was present, Voorhees was there and Bishop Simpson delivered the dedicatory address. The bishop was an eloquent speaker and his sermon was a characteristic one. The president was seated in an armchair in front of the pulpit, with his back to the minister, and after the sermon was over an effort was made to raise funds to pay the debt of the church. This phase of the meeting was tiresomely protracted, the minister in the customary style earnestly urging an unresponsive congregation to contribute until nearly every inducement had been exhausted. Finally somebody started a movement to raise a certain definite amount of money, the achievement of which would make the president a life member of some church society. But even this scheme was not accepted with much enthusiasm and Bishop Simpson renewed his plea for donations. At last Mr. Lincoln, who had grown tired and bored at the performance, craned his head around to Bishop Simpson and said in a tone that everybody heard: "Simpson, if you will stop this auction I will pay the money myself."—CULLOM.

I know of no better illustration of the peculiar rapidity with which he would pass from one side of his nature to the other than a reminiscence for which I am indebted to Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, who, at the time, was one of the leading war governors. He was summoned to see Lincoln at the White House, on arriving after midnight from the battle-field at Fredericksburg, where he had been inspecting the wounded and surveying this field of national disaster. Lincoln showed much anxiety about the wounded and asked many questions about the battle. Governor Curtin replied, "Mr. President, it was not a battle; it was a butchery," and proceeded to give a graphic description of the scenes he had witnessed. Lincoln was heartbroken at the recital and soon reached a state of nervous excitement bordering on insanity. Finally, as the governor was leaving the room, he went forward and, taking the president by the hand, tenderly expressed his sympathy for his sorrow. He said, "Mr. President, I am deeply touched by your sorrow and at the distress I have caused you. I have only answered your questions. No doubt my impressions have been colored by the suffering I have seen. I trust matters will look brighter when the official reports come in. I would give all I possess to know how to rescue you from this terrible war." Lincoln's whole aspect suddenly changed and he relieved his mind by telling a story. "This reminds me, Governor," he said, "of an old farmer out in Illinois whom I used to know. He took it into his head to go into hog-raising. He sent out to Europe and imported the finest breed of hogs he could buy. The prize hog was put in a pen and the farmer's two mischievous boys—John and James—were told to be sure not to let him out. But James, the worse of the two, let the brute out the next day. The hog went straight for the boys and drove John up a tree. Then the hog went for the seat of James's trousers and the only way the boy could save himself was by holding on to the hog's tail. The hog would not give up his hunt, nor the boy his hold. After they had made a good many circles around the tree, the boy's courage began to give out and he shouted to his brother, 'I say, John, come down quick and help me let this hog go.' Now, governor, that is exactly my case. I wish some one would come and help me let this hog go."—RICE.

On one occasion, when, being struck with an amusing rhyme which I showed him in a number of *Harper's Weekly*, instead of requesting me to cut it out for him, he borrowed my knife, and, extending himself at half length on the deck, spread the paper before him and cut the piece out, remarking at the same time that it was not precisely the attitude for the president of the United States to assume, but it was a good position for a man who merely wanted to cut a piece out of a newspaper. This little scrap amused him exceedingly. It was a very

absurd idea, absurdly expressed; but there was something about it that pleased his fancy, and he was not satisfied until he had read it to each one of the party, appearing to enjoy it the more the oftener he read it. He even called up the captain of the cutter and read it to him.—EGBERT L. VIELE, *Scribner's Monthly*, October, 1878.

Speaking of the practise that grew up in the beginning of the war, for everybody that found himself in command at a cross-roads—or any other place, no matter how insignificant—to issue a grandiloquent proclamation to the inhabitants, defining the position of the government, and more particularly expressing his own views upon the situation, etc., Mr. Lincoln remarked that he had been so much annoyed by these manifestoes that he had determined to put a stop to them. The first occasion that offered itself was when Burnside and Goldsborough appeared at the Executive mansion to receive their final instructions in regard to the joint military and naval expedition to North Carolina. He called their attention to this subject, expressing very decided opinions in the matter. "Would you believe it," said Mr. Lincoln; "when I spoke of proclamations, each pulled one out of his pocket that had been prepared in advance, without consultation. I had no idea of catching them in the very act."—EGBERT L. VIELE, *Scribner's Monthly*, October, 1878.

Both Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton were under great depression of spirits when we started, and Mr. Chase remarked with a good deal of seriousness that he had forgotten to write a very important letter before leaving. It was too late to remedy the omission, and Mr. Lincoln at once drove the thought of it from his mind by telling him that a man was sometimes lucky in forgetting to write a letter, for he seldom knew what it contained until it appeared some day to confront him with an indiscreet word or expression; and then he told a humorous story of a sad catastrophe that happened in a family, which was ascribed to something that came in a letter—a catastrophe so far beyond the region of possibility that it set us all laughing, and Mr. Chase lost his anxious look. That reminded Mr. Stanton of the dilemma he had been placed in just before leaving, by the receipt of a telegram from General Mitchell, who was in northern Alabama. The telegram was indistinct and could not be clearly understood; there was no time to ask for further explanation, and yet an immediate answer was required; so the secretary took the chances and answered back: "All right; go ahead." "Now, Mr. President," said he, "if I have made a mistake you must countermand my instructions." "I suppose you meant," said Mr. Lincoln, "that it was all right if it was good for him, and all wrong if it was not. That reminds me," said he, "of a story about a horse that was sold at the cross-roads where I once lived. The horse was supposed to be fast and quite a number of people were present at the time appointed for the sale. A small boy was employed to ride the horse backward and forward to exhibit his points. One of the would-be buyers followed the boy down the road and asked him confidentially if the horse had a splint. 'Well, mister,' said the boy, 'if it's good for him he's got it, but if it isn't good for him he hasn't.' And that's the position," said the president, "you seem to have left General Mitchell in. Well, Stanton, I guess he'll come out right; but at any rate, you can't help him now."—EGBERT L. VIELE, *Scribner's Monthly*, October, 1878.

Some gentlemen fresh from a western tour, during a call at the White House, referred in the course of conversation to a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name signifying "Weeping Water." Mr. Lincoln instantly responded, "As Laughing Water, according to Longfellow, is Minnehaha, this evidently should be Minne boohoo."

A juvenile "brigadier" from New York, with a small detachment of cavalry, having imprudently gone within the rebel lines near Fairfax Court House, was captured by "guerrillas." Upon the fact being reported to Mr. Lincoln, he said he was very sorry to lose the horses. "What do you mean?" inquired his informant. "Why," rejoined the president, "I can make a better brigadier any day, but those horses cost the government a hundred and twenty-five dollars a head."

A visitor, congratulating Mr. Lincoln on the prospect of his re-election, was answered with an anecdote of an Illinois farmer who undertook to blast his own rocks. His first effort at producing an explosion was a failure. He explained the cause by exclaiming, "Pshaw! This powder has been shot before."—F. B. CARPENTER, "Six Months in the White House."

When Mr. Lincoln had received telegraphic information that firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville, he simply remarked that he was glad of it. One of his cabinet, who knew the perils of Burnside's position, could not see why the president

should be glad of it and so expressed himself. "Why, you see," responded Lincoln, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sally Ward, a neighbor of mine in Illinois, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out of the way place, upon which Mrs. Sally would exclaim, 'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet.' "—POORE, "Life of Burnside."

He was sorely tried by McClellan's inactivity and his letters and despatches were often pathetic. "If you don't intend to use the army, won't you lend it to me?" "What has your cavalry been doing since the battle of Antietam that would fatigue anything?" —HAUPT.

I explained to him that it was necessary to have a great number of troops to guard and hold the territory we had captured and to prevent incursions into the Northern states. These troops could perform this service just as well by advancing as by remaining still; and by advancing they would compel the enemy to keep detachments to keep them back, or else lay his own territory open to invasion. His answer was, "Oh, yes; I see that; as we say out west, if a man can't skin he must hold a leg while somebody else does."—U. S. GRANT.

On one occasion President Lincoln, when riding near the Soldiers' Home, said to his footman, named Charles Forbes, who had but recently come from Ireland, "What kind of fruit do you have in Ireland, Charles?" To which Charles replied, "Mr. President, we have many good kinds of fruit: gooseberries, pears, apples and the like." The president then asked, "Have you tasted any of our American fruits?" Charles said he had not and the president told Burke, the coachman, to drive under a persimmon tree by the roadside. Standing up in the open carriage he pulled off some of the green fruit, giving some of it to Burke and some of it to Charles, with advice that the latter try some of it. Charles, taking some of the green fruit in his hand, commenced to eat, when to his astonishment he found that he could hardly open his mouth. Trying his best to spit it out he yelled, "Mr. President, I'm poisoned! I'm poisoned!" Mr. Lincoln fairly lay back in the carriage and rolled with laughter.—PENDEL.

The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the president approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement and, casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating an immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed, "Hello, comrade, do you know when your feet get cold?"—TARBELL, *McClure's Magazine*, June, 1899, citing letter from James C. Burns.

As I arose to go Mr. Lincoln pulled himself together up out of the rocking chair, into which he had packed himself, and, scanning me good-naturedly for a moment, said very abruptly, "You never put backs with Sumner, did you?" I suppose I looked as much surprised as I felt, but I laughed and said that I did not think I had ever done so. "Well, I supposed not," he said, and then, hesitating a moment, went on, "When he was in here I asked him to measure with me and do you know he made a little speech about it?" I tried to look civilly curious and Mr. Lincoln, with an indescribable glimmer all over his face, continued, "Yes," he said, "he told me he thought this was a time for uniting our fronts and not our backs before the enemies of the country, or something like that. It was very fine. But I reckon the truth was"—and at this point I was compelled against my wish to laugh out loud—"I reckon the truth was—he was afraid to measure."—*The North American Review*, September, 1879.

In Mr. P. T. Barnum's recently published "Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections," he mentions having been in Washington in 1862, with Commodore Nutt. President Lincoln sent Mr. Barnum an invitation to visit the White House and bring his short friend. . . . Mr. Lincoln then bent down his long, lank body and, taking Nutt by the hand, said, "Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice: when you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, I advise you to wade ashore." The Commodore, placing himself by the side of the president and gradually raising his eyes up to the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's long legs, replied, "I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could."—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1870.

Regarding the most widely quoted of the jokes attributed to him, that he proposed to send a barrel of whiskey drank by General Grant to every general in the army, which Mr. Brooks claims for him, an old friend of mine, the late Moses F. Odell, once asked Lincoln if this joke was his. "No," he said; "that is too good for me." It is what I should have expected. The best things are

usually anonymous. This particular joke dates back much before Lincoln's day.—NADAL, *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1906.

Mr. Lincoln was at first somewhat surprised at the apparent forwardness of the young woman, but observing her distressed appearance he ceased conversation with his friend and commenced an examination of the document she had placed in his hands. Glancing from it to the face of the petitioner, whose tears had broken forth afresh, he studied its expression for a moment, and then his eyes fell upon her scanty but neat dress. Instantly his face lighted up. "My poor girl," he said, "you have come here with no governor, or senator, or member of Congress to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful; and you don't wear hoops—and I'll be whipped but I will pardon your brother."—CARPENTER, in Raymond's "Lincoln."

With His Secretary of War

I called upon Mr. Lincoln as soon as it became known that Stanton had accepted an appointment in his cabinet and congratulated him upon having secured so valuable a coadjutor. Mr. Lincoln replied that it was an experiment which he had made up his mind to try, and that whenever a Union man was willing to break away from party affiliations and stand by the government in this great struggle, he was resolved to give him an opportunity and welcome him to the service. He remarked that he had been warned against this appointment and had been told that it would never do; that "Stanton would run away with the whole concern and that he would find that he could do nothing with such a man unless he let him have his own way." The president then told a story of a minister out in Illinois who was in the habit of going off in such high flights at camp meeting that they had to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. "I may have to do that with Stanton; but, if I do, bricks in his pocket will be better than bricks in his hat. I'll risk him without either."—DAWES, *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1894.

It has often been asserted that the secretary of war ruled Mr. Lincoln. This is a mistake. The secretary would frequently overawe and browbeat others, but he was never imperious in dealing with the president. This I have from Mr. Watson, for some time assistant secretary of war, and Mr. Whiting, while solicitor of the War Department. Lincoln, however, had the highest opinion of Stanton and their relations were always most kindly. The following anecdote illustrates the characters of the two men and Mr. Lincoln's method of dealing with a dilemma. It is related that a committee of Western men, headed by Mr. Lovejoy, procured from the president an important order looking to the exchange of Eastern and Western soldiers, with a view to more effective work. Repairing to the office of the secretary, Mr. Lovejoy explained the scheme, as he had done before to the president, but was met by a flat refusal. "But we have the president's order, sir," said Mr. Lovejoy. "Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" said Stanton. "He did, sir." "Then he is a damned fool," said the irate secretary. "Do you mean to say that the president is a damned fool?" said Lovejoy in amazement. "Yes, sir; if he gave such an order as that." The bewildered congressman from Illinois at once betook himself to the president and related the result of the conference. "Did Stanton say I was a damned fool?" said Lincoln. "He did, sir, and repeated it." After a moment's pause, and looking up, the president said, "If Stanton said I was a damned fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right and generally says what he means. I will step over to see him."—JULIAN, "Rice's Reminiscences."

On the table near him he kept a package of blank cards, such as one finds on every hotel counter. On these were written, in lead pencil, some of the most important orders of the war. Very often he would address Secretary Stanton with a penciled request, "If the exigencies of the service would permit," to "let up" on some chaplain, civilian or soldier who complained of the rough treatment of the secretary of war. Stanton sometimes granted these requests, but just as often he would tear up the card in the face of the applicant and tell him to "go back to Lincoln and tell him he would be damned if he would do it." For the modern Carnot, in spite of his virtues and solid Presbyterianism, could, when angered, swear like a trooper. When Lincoln would be appealed to again, he would simply look up, or down, on the victim of Stanton's wrath, and say quizzically, "Well, I never did have much influence with this administration."—SCOVEL, *Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1889.

At one time there was some official jealousy between Postmaster General Blair and Secretary Stanton. Markland [A. H.] had been sent to the latter for certain orders relating to the postal service within the lines of the army and Stanton had declined to issue them, "to accommodate Mr. Blair," who pro-

ceeded to write a letter to the president, calling his attention to the situation. Markland was the messenger to bear the communication and he tells me: "When I delivered the letter Mr. Lincoln read it carefully and handed it back to me saying, 'What is the matter between Blair and Stanton?' I told him all I knew in reference to the proposed orders. He then said, 'If I understand the case, General Grant wants the orders issued, and you want them issued, and Stanton won't issue them. Now don't you see what kind of a fix I will be in if I interfere? I'll tell you what to do: if you and General Grant understand one another, suppose you try to get along without the orders and if Blair or Stanton makes a fuss I may be called in as a referee and I may decide in your favor.' The orders were never issued and pleasant relations were maintained all around."—*Magazine of American History*, April, 1891.

A gentleman called upon Mr. Lincoln seeking a pardon for a young surgeon in the Confederate service who had passed clandestinely through the Union lines under mitigating circumstances but had been arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to confinement during the war. After hearing the case the president said: "I cannot interfere; I must not offend Secretary ——." "That cannot happen," said the petitioner; "Secretary —— has not been requested to give the pardon; I have preferred to make application to the president, who listens patiently, which Secretary —— will not always do." "Perhaps," said Mr. Lincoln, "there is that difference between the secretary and myself, and it recalls a story told to me by Swett, of Maine: A man in his neighborhood had a small bull terrier that could whip all the dogs of the neighborhood. The owner of a large dog which the terrier had whipped asked the owner of the terrier how it happened that the terrier whipped every dog he encountered. 'That,' said the owner of the terrier, 'is no mystery to me; your dogs and other dogs get half through a fight before they are ready; my dog is always mad.'"—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1868.

Stanton then related the following: Mr. Lincoln had been exceedingly solicitous about the result of that battle [Gettysburg]. . . . At last, towards midnight, came the electric flash of the great victory that saved the Union. Stanton seized the despatch and ran as fast as he could to the executive mansion, up the stairs and knocked at the room where the president was catching a fitful slumber. "Who is there?" he heard in the voice of Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton." The door was opened and Mr. Lincoln appeared with a light in his hand and peered through the crack of the door, "in the shortest nightgown and longest legs," as Stanton said, he ever saw on a human being. Before Stanton, who was out of breath, could say a word, the president, who had caught with unerring instinct the expression of his face, gave a shout of exultation, grabbed him with both arms around the waist and danced him around the chamber until they were both exhausted. They then sat down upon a trunk and the president, who was still in his nightdress, read over and over again the telegram and then discussed with him the probabilities of the future and the results of the victory until day dawned.—BRANDEGEE, *New York Tribune*, January 23, 1887.

A quartermaster from one of the regiments of my own state had been caught in one of the dens of Washington gambling with the government money and had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary. I had received a petition to the president, signed by many leading citizens in the neighborhood of the offender's home, endorsed and certified to by the physician of the penitentiary, and also by a leading physician of my own town, asking for his pardon on the ground of failing health, and representing him to be in a sad condition of decline, with every prospect of a speedy death unless released. I took this petition to Mr. Lincoln, who, after carefully reading it, turned to me and said, "Do you believe that statement?" "Certainly I do, Mr. President, or I should not have brought it to you." "Please say so here on the back under these doctors." I did as requested, adding, "and because I believe it to be true I join in this petition." As I signed my name he remarked, "We can't permit that man to die after that statement," and immediately wrote under it all, "Let this man be discharged. A. L." He handed the paper back to me and told me to take it to the War Office and give it to Mr. Stanton. He saw at once something in my countenance which led him to think I had already encountered some rough weather in that quarter and had little relish for more. He took back the paper and, smiling, remarked that he was going over there pretty soon and would take it himself. The next day, on going to the House, I was met by two Michigan representatives with the inquiry, "What have you been doing at the White House? We went up to get a poor Michigan soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to

be shot for desertion, but we couldn't do anything with the president. He told us that you were there yesterday and got him to pardon a man out of the penitentiary and when he took the paper to Stanton he wouldn't discharge him 'and told me,' said the president, 'that it was a sham and that Dawes had got him to pardon the biggest rascal in the army and that I had made gambling with public funds perfectly safe. I couldn't get him to let the man off. The truth is that I have been doing so much of this thing lately that I have lost all influence with this administration and have got to stop.'" I went immediately to the White House, with my hair on end, but was greeted by the president in the mildest manner and with a look which told me that he knew my errand. Indeed, his face was always a title-page. I said to him that I understood he had had some trouble with the pardon of the day before and inquired if it had gone out. He replied that it had not and then recounted, in his quaint way, the scene in the War Office, much as it had already been repeated to me. I said to him that I could not afford to let this matter rest on any uncertainty. "Retain this pardon, send a messenger to Albany and make certain of the truth or falsity of this statement—at my expense if we have been imposed upon." His reply was, "I think, if you believe it, I will. At any rate, I will take the risk on the side of mercy." So the pardon went out. And yet the sequel showed that Mr. Stanton was the nearest right of the three; for, on my return to Massachusetts, at the adjournment of Congress, almost the first man who greeted me on the street was this same "dying" quartermaster, apparently as hale and robust as the people around him. —DAWES, *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1894.

The president said, "I have done something this morning which has roused the ire of Secretary Stanton." I expressed a desire to know what it was. He continued: "Congressman Dennison, of Pennsylvania, came to me this morning with the mother of John Russell, a soldier who was to be shot within forty-eight hours for insubordination and I gave a peremptory order pardoning the soldier and restoring him to his regiment. At a recent battle, in the face of the enemy, John Russell's captain ran away. When the battle was over, in which half the command were lost, this soldier met his captain, and, walking up to him, rifle in hand, said, 'Captain, you're a damned coward, and ought to be shot for cowardice.' The captain pulled out his revolver and attempted to kill Russell, who aimed his rifle at the captain's head. They were separated. The captain preferred charges of insubordination against the soldier and a subservient court martial promptly sentenced Russell to be shot and did not even censure the cowardly officer. Congressman Dennison has just given me all the facts in the case and I have just made the poor mother happy by saving the boy." And with compressed lips, he went on: "And I did more; I dismissed the cowardly captain from the army."—SCOVEL, *Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1889.

I heard a conversation between Lincoln and Stanton in relation to the selection of brigadier-generals. The many applications and recommendations were examined and discussed. Lincoln finally said, "Well, Mr. Secretary, I concur in pretty much all you say. The only point I make is, there has got to be something done that will unquestionably be in the interest of the Dutch, and to that end I want Schemmelfinnig appointed." The secretary replied, "Mr. President, perhaps this Schemmel—what's-his-name—is not as highly recommended as some other German officer." "No matter about that," said Lincoln; "his name will make up for any difference there may be, and I'll take the risk of his coming out all right."—JAMES B. FRY, "Rice's Reminiscences."

To Abraham Lincoln, Artemus Ward's book was a never-failing fountain of fun. Of the quaint spelling and side-splitting jokes in A. Ward's compendium of humor the president liked to talk with the grave Stanton, to whom fun was a mere waste of raw material. On a certain Sunday, always Lincoln's day for relaxation, he said, "Stanton, I find a heap of fun in A. Ward's book." "Yes," said Stanton drily, "but what do you think of that chapter where he makes fun of you?" Mr. Lincoln quickly replied, "Stanton, to save my life I could never see any humor in that chapter."—SCOVEL, *Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1889.

It was a pretty solemn occasion because on the decision of this election (1864) hung the question whether we were there or were not there. The president looked over to me and said, "Did you ever read anything of Petroleum V. Nasby?" I answered, "Yes." "Well," he said, "I want to read you something." So he began to read just loud enough for me to hear. Mr. Stanton couldn't stand this. He got up and went off into the telegraph room that was just alongside. Presently he opened the door and called to me:

"I have got something for you." So I went into the telegraph office. I found that he hadn't any work for me. He simply wanted to objurgate the man who could sit down at such a time and read such silly, stupid stuff as that. But that constant humor that Mr. Lincoln infused into anything was really what saved him and brought him through the whole of this immense suffering and struggle in good health and spirits at last.—DANA.

With the Politicians

The idea of issuing money directly by the government to meet an emergency was as old as governments themselves. But Amasa Walker, a distinguished financier of New England, had a thought that was new. He suggested that the notes thus issued directly from the government to the people, as currency, should bear interest. This for the purpose not only of making the notes popular, but for the purpose of preventing inflation by inducing people to hoard the notes as an investment when the demands of trade failed to call them into circulation as currency. This idea struck Mr. David Taylor, of Ohio, with such force that he sought Mr. Lincoln and urged him to put the project into immediate execution. The president listened patiently and at the end said: "That is a good idea, Taylor, but you must go to Chase. He is running that end of the machine and has to consider your proposition." Taylor sought the secretary of the treasury and laid before him Amasa Walker's plan. Chase heard him through in a cold, unpleasant manner and then said: "That is all very well, Mr. Taylor, but there is one little obstacle in the way that makes the plan impracticable, and that is the constitution." Saying this he turned to his desk as if dismissing both Mr. Taylor and his proposition at the same moment. The poor enthusiast felt rebuked and humiliated. He returned to the president, however, and reported his defeat. Mr. Lincoln looked at the would-be financier with the expression at times peculiar to his homely face that left one in doubt as to whether he was jesting or in earnest. "Taylor," said he, "go back to Chase and tell him not to bother himself about the constitution. Say that I have that sacred instrument here at the White House and I am guarding it with great care." Mr. David Taylor demurred to this, on the ground that Mr. Chase showed by his manner that he knew all about it and didn't wish to be bored with any suggestion. "We'll see about that," exclaimed the president and, taking a card from the table, he wrote upon it: "The Secretary of the Treasury will please consider Mr. Taylor's proposition. We must have money and I think this is a good way to get it. A. Lincoln." Armed with this, the real father of the greenbacks again sought the secretary. He was received more politely than before, but was cut short in his advocacy of the measure by a proposition for both of them to see the president. They did so and Mr. Chase made a long and elaborate constitutional argument against the proposed measure. "Chase," said Lincoln, after the secretary had concluded, "down in Illinois I was held to be a pretty good lawyer and I believe I could answer every point you made, but I don't feel called upon to do it. This thing reminds me of a story I read in a newspaper the other day. It was of an Italian captain who ran his vessel on a rock and knocked a hole in her bottom. He set his men to pumping and he went to prayers before a figure of the Virgin in the bow of the ship. The leak gained on them. It looked at last as if the vessel would go down with all on board. The captain, at length, in a fit of rage at not having his prayers answered, seized the figure of the Virgin and threw it overboard. Suddenly the leak stopped, the water was pumped out and the vessel got safely into port. When docked for repairs the statue of the Virgin Mary was found stuck head foremost in the hole." "I don't see, Mr. President, the precise application of your story," said Mr. Chase. "Why, Chase, I don't intend precisely to throw the Virgin Mary overboard, and by that I mean the constitution, but I will stick it in the hole if I can. These rebels are violating the constitution in order to destroy the union; I will violate the constitution, if necessary, to save the union; and, I suspect, Chase, that our constitution is going to have a rough time of it before we get done with this row. Now, what I want to know, constitution aside, is this project of issuing interest-bearing notes a good one?" "I must say," responded Mr. Chase, "that with the exception you make it is not only a good one, but the only way open to us to raise money. If you say so I will do my best to put it into immediate and practical operation and you will never hear from any opposition to this project." The people eagerly accepted the loan, which the capitalists were prompt to depreciate and dishonor.—PIATT, *The North American Review*, December, 1886.

A distinguished public officer, being in Washington, in an interview with the president, introduced the question of emancipation. "Well, you see," said Mr. Lincoln,

"we've got to be very cautious how we manage the negro question. If we're not we shall be like the barber out in Illinois, who was shaving a fellow with a hatchet face and lantern jaws like mine. The barber stuck his finger into his customer's mouth to make his cheek stick out, but while shaving away he cut through the fellow's cheek and cut off his own finger. If we are not very careful, we shall do as the barber did."—CARPENTER, in Raymond's "Lincoln."

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing reminiscences of Sherman's campaign in North Carolina, is responsible for the following: General Sherman complained that the government had never distinctly explained to him what policy it desired to have pursued. "I asked Mr. Lincoln explicitly, when we were at City Point, whether he wanted me to capture Jeff Davis or let him escape, and in reply he told me a story. That story may now have a historical value and I give it as General Sherman said Mr. Lincoln told it—only premising that it was a favorite story with Mr. Lincoln, which he told many times and in illustration of many points of public policy. "I'll tell you, general," Mr. Lincoln is said to have begun. "I'll tell you what I think of taking Jeff Davis. Out in Sangamon county there was an old temperance lecturer who was very strict in the doctrine and practise of total abstinence. One day, after a long ride in the hot sun, he stopped at the house of a friend, who proposed making him a lemonade. As the mild beverage was being mixed the friend insinuatingly asked if he wouldn't like a drop of something stronger to brace up his nerves after the exhausting heat and exercise. 'No,' replied the lecturer, 'I couldn't think of it; I'm opposed to it on principle; but,' he added with a longing glance at the black bottle that stood conveniently at hand, 'if you could manage to put in a drop unbeknownst to me, I guess it wouldn't hurt me much.' Now, general," Mr. Lincoln is said to have concluded, "I am bound to oppose the escape of Jeff Davis; but if you could manage to let him slip out unbeknownst like, I guess it wouldn't hurt me much." "And that," exclaimed General Sherman, "is all I could get out of the government as to what its policy was concerning the rebel leaders until Stanton assailed me for Davis's escape."—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1865.

Upon the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the European sovereigns, and also to President Lincoln, announcing the fact. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington, a bachelor by the way, requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward. "May it please your excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your excellency. In it she informs your excellency that her son, his royal highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her royal highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark." After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the president and awaited his reply. It was short, simple and expressive and consisted simply of the words, "Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise." It is doubtful whether an English ambassador was ever addressed in this manner before, and it would be interesting to learn what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic language when he reported it to her majesty.—F. B. CARPENTER.

One of Mr. Lincoln's Springfield neighbors, a clergyman, visiting Washington early in the administration, asked the president what was to be his policy on the slavery question. "Well," said he, "I will answer by telling you a story. You know Father B., the old Methodist preacher, and you know Fox river and its freshets. Well, once in the presence of Father B., a young Methodist was worrying about Fox river and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river. Father B. checked him in his gravest manner. Said he, 'Young man, I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox river until I get to it.' And," added Mr. Lincoln, "I am not going to worry myself about the slavery question till I get to it."—F. B. CARPENTER.

On one occasion, when a senator of very decided opinions was in consultation with the chief magistrate, the latter said, concerning some proposition, "But will Kentucky stand that?" "Damn Kentucky," exclaimed the senator. "Then damn you," cried Mr. Lincoln with some warmth. But, much as he loved his native state, there were points on which he would "put his foot down" even to her. A Kentuckian, wishing some government aid in recovering some of his slaves, escaped and escaping, "reminded him," he said,

"of a little story. When I was going down the Ohio once on a steamer, a little boy came up to the captain and said, 'Captain, please stop the boat; I've lost my apple overboard.'" —CONWAY, *The Fortnightly Review*, May 15, 1865.

The next day Dana had an interesting interview with Lincoln at the White House, in regard to the arrest of Jacob Thompson, a Confederate commissioner, who was trying to make his way from Canada through Maine to Europe. Stanton thought he ought to be caught, but sent Dana to refer the matter to the president. As soon as the latter understood the question to be answered, he said, "No; I rather think not. When you have got an elephant by the hind leg, and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run." —WILSON.

In my interview with him the name came up of a recently deceased politician of Illinois whose undeniable merit was blemished by an overweening vanity. His funeral was very largely attended. "If," said Mr. Lincoln, "General —— had known how big a funeral he would have had, he would have died years ago."—LOCKE.

Dealing With Critics

My brother, Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., was a leader in the Presbyterian church, and a warm friend of Mr. Lincoln during the war. In the great struggle he was aggressively on the side of the Union and in favor of the emancipation policy of Mr. Lincoln. In 1862-3, the Rev. Dr. McPheeters, a prominent Presbyterian, was preaching at St. Louis. Major-General Curtis commanded in that military department. One day Dr. McPheeters uttered some sentiments that were deemed disloyal. The next Sunday Dr. McPheeters found the doors of the church closed by order of General Curtis. There was immediate trouble, not alone in St. Louis, but in Washington. A committee, composed of both factions, went to see the president. Finding Dr. Stanton in Washington, they requested him to go with them to the White House and present them to Mr. Lincoln. The president listened patiently and then spoke as follows: "I can best illustrate my position in regard to your St. Louis quarrel by telling a story. A man in Illinois had a watermelon patch on which he hoped to make money enough to carry him over the year. A big hog broke through the log fence nearly every night and the melons were gradually disappearing. At length the farmer told his son John to get out the guns and they would promptly dispose of the disturber of their melon patch. They followed the tracks to a neighboring creek, where they disappeared. They discovered them on the opposite bank and waded through. They kept on the trail a couple of hundred yards when the tracks again went into the creek, but promptly turned up on the other side. Once more the hunters buffeted the mud and water and again struck the lead and pushed on a few furlongs, when the tracks made another drive into the creek. Out of breath and patience, the farmer said, 'John, you cross over and go up on that side and I'll keep on this side, for I believe the old fellow is on both sides.' Gentlemen," concluded Mr. Lincoln, "that is just where I stand in regard to your controversies in St. Louis. I am on both sides. I can't allow my generals to run the churches and I can't allow your ministers to preach rebellion. Go home, preach the gospel, stand by the Union and don't disturb the government any more with any of your petty quarrels."—STANTON.

When a revolt took place in the early part of the rebellion and General William Tecumseh Sherman subdued it, one of the officers complained to President Lincoln that the general had been very severe in his language and had said, if a similar disorder took place again, one of the old regiments should fire on the regiment of recruits that was so disorderly. The officer asked Lincoln whether he did not think that was severe. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "don't trust those Shermans; they are apt to do just as they say they will."—POORE, "Life and Public Services of John Sherman."

It was at the time when the emancipation of the negroes was under heated discussion. Lincoln was being pressed by the radicals on the one hand, demanding immediate emancipation, and by the border statesmen on the other, who insisted that such action would throw their states into the arms of the confederacy. . . . During this period the president received one day a visit from a delegation of border state representatives, who urged their case with passionate earnestness. . . . "I have just received a visit this morning," he added, "from Senator Sumner, Senator Wade and Mr. Stephens, the leaders of the Senate and the House, who assure me that unless the abolition of slavery is made clear these great states will refuse further troops and money for the war. And, what is more, they are coming back at one o'clock to get my answer." And then, as a smile broke over his careworn face, he continued, "My situation reminds me of an inci-

dent in my own short experience in school." And here followed a delightful description of a primitive Indiana or Kentucky school with its one room, its split puncheons for seats and its modest equipment for teaching. "There were few books among the pioneer families of those days," continued the president; "the one book which every family possessed was the Bible and it was commonly used as a school reader. The class stood up in line before the teacher and, beginning with some chapter, each scholar in turn read a verse. The boys very soon learned to count the number standing in line and then from the numbered verses to prepare themselves on the verses coming to them on the second reading and by this means to make a better showing. On one occasion we read the chapter which tells of the Hebrew children and their adventures in the fiery furnace. It so happened that the verse containing the three hard names—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—came to a boy larger than the others, but backward and shy. He made sorry work of the three Hebrew children, but finally floundered through, to the relief of everybody, and the reading continued. His turn to read had almost come around again when, to the astonishment of the teacher and pupils, he burst out into sobs. "Why, Sammy," inquired the teacher, "what is the matter?" "Well," sobbed Sammy, digging his fists into his eyes and glancing sidelong at the books, "them three blamed fools is coming around to me again." And with this the conference ended, leaving the matter *in statu quo*, which was exactly what the story was intended to accomplish. The emancipation proclamation was at the moment lying on the president's desk awaiting a victory of the Union arms to furnish a fit occasion for its announcement. Antietam set it free.—PRITCHETT, *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1914.

The gossip around the capitol in Washington among the senators and representatives is a very poor gage of public sentiment in the country toward a president. I was in Washington a few months before the second nomination. I talked with numerous senators and representatives and it really seemed to me as if there was hardly any one in favor of the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. I felt much discouraged over the circumstance. When I was about to leave for home I called at the White House. I asked the president whether he permitted anybody to talk to him about himself. He replied that he did. I said, "I would like to talk to you about yourself." He asked me to be seated. Whereupon I told him that I had been in Washington some ten days or more and that everybody seemed to be against him. "Well, it is not quite so bad as that," he said. He took down his directory and I soon discovered that he had a far more intimate knowledge of the situation than I had. He had every one marked, knew how he stood, and the list made a better showing than I expected. . . . He was reminded of a little story. A couple of Irishmen came to America and started out on foot into the country. They traveled along until they came to a piece of woods. They thought they heard a noise, but did not know what it was. They deployed on either side of the road to find out but were unable to do so, and finally one called to the other: "Pat, Pat, let's go on; this is nothing but a domned noise." So the opposition to him, he said, was apparently nothing but a noise. —CULLOM.

President Lincoln replied to a deputation, one of many who called to urge immediate slave emancipation when the proposition was not yet framed as a bill: "If I issue a proclamation now, as you suggest, it will be . . . ineffectual. . . . It cannot be enforced. Now, by way of illustration, how many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?" They all answered, "Five." "You are mistaken," said Lincoln; "for calling a tail a leg does not make it one."—WILLIAMS.

Although the friendly relations which existed between the president and Secretary Cameron were not interrupted by the retirement of the latter from the War Office, so important a change in the administration could of course not take place without the irrepressible story from Mr. Lincoln. Shortly after this event some gentlemen called upon the president and, expressing much satisfaction at the change, intimated that in their judgment the interests of the country required an entire reconstruction of the cabinet. Mr. Lincoln heard them through and then, shaking his head dubiously, replied, with his peculiar smile: "Gentlemen, when I was a young man I used to know very well one Joe Wilson, who built himself a log cabin not far from where I lived. Joe was very fond of eggs and chickens and he took a good deal of pains in fitting up a poultry shed. Having at length got together a choice lot of young fowls of which he was very proud, he began to be much annoyed by the depredations of those little black and white animals, which it is not necessary to name. One night Joe was awakened by an unusual cackling and fluttering among his chickens. Getting up,

he crept out to see what was going on. It was a bright, moonlight night, and he soon caught sight of half a dozen of the little pests, which with their dam were running in and out of the shadow of the shed. Very wrathy, Joe put a double charge into his old musket and thought he would clean out the whole tribe at one shot. Somehow he killed only one and the balance scampered off across the field. In telling the story Joe would always pause here and hold his nose. 'Why didn't you follow them up and kill the rest?' inquired the neighbors. 'Blast it,' said Joe, 'it was eleven weeks before I got over killing one. If you want any more skirmishing in that line you can just do it yourselves.' "—F. B. CARPENTER.

And here is the first record of a famous saying: The president to-night [December 23, 1863] had a dream. He was in a party of plain people and, as it became known who he was, they began to comment on his appearance. One of them said, "He is a very common-looking man." The president replied, "The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is the reason He makes so many of them."—WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, "The Life of John Hay."

With Seekers for Office

General Sherman, who like Cesar in this and other respects, enjoys a joke even at his own expense, relates a story. Soon after the battle of Shiloh the president promoted two officers to major-generalships. A good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at the act. Among other critics of the president was General Sherman himself, who telegraphed to Washington that, if such ill-advised promotions continued, the best chance for officers would be to be transferred from the front to the rear. This telegram was shown to the president. He immediately replied by telegraph to the general, that, in the matter of appointments, he was necessarily guided by officers whose opinions and knowledge he valued and respected. "The two appointments," he added, "referred to by you in your despatch were made at the suggestion of two men whose advice and character I prize most highly. I refer to Generals Grant and Sherman." General Sherman then recalled the fact that, in the flush of victory, General Grant and himself had both recommended these promotions, but that it had escaped his memory at the time of writing the telegraphic despatch. The oddity of Lincoln's reply is characteristic.—RICE.

A foreign nobleman sought my intercession of whose genuineness I soon became fully convinced. He was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian legation. Moreover, there were no smartnesses at all in his talk. He had a long row of ancestors, whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an "audience" with the president and lay his case before him, he believed the result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so arduously for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln, that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him if the president permitted. The president did permit. The count spoke English moderately well and in his ingenuous way at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was and that they had been counts so and so many centuries. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, "that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way, if you behave yourself as a soldier." The poor count looked puzzled and when the audience was over he asked me what in the world the president could have meant by so strange a remark.—SCHURZ.

Physically, as every one knows, Mr. Lincoln was not a prepossessing man, with scarcely a redeeming feature, save his benignant eye, which was the very symbol of human kindness. "If I have one vice," he said to me one morning, "and I can call it nothing else, it is not to be able to say 'No.' Thank God," he continued, "for not making me a woman, but if He had, I suppose He would have made me just as ugly as He did, and no one would ever have tempted me. It was only the other day a poor parson whom I knew some years in Joliet came to the White House with a sad story of his poverty and his large family—poor parsons seem always to have large families—and he wanted me to do something for him. I knew very well that I could do nothing for him, and yet I could not bear to tell him so, and so I said I would see what I could do. The very next day the man came back for the office which he said I had promised him—which was not true, but he seemed really to believe it. Of course there was nothing left for me to do except to get him a place through one of the secretaries. But if I had done my duty I should have said 'No' in the beginning."—EGBERT L. VIELE, *Scribner's Monthly*, October, 1878.

On Sunday evening Senator Dixon, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, came to my rooms with the announcement that the United States Marshal for Connecticut was dead and urged me to join with him in the recommendation of a gentleman who lived in the country town in my district and to whom he was under obligations for political favors. . . . I was put forward to state the case and urged it with all the arguments I could muster. Mr. Lincoln listened with a half-serious, half-comic expression, asked some pointed questions which showed that he took in the full inwardness of the situation and, when I had concluded, said, "You remind me of a young lawyer in Sangamon county who had hung out his shingle for a long time without having a client. At last he got one, but feeling very anxious not to lose his first case he thought he would go down and state it to the justice who was to try it and ascertain in advance what he thought of it. So he went down one Sunday evening and stated it for all he was worth and concluded by asking the justice how he would decide it. 'As you state the case,' replied the justice, 'I should be obliged to decide against you. But you had better bring the case. Probably the other side will make so much worse a showing that I shall decide the case in your favor.'" There did not seem to be much for Dixon and myself to say after this, and so, as soon as we fairly could, we retired in good order.—BRANDEGEE, *New York Tribune*, January 23, 1887.

It was in the summer of 1861, a short time after the Bull Run defeat, that complaint was made to Governor R—— concerning the conduct of Colonel —— of the —— Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers. The colonel was a prominent man, a Democrat, and the governor was disposed in military affairs to act impartially; but how to have the colonel transferred or "let down easy," so that no disturbance, political or otherwise, should arise to vex him, was the question. Finally it was resolved that the matter should be left with President Lincoln. So Judge O—— was requested by the governor to go to Washington and have "matters fixed." Accordingly the judge and Senator D—— called at the White House and stated the case to Mr. Lincoln, and recommended that the colonel be put upon some general's staff, where he could be more useful than in the position he then occupied, and so "let him down easy." Mr. Lincoln inquired if the colonel knew anything of the plan and, upon being answered in the negative, said: "This reminds me of a little story. It was in the Mexican war—at the battle of Monterey, I believe—that a little Irish captain from Sangamon county was ordered by his colonel to a position, so and so, with his company. After hearing the order the little captain straightened up full height and said, 'Colonel, will yez be so kind as to tell that to my min yourself; for, be jabers, colonel, I'm not on speaking terms with my company.'" It is perhaps needless to add that the gallant colonel was, shortly after this interview with the good-natured president, placed in a more exalted sphere of usefulness.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1866.

Mr. Lincoln, whose boundless humor was a tonic as well as an armor, once asked Surgeon-General Barnes where he could get the smallpox. "For then," said he, "I shall have something I can give to everybody."—CURTIS, *Lippincott's Magazine*, February, 1887.

OTHER STORIES TOLD BY LINCOLN

I laid a plan before Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Fessenden to save the cotton of Montgomery. They both favored my plan and at once gave me every facility to prosecute it successfully. My idea appealed especially to Mr. Lincoln, who had always been in favor of drawing all the cotton out of the Confederacy. The president was forever illustrating his theories by telling some funny story, as he did in this case. Said Mr. Lincoln: The Confederacy is like Bill Sikes's dog. Old Bill Sikes had a yellow dog, a worthless cur. His strong hold was to run out and bark at passersby and scare horses and children. The boys in the neighborhood decided to have some fun with the no account canine brute. They procured a small stick of giant powder, inserted a cap and fuse into it, wrapped a piece of meat around it, lit the fuse, laid the little joker on the sidewalk, whistled and climbed the fence to see the fun. Out comes the dog with his usual "wow, wow." He scented the meat and bolted the bundle. In a few seconds there was a terrible explosion. Dog meat was flying in all directions. Out came Sikes from the house, bareheaded. "What in hell's up?" yelled Old Bill. "Why, the dog's up," cried the boys on the fence. While Old Bill was gazing around in wonderment, something dropped at his feet. He picked it up and found that it was his dog's tail. While looking sorrowfully at the appendage of his departed friend, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be damned if I think Tige'll amount to much

after this as a dog." And so it would be with the Confederacy. Take all the cotton away from them and it wouldn't amount to shucks. It would fry all the fat out of them. —FLOYD, *McClure's Magazine*, January, 1908.

"There was a boy in Springfield," said Mr. Lincoln, "who saved up his money and bought a coon, which, after the novelty wore off, became a great nuisance. He was one day leading him through the streets and had his hands full to keep clear of the little vixen, who had torn his clothes half off him. At length he sat down on the curbstone, completely fagged out. A man passing was stopped by the lad's disconsolate appearance and asked the matter. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'this coon is such a trouble to me.' 'Why don't you try to get rid of him then?' said the gentleman. 'Hush,' said the boy, 'don't you see he is trying to gnaw his rope off? I am going to let him do it and then I will go home and tell the folks that he got away from me.'"

One of the last stories I heard from Mr. Lincoln was concerning John Tyler, for whom it was to be expected, as an old Henry Clay Whig, he would entertain no great respect. "A year or two after Tyler's accession to the presidency," said he, "contemplating an excursion in some direction, his son went to order a special train of cars. It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a very strong Whig. On Bob's making known his errand, that official bluntly informed him that his road did not run any special trains for the president. 'What,' said Bob, 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?' 'Yes,' said the superintendent, stroking his whiskers, 'and if you will only bring your father here in that shape, you shall have the best train on the road.'"

He told this story: A traveler on the frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region. A terrific thunder-storm came up, to add to his trouble. He floundered along until his horse finally gave out. The lightning afforded him the only clue to his way, but the peals of thunder were frightful. One bolt, which seemed to crash the earth beneath him, brought him to his knees. By no means a praying man, his petition was short and to the point: "Oh, Lord, if it's all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise."

When General Phelps took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early in the war, it will be remembered that he issued a proclamation, somewhat bombastic in tone, freeing the slaves. To the surprise of many people, on both sides, the president took no official notice of this movement. Some time had elapsed when, one day, a friend took him to task for his seeming indifference on so important a matter. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I feel about that a good deal as a man whom I will call Jones, whom I once knew, did about his wife. He was one of your meek men and had the reputation of being badly henpecked. At last one day his wife was seen switching him out of the house. A day or so afterwards a friend met him in the street and said, 'Jones, I have always stood up for you, as you know, but I am not going to do it any longer. Any man who will stand quietly and take a switching from his wife, deserves to be horsewhipped.' Jones looked up with a wink, patting his friend on the back. 'Now, don't,' said he, 'why, it didn't hurt me any and you've no idea of the power of good it did Sarah Ann.'"—F. B. CARPENTER.

The president admitted that the blacks had received but little political or parliamentary training, yet he had known instances going to show that they were by nature singularly acute and logical reasoners. "Indeed," added he, "when I was a small boy, living in Kentucky, some of the more intelligent slaves in our neighborhood started a sort of dialectic association for debating questions of interest to them; and I once attended one of their periodical meetings, upon which occasion the following was enunciated as the subject for discussion: 'If a certain hen lays ten eggs, and a different hen sits upon them and hatches out these eggs, which of the two fowls is entitled to the maternity of the chickens?' The meeting was duly organized and the subject most thoroughly canvassed in all its imaginable phases and bearings, until the pros and cons had been pretty well exhausted, and the presiding officer was about rendering his decision upon the merits of the argument, when an antiquated individual who was seated upon a barrel in a remote corner of the apartment suddenly rose to his feet and, in a tremulous and cracked but ludicrously solemn intonation of voice, propounded the following startling interrogatory: 'But, Mis'er President, sposin' dem eggs what dat dar ole hen lay, the obdentical eggs what dat dar udder hen she hatch out, be duck eggs? Den dis nigger is like fer to know, if the cha'r please, who am de mudder ob de chickens?' This at first seemed a poser

to the umpire, but after a moment's hesitation he replied: 'Dat wenerable pusson, my 'tickler fren Mis'r Jeemes, will please for to presume his barrel, as de duck eggs am not in the question for dis ebening.' He then concluded in the following words: 'De pedigree ob de fowl specie am ginerally monstrous oncertain, and the tickler birds what the s'iety been 'cussin' on dis kashun am periently more onsartiner nur de ginerality of de hen genus. Mebbe dis 'ere chicken got ten fadders; den, agin, mebbe, he ain't got but one; but dat he had two mudders am, in the pinion ob dis char, sartin sure.'"—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1874.

The story I do remember hearing him tell my father that day was about Jocko. Jocko was the commander of an army of monkeys during a monkey war, and he was always sure that if his tail were a little longer he could end the monkey war. So he kept asking the authorities of the monkey republic for more of a tail. They got other monkey tails and spliced them on to his. His spliced tail got too long to drag after him and they wound it around his body. Still he wanted more and they wound his spliced tail around his shoulders. Finally it got so heavy that it broke his back. Mr. Lincoln applied the story to cases of generals who were always calling for more men and never did anything with them.—WATROUS, *McClure's Magazine*, May, 1894, quoting Frederick D. Grant.

Some one was discussing in the presence of Mr. Lincoln the character of a time-serving Washington clergyman. Said Mr. Lincoln to his visitor: "I think you are rather hard upon Mr. ——. He reminded me of a man in Illinois who was tried for passing a counterfeit bill. It was in evidence that before passing it he had taken it to the cashier of a bank and asked his opinion of the bill, and he received a very prompt reply that it was a counterfeit. His lawyer, who had heard of the evidence to be brought against his client, asked him just before going into court, 'Did you take the bill to the cashier of the bank and ask him if it was good?' 'I did,' was the reply. 'Well, what was the reply of the cashier?' The rascal was in a corner, but he got out of it in this fashion: 'He said it was a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a bill.'"

Attorney-General Bates was once remonstrating with the president against the appointment to a judicial position of considerable importance of a Western man, who, though on the bench, was of indifferent reputation as a lawyer. "Well now, Judge," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I think you are rather too hard on ——. Besides, I must tell you that he did me a good turn not long ago. When I took to the law I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, when —— overtook me in his wagon. 'Hello, Lincoln,' said he, 'going to the court house? Come in and I will give you a seat.' Well, I got in and —— went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out and saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat: so I said, 'Judge, I think your driver has been taking a drop too much this morning.' 'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk.' Upon which, pulling up his horses and turning around with great gravity, the coachman said, 'Bedad, but that's the first rightful decision your honor has given for the last twelve months.'"—F. B. CARPENTER.

LIVINGSTON, Edward, 1764-1836. American statesman.

Mr. Nolte, a merchant, was one of his clients and had joined one of the volunteer companies of the city [New Orleans] to aid in its defense. When the experiment of using cotton bales for filling redoubts was adopted by Jackson, a quantity belonging to Nolte was first taken from a vessel in a stream which was ready for sailing at the time the British fleet appeared. Nolte, on recognizing his property thus used, complained to Mr. Livingston, declaring it to be an outrage to take his cotton, which was of the best quality and already shipped, while there was plenty of a much cheaper sort to be had in the suburbs. "Well, Mr. Nolte," said Livingston, "if this is your cotton, you will at least not think it any hardship to defend it."

All his life Livingston was accustomed to long, daily walks, generally solitary. At this period at the close of the day he usually set forth and the levee was the accustomed place. One evening he was stopped by a man in a rustic dress, who asked him if he was Mr. Livingston. "Yes." "I thought so. I have come to ask you to lend me a doubloon." "Lend you?" "Yes; it will be returned." "But why that precise sum?" "Less would not serve my purpose and more I do not need." Having the money in his pocket Mr. Livingston handed the coin to the stranger without further ado. The latter, as cool in

his thanks as he had been in his request, went on his way, saying, "Good night; if I live you will hear from me again." The above incident had long been forgotten, when one morning, two years afterwards, while Mr. Livingston was sitting at breakfast with his family, a stranger was announced who walked straight up to the table, and, placing upon it a shining doubloon, proceeded to explain: "I see that you don't recognize me. I am the man you saved from ruin by lending me this amount two years ago. I owned a flat-boat; it had sunk with all its contents and I was left penniless. I knew no one here and had no means of getting back to Kentucky. I calculated that it would take just that sum to take me home. Had I not been ill you would have seen me last year. But I am here now and everything has prospered since we met." He was asked what induced him to think of Mr. Livingston in his distress. He replied: "Well, I can't tell exactly, only I came from Livingston county in Kentucky, which was named in honor of the author of the speech on the Alien bill, and, having had you pointed out to me as the same man, I thought I had more claim on you than on any one else." . . . From another of these walks he returned home completely drenched. His family, in surprise and alarm, exclaimed that he looked as if he had been in the river. "So I have," said he, laughing heartily. "As I was walking on the levee I amused myself watching the progress of a little canoe crossing the river, with a solitary man rowing it. Suddenly, from some imprudent motion, the boat pitched to one side and the man fell into the water. Evidently he could not swim. I threw off my coat, jumped in, got hold of the man just as he happened to be sinking and brought him to the boat, which was righted. He seized the side and, clambering in, rowed off without looking at me—I suppose because I had not been properly introduced to him—and I was left to find the shore as best I could, which, loaded as I was with clothes and boots, was not so easy a matter." —CHARLES H. HUNT, "Life of Edward Livingston."

He was, withal, an inveterate punster, though he said the only good one he ever made came to him in his sleep. He dreamed of being in a church at the ceremony of the taking of the veil by a nun named Mary Fish. To the question who should be her patron saint, he awoke himself by replying aloud, "Why, St. Poly Carp, to be sure."—TEUNIS S. HAMLIN, *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1893.

LOUIS I., 1786-1868. King of Bavaria.

Leaving France, as I did, a day earlier than I had intended in my haste, I accidentally packed with my legal documents the proof sheets of a paper which I had been writing for the *Figaro* on Edgar Allan Poe. The proofs were left unnoticed with the other papers until the whole package was opened and spread out on the king's table. Until then his manner had been quiet and gentle, almost to effeminacy, but the moment he saw Poe's name he became all eagerness and animation. His magnificent eyes lit up, his lips quivered and his whole face was beaming and radiant. "Is it a personal account of him?" he asked; "did you know Poe? Of course, you did not though; you are too young. I cannot tell you how disappointed I am. Just for a moment I thought I was in the presence of some one who had actually known that most wonderful of all writers, and who could, accordingly, tell me something definite and authentic about his inner life. To me he was the greatest man ever born—greatest in every particular. But like many rare gems he was fated to have his brilliance tarnished and marred by constant lashings and chafings against common stone. How he must have suffered under the coarse, mean indignities which the world heaped upon him! And what harsh, heartless things were said of him when death had dulled the sharpness of the trenchant pen! You will better understand my enthusiasm when I tell you that I would sacrifice my right to my royal crown to have him on earth for a single hour, if in that hour he would unbosom to me those rare and exquisite thoughts and feelings which so manifestly were the major part of his life."—LEW VANDERPOOLE, *Lippincott's Magazine*, November, 1886.

One of the games we played in which the old king used to join I still remember, and it was of such a quaint kind that a description of it may not be without interest. A large dish was placed in the center of the room and on it was piled a great hillock of flour, in the middle of which was secreted a ring. The fun then began and consisted in one putting one's face in the mound of flour, with the object of catching the ring in one's teeth, and you may imagine our childish delight when the old king took a turn at the game and emerged with his face and shaggy hair all besmeared with flour, without the ring, but enjoying the joke more than any one else.—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Reminiscences."

One day a woman fainted in one of the streets of Munich. An elderly gentleman who approached the spot where she was lying requested some of the persons present to go and fetch a medical man. They all replied that they knew not where to find one. "Well, then," said he, "I will go myself," and in a few minutes he returned with a doctor, who applied the proper remedies to the poor woman. The kind-hearted old gentleman was King Louis of Bavaria.

I think that the following act of generosity was also supposed to have been performed by this monarch—it was either he or the king of Prussia. Resolving to relieve the needs of one of his poor but brave aides-de-camp he sent him a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work I sent you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the colonel, "I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience." The king smiled and, when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes."—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Under Five Reigns."

In his time of retirement one of the pleasantest associations of his past was the velvet-covered mattress stuffed with beards and mustaches which the soldiers of his father's regiment had cut off for the express purpose.—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

One night there gathered before the house which had been given her [Lola Montez] by her royal lover a vast mass of citizens of every degree. The excitement increased until, from shouts and hooting, they proceeded to the employment of missiles of all kinds and heavy stones were thrown against the doors and shutters, which had been prudently closed at the first apprehension of the coming tumult. The tempest raged with ever-augmenting fury, some of the frailer portions of the building being crushed in and its entire ruin and demolition impending, in which case the life also of the illustrious but hated tenant would be in the most imminent danger. At this crisis the true knight and brave champion of the woman appeared upon the scene. Louis, as soon as informed of the state of affairs, left his palace on foot and, unattended, entered the premises by a postern door and passed through the house, emerging by a low window suddenly thrown open upon a balcony overhanging the street. There he stood, in the dim half-shadow, with his hat on, his arms folded, in plain dress, looking down calmly upon the infuriated crowd surging madly below. Astonishment at the boldness of the unknown person who thus defied them occasioned a moment's comparative stillness and suspension of the riotous attack, few stones being thrown and, fortunately, none of them striking him. Just then some one uttered audibly, though in an undertone, "The king! The king!" The whisper soon spread and the rude congregation began to melt away. My friend remained near the balcony in admiration of the gentleman—grand and noble in his old age, and worthy, whatever his faults, the honor and esteem of all true men and gentlemen—until the echoes of the last loitering footsteps had died away in the distance, and then left this most kingly of modern kings standing like a statue, calm and solitary under the starry sky.—SAMUEL H. DICKSON, *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1868.

LOUIS II., 1845-1886. King of Bavaria.

Highly nervous, he was supremely sensitive and fastidious and he had an insurmountable repugnance to the sight of physical sufferings or malformations; while his abhorrence of ugliness was so great that he habitually turned his face to the wall when those unfavored by nature entered his presence. In an endeavor to cure him of his weakness his father selected as the boy's attendants those who were distinguished for their plainness, at whose approach Louis would resolutely close his eyes or hide behind curtains or screens.—J. F. MOLLOY, "The Romance of Royalty."

When Louis attained his majority at eighteen he was provided with an establishment of his own and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner—one piece of meat and some cheese. "Am I now my own master?" he asked with a smile of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then you may bring me some chicken and a pudding."—*Temple Bar*, August, 1886.

Different stories have been recounted regarding Ludwig's peculiar phases of insanity—as though some definite cause had produced it. One version is to the effect that both Ludwig and Otto [his brother] loved the same woman—a sister of the empress of Austria—who is now the Duchess d'Alençon. Whatever may have been the imbecile feelings of Otto towards the lady it is known that King Ludwig entertained for Princess Sophia the most exalted affection.

It is also generally believed that this beautiful woman lost her promise of the Bavarian crown through an indiscreet if not illicit intrigue with a royal equerry—which made an unwholesome scandal at the time. The betrothal between herself and Ludwig was broken off and the latter became a confirmed woman-hater to the last.—LEON MEAD, *Munsey's Magazine*, August, 1893.

Once, when he had rolled off his horse into the sawdust at the riding school, his military tutor, Colonel Heckel, laughed. Prince Louis turned to him with a white face and said, "Pray, teach me, Colonel, to fall off in a way that shall not be comical, There ought to be nothing laughable in an incident which might happen to a good rider before a hundred thousand men."

Most of the king's acts of prodigality were owing in some way to Wagner. Identifying himself with the character of Lohengrin, Louis II. loved sometimes to enact the part of that hero. Attired in a sheen suit of silver armor, and standing in a skiff drawn by a swan which moved by clockwork, he would glide over Lake Starnberger in the night while a prima donna sang to him from the shore. At other times he would sit on the battlements of the Castle of Berg and watch the tenor Nachauer singing Lohengrin's part in the skiff. All this cost money, for tenors and prima donne never went away empty-handed. Nachauer ended by receiving the king's suit of silver armor, and thousands of pounds were disbursed for jewelry and works of art given to songstresses. A disagreeable adventure happened to one of the ladies who was singing to the king in a boat. Seeing his majesty much moved by her lay, she ventured to pass her hands through his hair. Indignant at this familiarity, which destroyed his illusion, the king gave her a shove which threw her into the lake and Wagner had to fish her out of the water with a boathook.

The death of Richard Wagner in 1883 threw the king into paroxysms of grief which lasted for weeks, but without unsettling his reason, as some have pretended. . . . He would no longer hear music in his own palaces, for it reminded him too painfully of the friend he had lost. All the pianos on which Wagner had played in his hearing were locked up and covered with crape.

It may be added that Louis II. had a general abhorrence of firearms, even for sporting purposes. Receiving a splendid bearskin from the czarevitch (now czar), he inquired how the animal had been killed and, learning it had been slain with a cutlass, he returned to the donor a beautiful hunting dirk and a damascened blade bearing an inscription to the effect that the weapon was worthy to be worn by a sportsman who could despise all other arms.—*Temple Bar*, August, 1886.

He lived, like William Beckford, in a solitude of fantastic splendor. He had the table laid, in an empty banqueting hall, for ghostly guests, and fancied that he was entertaining Marie Antoinette and Catherine of Russia, and Hamlet and Julius Cæsar. He caused command performances of the best operas to be given to himself alone in an empty theater. He sailed about the Starnberger lake in a gondola, drawn by a swan. He caused eminent actors to recite to him while he ate and he went on eating and kept them reciting until five o'clock in the morning. He outraged the feelings of the court by bestowing titles of nobility on his tailor and his barber and the end of it all was that keepers took the places of courtiers and a regent was appointed.—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph."

LOUIS IX., 1215-1270. King of France.

Fruit he tasted only once in a year. On Fridays he never changed his dress and never laughed. The iron scourges which he carried at his waist in an ivory case drew blood from his shoulders once every week of the year and thrice in every week during Lent. He would walk for miles to distant churches, wearing shoes without soles. . . . No reproach, no sarcasm, no insult could disturb the serenity of this humble soul. "You are not a king of France," exclaimed a woman who was pleading a cause before him; "you are a king only of priests and monks. It is a pity that you are a king of France. You ought to be turned out." "You speak truly," answered Louis; "it has pleased God to make me king; it had been well had he chosen some one better able to govern this kingdom rightly." The woman was sent away with a gift of money.—GEORGE W. COX, "The Crusades."

I will tell you of a knight that was caught in a house of ill fame. He was offered—according to the custom of the country—an alternative: either to be led by a rope through the camp, stripped to his shirt; or to forfeit his horse and armor and be turned out of the army. He left his horse and armor to the king and quitted the camp.—PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, "Memoirs in Syria in 1250."

Dice and gambling were very much out of fashion—those dice—"which strip me, murder me, lie in wait for me, bully me, attack and defy me," as the poet Rutebeuf found. The awful waste of money and time over the pastimes condemned them in Louis's eyes. Their very origin, according to popular fiction, was iniquitous. A Roman merchant, who gave himself to the devil, was, so the legend went, ordered to make him a six-sided figure, and to mark each side successively, one point to insult the only God, two to insult God and the Blessed Virgin, three the Trinity, four the Evangelists, five the Five Wounds, six the days of creation. From that time they spread rapidly through the world to cause man's ruin. Louis, it has been told, hated them so much that he was stammering with rage when he found Charles of Anjou playing on the voyage from Egypt to Palestine.—WINNIFRED KNOX, "The Court of a Saint."

LOUIS XI., 1423-1483. King of France.

Before reaching his seventh birthday the child [Giovanni de Medici, son of the Magnificent and subsequently Pope Leo X.] received the tonsure—the solemn shaving of the scalp which notified his entry into the church, and he was at the same time deemed capable of preferment, whereupon Louis XI. of France, to whom Lorenzo had communicated his intention, at once presented the boy with the abbey of Fonte Dolce, and even promised him the see of Aix, until it was unexpectedly realized that its archbishop was still living. A canonry with each cathedral church of Tuscany was promptly bestowed on this infantile pluralist, and even Pope Sixtus IV., that implacable foe to the house of Medici, granted him a little later the rich convent of Passignano. A detailed list of the child's benefices would prove wearisome, but we may mention that he held twenty-seven different offices.—HERBERT M. VAUGHAN, "The Medici Popes."

The canons of Loches voluntarily accorded her [Agnes Sorel] similar services [for the repose of her soul] in recognition of two thousand golden crowns which she gave them to buy the lands of Fromenteau and Bigorgne. Besides, she gave them a tapestry of great price and many pictures and jewels. . . . They did not scruple at Loches to accept her donations, but after the death of Charles VII., one day when Louis XI. was in their church, they showed him the tomb of their benefactress and, thinking to flatter him, believing the hate which he felt for her during her lifetime was still centered in her ashes, they begged him to have her monument removed from their midst, for they pretended that scandal attached to it. "I agree," said the monarch, angered by their ingratitude, "but you must render up all you received from her."—FRANK HAMEL, "The Lady of Beauty."

One day in the black list is Innocents' day, December 28th; the day on which the children in Bethlehem were massacred by order of King Herod. A disastrous day has this day ever since been regarded for the beginning of any work or important enterprise. The French king Louis XI. was very sensitive on this point, disliking to consider any public question on such a day of ill omen.—*Chambers's Journal*, March 4, 1876.

LOUIS XII., 1462-1515. King of France.

"The deputy of Louis XII.," says Mrs. Everett Green, quoting a letter in the Harleian MSS., "was Louis d'Orléans, duke of Longueville, who exchanged with Lady Mary [Tudor] a signed copy of the words of engagement signed by each. To confer upon the ceremonial a character of still greater irrevocability, the princess, changing her court dress for a magnificent deshabille, retired to the couch of state; and her proxy bridegroom, putting off one of his red boots, took his place by her side for a few moments and touched her leg with his bare foot." The king, queen and the courtiers, including Suffolk, were all present at this remarkable scene.—IDA WOODWARD, "Five English Consorts of Foreign Princes." (Heylin says that the Archduke Maximilian by proxy married Anne, Duchess of Bretagne, "which marriage he consummated by a ceremony in those days unusual. For his ambassador, attended by a great train of lords and ladies, bared his leg unto the knee, and put the same in the sheets of the duchess, taking possession thereby of her bed and body." But she was afterwards married to Charles VIII., his "divines" holding that "this pretended consummation was rather an invention of the court than any way firm by the laws of the Church.")

LOUIS XIII., 1601-1643. King of France.

"Let them make my brother king," said the child Louis XIII., after the death of Henry IV.; "I do not want to be king."—FRANÇOIS RENÉ CHÂTEAUBRIAND, "Memoirs."

The ceremonies of the king's rising involved the attendance of 150 to 200 people. Long before eight o'clock the anteroom was filled with a whispering crowd, conning over the requests they meant to proffer. As the

clock struck, the valet Bontemps entered the king's bedroom and pulled up the gold and white blinds. His own truckle-bed at the foot of the pen-like enclosure round the king's four-poster had been removed at an earlier hour. When the king was fully aroused there filed in a brilliant assembly of princes of the blood. This was known as the *entrée familière.* A few moments later took place the *grande entrée*, i. e., the advent of the great lords. At this point the king got out of bed and sat on the edge of it, while his dressing gown was hung over him and his slippers were put on his feet. The next batch of persons, consisting of nobles favored with a brief conferring on them that honor, was then admitted. These were closely followed by the Captain of the Guard and other officers. This entrance was termed *l'entrance de la chambre.* The king's shirt was now fetched and water was brought to him to wash his hands and perhaps his face. The shirt was presented by the chief person present, and a like ceremony attended the putting on of the other garments. The king chose his cravat pin from a number presented to him on a tray. His wig was selected from a large collection under glass in a neighboring closet. Every two days the king was shaved. Finally the doors were flung open and the rest of the waiting throng streamed in and lined the walls. The watchmaker then entered to wind up the royal watch and the chaplain proceeded to rehearse a prayer, while the king knelt on his prayer-stool. When the assembly had gone to the king's mass, the royal upholsterers (Molière's father was one of them) made the bed, and a valet sat all day inside the enclosure to guard it. All who passed were obliged to bow or courtesy to it.

Dinner was a particularly solemn event and the ceremonies were so much protracted that the food was often spoilt thereby. Louis XIII. used to complain that he never in his life tasted hot soup and his son was not much more fortunate, though he had a fine new kitchen with thirty-two rooms and five hundred windows built by Mansard in 1685. When the king dined in his anteroom any person in respectable clothes was admitted to the sight. Louis sat in silence alone or with the queen at the great state table. The people stared and the dinner grew cold while the preliminary ritual of the meal was in progress. The procession of dishes having left the kitchen, it crossed the road, mounted the great staircase, filed through several long rooms and finally emerged into the presence, preceded and flanked by guards. Every one who met the dinner was required to salute it by bowing. M. Maître d'Hôtel then bowed to the royal *couvert* and presented the napkin, while each dish was tasted by its bearer, for fear of poison. Even the scented napkin, which was renewed at every course, was "tried." When the king wished to drink a servant demanded in a loud voice, "A boire pour le roi." The wine was tasted by two persons and then brought to the king. A glass saucer was held under the goblet while he drank.—CECILE HUGON, "Social France in the Seventeenth Century."

The timid Louis XIII. could, when he set about it, give his court very unappetizing examples. In a book of Edification, bearing date 1658, we read that "the late king, seeing a young woman among the crowds admitted to the palace so that they might see the king eat, said nothing, and gave no immediate evidence that he had seen her; but, as he raised his glass for the last sup, before rising from the table, he filled his mouth with wine and, having held it thus sanctuaried for an instance, launched it forth into the uncovered chest of the watchful lady," who had been too eager to witness the mastications of royalty.—ARVEDE BARINE, "The Grand Mademoiselle."

While he was playing at battledore and shuttlecock with the fair-haired and blue-eyed Marie d'Hautefort, the shuttlecock fell into her corsage, she being attired in the usual *décolleté* fashion at the time. With a provoking smile she told the king to come and take the toy; but the chaste prince, "to avoid the trap set for him by the evil one," went, we are told, to the chimneypiece for the fire tongs and it was with that implement that he removed the shuttlecock from its resting place.—E. A. VIZETELLY (Le Petit Homme Rouge), "The Favorites of Louis XIV."

It is related that one day Louis abruptly entered the queen's closet, when Anne was sitting *tête-à-tête* with her *dame d'atours;* who, with heightened color, was reading to her majesty a note, which, on the entrance of the king, she hastily folded. A dark shadow gloomed over the king's brow and he peremptorily demanded to see the letter so hastily hidden. Treason to his realm might afford a daily pastime to Anne of Austria; while treason to his attachment might give delight to Marie d'Hautefort—for Louis had been informed by his minister of the admiration professed by the Duke of

Liancourt and the young Prince of Marsillac for the lovely young *dame d'atours*. By some historians the letter is said to have been written by Richelieu, and that it contained offers of a reciprocal friendly alliance; others state that the epistle congratulated Mademoiselle d'Hautefort on her favor and ended by a demand for protection from some cringing courtier. True to herself, however, Marie refused to gratify the curiosity of the king and, to end the debate, she hid the note in her bosom. Anne, meantime, looked on with mocking derision; especially when she beheld the confusion of the king and his hesitation to draw the note from its hiding place. Her majesty, however, presently seized the hands of Mademoiselle d'Hautefort and laughingly exhorted the king to take the note while she thus held its owner captive. Louis blushed, stammered, advanced and retreated and, at length, taking up from the hearth a small pair of silver tongs, he tried to possess himself of the note, which was visible beneath the transparent lace which covered Marie's bosom. The peals of laughter which this extraordinary device drew from the queen, and the blushing confusion and deprecatory looks of Marie, fairly drove Louis from the apartment. The ladies then hastened to destroy the letter, just in time to forestall a formal summons for its surrender by the under secretary of state Machault.—MARTHA W. FREER, "Married Life of Anne of Austria," citing Machault and Cousin.

According to the Papal Nuncio, Luynes had given Monteleone "positive assurance" that the marriage should be consummated before the departure of the Spanish ladies. Since, however, the bashful monarch still hesitated, the favorite determined to take the matter into his own hands. We read in Herouard's "Journal," under date January 5, 1619: [The king] "went to bed. Prayed to God. At eleven o'clock or thereabouts, without the king expecting it, M. de Luynes came to persuade him to sleep with the queen. He resisted, strong and firm, struggling even to tears; is carried there; put to bed."—H. NOEL WILLIAMS, "A Fair Conspirator."

Dubois in his "Memoires Fidele" relates that Louis XIII., a few days before his death (Thursday, the 14th of May, 1643), summoned his physicians and asked them if they thought he would live until the following day, saying that Friday had been for him always a fortunate day; that all the undertakings he had begun on that day had proved successful; that in all the battles fought on that day he had been victorious; that it was his fortunate day and that in that day he would wish to die.—W. H. D. ADAMS, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1888.

LOUIS XIV., 1638-1715. King of France.

After he had heard the details of the battle of Ramillies Louis XIV. exclaimed, "God Almighty has then forgotten all that I have done for Him."—SÉBASTIEN R. M. CHAMFORT, "Characters and Anecdotes."

When M. d'Orléans was about to start for Spain he named the officers who were to be of his suite. Among others was Fontpertuis. At that name the king put on a serious look. "What, my nephew," said he, "Fontpertuis? The son of a Jansenist—of that silly woman who ran everywhere after M. Arnoult? I do not wish that man to go with you." "By my faith, sire," replied the Duke of Orléans, "I know not what the mother has done; but as for the son, he is far enough from being a Jansenist, I'll answer for it; for he does not believe in God." "Is it possible, my nephew?" answered the king, softening. "Nothing more certain, I assure you." "Well, since it is so," said the king, "there is no harm; you can take him with you."—DUKE OF SAINT SIMON, "Memoirs." (The same anecdote is told in the "Memoirs of the Duchess of Orléans.")

He [Massillon] had already preached his first Advent sermon in the presence of Louis XIV., who said to him in a moved voice: "Father, I have heard a great many orators in my chapel; I have been greatly pleased with them; in your case, every time I have heard you, I have been greatly dissatisfied with myself."—CARDINAL DUBOIS, "Memoirs." (Hugon says this remark was made by the king to Soanon of the Oratory.)

Louis XIV. gave flatterers good pretexts of which they were not slow to avail themselves. A Capuchin preaching before this monarch at Fontainebleau began his discourse with, "My brethren, we shall all die." Then, stopping short and turning to the king, "Yes, sire, almost all of us shall die."—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

Brissac, a few years before his retirement, served the court ladies a nice turn. All through the winter they attended evening prayers on Thursdays and Sundays, because the king went there; and, under the pretense of reading their prayer-books, had little tapers before them, which cast a light on their faces and enabled the king to recognize them as he passed. On the evenings when they knew he would not go, scarcely one of them went. One evening, when the

king was expected, all the ladies had arrived and were in their places and the guards were at the doors. Suddenly Brissac appeared in the king's place, lifted his baton and cried aloud, "Guards of the king, withdraw and return to your quarters; the king is not coming this evening." The guards withdrew, but, after they had proceeded a short distance, were stopped by brigadiers posted for the purpose and told to return in a few minutes. What Brissac had said was a joke. The ladies at once began to murmur to one another. In a moment or two all the candles were put out and the ladies, with but few exceptions, left the chapel. Soon the king arrived and, much astonished to see so few ladies present, asked how it was that nobody was there. At the conclusion of the prayers Brissac related what he had done, not without dwelling on the piety of the court ladies. The king and all who accompanied him laughed heartily. The story soon spread and these ladies would have strangled Brissac if they had been able.—DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON, "Memoirs."

But the most curious chamber of all is the confessional. It is divided into two small rooms. In the middle of a party wall is a thick but transparent pane of glass, so that whatever is passing in one room might be seen from the other though what was said in a low voice could not be heard. The first of these rooms is quite empty. When Louis XIV. was at confession it was always occupied by the captain of the guards, who, with a drawn sword in his hand, stood looking through the pane of glass. Thus Louis XIV. was under surveillance even in the confessional. . . . The only furniture in the other room is an armchair, a prie-dieu and a basin for holy water. In that armchair sat Father Letellier [sometimes written Le Tellier, born at Vire in 1648, died at la Flèche in 1719], the Jesuit, and at his feet was wont to kneel, but watched, as I have said, the most mighty sovereign of the world.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, January, 1860.

It chanced the members of the king's household claimed certain privileges which were disputed them by the corporation of the town of St.-Germain. Anxious to obtain the king's decision on the matter, the members of the household resolved to send a deputation to his majesty to urge their claims. Bazire and Soulaigre, two of the king's valets, undertook to act as deputies and obtained without difficulty an audience of the sovereign. The next morning, after the early levee, Louis ordered the deputation to be introduced and at the same time assumed his most important look. Bazire, who was to speak, began to have an uncomfortable sinking at the pit of his stomach and his knees were loosened with terror. He just managed to stammer out the word "Sire." Having repeated this word two or three times, he was seized with a felicitous inspiration. "Sire," he once more began (and concluded), "here is Soulaigre." Soulaigre, looking unutterably wretched, commenced in his turn, "Sire—sire—sire," then (oh, happy thought) ended like his colleague, "Sire, here is Bazire." The king smiled and made answer, "I know the motive which has brought you here; I will see that your petition is granted and I am very well satisfied with the manner in which you have fulfilled your mission as deputies." Exeunt Bazire and Soulaigre, lost in admiration of royal grace and condescension.—*Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1877.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges, too, sire?" Louis, penetrating into the artfulness of the question, replied, "And the partridges, too." The dish was gold.—JOHN MOTTLEY, "Joe Miller's Jest Book."

This assembly [of the estates of Bearne] having petitioned for leave to erect a statue to their countryman, Henry IV., Louis replied that a statue to himself would be more appropriate. The estates obeyed, but in spirit gained their point, for under it they engraved, "To him who is the grandson of our great Henry."—CECILE HUGON, "Social Life in the Seventeenth Century."

"Since I have seen you," Louis wrote to Colbert, "I have had an idea which will cost me some money, but will give pleasure to many here—and especially to the two queens. I want to have a lottery—like that one of the Cardinal's, I mean; it is to cost nobody anything, except myself. I don't want it to be worth more than three thousand pistoles, which, if well laid out, ought to buy me lots of jewels; for I won't have any article of wearing apparel. As no one will know anything about it, it will be all the easier for you to get things at a moderate price. I should like the big prize to be worth five hundred pistoles, and, for the others, I don't keep you to a fixed sum. I should like the handsomest things you can get at a reasonable price." Louis was afraid of annoying the economical minister, so he tried to

"meet" him in details. Moreover, though the king liked to be magnificent, the Man was still very prudent, and described himself most neatly when he said that he liked to have the handsomest things at the lowest possible price.—JULES LAIR, "Louise la Vallière."

A new law condemned thieves to be hanged for even the simple theft of a pocket-handkerchief, if they ply their trade in a royal house.—MARQUIS D'ARGENSON, "Memoirs."

St. Denis is the burying place of the kings of France. Louis XIV., who is described as a man of unshaken resolution, could not bear the idea of death. When he had come to the determination to build a palace for the residence of the kings of France he fixed on St. Germain-en-Laye as the most convenient and suitable situation. But on particular examination he discovered from the place the steeple of St. Denis. Louis had not the fortitude of Philip of Macedon; the plan was immediately changed and the palace was built at Versailles.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1797.

The Tyrant

"Every one knows that misfortunes have been caused by the discussions in Parlement. I intend to prevent these for the future and I order that the discussions shall cease which began on the edicts you have registered. M. le President, I forbid you to allow these deliberations to continue, and you, gentlemen, to ask for them." On being remonstrated with that these discussions were for the good of the state, he answered, "The state, it is I."—COUNT OF BRIENNE, "Memoirs."

Soon after her husband [the Duke of Bourgogne] returned to Versailles in the summer of 1703, the young lady [the Duchess of Bourgogne] was once more in an interesting condition and this time his majesty determined that the most severe régime should be imposed upon her, in order to guard against a fresh accident. Not only were hunting, dancing and every amusement which entailed exertion strictly forbidden, but, when she drove out, her coachmen had orders to avoid paved roads and to walk their horses the greater part of the way; while, about three months before she expected her confinement, Clement, the accoucheur to whose care she had been entrusted, finding that she was not progressing as satisfactorily as he could desire, ordered her to bed, where, in spite of her indignant protests, she was compelled to pass the remainder of the time. As the princess's medical advisers feared that during the coming carnival she might insist on dancing, the king gave orders that during the festive season no balls were to be given at the court.—H. NOEL WILLIAMS, "A Rose of Savoy."

In the time of Louis XIV. the dauphin, having recovered from a long sickness, the fishwomen of Paris, who then formed a sort of body corporate, deputed four of their troop to offer their congratulations. After some delay the ladies were admitted by the king's special command and conducted to the dauphin's apartment. One of them began a sort of harangue, "What would have become of us if our dear dauphin had died? We should have lost our all." The king had in the meantime unexpectedly entered the room and, being extremely jealous of his power and glory, frowned at this ill-judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready ingenuity, regained the good graces of his majesty by adding, "True, we should indeed have lost our all, for our good king could never have survived, and would doubtless have died of grief for the loss of his dear son."—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

A Mr. Stirling, who was a minister of the Barony church at Glasgow during the war, which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "But, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fa' in." This curious prayer being mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave as a toast, "The good Scotch parson."—*The Athenæum* (Boston), October 15, 1821.

Delicate Problems in Etiquette

A difficulty arose with Denmark. The royal prince had become king and announced the circumstance to our king, but would not receive the reply sent him because he was not styled in it "majesty." We had never accorded to the kings of Denmark this title, and they had always been contented with that of "serenity." The king, in his turn, would not wear mourning for the king of Denmark, just dead, although he always did so for any crowned head, whether related to him or not. This state of things lasted some months; until, in the end, the new king of

Denmark gave way, received the reply as it had been first sent and our king wore mourning as if the time for it had not long elapsed.

Since the occasion offers, I may as well explain what are the different sorts of entrées. The most precious are called the "grande," which give the right to enter into all the retired places of the king's apartments, whenever the grand chamberlain and the chief gentlemen of the chamber enter. The importance of this privilege, under a king who grants audiences with difficulty, need not be insisted upon. Enjoying it, you can speak with him, *tête-à-tête*, whenever you please, without asking his permission and without the knowledge of others; you obtain a familiarity, too, with him by being able to see him thus in private. The offices which give this right are those of grand chamberlain, of first gentleman of the chamber, and of grand master of the wardrobe on annual duty; the children, legitimate and illegitimate, of the king, and the wives and husbands of the latter enjoy the same right. As for Monsieur and M. le Duc d'Orléans, they always had these *entrées*, and as sons of France were at liberty to enter and see the king at all hours, but they did not abuse this privilege. The Duc du Maine and the Comte de Toulouse had the same, which they availed themselves of unceasingly, but by the back stairs. The second *entrées*, simply called *entrées*, were purely personal; no appointment or change gave them. They conferred the right to see the king at his rising, after the *grandes*, and also to see him, but under difficulties, during all the day and evening. The last *entrées* were those called the chamber *entrées*. They also gave the right to see the king at his rising, before the distinguished courtiers, but no other privilege than to be present at the "booting" of the king. This was the name employed when the king changed his coat, in going to or in returning from hunting or a walk. At Marly, all who were staying there by invitation entered to see this ceremony, without asking; elsewhere, those who had not the *entrée* were excluded. The first gentlemen of the chamber had the right, and used it sometimes, to admit four or five persons at the most to the "booting," if they asked, and provided they were people of quality or of some distinction. Lastly, there were the *entrées* of the cabinet, which gave you the right to wait for the king there when he entered after rising, until he had given orders for the day, and to pay your court to him, and to enter there when he entered to change his coat. Beyond this the privilege attached to these admissions did not extend. The cardinals and the princes of the blood had the *entrées* of the chamber and those of the cabinets, as had all the chief officials.

At these repasts [morning or evening meal] everybody was covered; it would have been a want of respect, of which you would have been immediately informed, if you had not kept your hat on your head. The king alone was uncovered. When the king wished to speak to you, or you had occasion to speak to him, you uncovered. You uncovered also when Monsieur or Monseigneur spoke to you, or you to them. For princes of the blood you merely put your hand to your hat. The king alone had an armchair. All the rest of the company, Monseigneur included, had seats with backs of black morocco leather, which could be folded up to be carried and which were called "parrots."—SAINT-SIMON.

On this occasion [the reception of Adelaide of Savoy in France] both Vernone and Desgranges were compelled to admit that in the other he had found a foeman worthy of his steel. While the Princess Adelaide was engaged in receiving addresses and visiting churches and convents, these two functionaries were closeted together in strenuous argument, every point which admitted of the smallest difference of opinion being debated with as much fervor and eloquence as though the fate of Europe depended upon it. The question most difficult of solution was whether the French escort should advance on to the Savoyard ground to receive the princess or await her on French soil. Vernone argued for the former course, citing the precedent of Victor Amadeus himself, who, in 1648, had crossed the Pont de Beauvoisin to welcome his wife. But to this Desgranges replied that the duke's eagerness to behold his bride had led him, in his opinion, to commit a breach of etiquette; but that, even presuming he had not, the circumstances of 1648 were very different from those which they had now to consider, since Anne d'Orléans had been already married by procuration, while her daughter was only betrothed. Neither functionary would give way an inch and it seemed as if the princess would have to remain at Chamberry until the question had been referred to their respective courts. At length, however, they hit upon a truly brilliant idea, of which each subsequently claimed the credit. We have mentioned that the western half of the Pont de Beauvoisin

was regarded as French territory and the eastern as Savoyard; and it was now arranged that the royal coach destined for the princess should be brought to the middle of the bridge in such a way that the front wheels should rest in France and the hind wheels in Savoy; while the two escorts should advance on to the bridge, each, however, remaining on its own territory. Her highness was then to enter the coach and the difficulty would thus be solved without being decided and the dignity of both nations and the reputation of the two high priests of etiquette duly safeguarded. But the questions which he had discussed with the Comte de Vernone were not the only ones with which M. Desgranges was called upon to deal. Louis XIV. had not yet decided the exact rank which the Princess Adelaide was to occupy in France until the celebration of her marriage, and the problem now presented itself whether she was to be treated as the Duchesse of Bourgogne, that is to say, as the first lady in the land, or merely as a foreign princess. If as the former, then the Comte de Brionne must stand when she was seated; if as the latter, then, since he was a member of the princely house of Lorraine, he had the right to sit down also. This delicate question caused poor Desgranges much perplexity, particularly as Brionne informed him that, unless the lady were to receive at once all the honors which would eventually be hers, he should insist on asserting his claim. His resourcefulness, however, again saved the situation, and it was agreed that, whenever they had anything to say to one another, both princess and the count should carry on their conversation standing up.—WILLIAMS.

The ladies who were invited to Marly had the privilege of dining with the king. Tables were placed for them and they took up positions according to their rank. The non-titled ladies had also their special place. It so happened one day that Madame de Torcy (an untitled lady) placed herself above the Duchess of Duras, who arrived at table a moment after her. Madame de Torcy offered to give up her place, but it was a little late, and the offer passed away in compliments. The king entered and put himself at table. As soon as he sat down, he saw the place Madame de Torcy had taken and fixed such a serious and surprised look at her that she again offered to give up her place to the Duchess de Duras; but the offer was again declined. All through the dinner the king scarcely took his eyes off Madame de Torcy, said hardly a word and bore a look of anger that rendered everybody very attentive and even troubled the Duchess de Duras. Upon rising from the table the king passed, according to custom, into the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, followed by the princesses of the blood, who grouped themselves around him on stools; the others who entered kept at a distance. Almost before he had seated himself in his chair he said to Madame de Maintenon that he had just been witness to an act of "incredible insolence" (that was the term he used) which had thrown him into such a rage that he had been unable to eat; that such an enterprise would have been insupportable in a woman of the highest quality, but, coming as it did, from a mere *bourgeoise* it had so affected him that ten times he had been upon the point of making her leave the table, and that he was only restrained by consideration for her husband. After this outbreak he made a long discourse upon the genealogy of Madame de Torcy's family and other matters; and then, to the astonishment of all present, grew as angry as ever against Madame de Torcy. He went off then into a discourse upon the dignity of dukes and, in conclusion, he charged the princesses to tell Madame de Torcy to what extent he had found her conduct impertinent. The princesses looked at one another and not one seemed to like this commission; whereupon the king, growing more angry, said, that it must be understood, however, and left the room. The news of what had taken place and of the king's choler soon spread all over the court. It was believed, however, that all was over and that nothing more would be heard about the matter. Yet the very same evening the king broke out again with even more bitterness than before. On the morrow, too, surprise was great indeed when it was found that the king immediately after dinner could talk of nothing but this subject and that, too, without any softening of tone. At last he was assured that Madame de Torcy had been spoken to and this appeased him a little. Torcy was obliged to write him a letter, apologizing for the fault of Madame de Torcy, and the king at this grew content.

Father Seraphin preached during lent this year at court. His sermons, in which he often repeated twice running the same phrase, were much in vogue. It was from him that came the saying, "Without God there is no wit." The king was much pleased with him and reproached M. de Vendôme and de la Rochefoucauld because

they never went to hear his sermons. M. de Vendôme replied offhand that he did not care to go to hear a man who said whatever he pleased without allowing anybody to reply to him, and made the king smile at the sally. But M. de Rochefoucauld treated the matter in another manner; he said that he could not induce himself to go like the merest hanger-on about the court and beg a seat of the officer who distributed them and then betake himself early to church in order to have a good one and wait about until it might please that officer to place him. Whereupon the king immediately gave him the fourth seat behind him, by the side of the grand chamberlain, so that everywhere he is thus placed. M. d'Orléans had been in the habit of seating himself there (although his right place was on the prie-dieu), and little by little had accustomed himself to consider it as his proper place. When he found himself driven away he made a great ado and, not daring to complain to the king, quarreled with M. de la Rochefoucauld, who until then had been one of his particular friends. The affair soon made a great stir; the friends of both parties mixed themselves up in it. The king tried in vain to make M. d'Orléans listen to reason; the prelate was inflexible and when he found he could gain nothing by clamor and complaint he retired in high dudgeon into his diocese; he remained there some time and upon his return resumed his complaints with more determination than ever; he fell at the feet of the king protesting that he would rather die than see his office degraded. M. de la Rochefoucauld entreated the king to be allowed to surrender the seat in favor of M. d'Orléans. But the king would not change his decision; he said that if the matter were to be decided between M. d'Orléans and a lackey, he would give the seat to the lackey rather than to M. d'Orléans. Upon this the prelate returned to his diocese, which he would have been wiser never to have quitted in order to obtain a place which did not belong to him.

The king wishing that the magnificence of his camp should be seen by the ambassadors, invited them there and provided lodgings for them. But the ambassadors claimed a silly distinction, which the king would not grant and they refused his invitation. This distinction I call silly because it brings with it no advantage of any kind. I am ignorant of its origin, but this is what it consists in: When, upon such an occasion as this, lodgings are allotted to the court the quartermaster writes in chalk "For Monsieur Such-a-one" upon those intended for princes of the blood, cardinals and foreign princes, but for none other. The king would not allow the "For" to be written upon the lodgings of the ambassadors and the ambassadors therefore kept away.—SAINT-SIMON.

In 1692 there was held on three days in the week an "appartment," which began at seven, was honored with the king's presence at eight and continued until ten, when his majesty supped. Music, card-playing and billiards occupied the evening. Saint-Simon notes, as a special concession, that a man might play with whom he liked. Conversation was prohibited, even when the king was absent.—HUGON.

His Mistresses

French ladies preferred the fontange. It is said that an adventure was the origin of this head-dress. Mademoiselle de Fontange, mistress of Louis XIV., was out riding with him one day when her coiffure became disordered. She took off her garter and twisted it around her hair. This style so pleased the king that he begged she would wear it that way. All the ladies of the court adopted the fashion.—MRS. ARTHUR COLVILLE, "Duchess of Marlborough."

The Montespan expanded into a sultana, to whom every knee was bowed. The ministers were summoned to council in her boudoir and even the imperious Louvois was reduced to servitude. Once, when seven marshals were created, she coolly took the list out of the king's pocket and, after inspecting it, said, "Then my brother, Vivonne, is not amongst them?" The king and Louvois stammered, looked at each other and finished by saying it was an oversight and her brother Vivonne was nominated eighth marshal.—J. COTTER MORISON, *The Fortnightly Review*, March, 1874.

The other young ladies continuing to tease her she at length said, "For my part I cannot but feel that you are very stupid in praising the whole court and saying nothing in favor of the king. I should praise the whole court by speaking of him. Is there a man that can be compared with him, even for dancing in a ballet?" "I see," interrupted Mademoiselle de Chemerault, "the king pleases you because he is the king." "On the contrary," quickly responded Mademoiselle de la Vallière; "it is the crown that spoils him, since it takes him from the number of those one could love. Ah! If he were only not a king." The king stepped

from his hiding place, but all present at once fled with the rapidity of birds. "Ah," exclaimed Louis XIV., "she will not love a king; well, she shall love a lover."—ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE, "Mademoiselle de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan."

"I was curious," says the Princess [Palatine], "to know why she [Mademoiselle de la Vallière] had remained so long at court as a sort of attendant, so to speak, upon the Montespan. She told us that God had touched her heart, had shown her her sin, and that then she thought she must do penance and suffer in the way that hurt her the most—and that was to watch the king's heart turn away from her, and disdain take the place in it which love once had filled. In the three years after her love affair with the king she had suffered like one of the damned and she had offered up all her anguish to God in expiation of her past sins; for, since her sins had been public, her penance must be public too. They thought her an unobservant fool at the very time when she was suffering the most terribly; and she went on suffering until God had turned her heart to serve Him alone, which she thenceforth did."

When they told the king of Louise de la Vallière's death he did not seem touched. He had lost even that faculty of weeping which had formerly given him an appearance of sensibility. To account for his indifference he thought it necessary to say that from the day Louise had given herself to God she was dead to him. Men are all like that. He was pleased to forget the eight years of desertion, humiliation and disgust inflicted on the unhappy woman before he permitted her to retire to a convent. Popular imagination represents Sister Louise as having been buried with a ring on her finger—the ring given by the only man she had ever loved. It is utterly false. Moreover, Sister Louise de la Misericordia would not have kept a ring which Louise de la Vallière had never had the right to wear. They buried her as all her sisters in religion were buried; and, obeying the usages of the order, a little stone, bearing only her religious name and the date of her death, was placed above the mound that covered her. Alas, even the deepest humility is no safeguard against the basest outrage: those impious hands which violated the pompous tombs of Saint Denis did not spare the modest headstones of the Carmelites—and the same revolutionary tempest swept away, and perhaps commingled, the ashes of Louis the Great and Louise de la Vallière.—JULES LAIR, "Louise de la Vallière."

LOUIS XV., 1710-1774. King of France.

I heard M. de Sommery, the king's subgovernor, say that, wishing one day to know what took place during the lessons of the tutor with his pupil, he entered the room unexpectedly on some pretext and found the Bishop of Frejus sitting on a stool, the king standing by him and putting his tutor's gray hairs into curl papers; that is not exactly the way to instruct a child-king, but it is certainly the way to find the secret of pleasing him.—CARDINAL BERNIS, "Memoirs."

When Louis XV. was a young man it was found necessary to correct him of a habit of tearing the lace of his courtiers. M. de Maurepas undertook this task. He appeared before the king with the most exquisite lace in the world. The king, approaching him, tore one of his ruffles, whereupon de Maurepas himself, with the utmost *sang-froid*, deliberately tore up the other, simply saying, "There's no pleasure in that." The king, surprised, blushed slightly and from that hour was never known to tear lace.—SÉBASTIEN R. N. CHAMFORT, "Characters and Anecdotes."

The king [at the age of thirty] is more in love than ever with Mme. de Mailly; and she is openly more and more against the cardinal and has undertaken his ruin. She is impatient to be declared mistress and be made a duchess; meanwhile she has not a penny. Her husband, who at first set up his carriage, goes about once more in a hackney coach. The Spanish ambassador is often at her toilet. But she is poorer than ever; so a man who frequents her much told me; her chemises are all wearing out and in holes; and her maid is ill-clothed, which reveals real poverty. She had not five crowns the other day to pay a loss at quadrille. . . . People can say of the king what they said of Czar Peter when he stayed in France, that he made love like a porter and paid in the same way.

The king [1741] has suddenly taken to tapestry work. The fancy was so sudden that it was a masterpiece of courtiership to have gratified it. They had recourse to M. de Gesvres, whose chief occupation it is; and the courtier who went to Paris for what was needed—wools, needles and frame—was only two hours and a quarter in going and coming. This will increase the favor of M. de Gesvres and be a triumph to the cardinal's partizans. The king and Mme. de Mailly

have quarreled like children; they are both taken with a fancy for tapestry; Mme. de Mailly was so absorbed in that occupation that she did not answer when the king spoke to her and questioned her. At last, the king, being impatient, threatened her, took a knife and cut her tapestry into four pieces; horrible quarrel and wrangle! Then it was necessary to make it up, and for that an extraordinary party took place, which is being much talked about.

The king's real plan is to give him [Cardinal de Fleury] so many petty annoyances that he will force him to leave all and retire to Royaumont or elsewhere. The cardinal has pass-keys, to enter everywhere, at Versailles, Fontainebleau, Marly, or at Compiègne. He lately found at Compiègne that all the locks had been changed, so that the day after his arrival he said to Barjac [his valet]: "This key will not unlock; unlock it, Barjac." The latter said they must have changed the lock. The cardinal was furious; he sent for one of the builders, who hesitated what to say; but, as the cardinal insisted on knowing by whose order the change had been made, "By the order of the king, monseigneur," he said at last; "but his majesty forbade its being mentioned." Certainly there is civility in that; it is dismissing a man with great politeness. —MARQUIS D'ARGENSON, "Memoirs."

At the royal card table M. de Chauvelin was seized with a fit of apoplexy, of which he died. On seeing him fall, some one exclaimed, "M. de Chauvelin is ill." "Ill?" said the king, coldly turning around and looking at him; "he is dead; take him away; spades are trumps, gentlemen."—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

It was the Comte de Charolais who shot a tiler on the roof of a house for the pleasure of seeing him fall off. Louis XV. pardoned him, saying, "Understand me well. I will likewise pardon any one who shoots you."—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1879.

Two persons—the lieutenant of police and postmaster-general—were very much in Madame de Pompadour's confidence; the latter, however, became less necessary to her from the time that the king communicated to M. de Choiseul the secret of the post office, that is to say, the system of opening letters and extracting matter from them; this had never been imparted to M. d'Argenson, in spite of the high favor he enjoyed. I have heard that M. de Choiseul abused the confidence reposed in him and related to his friends the ludicrous stories and the love affairs contained in the letters which were broken open. The plan they pursued, as I have heard, was very simple. Six or seven clerks of the post office picked out the letters they were ordered to break open and took the impressions of the seals with a ball of quicksilver. Then they put each letter, with the seal downwards, over a glass of hot water, which melted the wax without injuring the paper. It was then opened, the desired matter extracted, and it was sealed again by means of the impression. This is the account of the matter I have heard. The postmaster-general carried the extracts to the king on Sundays. He was seen coming and going on this noble errand as openly as the ministers. Dr. Quesnay often, in my presence, flew into such a rage about that infamous minister, as he called him, that he foamed at the mouth. "I would as soon dine with the hangman as with the postmaster-general," said the doctor. —MME. DU HAUSSET, "Memoirs."

The service of "tasting the food" was more serious. There were in the year 1745 five gentlemen serving at every great banquet, one of whom stood near the king and ordered in his presence the "tasting" by an officer of the mouth. He ordered also the tasting of the fruits, ices, etc.; and all the officers who were charged to do so were obliged to taste of everything which they had prepared. They dipped sippets into the stews and into the other dishes which were to be served to the king and all these officers were obliged to eat before the serving gentlemen. Two other gentlemen put the plates upon the table, a third gave drink to the king and drank a swallow of the water, and one of the wine, and rinsed out the glass of the king in a great cup which was divided between them. The chief of the goblet drank first and the serving gentleman after him. After the tasting, the latter gave back his cup to the chief of the goblet who presented the saucer to the king. —ABBÉ SOULAVIE, "Memoirs of the Duke of Richelieu."

An example of this slavery of all Versailles to the laws of etiquette was to be seen one day when the queen was making the rounds of the royal apartments with the Duchess de Luynes. Her majesty, observing some dust on the counterpane of the grand official bed known as the queen's *lit de parade*, pointed it out to her companion. Madame de Luynes then sent for the official who bore the title of *valet de chambre tapissier* to the queen, who was on duty in that part of the palace. This post of tapestry *valet de chambre* was, by-the-bye, the sole official post

which the poet Molière ever held at the court of King Louis XIV., when it was not considered one of much consideration. To resume, when the queen's *valet de chambre* had come, the Duchess de Luynes did not tell him to remove the dust, but to go and fetch the king's *valet de chambre tapissier* and show the counterpane to him. He arrived, whereupon he maintained to her majesty that this particular dust did not concern him. He admitted, however, that the queen's *valet de chambre tapissier* made the queen's bed, but, he said, as for the bed of parade, when the queen was not sleeping in it that article came under the heading of *meuble*—furniture. He could not touch it, the dust then only concerning the officers of the *garde meuble*. It took two entire days before it was discovered whose duty it was—in accordance with the charge he had purchased—to remove the dust. In the meantime, if the queen had chosen to occupy the bed of parade, she would have been compelled to sleep in it dusty, or else dust it herself, for fear of interfering with any one's prerogative.—ANDREW C. F. HAGGARD, "The Real Louis XV."

You perceive that I have been presented. The queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the king's bedchamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humoredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner and a-hunting. The good old queen, who is like Lady Primrose in her face and Queen Caroline in the immensity of her cap, is at her dressing table, attended by two or three old ladies who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only bosom to which they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He scarce stays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghost and cannot possibly last three months. The dauphiness is in her bedchamber, but dressed and standing; looks cross, is not civil and has the true Westphalian grace and accent. The four mesdames, who are clumsy, plump, old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, stand in a bedchamber all in a row, with black cloaks and knitting-bags, looking good-humored and not knowing what to say. . . . Then you are carried to the dauphin's three boys, who, you may be sure, only bow and stare. . . . The whole concludes with seeing the dauphin's little girl dine, who is as round and fat as a pudding.—HORACE WALPOLE, letter, October 3, 1765.

It happened once when the dauphine was in the queen's apartments she desired to drink and asked Marie Leczinska to whom she should address her request. The queen pointed out her lady-of-honor, Madame de Luynes, who gave her order to a lackey and in due course the refreshment arrived, was served to Madame de Luynes, who in her turn handed it to the dauphine, the latter's ladies, who were also present, taking no part in the procedure. Another time, Madame de Luynes being absent, the dauphine appealed to Madame de Villars, the queen's mistress of the robes. After giving the order Madame de Villars left the room and did not return. The lackey, finding neither lady of honor nor mistress of the robes, offered the glass to the dauphine himself. Then Mesdames de Brancas and de Duras were up in arms. They thought the duty of serving the dauphine under these circumstances lay with them. After weighty discussion the queen and the ladies decided that the lackey ought to have called one of the *femmes de chambre*. To this, however, the lackey objected, saying he was not an officer of the goblet, who alone was expected to serve a *femme de chambre*. The subject had to be discussed afresh at headquarters and it was finally decided by the queen that, since an officer of the goblet was not qualified to enter her room, the lackey was to bring in the tray, place it on a special table arranged for the purpose, and then go and call the *femme de chambre*, who was to lift the tray from the table and present it either to the lady of honor, the mistress of the robes, or, in case of their absence, serve Marie-Josephe herself. In the face of such wearisome formality it would not have been surprising if the dauphine preferred to repress her thirst rather than ask for it to be assuaged. A similar difficulty occurred when the dauphin was laid up with the toothache and, no one having supplied him with food, a message was sent to the officers of the dauphin's table for a light repast. When the dauphin dined with the dauphine he was waited on by her ladies; when his meals were taken by himself he was served by his own men servants. In this instance it was found necessary to compromise, and the dishes were carried part ways by the ladies in waiting and handed over to the dauphin's attendants at the door of his study, finally being brought in triumph to his bedside.—FRANK HAMEL, "The Dauphines of France."

A striking instance of the steady decline of Louis XV.'s popularity is afforded by

comparing the number of masses said on his behalf at Notre Dame, at the expense of private individuals, during his three illnesses, in 1744, 1757 and 1774. On the first occasion no less than six thousand were said; on the second the number had fallen to six hundred; while in 1774 only three persons were found willing to pay for a mass.—H. NOEL WILLIAMS, "Madame Du Barry," quoting Bingham's "Marriages of the Bourbons."

LOUIS XVI., 1754-1793. King of France.

With the best intention to be courteous he would walk toward a man until he had pushed him back to the wall; and if no remark occurred to him, as often happened, he would burst into a loud laugh, turn on his heels and walk off. The victim of this public performance was always offended and, if he were not accustomed to the manners of the court, would take his leave in fierce anger, persuaded that the king had in some manner wished to insult him.

At Fontainebleau the guests were given nothing more than a bare apartment. They were obliged to find their own furniture, linen, etc., and to provide their own food. As it happened, all the ministers and chief officials had their own houses and the princes kept a table for their suites, so that it was easy to secure an invitation to dinner or supper. But no effort was made to procure anything but lodging. If the castle was full, and a large portion of it was in such bad repair as to be uninhabitable, the guests (or rather those who were admitted, for names had to be put down) were distributed throughout the town; their names were written in chalk upon the doors, as though an army were halting upon the march.—COUNTESS DE BOIGNY, "Memoirs."

She was not exactly a noble lady—she was the wife of an officer of the king's pantry, *controleur de la bouche*, or, to be more dignified and exact, *controleur clerc d'office de la maison du roi*, who, by the way, had the same Christian name as Beaumarchais, being called Pierre Augustin Franquet. The office held by the husband was one of the thousand functions attached to the court which our kings used to create formerly when they were in want of money, and which, when they had once been sold, could be transmitted by the holder to heirs or to other purchasers, if the prince gave his consent. It is in reference to this that Montesquieu says: "The king of France has no gold mines like the king of Spain, his neighbor, but he has a far greater wealth in the vanity of his subjects, which is more inexhaustible than any mine. He has been known to undertake or continue a war without any resources other than the titles of honor which he had to sell, and, owing to a miracle of human conceit, his troops were paid, his towns fortified and his fleets equipped." Those who want to form an idea of the immense variety of these court places have only to consult one of the almanacs published before the revolution, under the title of Almanac de Versailles; they will find all sorts of burlesque officers, such as cravat-tier in ordinary to the king, or captain of the greyhounds of the chamber, which had probably cost more money than the work they gave to the holders. In the "État de la France" for 1749 there is a whole chapter entitled "Greyhounds of the Chamber." The captain is M. Zachaire de Vassan, and Michael de Vassan, his son, is his appointed successor. He receives 2466 francs for his wages. There are also three valets and guards attached to the greyhounds of the chamber. There are, moreover, the little dogs of the king's chamber, who are under the care of M. Antoine, that gentleman receiving 1446 francs as wages, besides 200 francs for his livery. The pastry cook of the king has to provide seven biscuits a day for his majesty's little dogs.—LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE, "Beaumarchais and His Times."

The ceremony of *lever* and *coucher* only inspired Louis XVI. with distaste, though, from a sense of duty, he would sometimes return from a quiet breakfast with the queen at Trianon and humbly suffer himself to be undressed in order to be dressed again according to etiquette.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1882.

The king was very fond of mechanics and his usual work of recreation was making of locks.—JOSEPH WEBER (Lally Tollendal), "Memoirs of Marie Antoinette."

Above the king's private library there was an apartment containing a furnace, two anvils and a number of iron tools, with a great variety of locks of different kinds made by the king. It was here that the infamous Gamin, who afterwards accused the king of trying to poison him and was rewarded for the calumny by a pension of twelve thousand francs, had taught him the trade of a locksmith. Gamin, with all his coarseness, had acquired such an ascendency over the king that he treated him as a master workman does his apprentice. Gamin said to me himself, "The king is passionately fond of the occupation but, not wishing that the queen and court should know that he employs him-

self at it, he steals away from them secretly and comes to me to forge and file. We were forced to employ a thousand stratagems to carry our anvils without being known." Above the forge was an open terrace where the king used to sit and observe with a telescope the persons walking in the garden or passing along the road to Paris.—MADAME CAMPAN, "Memoirs."

Just then a lady came through the gate. She had a pretty little spaniel with her, which, before she noticed it, ran close up to the king. Making a low courtesy, she called the dog back in haste; but, as the animal turned to run towards its mistress, the king, who had a large cane in his hand, broke its back with a blow of his cudgel. Then, amid the screams and tears of the lady, and as the poor little beast was breathing its last, the king, delighted with his exploit, continued his walk, slouching rather more than usual and laughing like any lout of a peasant. . . . We had never seen anything more coarse than the laugh, or more gratuitously ill-natured than the act, though it was well in keeping with the cuts of his whip with which the king used to gratify any hairdressers or priests who were unlucky enough to come in his way when hunting.—GENERAL PAUL THIÉBAULT, "Memoirs."

The taste of the court for foreigners was turned to advantage by two illustrious characters exiled from their country by the Mussulman persecution, the Prince of Chios and Justiniana, his son, who were directly descended from the Eastern emperors and begged hospitality from Louis XVI. at the outset of his reign. This was granted them in full measure as became a king of France. Until the claims which he was making to the Seraglio for the restitution of his property should have been admitted, the Prince of Chios was begged to accept a handsome pension, while Prince Justiniana entered the French service and took command of a crack regiment. These Greek princes lived for some years on the royal bounty and were well received by the best company at Paris and Versailles. Their accent and a somewhat pronounced foreign bearing assured their success. One day, when they had been dining for the hundredth time with the Comte de Maurepas, the comte saw the Prince of Chios, who was sitting by him, grow pale and agitated. "You are not feeling well, prince?" "It is nothing; it will pass away." But his indisposition increased until he was obliged to leave the table and to call to his son to accompany him. M. de Maurepas had spent the ten years of his exile upon his estate at Châteauneuf in Berry. When he left his estate one of his *valets de chambre* was left in charge: as he happened to be at Versailles he was now waiting at table and was in his master's room the next day when he received orders to go and inquire after the health of the Prince of Chios. M. de Maurepas saw him stifle a burst of laughter, glancing at his companions. "What are you laughing at, Dubois?" "You know, sir, it is the Prince of Chios." "And why should he amuse you?" "You are making fun of me; you know him quite well." "Of course I do; I see him every day." "Have you really failed to recognize him? But it cannot be." "Come now; you weary me with your mysteries. Tell me plainly what you mean." "Well, my lord, the Prince of Chios is fat Guillot." "And whom do you call fat Guillot?" "Well, my lord, I cannot understand how you could have forgotten fat Guillot. He used to come up to the castle pretty often to work. He lived in a little white house near the bridge; and then his son—your lordship cannot possibly have forgotten little Pierre, who was so polite and quick that my lady would always have him hold the bridle of her donkey. I see now that your lordship remembers him. I recognized him at once and fat Guillot recognized me." M. de Maurepas bound his servant to silence; but once on the track it was immediately discovered that the heirs to the empire of the East were simply two peasants from Berry, who had been mystifying to their own advantage the king of France, his government and his court for the past few years. How had they conceived this plan, whence did they come and whither did they go? To these questions I have no answer and know only the episode in the lives of these two clever adventurers.—COUNTESS DE BOIGNE.

Let us return to the memoirs of Barras. The old director therein mentions that he assisted after Robespierre's death in opening the ditch where Louis XVI. was buried, and that he had a lot of quicklime thrown on the bones of the unhappy king, and then, in an expiatory spirit (singular mode of expiation!), he disentombed from the gaping foss the body of Robespierre, in order, he says, to place the executioner beneath the victim. Barras made this incredible statement at the time that what were believed to be Louis XVI.'s remains were being removed to the memorial tomb in the rue d'Anjou, and he mentioned in proof of his assertion that they ought to come across silver shoe buckles and

gold breeches buckles, as Robespierre always wore on his nether garments and shoes buckles of different metals. This turned out to be true, but he was begged not to mention the matter any further, and Robespierre reposes this day beneath the marble monument of Louis XVI.—COUNT DE VIEL CASTEL, "Memoirs."

LOUIS XVIII., 1755-1824. King of France.

Promptness is the virtue of kings is a saying I have more than once heard from Louis XVIII., and sometimes he descanted upon it and explained it. He was so faithful to it himself that, being wheeled into dinner in his chair, the doors were thrown open and the chair was seen to enter always while the clock was actually striking six.—LORD STANHOPE, "Conversations with Wellington," quoting Wellington.

One fine morning one of the king's valets, who was devoted to M. de Blancas, came into his majesty's room and handed him a note from an ambassador who said that, unable to resist the yearnings of his heart, he had come to Paris merely to see the king, to hear his voice, to fall at his feet and, having thus laid in a supply of happiness for several months, to start away again. M. de Blacas had wrongly speculated upon the weakness of Louis XVIII., who, as he knew, wished to be loved for himself. The king gave a dry verbal answer: "I receive ambassadors only when introduced by the Minister of Foreign Affairs."—COUNTESS DE BOIGNE, "Memoirs."

General Rapp, being on duty attending the king at St. Cloud, was informed of the death of Bonaparte while he was breakfasting with his majesty. At first the general could not credit the intelligence, but on the king's assuring him that he had received official information of it the night before, the general could not restrain his tears, and audibly declared that the death of the former general, whose aide-de-camp he had been for fifteen years, most sensibly affected him; "I am not an ungrateful man," said he, and immediately retired home. The king, pleased with the faithful conduct of the general, sent for him after mass and kindly addressed him in the following manner: "Rapp, I know that the news I have received has been very afflicting to you; it does honor to your heart and I love and esteem you the more for it."—*The Athenæum* (Boston), November 15, 1821.

These Bourbons are the most timorous race imaginable; put them in fear and you may obtain anything. While I was at Elba an actress named Mademoiselle Rancour died. She was greatly beloved by the public and an immense concourse of people went to her funeral. When they arrived at the church of St. Roque, in order to have the funeral services celebrated over the corpse, they found the doors shut and admittance was refused. Nor would they allow the corpse to be buried in consecrated ground, as by the old regulations of these priests people of her profession were excluded from Christian burial. The populace broke open the door with sledges, and, perceiving that there was no priest to perform the funeral services, they became clamorous—their rage knew no bounds. They cried, "Au château, au château des Tuileries. We will see what right these priests have to refuse interment to a Christian corpse." Their fury was heightened still more that the curate of St. Roque, who had refused Christian burial to the corpse of Mademoiselle Rancour, had been in the constant habit of receiving presents from her, both for himself and for the poor (for she was extremely charitable), and had dined and supped with her repeatedly. Moreover, that he had actually administered the sacrament to her a few days before her demise.

The populace cried out, "Here is . . . a priest, who administers the sacrament to a woman and afterwards denies her Christian burial. If she was worthy of the sacrament, surely she is worthy of burial. He receives her benefactions, eats her dinners and refuses her body interment." About fifty thousand of them went to the Tuileries to seek redress from the king.

An architect, who was in the inner apartments at the time, told me that he was present when Louis was first informed of it. Not being then aware that the mob was so numerous, Louis said: "The curate is right; these players are ungodly gentry; they are excommunicated and have no right to Christian burial." A few minutes afterwards Blacas entered in great fright and said that there were about seventy thousand furious people about the palace and he was afraid they would pull it down about them. Louis, almost out of his senses with fear, cried out to give immediate orders to have the body buried according to the rites of the church, and actually hurried some persons away to see it carried out immediately. He was not quit of his terror for several days.—BARRY E. O'MEARA, "Napoleon in Exile." (Wellington tells the same anecdote in a letter to the Viscount Castlereagh, dated Paris, January 19, 1815.)

The duke said that once dining with him *en famille*—as that royal party always dined—with the Duchess of Angoulême and of Berni present—there was a dish of very early strawberries, which the king very deliberately turned into his own plate, even to the last spoonful, and ate with a quantity of sugar and cream, without offering any to the ladies. That is exactly what Queen Anne relates William the Third to have done with a dish of early green peas, she being then princess and at table with her sister Queen Mary.—STANHOPE.

The Marquis d'Avaray, master of the robes, presuming on his long intimacy with the king, for whom he and his had been ever ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes, ventured one day to take a pinch of snuff out of the royal box. The king said nothing but immediately threw away the rest of the snuff in the box.—*Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1877.

One day in 1820, when Baron Pasquier was strolling along the *quai*, he perceived an old man, humble, bent and almost deformed, haggling with a bookseller over the price of a heap of books which he was offering for sale. He glanced at the volumes and saw that they formed a complete set of Tallien's paper, "Le Ami des Citoyens." As he surreptitiously raised his eyes towards the old man, he started with astonishment. "Monsieur Tallien!" he exclaimed bowing. "I do not deny it," replied the former president of the convention. There were a silence and a feeling of restraint on both sides, but especially on the minister's part. "For a long time past," continued his excellency, not without a shade of embarrassment, "I have been looking for the 'Ami des Citoyens,' for my library of revolutionary works does not contain your paper." "I am happy to be able to offer you the last copy," resumed Tallien with a gentleman's polished grace. The minister bowed, took the volumes and was putting his hand into his pocket to pay Tallien—but did not dare to do so. "Monsieur," he gravely said, "I shall do myself the honor of calling at your house to thank you." The baron related the anecdote at the king's gathering that evening. Louis XVIII. had a sense of humor and particularly that kind of humor that is not exempt from a spice of cruelty. "Pasquier," said he, "go and thank Mr. Tallien and beg him to accept a pension of a hundred louis from my private purse." What a revenge for a brother of Louis XVI.! Tallien accepted, for he was dying of hunger. But he did not enjoy it long, for he died on November 16th of this same year.—L. L. T. GOSSELIN (G. Lenôtre), "Romances of the French Revolution."

When Louis XVIII. returned to France and Fouché was his minister of police, the king asked Fouché whether during his (the king's) exile, he had not set spies over him, and who they were. Fouché hesitated to reply. But on the king insisting he said, "If your majesty presses for an answer it was the Duke de Blacas to whom the matter was confided." "And how much did you pay him?" said the king. "*Deux cents mille livres de rente*, sire." "Ah, so," said the king, "then he has played fair; we went halves."—HENRY GREVILLE, "Diary."

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché, Duke of Otranto. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied, "You have occupied under Bonaparte a position of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you should frankly inform me what were the measures and who were the men that you employed in those days to obtain information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau—I was then surrounded by numerous adherents—but at Hartwell, for instance—were you well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, sire; every day the motions of your majesty were known to me." "Eh, what, surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sire, you ask me to say what would wound your majesty's heart." "Speak, sir; kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duke of Aumont." "What? DePienne, who possessed my entire confidence! I must acknowledge," added the king with a malicious smile, "he was very poor, he had many expenses and living is very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fouché, it was I who dictated to him those letters which you received every week and I gave up to him twelve thousand

out of the forty-eight thousand francs which you so readily remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family."—THOMAS RAIKES, "Journal," March 7, 1835.

Although the king had established his residence there he [Blücher] had not seen fit to spare him the spectacle of a Prussian bivouac installed in the Place du Carrousel. . . . At the far end of Paris the magnificent bridge recently constructed opposite the Military School was threatened with destruction. Its misfortune was to be called the Pont d'Iena, thus consecrating the memory of one of the severest defeats suffered by the Prussian army. A mine had been laid under two of its piers and it was to be blown up on the following day, when Louis XVIII. authorized M. Talleyrand to state that he would go himself and stand over the mine, so that, if it were seen fit, he might be blown to pieces at the same time as the bridge.—CHANCELLOR PASQUIER, "Memoirs."

I do not know what fly more spiteful than usual had bitten the ferocious Blücher, who was commander-in-chief in Paris; but the king was suddenly interrupted in the midst of his work and told that the Prussian general was preparing on his own authority to blow up the Pont d'Iena. "Go tell him," replied Louis, "that I only beg him to give me time to come and place myself upon that monument before he destroys it." The bridge was respected.—DUCHESS DE REGGIO, "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot."

On hearing that Blücher was about to blow up the bridge of Jena, he [Talleyrand] desired Comte Beugnot to go to the marshal and represent the king's distress in the strongest language. "Do you wish me to say that the king is about to have himself carried bodily on the bridge, to be blown up with it, if the marshal persists?" "Not precisely; people do not believe us made for such acts of heroism; but something good and strong, you understand, something very strong." When Beugnot reached the Prussian headquarters, Blücher was at his favorite place of resort, a gambling house (No. 113 in the Palais Royal); the chief of his staff showed considerable reluctance in sending for him and he arrived very much out of temper at the unseasonable interruption. After a short colloquy he consented to withdraw the order for the destruction of the bridge provided the name were changed. When all was satisfactorily arranged, Beugnot hurried back to Talleyrand, who said, "Since things have gone off in this manner, something might be made out of your idea of this morning—that the king threatened to have himself placed on the bridge to be blown up along with it; there is in it matter for a good newspaper article. See to it." "I did see to it," continued Beugnot, "the article appeared next day but one; Louis XVIII. must have been startled at such a burst on his part, but eventually he accepted the reputation of it with perfect self-possession." This account is taken from the Memoirs of the Comte de Beugnot, published by his grandson in 1866. —*Quarterly Review*, October, 1867.

It was only in view of the absolute necessity of having the Tuileries cleaned that the king consented to leave this palace for a moment. It was inhabited by more than eight hundred people who were by no means invariably clean in their habits. There were kitchens on every floor and an absolute lack of cellars and sinks; consequently all kinds of filth collected and made such a smell that one was almost suffocated when going up the staircase of the Pavilion de Flor and crossing the corridors of the second floor. These appalling odors eventually reached the king's rooms and decided him to make the shortest possible stay at St. Cloud. He would only leave Paris when driven to extremes. I have heard that one of those visionaries, of whom the king was always ready to ask questions, had told him during his exile that he would return to the Tuileries but would not die there. The worse his health became the more earnestly did he cling to the place where he was not to die.—COUNTESS DE BOIGNE.

The marshal, ever mindful of Napoleon's activity, had to hurry the poor king, and Louis's portmanteau, with his six clean shirts and his old pair of slippers, got lost on the road. This loss, more than anything else, brought home to the monarch his pitiable condition. "They have taken my shirts," said he to Macdonald; "I had not too many of them in the first place, but what I regret still more is the loss of my slippers. Some day, my dear marshal, you will appreciate the value of slippers that have taken the shape of your feet."—R. P. DUNN-PATTISON, "Napoleon's Marshals."

LOUIS PHILIPPE, 1773-1850. King of France.

Before signing a death warrant he devoted himself to the most intimate research, in order to find some point of justification by which he could reasonably exercise the power of clemency. In his councils he actually

pleaded the cause of his would-be assassins.—LUCIEN DELABROSSE, "Jules Grévy," quoting Victor Cousin.

Riflard, old umbrella. This was a nickname given to Louis Philippe from an old umbrella of enormous size which he used to carry at the time when he affected the simple manners of the bourgeois and tried to curry favor with the shopkeepers.—*Putnam's Magazine*, October, 1855.

Bismarck has averred more than once that Louis Philippe, during his own reign, concocted news unfavorable to his dynasty and speculated upon the results in the English stock market.—ALBERT D. VANDAM, "Under Currents of the Second Empire."

Louis Philippe began his dinner with four plates of different kinds of soup; in a fifth plate his majesty usually mixed portions of the four varieties he had eaten and appeared to enjoy this singular culinary combination. During the latter period of his reign his physicians were alarmed at the prodigious amount of food the monarch contrived to consume and to distract his attention from the actual occupation of eating prescribed a system of spreading marrow, caviare and such like condiments on thin slices of toast, which the king then distributed to his favorite guests; thus a portion of the time he spent at table was occupied and the king rescued from the danger of depletion.—ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT, "Gossip from Paris," citing ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S "Causeries Culinaires."

In the king's time there never was a dinner given at the Tuileries—no matter how stately; I have seen it in the gallery of Diana with a hundred guests—without a huge smoking ham being placed at a certain time before the king. Upon this he operated like a conjuror. The rapidity and precision with which he carved it were a marvelous feat: the slices were vast, but wafer-thin. It was his great delight to carve this ham and, indeed, it was a wonderful performance. He told me one day that he had learned the trick from a waiter at Bucklersbury, where he used to dine once at an eating-house for 9d. per head. One day he called out to an honest Englishman that he was going to send him a slice of the ham, and the honest Englishman—some consul, if I recollect right, who had been kind to the king in America in the days of his adversity—not used to courts, replied that he would rather not take any. The king drew up and said, "I did not ask you whether you would take any; I said I would send you some."—W. F. MONYPENNY, "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," quoting Disraeli.

His awkwardness caused an accident to befall me which was fortunately not attended with any bad consequences. A dish of ham was handed to me, and I took a slice to which another slice was hanging. It fell on the dress of the queen, next to whom I was seated, but her majesty did not notice it. I did not lose my presence of mind and, the moment the queen was looking another way, I made a bold move and seized the slice of ham and put it into my coat pocket.—COUNT VON BEUST, "Memoirs."

Louis XVIII., remembering the ancient feuds of the family, seemed resolved to revive them also and employed various contemptible modes of estranging the Duke of Orléans more completely from the legitimate party. Whenever it became the duty of Louis Philippe and his suite to appear at court, the king took care to point out to him the distance at which he was still placed in the succession and to resuscitate those embers of acerbity which it had been wiser on his part to have left sleeping forever. The Duchess of Orléans, being a princess royal, was directed by the chamberlain to enter the palace by the grand doorway, which stood wide open to admit her, while orders were issued that one valve only should be opened to receive her husband, whose title of Most Serene was still inferior to hers.—REV. G. N. WRIGHT, "Life and Times of Louis Philippe."

At Christiania a curious circumstance occurred to startle him with fear of discovery. One day when about to return with a family from the country, he heard one of the party call out, "The carriage of the Duke of Orléans!" His first impression was that he was recognized, but, preserving his presence of mind and first trying his ground, "Why," said he to the person in question, "did you call out the carriage of the Duke of Orléans and what connection have you with the prince?" "None at all," was the tranquilizing answer, "but when I was at Paris whenever I came from the opera I heard them calling out 'The carriage of the Duke of Orléans.' Having been more than once stunned with the noise, I just took it into my head to repeat the call."—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, November, 1840.

During Queen Victoria's visit to Eu in 1843, her host was constantly telling her stories of his former poverty and not in a cheerful, retrospective manner, but with a depressing fear of a like future being in store

for him. One morning while the young matron and the "competitor of *le père éternel*," as Princess Clementine, the mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, called her father, were strolling in the garden, the latter offered his royal guest a peach. The queen seemed at a loss how to skin it, seeing which, Louis Philippe took a large clasp knife from his pocket. "When a man has been a poor devil like myself, obliged to live upon forty sous a day, he always carries a knife. I might have dispensed with it for the last few years, but I do not wish to lose the habit. One does not know what may happen," he said. The queen was deeply affected, the tears stood in her eyes and she did not recover her wounded spirit for hours.—VANDAM.

I remember reading that when he was seventy-five years old and king of France, and when the great revolutionary movement of 1848, the most conspicuous effect of which was to sweep him from his throne, was threatening the existing order of things, he told a visitor that he was the only monarch in Europe fit to reign under the conditions then existing. Whatever the visitor may have thought of the truth or taste of the remark, he felt that, inasmuch as it was made by a king, the proper thing to be done would be to make an assenting reply which involved a compliment, at hearing which the king laughed and said: "Oh, I don't mean that, but the outlook for royalty is bad just now, and I am the only man of them who ever blacked his own boots and I can do it again."—L. F. STARRETT, "General Henry Knox."

LYNDHURST, John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, 1772-1863. Chancellor of England.

I recollect many years ago, when I was studying in chambers, having a neighbor who was learning to scrape on the violin. I was at first disposed to complain of my neighbor's innocent pastime as an annoyance, but on a little reflection I said to myself, "Is it wise in me to object? Let me see whether I cannot stand it without distraction. If I can, what an admirable discipline it will be in pursuing my mathematical studies. After a time I ceased to hear the 'nuisance' as it was called; it made no impression on me."—J. B. ATLAY, "The Victorian Chancellors," quoting Lyndhurst in "Hansard."

On the bench his lips would often be seen to move, but no sound proceeding from them would be heard by the bar. The associate sitting beneath him could tell another tale: The classic instance is that of "General" Watson. "What a damned fool the man is"—then, after an interval, "Eh, not such a damned fool as I thought"; then another interval. "Egad, it was I who was the damned fool."—ATLAY.

Haywood told of Madame de Genlis—an "invented pleasantry"—as he admits, that she kept her books in detached cases, the male authors in one and the female authors in another. "I suppose she did not wish to add to her library," said Lyndhurst.—ATLAY.

Sir R. Heron has a story how Eyre, the surveyor, called upon his friend and neighbor, Lord Lyndhurst, soon after he ratted. "I find," said he, "your lordship has changed your politics." "Yes," said Lady Lyndhurst, "and is ready to change them again if you will make it worth his while."—PERCY FITZGERALD, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1884.

Lord Lyndhurst was vain of his personal appearance, and not without reason. To the last he dressed so as to appear young and wore a brown wig. The scandalous world alleged that he provided himself with no fewer than twelve wigs, so constructed from time to time he might seem to have had his hair cut. For example, on the last day of December his wig was shaggy; on the first of January it was a crop. The crop in due course of time gave place to a wig with hair slightly longer, till he appeared at last surmounted by the wig which had done duty on the previous 30th of December. I believe this to have been a true story.—G. R. GLEIG, "Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington."

LYON, Nathaniel, 1818-1861. American general.

One night as we were sitting in his quarters at Fort Riley, a corporal of his company came to him with a complaint against some act of his first sergeant. Something in the man's words or manner—though as far as I could see he was perfectly respectful and within his rights—roused Lyon to furious anger. He abused him in the most violent and irrational language, rushing excitedly at him and with blows and kicks ejected him from the room. Then he walked the floor, still uttering invectives against the unlucky corporal. I said nothing, though he saw clearly from my manner that I thought his conduct unjustifiable. Presently he sat down. He was silent, though his red face was still greatly heightened in color and his small, keen, blue eyes flashed with anger

that was not yet entirely subdued. We sat for fully half an hour without a word passing between us. Then he said, "You don't like my conduct." "No," I answered. "You think I have acted wrongly?" "Yes." "So I have," he admitted; "I have behaved like a brute. There is a good deal of the theological devil in me. I ought to be placed in arrest, tried by court martial and dismissed from the service for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." "I entirely agree with you," I replied. "You ought to have charges preferred against you," he rejoined. "Why?" "Do you remember the twenty-fourth article of war? As you seem to have forgotten its provisions I will read it to you." He took the "Army Regulations" from the table and read: "All officers of whatever condition soever have power to part and quell all quarrels, frays and disorders, whether amongst persons belonging to his own or to another corps, regiment, troop, battery or company and to order officers into arrest." . . . "You have clearly violated your duty. My conduct was unmilitary and utterly contemptible and inexcusable and"——. At this point there was a knock at the door and in answer to Lyon's response the first sergeant entered. "I have come to report to the captain," said he, saluting, "that Corporal Allender wishes to be reduced to the ranks." "Does he give any reason, sergeant?" "No, captain; only he thinks that the captain is displeased with him." "He has every reason to think so. Order him to report to me immediately." The sergeant again saluted and departed. "Lyon," said I, "if you attack that man again, as you did just now, I shall put you in arrest. I am not going to give you another opportunity to reproach me for neglect of duty." "Mind your own business," he retorted. "You neglected your duty just now and you hope by a tardy recognition of your obligations to salve your conscience." In a few minutes the corporal appeared, saluted and stood at attention. Then Lyon showed his magnanimity. "Corporal," he said, advancing to the man with outstretched hand, "I acted towards you a few minutes ago in a way that was not only unofficerlike but was extremely disgraceful and indefensible from every point of view. I have sent for you to express my regret and to tell you that I shall not reduce you to the ranks but shall recommend you to the colonel of the regiment for the first vacancy that occurs in the grade of sergeant. You have always been an excellent non-commissioned officer. I am sorry that I am not as good a captain as you are a corporal. I want to shake hands with you."—DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, "Annals of Iowa," 1900.

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MACAULAY, Thomas Babington, Lord, 1800-1859. English historian and statesman.

The penal code [of India] Macaulay mainly and in most part entirely drew up. This occupied his best attention for some of the best years of his life and was the only practical direction in which he turned his immense powers. This code has never been printed in popular form, and exists only as a Blue Book, but it contains some of Macaulay's most characteristic writing. The important document consists of (1) Prefatory Letter to the Governor General, (2) the body of the code, with explanations, exceptions and illustrations, (3) Notes numbered from A to R. The copious use of illustrations is pointed out as a striking peculiarity of the code, which was designed at once to be a statute book and a collection of decided cases. We suppose, however, that this was the first time in legal history in which a set of imaginary cases, which might almost be called "Sketches and Stories," were deliberately given as legal precedents. The illustrations strike us as indicating very strongly that Macaulay had not a judicial mind in the same way that the judicial faculty could have been predicated of Jeremy Bentham or John Austin. Some of these illustrations, which are to be considered as decided cases, offend against the wise maxim, *"De minimis non curat lex"* [The law does not trouble with trifles]; some refer in the most serious tragic spirit to practical jokes; others are merely sensations and picturesque bits of stories. The legislation respecting practical jokes is simply absurd. We believe that in his youth Macaulay was subjected to annoyances of this kind; there is a story of his having been held forcibly down and shaved by some of his school fellows. . . . Here are one or two bookish offenses which have a strong Macaulay tinge about them: "A, being exasperated at a passage in a book which is lying on the counter of Z, a bookseller, snatches it up and tears it to pieces. A has not committed theft, as he has not acted fraudulently, though he may have committed criminal trespass and mischief. A takes up a book belonging to Z and reads it, not having any right over the book and not having the consent of the person entitled to authorize

A to do so. A trespasses."—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1874.

With metaphysics he did not meddle. He was once induced to read an English translation of Kant and confessed the only thing in it he could understand was a Latin quotation from Persius.—HERBERT PAUL, *Anglo-Saxon Review*, March, 1900.

The pleasant coffee room of the old "Star and Garter" at Richmond—which was burned down in 1869—was patronized by statesmen, politicians and writers. On Saturday evenings it was regularly visited by a middle-aged gentleman of rather broad stature, with gray hair and a rather large shirt collar which formed a conspicuous feature of his attire. He would dine always alone at a particular corner table and after dinner it was his humor to build up before him a pyramid of tumblers and wine glasses, which he topped with a decanter. Occasionally the whole structure would topple over and litter the table with its ruins. Then the middle-aged gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the charge for broken glass, and depart. The waiters knew him well. He was Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay.—MICHAEL MACDONAGH, *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1898.

Ballads are a favorite quarry of the hunter. Street ballads and songs of every kind he buys with avidity. At one bookstall, the end of his peregrinations this afternoon, he buys a bundle of ballads, mostly broadsides, coarsely printed and adorned with the roughest of woodcuts. As he walks along Macaulay notices that a small crowd of children, who have taken much interest in his purchase, are following him; and, to his intense amusement, he overhears them discussing among themselves whether or not the gentleman is going to sing.—G. L. APPERSON, *Chambers's Journal*, January 22, 1898.

His clothes, though ill put on, were good and his wardrobe was always enormously overstocked. Later in life he indulged himself in an apparently inexhaustible succession of handsomely embroidered waistcoats, which he would regard with much complacency. He was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled in the experience of all who knew him. When in the open air he wore perfectly new dark kid gloves, into the fingers of which he never succeeded in inserting his own more than half way. After he had sailed for India there were found in his chambers between fifty and sixty strops, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors without beginning or end. About the same period he hurt his hand and was reduced to send for a barber. After the operation he asked what was to pay. "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," said Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek." —MARGARET MACAULAY, "Diary."

He used to amuse himself at Cambridge, and probably later in life, with such sports as horn-blowing, until his neighbors wished him far enough away.—DR. A. J. H. CRESPI, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1891.

"You a bad stomach," I exclaimed; "you, who can eat a pound of tough meat and all sorts of things that no one else can touch?" "But then I always have the heartburn afterwards." I then began to sum up all his sources of happiness. "You have many attached friends." "Attached friends? No. I might count them all on my fingers. No, no. I have two delightful sisters, and I do not complain of my circumstances; but, if I have any superior happiness, it springs, depend on it, from my superior virtues." And from this rock we could not succeed in moving him.—MARGARET MACAULAY.

Some of the accounts of the feats of his memory are positively incredible. He prided himself immensely on his memory and it is related that on one occasion, when it played him false, he was so grievously chagrined as actually to leave the room in his distress with tears standing in his eyes.—CRESPI.

One evening, at Edinburgh, Jeffrey betted a copy of "Paradise Lost" with Macaulay as to a line in the poem. The next morning Macaulay called with a handsomely bound copy. "There," he said, "is your book; I have lost, but I have read it through once more and I will now make you another bet that I can repeat the whole." Jeffrey took him at his word and put him on in passage after passage without finding him once at fault.—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1877.

In this classic gallery Macaulay is tonight in great force. Once in the full flow of talk he gives his companions few chances to say much. He is a brilliant monologist, but knows little of the give and take of what is truly called conversation. He touches an amazing variety of subjects. Some chance allusion by a member of the company happens to start him on the Fathers of the Church and Macaulay forthwith expatiates on that not too interesting topic. He mentions that while in India he read the writings of St. Chrysostom, gives the substance of a long

sermon by the Saint of the Golden Mouth, and thence travels on to some obscure points in history, until Lady Holland, tiring of subjects of this kind, interrupts the flow and shunts the talker on to a new track of ideas by saying, "Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a doll? When were dolls first mentioned in history?" Macaulay at once replies by explaining that the little girls of ancient Rome had dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they reached a certain age, and quotes Persius in support of this statement. From dolls he gets on to Milman's "History of Christianity," to Strauss's "Life of Christ"—then a comparatively new book—and thence to the subject of myths in general. Macaulay is indeed a wonderful font of rare and curious lore about every conceivable subject. His hearers may feel somewhat exhausted, somewhat submerged beneath the flow of learning and apt quotation; but Macaulay leaves off as unexhausted and as inexhaustible as he began.—APPERSON.

"A succession of sonorous tunes. 'The Campbells are coming' was one."—Letter written by Macaulay. This is the only authentic instance on record of Macaulay's having known one tune from another.—G. O. TREVELYAN, "Life of Macaulay."

When his health and spirits were declining, and his expectations began to merge in consciousness of failure, he sometimes sat quiet upon such occasions, listening or lost in thought, as might happen. It was then that Sydney Smith uttered his celebrated saying, "Macaulay is improved! Yes; Macaulay is improved. I have observed in him some late flashes of silence."—HARRIET MARTINEAU, "Biographical Studies."

He is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might perhaps have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. —TREVELYAN, quoting Sydney Smith.

"I am afraid I cannot say much for my ancestor, James II." "Your majesty's predecessor, not ancestor," said the historian. The queen [Victoria] laughingly acknowledged the compliment.—"Private Life of Queen Victoria" by a Member of the Royal Family.

He then went on to say that on Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St. Peter's, Mr. Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperature," was the answer.—LORD GOWER, "Records and Reminiscences."

A parliamentary election took place while the two friends were still quartered together in Jesus lane. A tumult in the neighboring street announced that the citizens were expressing their sentiments by the only channel which was open to them before the days of reform; and Macaulay, to whom any excitement of a political nature was absolutely irresistible, dragged Thornton to the scene of action, and found the mob breaking the windows of the Hoop hotel, the headquarters of the successful candidates. His ardor was cooled by receiving a dead cat full in the face. The man who was responsible for the animal came up and apologized very civilly, assuring him that there was no town and gown feeling in the matter, and that the cat had been meant for Mr. Adeane. "I wish," replied Macaulay, "that you had meant it for me and hit Mr. Adeane."—TREVELYAN.

MACDONALD, Jacques Étienne Joseph Alexandre, 1765-1840. French general.

Macdonald made a very neat hit when hearing a crabbed general ask, "What has been the use of these Irish?" he replied with a bow, "To be killed instead of Frenchmen."

Macdonald's earliest duel was with a wag, who, in allusion to an affair of honor in which two Irishmen were the principals, said he "supposed the weapons were speaking trumpets."—*Temple Bar*, 1883.

MACMAHON, Marie Edme Patrice Maurice de, Duke of Magenta, 1808-1893. French general and statesman.

I was present in the Crimea and witnessed the final attack on the dreaded Malakoff, which MacMahon led in person. He was then a general. When he had expelled the Russians he received an order from his chief, who, I believe, was then General Pelissier, to withdraw his men from the Malakoff, as it was believed to be mined. It was at this critical time that he made use of the expression, "J'y suis, j'y reste." [Here I am, here I remain.] He immediately formed his men into a semi-circle and set about cutting through to a certain depth in order to cut the wires and tubes in connection with the mines. But before the completion one mine exploded and killed over a hundred officers and men, he, fortunately, escaping. This literally terminated the siege and the campaign.—F. C. BIRKBECK TERRY, *Notes and Queries*, December 2, 1893.

He was extremely brave, careless of danger, unmoved in the most trying situations. When Colson, his chief of staff, and

Vogüe, his aide-de-camp and relative, were struck down before his eyes at Worth, he remained impassive, merely remarking, "There are two fine deaths."—E. A. VIZETELLY, "Republican France."

MacMahon had been taken prisoner at Sedan, but fortunately for his fame he had been severely wounded and he also had the splendid charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshofen to his credit. Nevertheless, he had come back from Germany, limping, haggard and almost heartbroken to think that all the reputation he had won as a soldier in his earlier years was gone; so that when Thiers sent for him and made him commander-in-chief he burst into tears. Thiers himself was much affected. "I thank you from the depths of my heart," said MacMahon, "for giving me this opportunity of retrieving my military honor."—*Temple Bar*, May, 1884.

As Marshal MacMahon entered Milan, a little girl of five years of age presented him with a bouquet nearly as big as herself. He raised her up and placed her standing before him on the saddle. "The child," says a letter, "threw her little arms around the sunburnt head of the conqueror of Magenta, kissed him repeatedly amidst the loudest cheers I ever heard. The marshal seemed delighted with the child and fondled her most tenderly, looking frequently at her pretty features. And so they both entered Milan amidst a shower of bouquets and applause. I saw many persons affected even to tears."—*Littell's Living Age*, July 30, 1859.

One day in the course of a review an officer left the ranks and advanced towards him with a petition in his hands. "Before going into arrest for fifteen days," said the marshal, "hand your petition to Colonel de-Broye." Another day, on an official circuit, a mayor advanced, paper in hand, opening his mouth to read a long speech. The marshal snatched the paper from the hands of the astonished mayor and remarked with great cordiality, "Don't be put out, Mr. Mayor, I want to study it at leisure."—GABRIEL HANOTAUX, "Contemporary France."

When he was told that his government had been defeated in the Chamber by a majority of one, he said, "If I only knew who he was, that one." . . . Before inspecting the military college he was told that one of the students was a man of color, who was working hard and doing well, but led rather a difficult life among the other students on account of his color, and the marshal was asked to say a few words of encouragement to him. The marshal promised to do so, and, stopping opposite to him in the ranks, said, "You are a negro; is it not so?" "Yes, monsieur, le maréchal!" "It is well; it is well; continue so, continue so further."—GENERAL HENRY BRACKENBURY, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, March, 1909.

MAINTENON, Françoise d'Aubigné, 1635-1719. Wife of Louis XIV. of France.

Little by little her husband's sway was eclipsed by her own. People came no more to hear him, but to hear and see her. "She had," said M. de Noailles, "acquired an infinite charm of conversation." Everybody knows about the servant who one day at table whispered in her ear, "Madame, be pleased to tell another story. There is no roast to-day."—*The Ladies' Companion*, 1853.

On one occasion she shut herself up with a person who had the smallpox and who was deserted by all the world, "a little," she said, "from pity, but chiefly from a desire to do a thing which had never been done before." Another time, without requiring it, she took an emetic, then a new medicine and regarded by the majority of the faculty as a poison, in order that her friends, to whom she related the incident with an air of indifference, might exclaim, "See this pretty woman; she has more courage than a man."—*The Quarterly Review*, March, 1855.

Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Caylus were one day walking around the pond at Marley. The water was pellucid and the ladies could see the carp slowly moving about, melancholy and meager. Madame de Caylus drew Madame de Maintenon's attention to the fact. "Ah," said Madame de Maintenon, "the carp are like me; they regret their native mud."—SEBASTIAN R. N. CHAMFORT, "Characters and Anecdotes."

MANSFIELD, William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, 1705-1793. Lord Chief Justice of King's Bench.

The late Lord Mansfield, no less eminent for his great acquirements than for his acuteness of understanding, was once asked by a country gentleman whether he should take upon himself the office of justice of the peace, as he was conscious of his want of legal knowledge. "My good friend," replied the sagacious lawyer, "you have good sense, honesty and coolness of temper; these qualities will enable you to judge rightly, but withhold your reasons for decisions, for they may be disputable."—*The Athenæum* (Boston), April 15, 1821.

On a trial before Lord Mansfield a witness named Elm gave his evidence with remarkable clearness, although he was more than eighty years of age. Surprised at the old man's mentality, his lordship examined him as to his habits of living and found that he had been throughout life an early riser and a very temperate man. "I have always observed," said the chief justice in an approving tone, "that without temperance and good habits, longevity is never obtained." The next witness, an elder brother of the early riser, also surprised his lordship with the clearness of the evidence he gave. "I suppose," said Lord Mansfield, "that you are also an early riser." "No, my lord," answered the veteran frankly; "I like my bed at all times and especially in the morning." "Ah, but like your brother, you are no doubt a temperate man?" asked the judge, anxious for the fate of his theory. "My lord," replied the ancient Elm, who lived in an age when drinking was a fashionable vice; "I am a very old man and my memory is as clear as a bell, but I can't remember when I've gone to bed wholly sober." Lord Mansfield was silent. "Ah, my lord," exclaimed Dunning, a lawyer, "this old man's case supports a theory upheld by many persons, that habitual intemperance is favorable to longevity." "No, no," said the chief justice; "this old man and his brother merely teach us what every carpenter knows—that elm, whether it be wet or dry, is a very tough wood."—*The Green Bag*, April, 1912.

In addressing the court on a question of some manorial rights he [Sir Fletcher Norton] happened to say, "My lord, I can instance a point in my own person. Now, my lord, I myself have two little manors." Lord Mansfield interrupted with one of his blandest smiles. "We are well aware of that, Sir Fletcher."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1842, quoting *Law and Lawyers.*

MARCY, William Learned, 1786-1857. American statesman.

I once asked the secretary how he preserved his unvarying calmness. "Well," he answered confidentially, "I'll tell you; I have given my secretary orders that whenever he sees an article eulogistic of me, praising my astuteness, my far-seeing diplomacy, my incomparable statesmanship, etc., he is to cut it out and place it conspicuously on my desk where I can see it the first thing in the morning; everything to the contrary he is to cut out and consign it to the waste basket. By this means, hearing nothing but good of myself, I have come naturally to regard myself as a pretty good fellow. Who wouldn't be serene under such circumstances?"—MRS. CLEMENT C. CLAY, JR., "A Belle of the Fifties."

MARGARET, 1240-1275. Queen of Scotland.

That the welfare of women was not altogether neglected even in the most distant days is proved by an act of parliament, obviously intended to promote their well-being, which was passed as early as the thirteenth century. Queen Margaret was hardly likely to forget those of her subjects who happened to belong to her own sex, and by the terms of this statute, the responsibility of which is attributed to her, it was ordained that "During the reign of her most blessed majesty, any maiden lady of both high and low estate shall have liberty to bespeak the man she likes; albeit, if he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one hundred pounds or less, as his estate shall be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free."—HARRY GRAHAM, "A Group of Scottish Women," quoting Hislop.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, 1755-1793. Queen of France.

When she set foot on the territory of the city [on her way to become queen of France] Monsieur d'Artigny, the chief magistrate, addressed her in German. "Do not speak German, Monsieur," she said; "from to-day I understand no language but French."—MAXIME DE LA ROCHETERIE, "Life of Marie Antoinette," Copyright, Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., 1893.

When Marie Antoinette was received on the French frontier she was divested of all her clothes in a tent prepared for this quittance of her German existence, and re-dressed in a suit wholly French.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, November, 1840.

In the Austrian portion of the pavilion Marie Antoinette was waited on—for almost the last time—by the faithful Austrian women who had known her all her life, and was attired in a complete outfit (even to her stockings) of new French clothes, in order that, in accordance with inexorable etiquette (how she was destined to hate that word!) she should retain nothing which might remind her of the land of her birth. What a mere matter of form this was may be understood when it is recollected that, for the last year at least, all her toilettes had been sent from Paris.—LADY YOUNGHUSBAND, "Marie Antoinette in Her Early Youth."

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, some mysterious, semi-poetical name was bestowed on every kind of fabric, trimming and cut. Open the Marquis de Valfons's "Memoirs" and interpret, if you can, his description of the costume of La Duthe, the famous courtesan-actress. "She was attired," says the Marquis, "in a robe of stifled sighs, adorned with superfluous regrets, the point edged with perfect candor, trimmed with indiscreet complaints. She wore ribbons of marked attentions and shoes of the color of the queen's hair—Marie Antoinette's hair [Count d'Artois sent a lock of it to Lyons in order that the exact hue of it might be imitated by the silk workers] embroidered with diamonds in treacherous stripes. Above her curls of elevated sentiments was a head-dress of certain conquest, trimmed with fickle feathers, while over her shoulders fell an Absalom tress of momentary agitation." Now all that, although much of it is absolute gibberish to us, in 1907, was perfectly understood by the last great ladies of the old régime.—E. A. VIZETELLY (Le Petit Homme Rouge), "Court Life of the Second Empire."

One winter day it chanced that the queen, already quite undressed, was on the point of putting on her chemise. I held it all unfolded; the lady of honor entered, hastened to take off her gloves and took the chemise. Some one scratched at the door. It opened and Madame the Duchess of Orléans appeared; taking off her gloves, she advanced to take the chemise, but the lady of honor could not give it to her; she returned it to me; I gave it to the princess. Some one scratched again; it was Madame, the Countess de Provence; the Duchess d'Orléans presented the chemise to her. The queen held her arms across her bosom and appeared to be cold. Madame, observing her painful attitude, contented herself by throwing down her handkerchief, kept on her gloves, and, on putting on the chemise, disarranged the queen's head-dress. The queen began to laugh to disguise her impatience, but not before murmuring several times between her teeth, "This is odious! What importunity!" —MADAME CAMPAN, "Memoirs."

Not long after this princess's marriage she was prohibited, on account of her health, from riding on horseback, an exercise of which she was extremely fond. The order gave great pleasure to two corpulent duchesses of her train, who were overheard congratulating themselves on the prospect of being thus released from the necessity of attending the princess in her equestrian expeditions. The princess set about immediately contriving how she could raise a laugh at the expense of these lusty dames and at the same time not transgress the commands of her physicians. She accordingly ordered one of her household to procure her a number of asses, properly accoutered, by a certain morning. The duchesses were also ordered to be in attendance. When the asses were led out the princess very gravely told them that she wanted to take an airing and bid them mount. The ladies endeavored to remonstrate and reminded the princess of the orders of her physicians. The dauphiness, however, was positive, and, leaping into the saddle, desired they might follow. The duchesses obeyed, much against their inclinations, and, as may be supposed, cut a ridiculous figure enough. The princess, however, affecting not in the least to perceive their embarrassment, made them amble in her train for the whole of a hot summer morning, under the very windows of the palace, to the no small amusement of the king and court, who soon became acquainted with the secret of the affair.—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

The following anecdote shows her humor. The scene was in the Bois de Boulogne. Several of the more demure ladies of the court were in open carriages. But the queen was riding on a donkey, as were various of her younger favorites. Suddenly the whole cavalcade was stopped, for Marie Antoinette's donkey, having felt a sudden inclination to roll on the green turf, had thrown its royal rider, and she, being quite unhurt, remained seated on the ground, laughing immoderately. As soon as she could command her countenance she assumed a mock gravity and, without attempting to rise from her lowly position, commanded that the grand mistress of ceremonies should at once be brought to her side; and when the lady thus summoned stood, in no good temper and with dignified aspect, before her, she looked up and said, "Madame, I have sent for you that you may inform me as to the etiquette to be observed when a queen of France and her donkey have both fallen—which of them is to get up first."—CLEMENTINA DAVIES, "Recollections of Society in England and France."

As I thought the general [Lafayette] limped a little, although Morgan gave him his arm, I proposed as we reached the extremity of the grand *pelouse*, that commands such a beautiful view of the château and its five towers, that we should sit down to en-

joy the scene on one of the many wooden benches with which the grounds abound. The shade of two fine trees offered us repose and shelter from the sun and, above all, one of those charming causeries with the general, to which he unsuspectingly lent himself. In those low, slow, modulated tones, which gave to everything he said such an emphasis, he answered our questions by replies that might almost be called historical. "Is it true, general," I asked, "that you once went to a *bal masque* at the opera with the queen of France, Marie Antoinette, leaning on your arm, the king knowing nothing of the matter until after the return?" "I am afraid so," said he; "she was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add, so innocent. However, le Comte d'Artois was of the party and we were all young, enterprising and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was that when I pointed out Madame Du Barry to her—whose figure and favorite domino I knew—the queen expressed a most anxious desire to hear her speak and bade me intriguer her. She answered me flippantly and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm the queen would not have objected to it; such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that time in the court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria." I said, "General, you were the Cromwell-Grandison." "*Pas encore*," replied he, smiling, "that sobriquet was given men long after by Mirabeau." "I believe," said I, "the queen was quite taken with the American cause?" "She thought so but understood nothing about it," replied he. "The world said at least," I added with some hesitation, "that she favored its young champion, the hero of two worlds." "*Cancan de salon*," he replied, and the subject was dropped.—LADY MORGAN, "Memoirs."

For an innocent round game, practised with all the gravities of etiquette, she substituted the exciting diversion of pharo, the game played at the notorious public tables in Venice, but prohibited and quite recently so by royal ordinance in France. Professional players, that is, keepers of gaming tables, were summoned to minister to the queen of France's desire to indulge in a game proscribed by law. Louis XVI. mildly observed that this would be an ill proceeding in the face of a prohibition from which the palaces of the princes of the blood were not exempt; but with his usual weakness he yielded to the queen's insistence, with the proviso that the game should be indulged in but once. On October 30 "bankers came and dealt the cards all the night through, the queen sitting up until five o'clock in the morning. Next evening she caused the game to begin again, when she sat up well into All Saints' day. The great evil was," adds Mercy, "that this happened on the morning of a solemn festival, as it gave rise to public comment. The queen excused herself with a joke, saying to the king that as he had sanctioned one sitting, without determining its duration, it had been quite allowable to extend it over thirty-six hours." The scandal was not, however, confined to one occasion. The professional players were again summoned into the royal presence and pharo became domiciled at Versailles. Courtiers of rank began to hold the bank and even Marie Antoinette herself went shares in it. Mercy reports (July 15, 1777) how "the Duke of Fronsac and the Marquis d'Ossun held a large bank in which the queen had become a partner," adding regretfully that play was growing ever higher and producing deplorable consequences.—*The Quarterly Review*, July, 1880.

The Comte d'Artois and the queen played so high that they were obliged to admit to their society every damaged reputetion in Europe to be able to make up a game.—COUNTESS DE BOIGNE, "Memoirs."

There are doubtless many who, like myself, can recollect a rather foolish little story that used to be told to children. Apparently founded on oral tradition, it has evidently been handed down and can only be regarded as another instance of the persistency with which every speech making for unpopularity in the masses of the people has been attributed to Marie Antoinette. She is supposed to have inquired of Madame de Noailles why the common people they met along the road looked so miserable. "Because they have no bread." "Then why don't they eat cake?" Now, however defective and superficial the education of the imperial children may have been from certain points of view, they were one and all taught, both by precept and example, to interest themselves in the poor, as no child of a Bourbon king was ever permitted—far less encouraged—to do, until some years later when Marie Antoinette herself started in her own family a system of personal charity which was regarded as not the least dangerous of her many innovations. The anecdote above related was probably founded on fact, as it was told twenty years before of Madame Sophie, who, although kind-hearted, was not overburdened with brains. In 1751, hearing how badly her brother the dauphin and his wife (the par-

ents of Louis XVI.) had been received by the people of Paris, who greeted the royal visitors with groans and loud cries of "Bread," the princess, among whose peculiarities was a great dislike of piecrust, observed with tears in her eyes, "If only these poor people could bring themselves to eat pastry!" The identical story is also told by the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), who is quite positive that the speech was made by his own great-great-grandmother, Queen Maria Theresa, wife of her first cousin, Louis XIV. and daughter of Philip IV. of Spain.—LADY YOUNGHUSBAND. (According to the memoirs of the Countess de Boigne it was Madame Victoire who disliked piecrust and wanted to know why the poor people could not put up with that.)

The queen was in the habit of playing pharo every evening and on one occasion she noticed that M. de Chalabre, who kept the bank whilst he was picking up the money of those who had lost, took advantage of a moment when he thought nobody was looking to put a rouleau of fifty louis into his pocket. When every one was leaving she asked him to remain and when they were alone said to him, "Monsieur de Chalabre, I wish to know why you took from the game this evening a rouleau of fifty louis?" "A rouleau, madame?" "Yes, monsieur; you put it into the right hand pocket of your coat." "Since your majesty saw me I must inform the queen that I removed that rouleau because it is false." "False? your proof, monsieur." Taking the rouleau out of his pocket he tore the envelope and showed that it was lead skilfully worked. The queen turned pale. "Did you notice who put it on the table?" she asked. M. de Chalabre at first denied, but on the queen's insisting confessed that it was young Comte de ——, whose father was an ambassador and was then abroad. The queen desired him to keep the affair secret, and the next evening, when the young count approached the tables, she said, smiling, "Monsieur le comte, I promised Madame, your mother, to take you under my guardianship during her absence. Our play is too high for a young man; you will play no more pharo at court." The lad understood, blushed crimson and retired, profoundly grateful for being let off so easily Neither was the lesson lost upon him; after this he played no more.—M. DE BASSANVILLE, "Salons d'Autrois."

A French abbé, celebrated for his wit as well as his political knowledge, was much embarrassed for the sum of five hundred louis d'ors. The abbé was high-minded and, being constantly at Versailles, he carefully avoided everything that might lead to the discovery of his embarrassment. Some person, however, whispered the secret to the queen, the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette. On the same evening, her majesty meeting the abbé at the Duchess de Polignac's, engaged him in a party of trictrac, in which she contrived in a very short time to lose the sum the abbé wanted; then smilingly she rose from the table and relinquished the game.—*The Athenæum* (Boston), November 8, 1821.

At Choisy during a performance the ladies of the palace had taken possession of the front seats and refused to make room for the Comtesse Du Barry and two of her intimate friends. There were some very sharp remarks exchanged; the favorite complained; and the king, yielding to her plaints, exiled one of the ladies of the dauphiness, the Comtesse de Gramont, who had been among the most outspoken against Madame Du Barry, to fifteen leagues from the court. Some months later, Madame de Gramont, being taken ill, requested permission to return to Paris, and begged Marie Antoinette to intercede in her favor. The young princess immediately sought her grandfather and laid before him with much grace and sweetness the request of her lady-in-waiting. The king, embarrassed as he always was under such circumstances, put her off. The dauphiness insisted. "Madame," replied Louis XV. rather drily, "have I not told you that I should give you an answer?" "But, papa," the princess cried eagerly, "aside from reasons of humanity and justice, think what grief it would be for me should a lady attached to my service die while under your displeasure." The king smiled and promised his granddaughter to satisfy her. He immediately charged the Duc de la Vrillière to inquire into the condition of Madame de Gramont, and, two days later, despite the opposition of Madame Du Barry, he ordered permission to be sent to the invalid to return to Paris.—ROCHETERIE.

An unfortunate stag, turning on his pursuers, attacked a wretched peasant who was digging a plot of ground, wounding him in two vital parts of the body. The wife, half beside herself at the sight, rushed to meet the hunt and fell senseless at the horses' feet. The king stayed a few moments and departed in another direction; but Marie Antoinette, who had meanwhile reached the spot, got out of her carriage, held the smelling salts to the poor woman, supported her

in her arms, and issued rapid directions for treating the wounded man, who eventually recovered, thanks to the unremitting attentions of at least three court surgeons detailed by the dauphiness to attend him. The poor woman regained consciousness to find herself supported by a young girl, who whispered words of consolation in her ear, shed tears over her and finally placed her in a magnificent carriage, in which, accompanied by two villagers, she was driven to the hovel in which she lived, further cheered by a considerable sum of money. Comte de Mercy added that over a hundred spectators shed tears as they watched the dauphine "in an immobility caused by surprise and admiration of a scene as unique as it was touching." And Princess de Beauvan, the intimate friend of the Choiseuls, added that "the dauphine obeyed the voice of nature and the dauphin that of his wife."—YOUNGHUSBAND.

Court etiquette did not permit the queen or the princesses of the blood to eat with men. When the royal couple dined in public, they were served by women. When the king went to the hunt, there was supper for the hunters afterwards, from which the queen was excluded. Assemblies of this kind had not a little contributed, it was said, to plunge Louis XV. into the disorders of his last years and to keep him there. Would they not be a temptation for a prince, who was virtuous, to be sure, but young and feeble; and would the purity of his mind withstand the liberty of language which those nocturnal parties seemed to authorize? There was danger; and Marie Antoinette resolved to parry it by realizing a project which she had cherished for a year, by substituting for these hunting suppers suppers in society over which she could preside and to which she would invite the royal family and the principal personages of the court. Mercy encouraged her and all reasonable persons saw therein the surest means of separating the king from bad companions. But it was necessary to forestall objections. Might not Mesdames, attached from habit and jealousy to the old traditions, and still holding great sway over the mind of their nephew, interdict a scheme which would in their eyes involve a grave breach of etiquette and give new proof of the influence of their niece? To the first overtures which his wife made to him, the king replied but vaguely, alleging the necessity of consulting Madame Victoire, not to say Madame Adelaide. Surprised and displeased at these subterfuges, Marie Antoinette insisted and had a very lively interview with her husband; finally she brought such energy and force of reasoning to bear that she conquered him. Forthwith the first supper was fixed for the following Saturday, October 22. Mesdames were absent; when they returned the custom was established and the old princesses had no other recourse but to ask permission to assist at these reunions which they had at first disapproved of.—ROCHETERIE.

MARIE HENRIETTA, 1836-1902. Queen of Belgium.

An anecdote relates that she was once compelled to listen to a musician who was chiefly performing his own compositions, which clearly showed his utter lack of talent. When he had finished the queen sweetly asked him to repeat one of the pieces, as she had never heard anything like it before. The artist was flattered, and when he was taking his leave the queen added, "Yours is a different style of music from that of Schumann and Chopin, and even Wagner. You cannot expect the present generation to appreciate you." "I can well afford to wait," exclaimed the composer, "especially since your majesty ——." "Oh," said Marie Henrietta, "I am only an incompetent outsider." When he had gone and her ladies complimented her on her forbearance, she replied, "I am merely exercising the royal prerogative of mercy; I have shut my eyes and my ears to the murder of several airs. *Noblesse oblige.*"—A. S. RAPPAPORT, "Leopold II."

MARIE LOUISE, 1791-1847. Empress of France.

In spite of her magnificent trousseau and beautiful figure and her large dress allowance, Marie was not elegantly and well dressed like Josephine, though she employed the same workpeople. It was partly her own fault and partly the ridiculous etiquette that made it impossible for them to fit her themselves. Moreover, the duchess could not help in the matter, saying it was the concern of the *dame d'atour* and not of the *dame d'honneur.*—EDITH E. CUTHELL, "An Imperial Victim."

It was reported, sire, that one day your majesty, being much dissatisfied with the perusal of a despatch from Vienna, said to the empress, in a moment of ill humor, "Your father is a blockhead" (*Votre père est une ganache*). Marie Louise, who was unacquainted with many French phrases, turned to the person nearest to her, and, observing that the emperor had called her father a *ganache,* asked what the term meant. The

courtier, embarrassed at this unexpected interrogatory, stammered out that the word signified a clever man, a man of judgment, of extraordinary talent. Some time afterwards, the empress, with her newly learned term fresh in her mind, was present at the Council of State and, the discussion becoming somewhat warm, in order to put a stop to it, she called on M. Cambacérès, who was yawning by her side. "You must set us right on this important point," said she; "you shall be our oracle, for I consider you the greatest *ganache* in the empire." At these words the emperor held his sides with laughter. "What a pity," said he, "that this anecdote is not true. Only imagine the scene. The offended dignity of Cambacérès, the merriment of the whole council and the embarrassment of poor Marie Louise, alarmed at the success of her unconscious joke."—COUNT DE LAS CASES, "Memoirs of Napoleon."

She sent for the diamonds [after the capture of Napoleon] and decided, for safety, to wear them herself; but there arose a dilemma over the great Pitt diamond. This gem, brought from India by Chatham's grandfather, had been bought by the regent Philip Égalité, but had gone astray during the revolution. When found by the imperial government Napoleon had the great diamond set in the hilt of the sword of state. To carry this weapon about with her without its attracting notice was out of the question. The idea struck Marie Louise, that, in order to secrete it, Meneval might separate the hilt from the blade. Not having any tool at hand with which to do this, he proceeded to snap it off over one of the fire dogs in the empress's fireplace and then fearfully hid the precious blade under his coat. . . . Dudon now demanded the crown jewels. In discussing them with the lady-in-waiting who had charge of them, he asked for a certain necklace, a single row of diamonds, worth two hundred thousand pounds, which Napoleon had given the empress after the birth of the King of Rome. The official in charge of the imperial treasury had never claimed this as crown property, but Dudon did. At that moment the necklace in question was on Marie Louise's own neck. The lady went to her in her drawing room, where many people were surrounding her; at the first word of explanation Marie Louise tore off the necklace, exclaiming, "Give it back and say no more about the matter." All the crown diamonds were restored and were found to be correct according to the inventory, except the "Regent." Then there was a hue and cry for the great gem, for no one, of course, except the empress and Meneval, knew where it was. At last it came to her ears that it was being asked for. She quietly took it out of the work-bag and gave it up.—CUTHELL.

Dudon laid hold of what he could find of the seven hundred thousand pounds, which were the emperor's own private savings, as well as his personal jewelry and linen—even his handkerchiefs marked "N." He took likewise the empress's plate and dinner service, leaving her neither a knife nor a fork nor a plate to eat with, and Marie Louise had to borrow from the bishop, her host, before she could dine.—CUTHELL.

MARIE LOUISE, 1751-1819. Queen of Spain.

The ladies told me one thing which I thought so ridiculous that I thought they were hoaxing me. They assured me that the queen never received a lady in white gloves. "You must therefore recollect to take them off," said the Duchess d' Osuna, "or you will get into disgrace." I laughed at this and, when I was dressed, never doubting but what I had been told was a joke, I put on a pair of white gloves. But on arriving at the door of the apartment in which her majesty was to receive me, the *camerara-mayor* touched my arm, and by signs requested me to take off my gloves. As she could not speak a word of French, and as I could scarcely understand a word of Spanish, the dialogue was not very noisy, though our gestures were sufficiently animated. I observed that the old lady was growing impatient and I felt myself getting a little out of humor. That I, a Frenchwoman and a foreigner, who held no rank at the court of Spain, should be subjected to this strange regulation, appeared to me to be unreasonable and absurd. Perhaps I was equally so in attempting to resist it; but I am one of those persons who like to have my own way and, consequently, I found myself in open rebellion against the *camerara-mayor*, and, resolutely withdrawing my gloved hands, I exclaimed, "No, no, Señora," to which she replied, "Señora Ambassadress, it is indispensable." At length, finding that I obstinately resisted, she smiled and, seizing my arm with her little, dingy, shriveled hands, she began to unglove me by force. I now saw the folly of further resistance and I submitted to the ceremony with good grace. The old lady folded up my gloves and carefully laid them behind a red curtain, near the door of the queen's apartment. . . . I could not help thinking of my

adventure with the *camerara-mayor* when I saw the queen's bare arms, which, as well as her hands, were exceedingly beautiful. A smile, which I was unable to repress, apparently revealed to her majesty what was passing in my mind. "I suppose," said she, "you were astonished at being required to take off your gloves. It is a custom, of which you, madame, at least have no reason to complain, for your hands were made to be seen."—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS, "Memoirs."

A small reform of a more personal and delicate nature was attempted by the young queen. Spanish court etiquette, which perpetuated many a Moorish custom, had decreed that women's feet must never be visible. Even the doors and steps of carriages were so constructed as to conceal them. The ladies for this reason wore a long and cumbersome overskirt called the *tantillo*. "The Queen Marie of Savoy," writes the Duc de Noailles, "wished the ladies of the palace to follow her example by discarding the *tantillo*. The proposed innovation was actually regarded as an affair of state. Some gentlemen went so far as to declare that they would rather see their wives lying dead before them than that their feet should be seen. The Ambassador Blecourt wrote gravely (to his court) that a descent of the English upon all the coasts of Spain would have caused less commotion." The queen succeeded, however, in ousting the *tantillo* and the court ladies finally acknowledged that they were relieved from a heavy burden.—CONSTANCE HILL, "Princess des Ursins."

A whimsical incident serves to illustrate the vexatious nature of Spanish etiquette. It was declared essential to the welfare of the kingdom that the queen upon the day of her public entrance into Madrid should wear her hair flowing and uncurled. It was found at her toilette that some rebellious curls did not take their appointed station; upon which the *camerara-mayor*, spitting into her hands, approached to lubricate them. Marie Louise, in her haste to escape from this distressing and disgusting form of hairdressing, overturned a candelabra which broke a mirror. The Spanish ladies absolutely howled with horror: for in Spain, as in Ireland, the breaking of a looking-glass is regarded as a sure omen of early and sudden death.—*Athenæum*, September 4, 1847.

Even so she was not allowed to mount her horse from the ground, but had to be driven in a coach to the place and mount the horse from a step of the carriage. One of her horses being very highly spirited resented on one occasion this strange performance and the queen was thrown to the ground, much to her husband's alarm. No one, it appears, dared to touch the queen, even to raise her from the ground, until Charles had sufficiently recovered from the shock to do it himself.—MARTIN HUME, "Philip II. of Spain," quoting Mme. d'Aulnoy.

Mme. d'Aulnoy in her memoirs tells a curious though doubtful story of these parroquets of which Marie Louise was so fond. They had been brought from Paris and the few sentences they had been taught were in French, so that the Duchess of Terranova thought herself justified in having them killed. When the queen asked for them and learned their fate she said nothing, but when next the mistress of the robes came to kiss her hands Marie Louise gave her two good sound slaps on the face instead. When the indignant duchess with all her followers went in a rage to demand redress of the king, Marie Louise excused herself by saying that she gave the slaps overcome by the irresistible influence of a pregnant woman. This flattered the king and she was absolved.—HUME.

MARIE DE' MEDICI, 1573-1642. Queen of France.

P. Matthieu relates that owing to an error under which the child was believed to be a boy, the people loudly acclaimed her birth. On learning that his child was a girl, the grand duke consoled himself with the remark, "that he believed she would be a big one."

The queen's chief occupation when in her small cabinet was to indulge in lotteries in which each player contributed his share to the cost of the prizes. For this amusement and "other small pleasures" of the same kind, the queen received a regular annual allowance of thirty-six thousand francs, a sum which will provoke the less surprise if considered in connection with the cross of gold and enamels won by the Marquise de Guercheville, "the face whereof was studded with ten emeralds and the back fashioned of crystal, in weight a matter of two ounces, and valued at four hundred and eighty francs." . . . The queen was not behind her consort in patronizing the games of chance at the fair—her choice among them being the game of blanco, a lottery in which the white ticket—whence the name of the game—lost, and the ticket "with profits" won. She also indulged in raffles similar to those held in her own cabinet, first buying an article in common with a number of her

friends and the entire company then drawing lots for it. The stakes were by no means small; a gold watch studded with diamonds, in value nine hundred francs, was raffled for by six persons; the queen's share for a chain of gold set with diamonds—in which raffle she was a loser—was eighteen hundred francs. . . . Some idea of the extensive gambling in which the royal couple indulged at the fair may be gathered from a letter written by Henry IV. to Sully, dated February 28, 1607: "My friend, During the fair at St.-Germain I have gambled away goods to the value of ten thousand crowns. The merchants from whom I had the said goods have pressed me for payment, wherefore I send you this line to bid you pay all such debts." . . . Marie de' Medici's particular game was prime. This she played with a wonderful set of cards painted and illuminated to represent divers animals by Louis de la Haye, goldsmith, whose work cost her one hundred and twenty livres. Bassompierre was her favorite adversary; she played with vigor and punted heavily, so that in one evening she was known to lose seven hundred pistoles, "which did not make me happy," as she afterwards lugubriously wrote. According to Bassompierre, a single day's play at Fontainebleau saw twenty thousand pistoles change hands. The lowest stake was fifty pistoles, the highest five hundred. Fifty thousand pistoles might hang on a single chance. Bassompierre, again, relates that one evening in 1607 his sole goods in life consisted of seven hundred crowns, whereas he had just ordered a suit for the dauphin's baptism at the cost of fourteen thousand crowns; by the favor of fortune he rose from the table with the said fourteen thousand crowns in his pocket, a sword mounted in diamonds valued at fifty-two hundred crowns and five or six thousand besides. If we are to believe his statement, his winnings at cards in 1608 amounted to half a million. The queen was a good player, but the king, if luck were bad, would pass his hand to a companion.

The kitchens must have her majesty's meals ready at half past nine in the morning and at five o'clock in the evening. The conveyance of the meat called for a most dignified ceremony. At the head of the procession marched two archers of the guard in embroidered coats, halberd upon shoulder; an usher followed, rod in hand, then the steward in quarter with his staff, after him a serving gentleman—the pantler—and finally, her majesty's meat borne by pages. The squire of the queen's kitchen, a keeper of the plate and two body guards with halberds and sometimes their arquebuses, took care that no one approached the joint destined for the royal table. On reaching the queen's antechamber the entire procession uncovered, the usher, stationed at the door, removing and pocketing the cap of each page as he passed in.

Henry's departure was the signal for the entry of the queen's four tire-women. . . . Their first step was to clothe their mistress in a chemise of linen damasked with gold and red silk, "worked with gold thread," or white or black silk. The next garments were silk stockings, carnation, yellow or blue in color, for Marie would never wear black unless in mourning. A petticoat, selected from numerous "heaps" in the chests, followed—of "slashed violet satin," white satin lined with green taffetas, Chinese "tabit" [a kind of waved silk] lined with yellow taffetas, yellow satin lined with red satin, carnation satin lined with yellow, thin brocatelle with blue ground, or black satin embroidered with blue flowers. Having made her choice, and still wearing the "high canvas night-cap," in which she slept, the queen put on a dressing jacket, and thus apparelled in "petticoat and night-cap," gave audience to the people of her household—her intendant, treasurer, comptroller, major domo and first equerry, who attended to receive orders. On proceeding with the toilet a *valet de chambre*, bearing a ewer from the great chest in the sleeping room, went out for water preceded by two body guards of the antechamber, and her women, having placed "the conch, basins and towel" upon a table, the queen washed herself with a sponge and combed her hair with an ivory comb.

Marie's system of discipline—alternate whippings and presents—tended to a predominance of the former, while the fact that the latter generally arrived on stated occasions caused them to lack both the charm of the unexpected and the grace of an attention. The child [subsequently Louis XIII.] received watches, little knives and silver soldiers at New Year's. . . . The whip, on the other hand, was applied regularly. To every letter from Madame de Montglat mentioning resistance or obstinacy, the invariable reply was, "Use the whip," until Jean Heroard interposed on the score of health, since the child received the corrections with such outbursts of temper as often brought on a faint. The queen then modified the orders to: "Apply the whip, but cautiously, so

that his anger shall not be followed by any ill effects." Being anxious, for many reasons, to preserve the dauphin's health, the queen consulted the doctors and conceived the idea that chastisement was dangerous in hot weather; the little prince in summer enjoyed the benefit of this doubt. "Have recourse to anything rather than the rod in this warm season, when he might become over-excited." . . . Dauphin or not, a child's heart must have fluttered when every morning's rising and dressing were but preliminaries to a settling of the past day's accounts, and the appearance of a stern governess with her rods and her dreaded formula, "Now down with those ——." A child who lived with a knowledge that he would suffer at a fixed hour every morning for the transgressions of the preceding day, not unnaturally felt no affection for his mother, scarcely attempted to conceal his displeasure when she came to St.-Germain, and embraced her only under compulsion.—LOUIS BATIFFOL, "Marie de' Medici and her Court."

Long after Louis was king of France the floggings continued, enraging interludes to court etiquette and ceremonies. "Give me less manners and less whippings," the poor boy cried one day, when his mother and her ladies rose and courtesied on his majesty's entrance.—ELEANOR C. PRICE, "Marie de' Medici and Louis XIII."

She showed her fitness for celestial reward when some one remarked that they did not know how to break the sad news to the widow, the Maréchale d'Ancre. "I have plenty of other things to think about," said Marie; "if you will not tell her the news, sing it to her. Don't talk to me any more of those people," and she was heartless enough even to refuse to see her unfortunate friend.—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1884.

MARION, Francis, 1732-1795. American general.

A British officer was sent from the garrison at Georgetown to negotiate a business interesting to both armies. When this was concluded and the officer about to return, the general said, "If it suits your convenience, sir, to remain for a short period, I shall be glad of your company to dinner." The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced its effect; and, to prolong so interesting an interview, the invitation was accepted. The entertainment was served up on pieces of bark and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general ate heartily, requesting his guest to profit by his example, repeating the old adage that "Hunger was an excellent sauce." "But, surely, general," said the officer, "this cannot be your ordinary fare?" "Indeed, it is sir," he replied, "and we are fortunate on this occasion, entertaining company, to have more than our usual allowance."—ALEXANDER GARDEN, "Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America."

MARSHALL, John, 1755-1835. Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

President Quincy gives us a glimpse of him at this period, as he heard him described at a dinner with John Randolph and a large company of Virginians and other Southern gentlemen. They were talking of Marshall's early life and his athletic prowess. "It was said," he relates, "that he surpassed any man in the army; that when soldiers were idle in their quarters it was usual for officers to engage in matches at quoits, or in jumping or racing; that he would throw a quoit farther and beat at a race any other; that he was the only man who, with a running jump, could clear a stick laid on the heads of two men as tall as himself. On one occasion he ran in his stocking feet with a comrade. His mother, in knitting his stockings, had the legs of blue yarn and the heels of white. This circumstance, combined with his uniform success in the race, led the soldiers, who were always present at these races, to give him the sobriquet of "Silver Heels," the name by which he was generally known among them.

Marshall, however, did yield to General Washington's urgent request to stand for Congress that year; and apparently it was for a consultation on this question that he went to Mount Vernon in the summer in company with the coming judge. On their way they met with a misadventure which gave great amusement to Washington, and of which he enjoyed telling his friends. They came on horseback and carried but one pair of saddlebags, each using one side. Arriving thoroughly drenched by rain, they were shown to a chamber to change their garments. One opened one side of his bags and drew forth a black bottle of whiskey. He insisted that he had opened his comrade's repository. Unlocking the other side, they found a big twist of tobacco, some corn bread and the equipment of a pack saddle. They had exchanged saddlebags with some traveler and now had to appear in the ludicrous misfit of borrowed clothes.—JAMES B. THAYER, *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1901.

It used to be said of him that when he had formed his conclusions, he would say to one of his colleagues: "There, Story, is the law; now you must find the authorities." And Story could always do this. And this anecdote, if it proves nothing else, shows something of the relations between these two eminent men and of their characteristics. Judge Story was always glad to acknowledge, cordially and emphatically, the merits of his great chief. He used to say: "When I examine a question, I go from headland to headland, from case to case; Marshall has a compass, puts out to sea and goes directly to his result."—*The American Law Review*, April, 1867.

It is strange that while we never notice when a person winks when looking at us, unless it is done with disagreeable frequency, when one looks without winking, it is observed at once. Chief Justice Marshall had this peculiarity towards any one addressing him. Lowndes, of South Carolina, said about it: "Oh, yes; the good old judge finds it of great service. When a lawyer is talking against time, or annoying the court with platitudes, that cold, wide-open, never-winking gray eye fastens upon him and a man can't stand it."—*The Albany Law Journal*, January 13, 1872.

He did his own marketing and the story has often been told how a young gentleman, finding no one at the market to carry home his turkey, was swearing about the matter, when Marshall, who was rather a rusty-looking old gentleman, offered to take it home for him, and did so. The story is also well known how he was taken for an old farmer by a lot of young men at a country tavern and guyed by them until he astonished them with several hours of eloquence on the Christian religion. And another well-known story is that of one of his first law cases, how, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, and with a hatful of cherries in his hand, he took the place of a missing lawyer and surprised the Richmond bar.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *The North American Review*, August, 1888.

His peculiar characteristic was the carrying of a long, green umbrella, which was his constant companion, not only when it was raining, but stuck under his arm when not a cloud was to be seen.—PROFESSOR PARSONS, of Harvard Law School, *The Albany Law Journal*, August 20, 1870.

One day, Judge Marshall, engrossed in his reflections, was driving over the wretched roads of North Carolina on his way to Raleigh in a stick gig. His horse turned out of the road and his sulky ran over a sapling and was tilted so as to arouse the judge. When he found that he could not move either to the right or to the left, an old negro, who had come along, solved the difficulty. "My old marster," he asked, "what fer you don't back your horse?" "That's true," said the judge and he acted as advised. Thanking his deliverer heartily he felt into his pocket for some change but he did not have any. "Never mind, old man," he said, "I shall stop at the tavern and leave some money for you with the landlord." The old negro was not impressed with the stranger, but he called at the tavern and asked the keeper if an old gentleman had left anything there for him. "Oh, yes," said the landlord, "he left a silver dollar for you. What do you think of that old gentleman?" "He was a gem-man, for shore, but," patting his forehead, "he didn't have much in there."—*The Albany Law Journal*, April, 1901, quoting *The World's Work*.

There are several picturesque descriptions of the part he took at the meetings of the Quoit Club. It is enough to quote one, perhaps less known than the others, in which the artist, Chester Harding, visiting Richmond during the session of the state convention of 1829-30 when the chief justice was nearly seventy-five years old, and the last survivor of the founders of the club, tells us: "I again met Judge Marshall in Richmond, whither I went during the sitting of the convention for amending the constitution. He was a leading member of the Quoit Club, which I was invited to attend. The battle-ground was about a mile from the city, in a beautiful grove. I went early, with a friend, just as the party were beginning to arrive. I watched for the coming of the old chief. He soon approached with his coat on his arm, and his hat in his hand, which he was using as a fan. He walked directly up to a large bowl of mint julep and drank off a tumblerful of the liquid, smacked his lips, and then turned to the company with a cheerful, 'How are you, gentlemen?' He was looked upon as the best pitcher of the party and could throw heavier quoits than any other member of the club. The game began with great animation. There were several ties and, before long, I saw the great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States down on his knees, measuring the contested distances with a straw, with as much earnestness as if it had been a point

of law and, if he proved to be in the right, the woods would ring with his triumphant shout."—JUSTICE HORACE GRAY, address to the Virginia Bar Association, celebration of John Marshall Day, February 4, 1901.

In speaking of this same club, another writer says: "We have seen Mr. Marshall, . . . when he was Chief Justice of the United States, on his hands and knees, with a straw and a penknife, the blade of the knife stuck through the straw, holding it between the edge of the quoit and the hub, and when it was a very doubtful question, pinching or biting off the ends of the straw, until it would fit to a hair."—JOHN F. DILLON, "John Marshall."

After dinner a match game of quoits was played with as much zest as golf would be to-day. The human side of John Marshall is seen to better advantage in this game than anywhere else. Most of the gentlemen played with handsome brass quoits, kept polished by a negro servant, Jasper Crouch. Judge Marshall had a set of rough iron quoits twice as large as any others, which few of the club could throw.—MARY N. STANNARD, address before the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, March 27, 1913.

All his life he played at this game. There is an account of a country barbecue in the mountain region, where a casual guest saw an old man emerge from a thicket which bordered on a brook, carrying a pile of flat stones as high as he could hold between his right arm and his chin. He stepped briskly up to the company and threw them down. "There, here are quite enough for us all."—THAYER.

An entertaining account has been preserved by the late Mr. George W. Mumford, of the meeting of this club, apparently while Marshall was still at the bar, at which he and Wickham, a leading Virginia lawyer, one of the counsel of Aaron Burr, were the caterers. At the table Marshall announced that at the last meeting two members had introduced politics, a forbidden subject, and had been fined a basket of champagne, and that this was now produced as a warning to evil-doers. As the club seldom drank this article, they had no champagne glasses, and must drink it in tumblers. By the bye the quoit players retired for a game. Most of the members had smooth, polished brass quoits. But Marshall's were iron, large, rough and heavy, such as few members of the club could throw well from hub to hub. Marshall himself threw them with great success and accuracy and often "rang the meg." On this occasion Marshall and Parson Blair led the two parties of players. Marshall played first and "rang the meg." Parson Blair did the same; his quoit came plumply on top of Marshall's. At this there was uproarious applause, which drew out all the others from the dinner. Then came an animated controversy as to what should be the effect of the exploit. All returned to the table, had another bottle of champagne, and listened to arguments, one from Marshall, *pro se*, and one from Wickham, for Parson Blair. Marshall's argument is a humorous companion-piece to any of his elaborate judicial opinions. First he formulated the question: "Who is the winner when the adversary quoits are on the meg at the same time?" Then he stated the facts and added that the question was one of the true construction and application of the rules of the game. The first one ringing the meg, he argued, had the advantage; no other could succeed who does not begin by displacing him. The parson, he willingly allowed, deserves to rank higher and higher in everybody's esteem, but then he must not do it by getting on his adversary's back. That is more like leap frog than quoits. Again, the legal maxim is, *Cujus est solum ejus est usque ad coelum.* His own right, as first occupant, extended to the vault of heaven. No opponent can gain any advantage by squatting on his back—he must either bring a writ of ejectment or drive him out *vi et armis.* And then, after further argument of the same sort, he asked judgment. Mr. Wickham then arose and made an argument of the same pattern. No rule, he said, required an impossibility. Mr. Marshall's quoit is twice as large as any others, and yet it flies from his arm like an iron ball, at the Grecian games, from the arm of Ajax. It is an iron quoit, unpolished, jagged and of enormous weight. It is impossible for an ordinary quoit to move it. With much more of the same sort he contended that it was a drawn game. After animated voting, protracting the uncertainty as long as possible, it was so decided. On another trial Marshall clearly won.—THAYER, address at Harvard University, John Marshall Day, February 4, 1901.

I have seen a note written by the chief justice to the clerk of the court asking him to have a ham boiled the following Thursday in Maryland fashion, when the chief justice would have one boiled in the Virginia fashion, that they might be both submitted to the

judges for discussion and decision.—CLARKSON N. POTTER, annual address, American Bar Association, August 18, 1881.

"We are great ascetics and even deny ourselves wine except in wet weather." Here the justice [Story] paused, as if thinking this last statement placed too great a tax on human credulity, and then he added slyly: "What I say about wine, sir, gives you our rule, but it does sometimes happen that the chief justice will say to me, when the cloth is removed, 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not rain.' And if I tell him that the sun is shining, Chief Justice Marshall will sometimes reply, 'All the better; for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory, that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere. I think it is safe to take something.'"—*The Green Bag*, January, 1905, quoting *The Lancaster Law Review*.

An anecdote is told of Chief Justice Marshall evincing his ready humor. The old gentleman, like Miles Standish, was very fond of doing everything himself and objected strongly to any assistance being rendered him. One day, wishing to consult some work of reference, he entered the law library and proceeded to mount the steps and draw out a book from an upper shelf. The books, being tightly packed together, refused to leave one without the others and the chief justice, not noticing this, in withdrawing one he wished, dislodged the entire row, which came down upon him, felling him to the floor. The librarian instantly ran to the rescue, inquiring whether the venerable gentleman was hurt and offering his assistance in rising. "Let me alone," said the chief justice. "I am a little stunned for the moment; that is all. I have laid down the law often, but this is the first time the law has ever laid me down."—*The Albany Law Journal*, February 11, 1871.

A Western advocate, already prominent in the legislature, had begun somewhere near to the origin of things and the first principles of society, and was working his way through Bracton and Coke to the case in hand, in an argument before the late Chief Justice Marshall. The magnificent old gentleman was seldom weary and never impatient; but he thought that on this occasion some time might be saved. "Brother H——," said he, "there are some things which a chief justice of the United States may be presumed to know."—*The North American Review*, January, 1841.

MARSHALL, Thomas Francis, 1801-1864. American statesman.

It is said that Marshall when a young man was so overcome by the eloquence of a certain minister that he rose hurriedly and left the church, afterwards explaining to his friends who inquired the reason of his strange conduct that if he remained he would himself have become a minister, whereas he had already determined to be a lawyer.—CHARLES FENNELL, *The Green Bag*, June, 1907.

The Hon. member of Congress was defending a man charged with murder in Jessamine county, Judge Lusk presiding. The testimony against the prisoner was strong and Tom struggled hard on cross-examination, but to little purpose, for the old judge was inflexible in his determination to rule out all improper testimony offered on the part of the defense. At last Tom worked himself into a high state of excitement and remarked that "Jesus Christ was convicted upon just such rulings of the court that tried him." "Clerk," said the court, "enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Marshall." "Well, that is the first time I ever heard of anybody being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was the quick response of Tom. Here the judge became very indignant and ordered the clerk to enter another fine, of twenty dollars. Tom rose with that peculiar mirth-provoking expression of countenance that no one can imitate and addressed the court with as much gravity as the circumstances would permit, as follows: "If your honor please, as a good citizen, I feel bound to obey the order of this court and intend to do so in this instance; but as I don't happen to have thirty dollars about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it of some friend; and as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days to square up the amount of the fines you have caused the clerk to enter against me." This was a stumper. The judge looked at Tom and then at the clerk and finally said: "Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines; the state is better able to lose thirty dollars than I am."—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1856.

It had been announced upon a particular evening the theme of the discourse would be Church History. Up to this time Tom had been sobriety itself; but upon the occasion in question—owing doubtless to certain preparatory exercises undergone with a view to promoting a spiritual frame of mind in

harmony with his subject—he made his appearance on the platform visibly the better for liquor, for he was never in better trim than when "he was na fou, but just had plenty." His effort was the most brilliant he had yet made and the learned president and professors were delighted, manifesting their approbation by nods, smiles and such other demonstrations as were consistent with due observance of decorum. At length the lecturer came to speak of the burning of Servetus at Geneva. After depicting the horrible details in a manner terribly graphic, and laying the whole blame on John Calvin, whom he declared to be the chief instigator of the atrocity, he turned to the clerical posse behind him, exclaiming in the most deprecatory and confidential tone, "Gentlemen, I wish to God some pope had done that and not the head of our church."—*Harper's Magazine*, November, 1867.

In his latter days he did not belong to more than two or three temperance societies at a time; and once, in a wild fever of dissipation, he was taken to a room in the Mansion House at Louisville by a friend. When there he found the old school boy warning, "What goes up must come down" reversed and his friend, hearing the uprisings from the vasty deep, said, "Are you unwell, Mr. Marshall?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "only throwing up for fun."—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1866.

Many years ago, when the science of phrenology first began to attract public attention, a lecturer of that sort, brimful of enthusiasm, turned up in Louisville, and gave a series of "talks" to the people, and examined a large number of heads, made charts at so much each and, in short, developed quite an amount of hidden vice and virtue which had not been before suspected among the good people of that city. Tom Marshall was present and enjoyed the "exercises." After the affair was over, the crowd adjourned to the Galt House to post books and render judgment on the science itself. Tom said he could examine heads as well as any one—it was all a humbug, a penny-catching business—and to satisfy the people he was right he would take any number of men who chose to go into the parlor adjoining and make the experiment, although he was a little the worse for an overdose of Bourbon. Many went in and Tom seated them and went around from man to man, most of whom he knew, and made a vast amount of fun for the crowd, as he always could do on almost any provocation. It so happened that among the persons present a Louisville buck, of a scant amount of brains, who was distinguished for his puppyism and forwardness, had taken his seat. Tom passed him, but announced nevertheless that he had now examined all the heads in the room; whereupon our buck arose with, "Beg pardon, Mr. Marshall; I wish just to say that you have forgotten me. I have not been examined." Tom seemed puzzled at first, smiled, looked round, but relieved himself with, "You must excuse me, sir, but I can't do it—really, I can't. I am too drunk to read small print by candle-light."—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1875.

He was speaking in a case in the court house at Versailles, when he was interrupted by Judge A. K. Woolley, who threatened to strike him. With a graceful wave of his hand he replied, "Consider the blow as struck, Mr. Woolley," and finished his speech. He then challenged Woolley but through the intervention of Clay and Crittenden the affair was amicably adjusted.—CHARLES FENNELL, *The Green Bag*, June, 1907.

MARY, 1516-1558. Queen of England.

It was difficult to please proud, disappointed people who were ready to disapprove of everything; and when the Duchess of Alba came, three days after the marriage, to join her husband, though Mary treated her with almost royal honors, the haughty dame and her kin were in a chronic state of indignation at the position she was obliged to occupy. An amusing account of her first visit to Mary on the third day after the wedding does not suggest any lack of ceremony, though the lodgings assigned to her may not have been as sumptuous as she thought fit. The duchess was conducted to the bishop's palace by the Countesses of Pembroke and Kildare and the Earl of Bedford, and the queen advanced almost to the door of the presence chamber to meet her. The duchess knelt, and the queen, failing in her efforts to raise her, courtesied almost as low, and kissed her upon the mouth, which she usually did only to those of the blood royal. She then led the duchess to a dais and seated herself upon the floor, inviting her guest to do likewise. But the latter refused to sit on the floor until the queen sat on a chair. This the queen would not do, but sent for two stools as a compromise, upon one of which she sat and invited the duchess to take the other, instead of which the duchess then sat upon the floor, whereupon the queen left the stool and also sat upon the floor; and, after an almost interminably friendly wran-

gle, both ladies settled down on their stools, their conversation being interpreted by the Marquis de las Navas, as Mary, although she understood Spanish, did not speak it. When the Earl of Derby was presented to the duchess, she was horrified at his offering to salute her in the usual English fashion by kissing the lips, and she drew back from him in hot indignation, though hardly in time to avoid contact. But, as the lady haughtily expatiated to her own people afterwards upon the uncouth fashion, she declared that the earl had just managed to reach her cheek.—MARTIN HUME, "Two English Queens and Philip."

MARY STUART, 1542-1587. Queen of Scotland.

She had made herself learned in Latin, so that, being between thirteen and fourteen years of age, she declaimed before King Henry, the queen and all the court, publicly in the hall of the Louvre, a harangue in Latin, which she made herself, maintaining and defending, against common opinion, that it was well becoming to women to know letters and the liberal arts. Think of what a rare thing and an admirable it was, to see this wise and beautiful young queen thus orate in Latin, which she knew and understood quite well, for I was there and saw her.—BRANTOME, "Book of the Ladies."

L'Hôpital said of her . . . that she had an alabaster forehead dazzling beneath the crape, and with golden hair, which needs a brief remark. It is a poet (Ronsard) who speaks of "the gold of her ringed and braided hair," and poets, as we know, employ their words rather vaguely. Mme. Sand, speaking of a portrait she had seen as a child in an English convent, says, without hesitation, "Marie was beautiful, but red-haired." M. Dargaud speaks of another portrait, "in which a sunray lightens," he says rather oddly, "the curls of her living and electric hair." But Walter Scott, reputed the most correct of historical romance writers, in describing Mary Stuart a prisoner in Loch Leven castle, shows us, as though he had seen them, her thick tresses of "dark brown," which escaped now and then from her coif. Here we are far from the red or golden tints and I see no way of conciliating these differences than to rest on "that hair, so beautiful, so blond and fair," which Brantome, an ocular witness, admired, hair that captivity whitened, leaving the poor queen of forty-six "quite bald" in the hands of her executioner, as l'Estoile relates.—SAINTE-BEUVE, "Causeries du Lundi."

Among the mysteries which surround Mary we should not reckon the color of her hair! Just after her first flight into England, her gaoler at Carlisle told Cecil that in Mary Seton the queen "had the finest busker of a woman's hair to be seen in any country. Yesterday and this day she did set such a curled hair upon the queen, that was said to be a perewyke, that showed very delicately, and every other day she hath a new device of head dressing that setteth forth a woman gaily well." Henceforth Mary varied the color of "her perewykes." She had worn them earlier, but she wore them, at least at her first coming into England, for the good reason that, in her flight from Langside, she had her head shaved, probably for purposes of disguise. So we learn from Nau, her secretary.—ANDREW LANG, "The Mystery of Mary Stuart."

I have in my possession a small lock of Mary Queen of Scots' hair. . . . The hair is a bright golden color and very fine and silky.—CONSTANCE RUSSELL, *Notes and Queries*, February 11, 1882.

In 1586 Mary wore auburn hair, according to a manuscript in the Bodleian.—*Notes and Queries*, February 11, 1882.

MASSÉNA, André, Duke of Rivoli, Prince of Essling, 1758-1817. French marshal.

The most distinguished soldier of Hebrew descent was probably Marshal Massenah, whose real name is said to have been Manasseh, the warrior whom Napoleon called "the favorite child of victory."—J. K. HOSMER, "The Jews." (Lord Beaconsfield, Conings by, makes the same assertion, although the records of Nice Cathedral show that Masséna was baptized there. See *Notes and Queries*, May 6, 1899.)

In the beginning of the battle, seeing that one of his stirrups was too long, he called a soldier to shorten it, and during the operation placed his leg on the horse's neck; a cannon-ball whizzed by, killed the soldier and cut off the stirrup, without touching the marshal or his horse. "There," said he, "now I shall have to get down and change my saddle," which observation the marshal made in a jesting tone.—LOUIS CONSTANT, "Memoirs."

Masséna one night carried away from it seven hundred thousand francs. The bankers, terrified at his run of luck, offered him the next day fifty thousand francs if he would refrain from playing only that single day. He refused and again was a considerable gainer. The exclusive privileges for

these games of chance were farmed out as a branch of the revenue, bringing in not less than six millions yearly, for which the government did not account to the public.—BARON WESSENBERG, "Souvenirs and Thoughts."

It was the custom, Marbot tells us, during the "continental blockade," for English vessels, loaded with forbidden merchandise, to be sent out by arrangement to be captured by French privateers, and taken into some port occupied by French troops, whose commanding officer gave or rather sold them a license to land the goods. The profits of this novel system of smuggling were enormous and the price paid for the license proportional. When Masséna was commanding in Naples he made the business very lucrative and paid into a Leghorn bank the sum of three million francs. This came to Napoleon's ears and he wrote to Masséna requesting him to lend him a million francs. Masséna replied that, being a poor man with a large family and many debts, he was quite unable to do so. Then Napoleon sent officially to the bank; demanded the three million francs of army funds which Masséna had lodged there and was now wanted by the government. The money was paid on the government receipt and, of course, Masséna did not get a centime of it. And, though he was liberally paid both as marshal and Prince of Essling, he never ceased to complain of the scandalous way in which he had been plundered.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1892.

Mr. Boruke tells me that three years ago Masséna was very ill, but would not be persuaded by his wife to consult a physician, on which she went to Bourgon, a physician, and told him the reason was Masséna's unwillingness to pay the necessary fee, begging the physician to come and see him as a friend, which he did, and recommended him to change his climate: then he went to Nice.—VERE FOSTER, "The Two Duchesses," quoting a letter from Augustus Foster to the Duchess of Devonshire, January 10, 1815.

One day Masséna and his aides-de-camp were sitting on the bed of Sante-Croix when Masséna announced he was about to give his faithful servants twenty pounds each. Marbot rather maliciously said twenty pounds a year in *rentes viagères* would satisfy them. At the mention of this terrific sum, Masséna, who had only forty-five thousand a year, roared like a tigress whose cubs are attacked. "Wretch," he cried out, "you want to ruin me." Sante-Croix expressed strongly his opinion that the twenty pounds should be paid yearly. Another aide-de-camp, a distinguished officer, . . . declared that to give them only twenty pounds each would be unworthy of the character of the marshal. Masséna, on hearing this, ran about the room, breaking the furniture, and screamed out, "You want to ruin me; I would rather see you all shot and receive myself a ball through the arm than sign a dotation of twenty pounds a year in *rentes viagères*. Go, all of you, to the devil." In the end, fearing the wrath of Napoleon, the marshal unwillingly paid the twenty pounds a year.

The Duke of Wellington has often stated that Masséna gave him more trouble than any other marshal, but it was only the shadow of the great Masséna that Wellington had to deal with. Although there was a Madame la Maréchale and a large family, Masséna was accompanied by a certain Madame X——, who seemed to have been one of the chief causes of the failure of this [Spanish] campaign. On Masséna's arrival at the palace of Valladolid, then inhabited by the Duke and Duchess d'Abrantès, a painful scene took place, for, although Junot kissed the hand of his chief's inamorata (in his capacity of an old hussar, as he afterwards explained), the duchess reared at the sight of her unexpected guest. . . . So Masséna consented to the demand of Madame X——, that she should accompany him on horseback through the mountains of Portugal. What made the matter worse was that his amiable son, Prosper Masséna, was with him as aide-de-camp.

Masséna asked them to partake of a banquet, the table for which was laid in a lemon grove. Masséna then, with incredible folly, sent for Madame X—— and asked Ney to hand her to the table. Ney nearly exploded; however, he gave the tips of his fingers to Madame X——, but never opened his lips to her and confined his conversation to Montbrun. Upon this the hysterical lady's nerves gave way and she went off in a fainting fit. Ney and others went off too, loudly expressing their disgust at the conduct of their chief. Even the reprobate Junot held up his hands in horror at such an outrage. Masséna's march was delayed by the fatigues of his companion; he stayed for a week at Visen, a delay which no military man could understand. When he arrived at Mortagoa, instead of inspecting the position of Lord Wellington, he was searching for a lodging for Madame X——. M. Thiers states that the presence of a lady had a bad effect among the troops. She was obliged to ride on horse-

back on account of the rocky roads and in the retreat from Santarem she kept tumbling off her horse and was at last obliged to be carried by grenadiers, whilst Masséna kept exclaiming, "What a fault I have committed in bringing a woman to the war!"—*Temple Bar*, February, 1892, citing "Memoirs of General Marbot."

MAULE, William Henry, 1788-1858. Justice of the Common Pleas of London.

A prisoner was found guilty of a sensational murder and, being asked in the usual way why sentence should not be passed upon him, exclaimed dramatically, "May God strike me dead, my lord, if I did it." There was a hushed silence throughout the crowded court. The spectators gazed at the prisoner in horror. Maule looked steadily in front of him and waited without a movement. At length, after a pause of several moments, he coughed and began to address the prisoner in his dry, asthmatic voice as if dealing with some legal point that had been raised in the case: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not seen fit to interfere in your case, it now becomes my duty to pronounce upon you the sentence of death."—JUDGE PARRY, *Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1915.

A man, being convicted of bigamy, the following conversation took place: Clerk of Assize—What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law? Prisoner—Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker and ran away five years ago, and I have not seen her since, and I married this other woman last winter. Mr. Justice Maule—I will tell you what you ought to have done; and if you say you did not know, I must tell you the law conclusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about one hundred pounds. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiatical courts for a divorce *a mensa atque thoro*. That would have cost you two or three hundred pounds more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensa atque thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both houses of Parliament; and altogether you have been obliged to spend a thousand or twelve hundred pounds. You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge it is my duty to tell you that this is not a country where there is one law for the rich and another for the poor."—*Law Magazine and Review*, May, 1858.

A little girl was in the witness box and, as is usual, before she was allowed to be sworn she was examined by the judge as to her understanding of the nature of an oath and her belief in a future state. "Do you know what an oath is, my child?" said Maule. "Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth." "And if you do always tell the truth where will you go to when you die?" "Up to heaven." "And what will become of you if you tell lies?" "I shall go down to the naughty place, sir." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir; quite sure." "Let her be sworn," said Maule; "it is quite clear that she knows a great deal more than I do."—PARRY.

"Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you guilty and it remains for me to pass on you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day and, as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."—*American Law Review*, July-August, 1884.

Hawkins has a story about two young attorneys' clerks fighting in chambers before Maule, who promptly decided against one of them. Thereupon, as the unsuccessful one was leaving the room, he called Maule "a damned old fool." The shocked doorkeeper reported the matter to the judge, who ordered the boy to be brought back. Looking over his desk at the pale and trembling clerk, he read him the following kindly rebuke: "I understand that in passing out of this chamber you called me a damned old fool. I don't say you are wrong, my boy, for a moment; you may be right. I may be a damned old fool, but it would have been more polite if you had deferred the expression of your opinion until you were outside. You may now go."—PARRY.

One of his witty decisions is still good law and is followed, I believe, by the officials of the Assize court. One of a jury locked up to consider their verdict sent out for a glass of water and the officer inquired of the judge whether the request might be granted. "Well, sir," said Maule, "you are sworn to keep the jury without meat, drink or fire.

Now, water is not fire; water is not meat; and I should certainly hold that water is not drink; so let the fellow have a glass."—PARRY.

MAXIMILIAN, Joseph, 1811-1864. King of Bavaria.

The old king of Bavaria preserved every article he ever put on—from his boots to his hats, from his shirts to his overcoats—from the year 1823 to the date of his death, and moreover, with an eye to the instruction of the future historian of dress, had each garment entered in a register according to chronological order. He did something more to the purpose, however, for his heirs, as he left two hundred and fifty million of money.—ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT, "Gossip from Paris."

MAXIMILIAN, Ferdinand Joseph, 1832-1867. Emperor of Mexico.

There was the warning of the Archduchess Sophia. "Remember, my son," she said to Maximilian, . . . when bidding him farewell, "one does not descend from a throne except to mount a scaffold."—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph."

He expressed his pleasure at seeing the beautiful blue firmament and said: "I always desired that my death should come during pleasant weather; this wish at least is to be gratified."—DR. SIEGMUND BASCH, "Mexican Recollections."

MAYNARD, John, 1602-1690. Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal.

Jeffreys, having once rudely taunted him with having grown so old as to forget his law, "True, Sir George," replied he; "I have forgotten more law than you ever learned."

Roger North gives us the following anecdote of Maynard, in which he himself makes rather a contemptible figure: One afternoon, at the *nisi prius* court at Westminster, before the judge sat a poor, half-starved, old woman who sold sweetmeats to boys and footmen, at the end of the bar, who had desired the sergeant to pay her two shillings for keeping his hat for two terms. She spoke to him two or three times and he took no notice of her; and then I told the sergeant that the poor woman wanted her money and I thought he would do well to pay her. The sergeant fumbled a little and then said, "Lend me a shilling." "Aye, with all my heart," quoth I, "to pay the poor woman." He took it and gave it to her, but she asked for another. I said I would lend him that also to pay the poor woman. "No, don't, boy," said he, "for I never intend to pay you this." And he was as good as his word, for, however he came off with that woman, having been, as they say, a wonderful charitable man, I am sure he died in my debt. But in this manner, as I guess he intended, I stood corrected for meddling.

When the Prince of Orange first took up his quarters at Whitehall, on James's flight, different public bodies presented addresses to him, and Maynard came at the head of the men of the gown. The prince took notice of his great age, and observed that he must have outlived all the lawyers of his time. "If your highness," answered he, "had not come over to our aid, I should have outlived the law itself."—LORD JOHN CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," Maynard.

MAZARIN, Jules, 1602-1661. French statesman.

Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs arranged in positions varying the difficulty of clearing them. On one occasion he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entered the room and surprised the cardinal in his undignified pursuit. It was an embarrassing position; for Mazarin, he knew, was as haughty as he was eccentric. The young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the intensest interest in the proceedings, he said with a well-feigned earnestness: "I will bet your eminence two gold pieces that I will beat that jump." He had struck the right chord and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with the prime minister, whom he took care not to beat; he lost his two gold pieces but he gained before long a miter.—*The Globe*, 1877.

M. Tubœuf called one afternoon at the Palais Mazarin to pay the balance of a considerable amount which he had lost to its master. The cardinal placed the money in a cabinet, from whence he drew a bag containing a number of fine precious stones, which he kept taking out one by one. "Give Madame Tubœuf," as he handled them in an absent manner, "Give Madame Tubœuf," and he paused to draw forth another gem, "Give Madame Tubœuf——" "What?" at last exclaimed the impatient and expectant husband, who was hoping to be recouped in some degree for his ill luck—"What?" he asked again with outstretched hand. "My compliments," was the calm reply.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1883.

He [M. Dubourg] told us a story of Cardinal Mazarin. An officer petitioned him to make him a captain of his life guard. The cardinal answered that he had no occasion for any other guard than his tutelary angel. "Ah, sir," said the officer, "your enemies will put him to flight with a few drops of holy water." The cardinal replied only that he was not afraid of that holy water. It was a wonder that something worse had not happened to that officer.—JOHN ADAMS, "Diary and Autobiography."

The wardrobe of his eminence, although restricted by the ecclesiastical character of its owner, included five and twenty complete suits of every rich material then in vogue, from the heaviest scarlet to the finest ruby lawn. We cannot linger over this elaborate record, with all its minute niceties of spotted taffetas and flame-colored petersham, of violet doublets and costly baldricks, of scores of garters with their bunches of ribbons, of endless lace and fine linen, and, characteristically enough, of scented gloves.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1883.

I was walking in the new apartment of his palace when I heard, owing to the noise his slippers made, that the cardinal was coming. I hid myself behind the tapestry and I heard him speaking aloud. "Ah, must I leave all this?" and he halted at every step, he was so weak, looking on one side, then on the other. Glancing at the articles which struck him most, he exclaimed, sighing from the bottom of his heart, "I must leave all this. I had so much trouble in acquiring all these things and I leave them with regret. I shall not see them any more where I am going to." I sighed heavily so that he heard me. "Who is there?" said he. "It is I," I replied; "I was waiting here to speak to your eminence of an important letter." "Come," said he in a piteous tone—he was attired only in a furred dressing gown with a night cap on his head; "give me your hand; I am very weak." He would not let me speak to him on business. "I am no longer in a fit state," said he; "speak to the king and do what he says. Look at this beautiful Corregio, this Venus by Titian and this incomparable picture of the Flood by Caraccio. I must leave all these. Adieu, my dear pictures, which I have liked so much and which have cost me so much money." . . . Four or five days before his death, the cardinal had himself shaved and his mustache curled. He was so thoroughly smothered with paint that he never looked so white and so pink. He then took a turn in his garden in his sedan chair, whereby he accelerated his death, which drew from his courtiers the heartless remark that "a hypocrite he lived and a hypocrite he died."—COMTE DE BRIENNE, "Memoirs."

MAZZINI, Giuseppe, 1805-1872. Italian statesman.

He was on board a merchant ship with a friendly captain. At that time there was a price upon his head, and, his presence on the ship being suspected, officers arrived to search it. The captain, seeing them coming, hustled Mazzini by force into a concealed cupboard, stored with apples, while the detectives were on board. Mazzini was deeply indignant and offended. "To be found hiding in a cupboard with apples!" he exclaimed, still indignant at the recollection. "I kicked at the door; I tried to make myself heard; but the captain had locked me in so securely, it was no use. And the cupboard was so low that I could not stand upright in it. Apples!" he repeated; "if I had been discovered crouching in a cupboard with apples, I should have died of shame."—MRS. HAMILTON KING, "Letters and Recollections of Mazzini."

Among flowers also Mazzini had a characteristic preference. Better than the rose he loved the pale blossoms of the syringa, whose acrid perfume, suggestive of the hidden sting in all pleasure, was more typical of life. The moon, he once told me half-jokingly, had a special fascination for him; he looked upon it as a world in a cradle, and watched her as one would an infant. He had a fancy that one day, when life should be developed there, some kind of communication would be established between our earth and the moon.—MATHILDE BLIND, *The Fortnightly Review*, May 1, 1891.

MELBOURNE, William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, 1779-1848. Prime Minister of England.

After a long discussion in a cabinet meeting at which it was decided to embark on a reform of the corn laws, the members had broken up and were making their way in some excitement out of Downing street, when Lord Melbourne followed them to the head of the stairs and shouted out, "Stop! Stop! Tell me what it is agreed we shall say, whether cheap corn is to lower wages or raise them—it doesn't much matter which, but at least we should all say the same thing." The story goes that this appeal of the prime minister was received with shouts of merriment. It was an address at once characteristic of Lord Melbourne's devil-may-care manner and his

penetrating common sense sagacity.—EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, "Autobiography."

His brother George, under-secretary of the Home Office, was as much given to the use of profane expletives as himself. The late Lord Ossington used to relate that, when encountering Lord Melbourne when about to mount his horse at the door of his office, he called his attention to some required modifications of the new Poor Law bill. Lord Melbourne referred him to George. "I have seen him," was the reply, "but he damned me and damned the bill and damned the paupers." "Well, damn it, what more could he do?" was the rejoinder.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1878.

Lord Melbourne was indifferent to honors and distinctions for himself. The young Queen Victoria, anxious to show in some way her appreciation of the great services he had rendered her at the opening of her reign, pressed him to accept the much coveted decoration of the Garter. He declined the honor. "Why should we waste the resources of the government?" said he good-humoredly; "a garter may attach to us somebody of consequence whom nothing else will reach. But what would be the use of my taking it? I cannot bribe myself."—MICHAEL MACDONAGH, *The Fortnightly Review*, August 1, 1902.

METTERNICH, Clemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar, 1773-1859. Austrian statesman.

During the whole of the repast [the imperial banquet at the wedding of Napoleon and Marie Louise] he was in the best of spirits and, as he was about to rise from the table, he filled his glass and, advancing to a window opening on the gallery which alone separated us from the concourse of people which filled the garden, drank aloud to the health of the King of Rome.—CHANCELLOR PASQUIER, "Memoirs."

It was in the summer of 1847 that I said that the national conception of Italy was purely geographic, and my suggestion that "Italy is only a geographical term," which so annoyed Palmerston, is entitled to citizenship.—METTERNICH, letter dated November 19, 1849, to Count Proskesch-Osten.

The only unpleasant incident was caused by some newspapers hostile to the ex-chancellor, who suddenly announced that Metternich in order to celebrate his return had promised to redeem all pawn tickets under the value of twenty gulden. Deceived by this announcement crowds of those possessed of pawn tickets surrounded the villa. The porter in vain protested that there was no truth in the rumor and that even if there was Metternich would not have transacted the business at his private mansion. Eventually the crowd had to be dispersed by the police.—G. A. C. SANDEMAN, "Metternich."

He made his secretary, Pilat, editor of the Austrian *Beobachter* (Observer) and often wrote articles in it himself; he controlled the Vienna *Jahrbucher* and even subjected historical productions to the fatherly supervision of the censors, of whom there were no less than twelve in Vienna. The manner in which every word, which savored however remotely, of national or Liberal enthusiasm or ideals, was deleted by the censors was sometimes extremely ludicrous. In a work treating of events quite unconnected with the Austrian empire the expression "heroic champions" was altered to "brave soldiers," while the sentence, "a band of youthful heroes who flocked around the glorious standard of their country," became at the direction of the censor "a considerable number of young men who voluntarily enlisted themselves for public service."—SANDEMAN, citing W. H. Stiles, "Austria 1848-1849."

A general on the retired list was one day bemoaning his inactivity in the presence of the chancellor, who suggested cards and the usual pastimes of the idle. "But," expostulated the general, "what would you do if you were out of power?" "You are imagining," replied Metternich, "an impossible contingency."—SANDEMAN

Instances of Metternich's self-satisfaction abound in his autobiography and in his private letters. Here are a few: "I judge of the Revolution more truly than most men who have been in the midst of it." . . . "I have to meet the German ministers; . . . they expect me as a messiah." "The public journals, which do not usually pass me over, follow me step by step." "Fain's Memoirs of the year 1813 are worth reading—they contain my history as well as Napoleon's"; or, again, in a letter to Gautz, in 1825, "As an instance of how right as such is acknowledged by the majority of people, I may mention the thorough confidence shown in me by all parties." Not less pleasing is a sentence which occurs in a letter describing his daughter Hermione: "She is very like my mother; therefore, possesses some of my charm."—SANDEMAN.

"I draw the line between that which was and that which is," said he with composure. "The demarcation begins at the

eleventh hour of the night between the 13th and 14th of March, 1848." That is to say, in his own eyes Metternich's resignation changed the whole spirit of the universe. Though he lived to see the work of his hands undone, a sublime self-esteem softened his regret. "I am the man of that which was," said he, and was content.—CHARLES WHIBLEY, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, November, 1907.

MIRABEAU, Gabriel Honoré Riqueti, 1749-1791. French statesman.

In February, 1750, the marquis writes: "I have nothing to tell you of my enormous child, except that he beats his nurse. . . . Your nephew is as ugly as if he were Satan's." —*Temple Bar*, January, 1892.

"I have the honor to inform your highness that I have been appointed colonel of your highness's regiment." "Monsieur," writes back the father, "next to the misfortune of having you for a son there is nothing would affect me more sensibly than the misfortune of having you for my colonel." —*Bentley's Miscellany*, 1855.

Mirabeau, "accused and convicted of the crime of abduction and seduction," had been condemned "to be beheaded, the sentence to be carried out in effigy by the executioner"; in addition he was to pay a fine of five thousand livres and forty thousand livres damages. . . . It was high time for Mirabeau to be thinking how he could avert the consequences of the sentence passed on him at Pontarlier, if he was not to be overtaken by the completion of the period of five years, after which his condemnation to pay M. de Monnier forty thousand livres would become final. The period expired in May, 1782, and it was all the more important for him to "get his head replaced on his shoulders" as the suspension or deprivation of his civil rights might be a weapon in the hands of M. de Marignane, who had threatened him with a suit for separation from his wife. For several months Mirabeau had been studying with his lawyer the procedure for obtaining the cancellation of the sentence. . . . An agreement was signed before two notaries at Besançon and was ratified on August 14 by the Bailli de Pontarlier. M. de Monnier agreed to consider void and of no effect the sentence pronounced against Mirabeau and to renounce all its effects. . . . It was strange that a civil agreement should be capable of annulling the consequences of a criminal prosecution.—LOUIS BARTHOU, "Mirabeau."

I have heard it said that in order to gain his wife he had recourse to methods which show how little delicacy of feeling he possessed. Her parents had refused his proposals and he was anxious to get rid of a dangerous rival; he therefore bribed one of the maid servants in the house to give him a rendezvous, and drove by night to a neighboring street in order to give an air of mystery to his proceedings; here he left the carriage for several hours. His rival's spies soon brought back the news that the Count de Mirabeau had a rendezvous in his mistress's house and had stayed there several hours. In this way the young lady's name was compromised and the rival returned defeated. The parents were only too happy to hush up a scandal by consenting to the marriage. This union, which began by a love founded on fraud, was very soon dissolved owing to reciprocal infidelities and they separated forever.—ETIENNE DUMONT, "Reminiscences of Mirabeau."

One day he and other pupils of David had the fancy to spend an idle hour in listening to the debates in the Assembly, where every one went in and out at their pleasure. But they were very little edified by what they heard and saw. The Abbé Maury was speaking and the outrageous behavior, the rows and quarrels, the discreditable manner in which the discussions were carried on, so shocked them that they allowed their disgust to become more apparent than was prudent. Presently they observed a strange, ugly-looking man, who was watching them with a mocking smile. "What gives you the right to laugh at us, Monsieur?" asked one of them with irritation. "Your youth, my friends, and above all your naïveté. Laws are like sauces; you should never see them made." He bowed and turned away; it was Mirabeau.—CATHERINE BEARNE, "Heroines of French Society."

He required much personal service, as he was very particular about his appearance; his dressing occupied a great deal of time; he enlivened the proceedings occasionally by bestowing a few kicks and cuffs on Teusch, who took them as marks of friendship, and if his master was too busy, and passed a few days without paying him these small attentions, he did his work in a melancholy way, and the time passed heavily. "What's the matter with you, Teusch? You seem very dull." "M. le Comte has neglected me completely lately." "What do you mean?" "M. le Comte is so solemn with me now." So that out of good humor he was obliged from time

to time to hit him a blow in the stomach and, if he was knocked down, he went into fits of laughter.

I once recollect hearing him make a report on the city of Marseilles. Each sentence was interrupted from the *côté droit* with low abuse; the words calumniator, liar, assassin and rascal were prodigally bestowed upon him. On a sudden he stopped and with honied accent, as if what he had said had been most favorably received, "I am waiting, gentlemen," said he, 'until the fine compliments you are paying me are exhausted."

We found that even the postillions had a curious way of expressing their admiration for him. "You have very bad horses," we said to a post boy between Calais and Amiens. "Yes," he said, "the two in the shafts are bad, but my Mirabeau is a good one." This was the third horse, which was in the middle and which was commonly called the Mirabeau. It was the one that did most of the work and, as long as their Mirabeau was good, they did not trouble.—DUMONT.

"Ah, how the immorality of my youth," he used to say in words that sum up the tragedy of many a puissant life, "how the immorality of my youth hinders the public good."—JOHN MORLEY, *The Fortnightly Review*, August 1, 1876.

Mirabeau received repeated challenges, to which he always returned this invariable answer: "Sir, your favor is received and your name is on my list, but I warn you that the list is long and that I grant no preferences."

Into the crouching felinity of Robespierre, then hardly known, he had peered, and his conclusion has often been quoted: "That man will go far; he believes everything he says."—JOHN S. SMITH, "Mirabeau."

At all events, we know that the assassination of Lafayette—twice it seems plotted—would have left the National Guard in the hands of some less popular and more pliant chief; and that, when the general specifically accused his rival of the horrid project, naming time, place and means, he won no better defense than the reply: "You were sure of it, and I am alive! How good of you! And you aspire to play a leading part in the revolution!"—*Dublin University Magazine*, July, 1850.

He was irritated by Madame le Jay's dishonesty and one day he said to her in my presence, "Madame le Jay, if honesty did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it in order to attain riches."—DUMONT.

Addressing Cabanis in the assured and calm tones of the days of his health, he continued, "I shall die to-day. At that point there remains but one thing—to be sprinkled with perfumes, covered with flowers and lapped in music, so that I may enter happy the sleep that ends not. Quick! Let them be called, that I may be washed and my whole toilet seen to."—F. PIERS HEALEY, *Dublin University Magazine*, January, 1850.

MOLL PITCHER.

The secretary submitted a number of suggestions for the subjects of such pageants. Among those which had been proposed, Miss Roberts said there was one showing Moll Pitcher at the battle of Monmouth. The secretary ventured delicately to inquire, "Who was Moll Pitcher?" Miss Roberts triumphantly produced an extract from a newspaper setting forth that the people of Carlisle, Pa., were about to celebrate Moll Pitcher's birthday, claiming her as a former resident of that town, and boasting of some of her grandchildren among its citizens. The secretary hastily but emphatically disclaimed any desire in the slightest degree to impugn from his own knowledge the accuracy of any of the legends, myths or traditions regarding Moll Pitcher's participation in said battle, but had merely fallen back upon the statement to him of the late General Stryker, that there was no historical basis for any of said stories.—*Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society*, 1910.

MOLTKE, Helmuth Karl Bernhard, Count von, 1800-1891. Prussian general.

As is well known, he had agreed to translate the whole of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" for the sum of eighty pounds. When he had translated seven of the nine volumes the publisher failed and he got nothing.—SIDNEY WHITMAN, *The Fortnightly Review*, January 1, 1895.

Moltke was terribly hampered in his journeys by the slowness and indolence of the Turkish official who accompanied him. "Without your champagne," he writes, "I should never have towed my fat Effendi so far from Samsun to Karput. I always hold out to him the prospect of a Gumushbashi, or Silver Head, if he rode well and we reached our quarters for the night. On a starry night," he continues, "I was standing on the ruins of the old Roman fortress of Zeugma. Deep down in the rocky ravine below glistened the Euphrates and the sound of its waters filled the peaceful evening. There did I see Cyrus and Alexander, Xenophon,

Cæsar and Julian pass by me in the moonlight; from this very point had they seen the empire of Chosroes's dynasty across the river, and seen it exactly as I saw it, for here nature is of stone and unchangeable. So I determined to sacrifice to the memory of the great Roman people those golden grapes which they first introduced into Gaul and which I had carried from the western to the eastern frontier of their broad empire. I hurled down the bottle, which dived, danced and slipped down the stream towards the Indian ocean. You will be right, however, in surmising that I had first emptied it. . . . That bottle had but one fault—it was the last I had."—HAROLD A. PERRY, *Macmillan's Magazine*, May-June, 1891.

In the year 1869 the general, with the officers of the great general staff, went to Saxony for their annual reconnaissance. During our stay at Dresden, his royal highness the Crown Prince Albert, now his Majesty the King of Saxony, took the greatest interest in our work and the intimate relations then began between the prince and the chief of the general staff and the officers which proved so beneficial in the war of 1870-1. On this occasion the king gave a dinner in our honor in the palace. When it was over and we were going down stairs, the general suddenly stopped on the landing, saying in a reproachful tone to himself, "How thoughtless of me not to have put on my Saxon order today." However, his aide-de-camp, Major de Claer, soon pacified him, remarking, "I should have taken the liberty of drawing your excellency's attention to it, but you do not possess one." A contented smile passed over the general's face, but on the next landing he stopped again, saying with certain bashfulness, "It is rather remarkable that I have yet no Saxon order."

A subject that interested him often engrossed him so that he forgot people whom he might have been expected to remember. Soon after the war of 1866, traveling from Berlin to Potsdam, he met an officer who had been on his own staff and asked him, "I forget where you were during the war." Another time two brothers were at his house at an evening party; both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in the conversation he asked the latter, "Just tell me who is that tall officer near the fireplace on the other side; I forget his name." "That's my brother, your excellency," was the answer. A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he desired. Some time after the general went to another group of people and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly we saw him turning away, with the same winning, childlike smile on his face. Afterwards when we inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied, "He asked me who that officer over there was." "And what did you say?" "I said that it was my brother." We had guessed this but the general gave up any more inquiring the name of the two brothers who were at his evening party.—GENERAL Y. VON VERDY, "Memoirs of Moltke."

The field marshal was very averse to tales of forebodings or fulfilment of dreams. Several times he has told me that he dreamed one night in the sixties that he was ascending a ladder, but that he fell down every time he tried to reach the sixty-sixth step. He never spoke of this dream until after the year 1866; and then he remarked in telling it that if he had died in the year named, and the dream had been known, everybody would have taken it as a prophecy.—MAJOR HENRY VON BURT, "Memoirs of Moltke."

"Have you never heard that I sent lumps of sealing wax and sand to the Scientific Society for meteoric stones? That I made up false Runic inscriptions and other things of that sort? I have lately been told that a money-making author has ascribed such childishness to me in some newspaper. Perhaps he thinks it spirited to represent me to the public as mystifying honest men. Is that being witty? I do not know, indeed; but, at all events, there is not one word of truth in the whole story."—*Leipzig Daheim*, October, 1866, interview with General von Moltke.

His great delight was in gardening and for hours together he was to be seen in an old straw hat and a gardener's holland suit handling the pruning knife or the gardener's scissors. Once when on a visit to his brother-in-law, Major von Burt, near Dresden, the news had got about that the great strategist was staying there. A stranger, seeing one who seemed to be an old gardener in the grounds, asked him when would be the best chance of seeing Moltke. "Oh," said the gardener, "about three o'clock." Whereupon the stranger gratefully gave his informant a mark. What was his surprise, upon returning in the afternoon, he saw the field marshal—the old gardener of the forenoon—surrounded by his friends. Moltke held up his

hand: "Ah, I have got your mark."—WHITMAN.

Count Moltke was once invited to the Swiss embassy in Berlin. When, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, he reached the hotel, it was a few minutes before the time named in the invitation. The field marshal paced the street to and fro until the hour struck, and then only did he present himself for admission at the door.—*Temple Bar*, May, 1888.

He never drank beer. An admirer of his, a Munich brewer, sent him some bottled beer, begging him to try it, which of course he did. There being no beer glass at hand he took about half a glass of it in a tea glass and, after drinking a little, said, "There are people who can drink a whole glass of this."

He disliked losing at cards, so the family used to manage as far as possible that the game should go as he wished it to go. His wife thought it quite fair to cheat a little to attain this end, so the family were trained to let him win, if they could, without his noticing their maneuver and they would reckon up the sums to the smallest amount. "It is really wonderful that I have won in spite of my bad play," he remarked to me once suspiciously, but he abided by the result. The points were always half a pfennig and even when he played with the kaiser the stake was not higher.—F. A. DRESSLER, "Moltke in His Home."

Moltke's Only Joke.—On the evening of the day on which the decisive vote was taken Bismarck asked Moltke to come to him. Both therefore left the room for the purpose of discussing military preparations which the occasion had rendered advisable. In the course of an hour they returned and Bismarck gave directions that the despatches concerning the ultimatum be sent to Saxony, Hanover and Hessia. About two o'clock Bismarck looked at his watch and remarked: "In twenty-two hours from now our troops will have entered on the territory of Saxony, Hanover and Hessia." Moltke was in very jovial spirits and said: "The bridge at Dresden has been blown up"—(*gesprengt*, which may mean either blown up or sprinkled). After enjoying for a moment the surprise which was pictured on every face, not excepting Bismarck's, at this almost impossible news, Moltke added, "You see it was a hot and dusty day, and so the sprinkling cart passed over the bridge." Count Lehndorff suggested that the chances of war being declared must certainly be excellent when Moltke began to joke. Bismarck always regarded Moltke as a droll fellow, saying that Moltke became loquacious when there was a probability of war and that he became ten years younger when the trouble of 1870 began.—DR. PAUL LIMAN, "Bismarck in History, Caricature and Anecdote."

The following day I asked the field marshal to use one of my coats. While he was out with my wife it began to drizzle; when she proposed to have the carriage closed, he said with that humor peculiar to him, "Oh, please don't, it does not matter; it is not my coat."—COUNT EDWARD BETHUSY-HUC, "Reminiscences."

Once he went from Ragatz to Lindau, as he thought, incognito; he ordered a room on the ground floor of the Bayerische Hof. As he was tired he went to bed early, but forgot to draw his blinds down. When he was just going to sleep he heard music drawing near and soon it was beneath his windows, which were lit up by the glare of the torches of the fire brigade. It was clear that he had been recognized after all and that he was going to be serenaded. The difficulty for him now was to get dressed without being seen. He dared not strike a light. But, as he himself afterwards related, the glare of the torches lit up his room and the curious crowd stood close to the windows, their noses pressed against the panes. In spite of all that, he felt that he must rise and at each piece of dress he put on loud and endless hurrahs were heard.—MAJOR HENRY VON BURT, "Memoirs of Moltke."

A story was circulated at that time, not in the press, but in society, which could not but be disagreeable to the field marshal, greatly though it seemed to do him honor. It was that in the evening of the day at Gravelotte King William had asked the chief of the general staff what was to be done if the enemy maintained his position the next day. Moltke, so ran the story, had answered, "Attack again, your majesty," and when the king replied that he had hardly the heart to do that after such painful losses, Moltke added, "Then I must tender your majesty my resignation." Doubting the authenticity of this anecdote I confidentially asked the field marshal about it; he declared it to be false from beginning to end, without even an apparent basis in the occurrences of the evening. "I should never," he added, "least of all in time of war, have quitted my sovereign abruptly, in the face of the enemy. That is

contrary not only to discipline, but also to the honor of a soldier. The germ of such legends may, perhaps, have been the misinterpretation of what occurred more than once in the course of both wars. The king, who, as is well known, acquainted himself exactly with all my plans before they were carried out, possessed, in a far higher degree than was known among people and in the army, a remarkably sharp eye for all the weak points, and sometimes demanded with great tenacity that his criticism, in itself well founded, should be taken into practical account. Even in war there are many situations in which it is impossible to make any plan without a weak point, without trusting in the good fortune and valor of the troops. So, if the king could not be induced to yield theoretically, I was repeatedly compelled to declare, 'Then your majesty must graciously have the goodness to command yourself. My wisdom is at an end. I can make no other proposal.' After such a declaration my advice was always followed."—BETHUSY-HUC.

At another dinner the chancellor spoke also of the Luxemburg affair of 1867. He said that he advised the king to yield and he defends his policy against those who were at that time for war—that is to say, evidently against the military party. "The troops of Bavaria, Baden, even Wurttemberg, were not ready, and we were not sure of their support. While I was at the Tuileries," he added, "at the time of the exposition, I said to myself, Who knows whether if we had war at that moment, the French would have been at Berlin, or our armies at Paris? Count Moltke had none of these doubts. On the return of the king of Prussia from this same visit to Paris, Moltke stayed at Brussels. After dinner at the court they talked over their coffee of the recent Luxemburg incident. 'As a man,' said he, 'I cannot but rejoice that we have escaped war, but, as a soldier and a Prussian, I regret it. We were ready and the French were not. In three weeks I should have led our armies up to Paris.' The generals present all exclaimed at this; they thought he was intoxicated with his great success of the previous year in Bohemia and that he had lost his balance. 'Bring a map,' said Moltke, 'and I will show you our campaign.' He then pointed out almost the exact stages of 1870, except that one of the German armies, debouching from Luxemburg, which was then in the power of Germany, turned Metz." When we think that the French troops then did not have their chassepots, we are inclined to think Count Moltke was right. At this time it seems that Bismarck did not know the full power of the army at his disposal, or else he would have acted at that moment.—*The Fortnightly Review*, December 1, 1878.

He talked about all sorts of things, amongst others about a stag hunt which he had at Fontainebleau in 1867 with the Emperor Napoleon. In it he once rode behind the emperor, who lost his hat. The hat fell on a juniper bush and remained suspended, so that Moltke was able to get it and return it to the emperor. "So I was able," said he, "to give the emperor back his hat. And three years later we took his crown."—PRINCE HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGFUERST, "Memoirs."

A newspaper correspondent has told us that the leader of the great German armies, Count von Moltke, has not read anything—not even a history—of our war and that, when questioned on the subject, he has said that he could not afford to spend his time over "the wrangling of two armed mobs."—G. C. EGGLESTON, "A Rebel's Recollections."

In the Reichstag and in fact everywhere the marshal appears in uniform, being credited with an absolute abhorrence of civilian clothes. Indeed, his adjutant informed a New York friend that he did not own any until a few years ago, when a distinguished American soldier called on him in a traveling suit. Moltke, to mark his displeasure, purchased a similar garb, ready made, in which to return the visit of General S. He has never worn it since.—GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, December, 1890.

Three weeks ago as I was riding with him we passed a count who looked older than either of us. "He looks," said Moltke, "much older than he is; he has used his body more than he has his mind." We fell upon the question whether men as they come near their end would like to begin the battle of life anew. "Who," said the general, "would like to live his life over again? I would not mine. The old story of the Hindoo philosopher is true, when he said that life is a punishment for transgressions committed under an earlier form of being."—GEORGE BANCROFT, *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1905.

MONK, George, 1608-1670. British general.

His complete ignorance of nautical matters became a standing joke. When his ship was coming into action and the master cried larboard or starboard, Monk used to reply with a cheery shout of "Ay, aye, boys, let us board

them," and he never heard the last of it. When at nightfall of the first day he at length got into action he refused to retire, though his master urgently showed him the danger he ran from the fireships. "Why," he cried, "the very powder in this ship is enough to blow a fireship from it."

Eager to propitiate the Scots, he kept open house at Dalkeith, and through the influence of the Countess of Buccleugh the nobility began to accept of his hospitality. They soon came to have a liking for the kindly general. He received them indeed so cordially, and seemed so anxious to be on good terms with them, that there is no doubt that some of them began to see in the simple-minded soldier a possible instrument for the revival of their party. Early in November, 1655, he had intercepted two autograph letters from the king, one addressed to "2," whom he knew to be Lord Glencairn; the other to "T," a cypher he did not understand. This letter, however, was of a highly compromising nature. "T" was told that the king was sure of his affection and he was encouraged to be ready when the time was ripe. According to his usual practise Monk took copies of both letters and allowed them to proceed to their destination. The copies he forwarded at once to Cromwell, assuring him that he would soon know to whom the letter addressed to "T" was delivered, and be able to deal with him as he deserved. To his intense annoyance it was delivered to himself. Cromwell seems to have thoroughly enjoyed the joke, but Monk was furious, and vented his anger by arresting Glencairn, whom he evidently suspected of being at the bottom of it. . . . Cromwell never forgot the letter "T." Shortly before his death he wrote to Monk: "There be some that tell me there be a certain cunning fellow in Scotland called George Monk who is said to lie in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart; I pray you use your diligence to send him up to me."—JULIAN CORBETT, "Monk."

MORE, Sir Thomas, 1478-1535. Lord Chancellor of England.

As a wooer he seems to have been more philosophic than ardent. He made the acquaintance of an Essex gentleman named Colte, who had three daughters, and the second daughter, whom he deemed the "fairest and best favored," moved affection in More. But the young philosopher curbed his passion; he "considered that it would be both grief and some shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage." Accordingly, "of a certain pity," he "framed his fancy towards" the eldest daughter, Jane. He married her in 1505. The union, if the fruit of compassion, was most satisfactory in result.—SIDNEY LEE, "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," quotations from William Roper's "Memoirs of Sir Thomas More."

I have heard it reported that he wooed her [he was twice married] for a friend of his, not once thinking to have her himself; but, she wisely answering him that he might speed, if he would speak in his own behalf, telling his friend what she had said unto him, with his good liking he married her and did that which otherwise he would never have thought to have done.

But of all strangers Erasmus challenged unto himself his love most especially, which had long continued by mutual letters expressing great affection; and increased so much that he took a journey especially into England to see and enjoy his personal acquaintance and more entire familiarity; at which time it is reported how that he, who conducted him in this passage, procured that Sir Thomas More and he should first meet together in London at the lord mayor's table, neither of them knowing each other. And in the dinner time they chanced to fall into argument, Erasmus still endeavoring to defend the worser part; but he was so sharply set upon and opposed by Sir Thomas More, that perceiving he was now about to argue with a readier wit than ever before he had met withal, he broke forth into these words, not without some choler: *"Aut tu es Morus aut nullus,"* whereto Sir Thomas More replied: *"Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus,"* because at that time he was strangely disguised and had sought to defend impious propositions.—CRESACRE MORE (great-grandson), "Life of Sir Thomas More."

"It happened one day," says Mr. Aubrey in his "Manuscript Lives," "that a mad Tom of Bedlam came up to Sir Thomas More, as he was contemplating, according to his custom, on the leads of his gatehouse at Chelsea, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, crying out, 'Leap, Tom, leap.' The chancellor was in his gown and besides ancient and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him. 'Now (said he) let us first throw the little dog down and see what sport that will be': so the dog was thrown over. 'Is not that fine sport? (said his lordship) Let us fetch him up and try again.' As the madman was going down my lord fastened

the door and called for help."—WILLIAM SEWARD, "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons."

He used, when he was in London a justice of the peace, to go to the sessions at Newgate, as other justices did; amongst whom it happened that one of the ancient justices of the peace was wont to chide the poor men that had their purses cut for not keeping them more warily, saying that their negligence was cause that there were so many cutpurses brought thither. Which when Sir Thomas had heard him often speak at one time especially, the night after he sent for one of the chief cutpurses that was in the prison and promised him that he would stand his good friend if he would cut that justice's purse, whilst he sat the next day on the bench and presently make a sign thereof unto him; the fellow gladly promised him to do it. The next day therefore when they sat again, that thief was called amongst the first; who being accused of his fact said that he would excuse himself sufficiently if he were but permitted in private to speak to some one on the bench; he was bidden therefore to choose one whom he would, and he presently chose that grave old man who had his pouch at his girdle, and whilst he rounded him in the ear he cunningly cuts his purse, and taking leave solemnly goes down to his place; Sir Thomas knowing by a sign that it was despatched taketh presently an occasion to move all the bench to distribute some alms upon a poor needy fellow that was there, beginning himself to do it. When the old man came to open his purse, he sees it cut away and wondering said that he had it when he came to sit there that morning. Sir Thomas replied in a pleasant manner, "What? Will you charge any of us with felony?" He beginning to be angry and ashamed of the matter, Sir Thomas calls the cutpurse and wills him to give him his purse again, counseling the good man hereafter not to be so bitter a censurer of innocent men's negligence when he himself could not keep his purse safe in that open assembly.—CRESACRE MORE.

When Sir Thomas More was chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII., he ordered a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor woman whom he had wronged. The gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it." "I will grant your motion," said the chancellor; "Monday next is St. Barnabas's day, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow on that day, or I will commit you to the Fleet prison."—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

Henry VIII. appointed Sir Thomas More to carry an angry message to Francis I. of France. Sir Thomas told his majesty that, if he carried the message to so violent a king as Francis, it might cost him his head. "Never fear," said the king, "if Francis should cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in London a head shorter." "I am obliged to your majesty," said Sir Thomas, "but I much fear if any of their heads will fit my shoulders."—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages."

The Duke of Rutland is descended from Sir Thomas Manners, thirteenth Lord de Ros, created Earl of Rutland in 1525. This peer, by the way, made a pun in dog Latin, about his creation, observing to Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor, "Honores mutant Mores." "Nay, by your leave, my lord," replied More, "the pun is better in English, 'Honors change Manners.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette*, 1877.

Early in the morning of the 6th of July he was carried from the Tower to Tower Hill for execution. His composure knew no diminution. "I pray thee see me safely up," said he to the officer, who led him from the Tower to the steps of the frail scaffold; "as for my coming down I can shift for myself." He encouraged the headsman to do his duty fearlessly: "Pluck up thy spirits, man; be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short." He seemed to speak in jest as he moved his beard from the block, with the remark that it had never committed treason.—LEE.

MORRIS, Gouverneur, 1752-1816. American statesman.

At a breakfast table he was in close conversation with a gentleman, to whose harangue he had listened patiently, till it was his turn to reply. He began accordingly, but the gentleman was inattentive and a bad listener. "Sir," said Mr. Morris, "if you will not attend to my argument I will address myself to the teapot," and went on with much animation of tone and gesture, making the teapot the representative of his opponent, till he had finished his replication.

The day after the accident [resulting in the amputation of his left leg] a friend called to see him, who thought it his duty to offer as much consolation as he could, on an event so melancholy. He dwelt upon the good effects such a trial would produce on his character and moral temperament and the diminished inducements it would leave for seeking the pleasures and dissipations of life, into which young men are apt to be led.

"My good sir," replied Mr. Morris, "you argue the matter so handsomely, and point out so clearly the advantage of being without legs, that I am almost tempted to part with the other." To another person, who visited him on the same occasion and gave utterance to his feelings of sympathy and regret, he replied, "Oh, sir, the loss is much less than you imagine; I shall doubtless be a steadier man with one leg than with two."—JARED SPARKS, "Life of Gouverneur Morris."

MOUTON, Georges, Count Lobau, 1770-1838. French general.

General Mouton, who was a great favorite of the emperor Napoleon, was visiting his illustrious chief one morning at the Tuileries, when his majesty, happening to look out of the window, beheld in the court yard a very shabby-looking vehicle. "Is that your carriage, Mouton?" asked the emperor. "Yes, sire." "It is not fitting that one of my bravest generals should go about in a hackney coach." "Sire, I am not a Crœsus and cannot afford a better." The next day Mouton received a check on the Bank of France for three hundred thousand francs. About a fortnight afterwards Mouton again paid a visit to the Tuileries in the same hackney coach. On looking out, the emperor's countenance clouded over, and he looked greatly displeased as he noticed the obnoxious vehicle. "Did you not receive an order for three hundred thousand francs?" he inquired of the general. "Yes, sire," replied Mouton, "and I am truly grateful for the gift; but if your majesty insists upon my spending it, I would rather return the money."—REES HOWELL GRONOW, "Recollections."

MURAT, Joachim, 1767-1815. French general, King of Naples.

Every one knew that the theatrically dressed cavalry commander was also a leader who was ready without a moment's hesitation to ride into the thickest of the fiercest mêlée. He had the reputation not only of the reckless courage of action but also of the cool disregard of danger while waiting for his opportunity—inactive under a deadly fire. It was told how more than once, when an aide-de-camp brought him a message and waited near him, he would turn to the officer and say, "You had better ride off, sir, or I will be getting you killed."

Strange as it may seem, this thorough soldier, whose orders on the battle-field often meant swift death to hundreds and prolonged suffering to hundreds more, shrank with horror from the idea of killing a fellow man. Agar tells how more than once he said to him at Naples, "What gives me the most heartfelt satisfaction when I think of my military career is that I have never seen a man fall killed by my own hand. Doubtless it is possible that in firing a pistol shot at enemies who attacked me, or whom I was pursuing, I may have wounded some one, even mortally; but, if so, I know nothing of it. If a man had ever fallen dead before me by my act the picture of it would always be before me and would pursue me to the grave." This was why, when he led his most famous charges, the diamond-hilted saber remained in the scabbard. He had the same horror of military executions. Caroline used to tell, how after a mutiny at Leghorn, when a court martial had condemned the three ringleaders to death, he was so impressed by the men's regret for their misconduct and filled with such pity for their fate, that he carried out a sham execution at sunrise, arranged that the condemned men should fall before a volley of blank cartridges, and had them covered up for a while and removed in the dark to a place where they were given disguises and shipped away from the port.—A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE, "Joachim Murat."

He was reviewing several battalions in the Campo di Marte when in the midst of the fire one of the officers of his staff, who stood near the king, was wounded by a bullet. The wounded man had stood so immediately behind the king that all present supposed that the ball had been directed against the king himself, and what made the case more serious was that the shot had come from a battalion of Royal Guards amongst whom were many Carbonari. The officers in attendance upon the king entreated him to order the fire to cease, but he smiled as he replied, "I see that you suspect that the bullet was purposely fired at me, but you are in error, for children never desire the death of their father." As he uttered these words he presented himself successively in front of each battalion and ordered them to fire. The intrepidity of the king entirely destroyed any latent feelings against him which might have existed in the minds of the Carbonari soldiers.—GENERAL PEPE, "Memoirs."

After his elevation to the rank of a prince of the French empire, he halted, in the close of the late war, at a small town in Germany, where he stayed for two or three days; and, on finding the bread prepared for his table of an inferior kind, he despatched one of his suite to order the best baker in

the town to attend him, to receive from him his directions respecting this precious article of life. A baker who had been long established in the place was selected for the purpose; and upon the aide-de-camp ordering him to wait upon the prince immediately, he observed, to the no little surprise of the officer, "It is useless my going; the prince will never employ me." Upon being pressed to state his reasons, he declined assigning any; but as the order of the messenger was peremptory, he followed him and was immediately admitted to Murat, with whom he stayed about ten minutes and then retired. As he quitted the house in which the prince lodged, he observed to the aide-de-camp, "I told you the prince would not employ me—he has dismissed me with this," displaying a purse of ducats. Upon being again pressed to explain the reason of his singular conduct, he replied: "The Prince Murat, when a boy, was apprenticed to a biscuitmaker in the south of France, at the time I was a journeyman to him, and I have often thrashed him for being idle; the moment he saw me just now he instantly remembered me, and, without entering into the subject of our ancient acquaintance, or of that which led me to his presence, he hastily took this purse of ducats from the drawer of the table where he sat, gave it to me and ordered me to retire."—JOHN CARR, "Tour in Holland and Germany in 1806."

Some years I made a hundred thousand francs' worth of suits, great coats and uniforms, for Murat alone.—POUMIER DE LA SIBOUTIE, "Recollections of a Parisian," quoting Leger.

While Murat strutted about in sky-blue over-alls, covered with gold spangles, invented new uniforms and bought expensive aigrettes for his busby, his wife showed her rococo taste by furnishing her drawing room in red satin and gold and her bedroom in rose-colored satin and point lace.

Accordingly he made a triumphant entry in Warsaw in a fantastic uniform, red leather boots, tunic of cloth of gold, sword-belt glittering with diamonds and a huge busby of rich fur bedecked with costly plumes. . . . Unfortunately for Murat the prospective alliance with Russia once and for all compelled Napoleon to lay aside all thoughts of reviving the kingdom of Poland, and when the would-be king arrived with a Polish guard of honor and his fantastic uniform, he was met by the biting words of the emperor, "Go and put on your proper uniform; you look like a clown."—R. P. DUNNE-PATTISON, "Napoleon's Marshals."

Among other things he told me that when he was about to quit Naples (his idea of departure being a secret) he took a walk with the queen and, hearing the popular acclamations around him, said to her: "Ah, the poor people. They are ignorant of the misfortune they are about to suffer. They know not that I am going away." I listened smiling, but he, while he related the incident, seemed still touched by a sense of the public sorrows he had caused.—MARMONT, Duke of Ragusa, "Memoirs."

Disdaining to allow his eyes to be bound, and holding the portraits of his wife and children in his hand, he said in a firm voice, "Aim at my heart and spare my face." His orders were executed and thus perished, pierced by twelve bullets, at forty-eight years of age, the brave soldier who had come scathless out of so many battles and who when seated on the throne had never known how to refuse a pardon.—GENERAL PEPE.

MURAT, Princess Caroline, 1833-1902. French nobility.

My birth was registered at Trenton, New Jersey. Great was our astonishment on receiving a reply to the application for my birth certificate, made through the French ambassador, to the effect that there had been, some years before, a great fire in Trenton, that the church and vestry had been burned down, and that not a vestige of the register remained. After much delay and many consultations, the officials declared that it was impossible the marriage could take place unless four witnesses to my birth could be produced. Rather a strong order! Luckily my father's cousin, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, had visited America in 1833-4 and was at the house at Bordentown on the day of my birth. My mother's sister was a second witness and we had to send to America to request Mr. Stevens and another friend to come to France for the purpose of identifying me, which they very kindly did.—"Memoirs of Princess Caroline Murat."

NAPOLEON I. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, 1769-1821

French Soldier and Statesman. First Emperor of France

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I

YOUTH

Early Years

There is still one country in Europe susceptible of molding by legislation—the island of Corsica. The courage and steadfastness which enabled this brave people to regain and defend its liberty well deserves that a sage should teach it how that blessing should be preserved. I have a presentiment that this little island will some day astonish Europe.—ROUSSEAU. ["Le Contrat Social" was written in 1762.]

Holding her little half-brother, Joseph Fesch—then six years old—by the hand, and followed by her sister-in-law, Geltruda Paravicini, and her uncle Luciano, Letizia Bonaparte proceeded to the cathedral, the crowd making way for her with deference, for the courage and devotion she had displayed during the war of the independence had raised her to the position of a public heroine. Scarcely, however, had the service begun, when she found herself seized with the pains of labor. Rising from her knees, she made her way out of the building and, supported by her sister-in-law, regained her house, which was fortunately only a short distance from the cathedral; and here, on a couch in the salon—for there was not time to reach her bedroom—with the assistance of Geltruda and the maid servant, Mammucia Caterina, she was delivered of her fourth child—a boy, with a big head and very intelligent face, who screamed loudly and soon began sucking his thumb, which was considered a good augury among the peasants of Corsica.—WILLIAMS.

It is related that Napoleon, whose behavior had been all that could be desired during the preliminary prayers, began to manifest signs of restlessness when he saw the holy water being sprinkled over his sister's head and, when the priest approached to perform the same office for him, he struggled fiercely and actually struck the good man, as well as his godparents, Lorenzo Giubega and his aunt Geltruda.—WILLIAMS.

He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basketful of grapes, figs and citrons, which had come from the garden of his uncle, the Canon. None but those acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offense. To eat fruit belonging to his uncle, the Canon, was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by anybody else. An inquiry took place. Napoleon denied the fact and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he would be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbœuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese, and that cheese was not *broccio.* However, he would not cry; he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianna Bonaparte returned from the country and on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace she confessed that she and Marianna had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianna's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he said that he thought she was guilty, yet out

of consideration for her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

One feels that Saveria was a great character. Every member of the family she had brought up, except Lucien, was seated on a throne. She could tell innumerable anecdotes of them all, especially of Napoleon, whom she considered very much like other boys, only singularly silent. He never cried; when he was very much beaten (and in Corsica this was the habit of education) he did shed a few tears, but never would utter a single word of excuse. One day, Saveria said, he was suspected of having eaten a whole basket of figs, which had come from the garden of his uncle, the Canonica (Cardinal Fesch). Now all that belonged to the Canonica was sacred, and this misdemeanor was considered of the blackest dye. Napoleon denied the theft and was accordingly whipped. Still denying it, he was again whipped, and kept three days on bread and cheese. Not a complaint passed his lips, nor did he even sulk. As Madame Letizia happened to be absent at the time, these punishments were inflicted by his father. On her return a little playmate of Napoleon's came to visit at the house and, touched with his sufferings, owned that it was she who had eaten the fruit, and that Napoleon knew it. "Why then had he not said so?" "Because," was his answer, "I would not get her into trouble. She had done wrong and I bore it." He was then seven years old.—MRS. ELLIOT.

His superiority of character was very early felt. An aged relation, Lucien Bonaparte, archdeacon of Ajaccio, called the children about his deathbed to take farewell and bless them. "You, Joseph," said the expiring man, "are the eldest, but Napoleon is the head of the family. Take care to remember my words." Napoleon took excellent care that they should not be forgotten. He began with beating his elder brother into subjection.—LOCKHART.

Days at School

One of the teachers having condemned him for some offense or neglect to wear a coarse woolen dress on a particular day and dine on his knees at the doors of the refectory, the boy's haughty spirit swelling under the dishonor brought on a sudden vomiting and a strong fit of hysterics. The mathematical master, passing by, said that they did not understand what they were dealing with and released him.—LOCKHART.

While at Valance Bonaparte competed anonymously for a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons for the best answer to Raynal's question, "What are the principles and institutions by the application of which mankind can be raised to the highest happiness?" He gained the prize; what were the contents of the essay we do not know. Talleyrand, long afterwards, obtained the manuscript and, thinking to please his sovereign, brought it to him. He threw his eye over three or four of the pages and then tossed it into the fire. The treatise of the lieutenant probably abounded in opinions which the emperor had found it convenient to forget.—LOCKHART.

It is noteworthy that Napoleon, so bitter an opponent to the freedom of the press, was in youth himself . . . the subject of censure. When fourteen, when writing to his family, he chanced to use terms disrespectful to the king. According to the practise of the school, the letter was submitted to his superior, who, noticing the offensive passage, extemporized a suitable lecture and insisted on the document being burned. Long afterwards, in 1802, the professor was commanded to attend a levee, in order to receive a pupil, when, good-humoredly, the First Consul reminded his old tutor how times had changed since this episode of his boyhood.—OLDING, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1884.

Nothing better characterized his disposition in boyhood than the fact that he appeared as champion of Nero and denounced Tacitus as a calumniator for picturing the cruelties of the Roman emperor.—SCHMIDT.

Even at school he showed himself reticent and false. An uncle, a worthy Corsican, prophesied for him a brilliant future as he had proved himself such a master of prevarication; Metternich accorded him the same distinction. His spirit of deviltry carried him so far that he poured oil on the dress of a titled married woman, in order to have an excuse to lead her into an adjoining room.—LOMBROSO, *Deutsche Revue*, January, 1898.

II

CHARACTERISTICS AND HABITS

Hard at Work

One of the things that contributed most to render Napoleon hateful during his life was his inclination for debasing everything; in a fired city he could couple decrees for the re-establishment of a few comedians with

flats which suppressed monarchs; a parody of the omnipotence of God, who rules the lot of the world and of an ant. With the fall of empires he mingled insults to women; he delighted in the humiliation of what he had overthrown; he calumniated and wounded, particularly all that had dared to resist him. His arrogance was equal to his luck; the more he lowered others the greater he believed himself to appear. Jealous of his own generals, he accused them of his own mistakes, for, as for himself, he was infallible. Despising all merits, he reproached them harshly with their errors.—CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

His writing was a collection of letters unconnected with each other and unreadable. Half the letters to each word were wanting, he could not read his own writing again, or would not take the trouble to do so. If he were asked for some explanation he would take his draft and tear it up, or throw it into the fire, and dictate it over again—the same ideas, it is true, but couched in different language and a different style.—MÉNEVAL.

Bonaparte dictated with great ease. He never wrote anything with his own hand. His handwriting was bad, and as illegible by himself as by others; his spelling was very defective. He utterly lacked patience to do anything with his own hands. The extreme activity of his mind and the habitual prompt obedience rendered to him prevented him from practising an occupation in which the mind must necessarily wait for the action of the body. Those who wrote from his dictation—first M. Bourrienne, then M. Maret, and Méneval, his private secretary—had made a sort of shorthand for themselves, in order that their pens might travel as fast as his thoughts. He dictated while walking to and fro in his cabinet. When he grew angry he would use violent imprecations, which were suppressed in the writing, and which had at least the advantage of permitting the writer to come up with him. He never repeated anything he had once said, even if it had not been heard; and this was very hard on the poor secretary, for he remembered accurately what he had said and detected every omission.—MADAME RÉMUSAT.

It would indeed have been difficult for any of the ministers of Napoleon not to communicate their plans to him, which were always minutely discussed before they received his final sanction; for, though he left them the choice of execution, he chose that every improvement should seem to be his work. His sudden elevation rendered it a matter of policy with him to delegate as little as possible of his public authority, so as to remain always and everywhere the man of necessity. Napoleon carried on long and diverse correspondences. If they were all collected it would be incredible that any single man could have sufficed to do so much, and in each of them he proved that he entered into every subject and every circumstance as if he had nothing else to think of, adapting all rules and principles to his own paramount interest in forcing the most opposite elements to combine in his system. But in these correspondences none proves more thoroughly the patience with which he investigated the most arid details than those which he carried on with myself. . . . I frequently in the early period of my ministry received letters of many pages, solely intended to analyze long calculations, to investigate statements, to divide statistics and to present the same results under other forms. The principal object of these discussions was to keep all his chief servants in perpetual distrust of themselves and of their subordinates; he had no longer to dispute the superiority of power, but he disputed with every one the superiority of attainments.—MOLLIEN.

It was remarkable that, each time that unexpected circumstances forced the aides-de-camp to have the emperor waked, he was as ready for work as he would have been at the beginning or the middle of the day, and his awakening was as amiable as his manner was pleasant. The report of an aide-de-camp being finished, Napoleon went to sleep again as easily as if his sleep had not been interrupted. . . . The emperor sometimes slept a quarter or a half an hour on the field of battle when he was fatigued or wished to await more patiently the result of the orders he had given.—CONSTANT.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me one was very curious. "During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost." . . . He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say when I was perusing the French papers; "I know it already. They say only what they think will please me."—BOURRIENNE.

At the time in question [1802] his ideas were not the same in the evening as they had been in the morning; and often in the morning he would tear up, even without the

least remark, notes he had dictated to me at night and which he had considered excellent. At other times I took it upon myself not to send to the *Moniteur*, as he had wished me to do, notes which, dictated by annoyance and irascibility, might have produced a bad effect in Europe. When the next day he did not see the article, I attributed this to the note being too late, or to the late arrival of the courier. But I told him it was no loss, for it would be inserted the next day. He did not answer at once, but after a quarter of an hour he said to me, "Do not send my note to the *Moniteur* without showing it to me." He took it and re-read it. Sometimes he was astonished at what he had dictated to me, and amused himself by saying that I had not understood him properly. "That is not much good, is it?" "'Pon my word, I don't quite know." "Oh, no; it is worthless; what say you?" Then he bowed his head a little and tore up the paper.—BOURRIENNE.

When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never evinced the least displeasure. When, the day after he had received any hasty or angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the First Consul, the latter would say, "Well, did you send off the courier?" "No," the minister would reply, "I took care not to do it before I showed you my letter." Then the First Consul would usually add, "Upon second thoughts I think it would be best not to send it." This was the way to deal with Bonaparte. When M. de Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, or when I myself have delayed the execution of an order which I knew had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor his understanding, I have heard him say a hundred times, "It was right, quite right; you understand me; Talleyrand understands me also. This is the way to serve me; the others do not leave me time for reflection; they are too precipitate." Fouché was also one of those who did not on all occasions blindly obey Bonaparte's commands. His other ministers, on the other hand, when told to send a courier off the next morning, would probably have sent him off the same evening. This was from zeal; but was not the First Consul right in saying that such zeal was unfortunate?—BOURRIENNE.

Treatment of Women

When ladies were presented to him he addressed to them the stereotyped questions, "Have you any children? Are they boys? Make soldiers out of them. Any girls? Give them to the brave soldiers."—VON BEUST.

When the emperor was in good humor he was very fond of rallying his favorite officers. With women, on the contrary, he never joked, or, if he did, his joke was a thunderbolt. The strange mania that possessed him of telling wives of the infidelities of their husbands sometimes gave rise to very painful feelings.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

Full dress and masked balls were given. These were novelties to the emperor and he liked them. Some of his ministers, his sister, Murat and the Prince of Neufchâtel received orders to invite a certain number of persons belonging to the court or to the city. The men wore dominoes, the women elegant costumes, and the pleasure of being disguised was almost the only one they enjoyed in these assemblies, where it was known that the emperor was present, and where the fear of meeting him made the guests silent and circumspect. He was closely masked, and yet easy to recognize by that peculiar air and gait which he could not disguise, as he walked through the rooms generally leaning on the arm of Duroc. He accosted the ladies freely and was often very unscrupulous in his remarks to them; and, if he were answered and unable at once to recognize who spoke to him, he would pull off the speaker's mask, revealing himself by this rude act of power. He also took great pleasure, under cover of his disguise, in seeking out certain husbands and tormenting them with anecdotes, true or false, of their wives. If he learned afterwards that these revelations had been followed by unpleasant consequences, he became very angry; for he would not permit the displeasure which he himself had excited to be independent of him.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Then he began to question us about what we were all doing and let us know, but only by hints, that some of us were considerably talked of by the public. The empress, who knew her husband's ways, and was aware that when talking in this manner he was apt to go very far, tried to interrupt him; but the emperor, persisting in the conversation, presently gave it an exceedingly embarrassing turn. "Yes, ladies, you occupy the attentions of the worthy inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain. They say, for instance, that you, Madame ——, have a liaison with ——; that you, Madame ——." And so he went on, addressing himself to three or four ladies in succession. The effect upon all of us of such an attack may be easily imagined. The emperor was amused by the

confusion into which he threw us. "But," added he, "you need not suppose that I approve of talk of this kind. To attack my court is to attack myself, and I do not choose that a word shall be said, either of me, my family, or my court." While thus speaking, his countenance, which had previously been smiling, darkened, and his voice became extremely harsh. He then burst out violently against that section of Parisian society which was still rebellious, declaring that he would exile every woman who would say a word against any lady-in-waiting; and he proceeded to work himself into a violent passion upon this text, which he had entirely to himself, for not a single one of us attempted to make him an answer.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

The women of the court had great need to be on their guard and to take care of what they did; for, whenever the emperor was informed of anything—and he was always informed—he would invariably make the husband acquainted with the facts in the case. It is true that he interdicted any complaint or action in consequence. Thus, we all knew that he had made S—— aware of certain adventures of his wife's and so imperiously ordered him not to display any anger that S——, who was always entirely submissive to him, consented to allow himself to be deceived, and ended, partly through his weak compliance, and partly through his desire to think his wife innocent, by not believing facts which were of public notoriety.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

He enjoined him [Marshal Soult] to rally his forces and to defend inch by inch the passes of the Pyrenees. Soult would not have hesitated had not his wife, recently arrived from Dresden with a splendid equipage, shown some repugnance, refusing to return to Spain, "where," she said, "nothing was to be got but blows." As she possessed considerable influence over her husband, Soult, being much annoyed, had recourse to the emperor, who immediately sent for the duchess. She made her appearance with an air of vast importance; and, assuming an imperious tone, declared that her husband should not return to Spain; that he had served too long and stood in need of repose. "Madame," cried Napoleon, enraged, "I did not send for you to hear this insolence. I am not your husband, and, if I were, you would conduct yourself differently. Recollect that woman's province is to obey; return to your husband and let him be quiet." She was obliged to submit, to sell horses, carriages, etc., and in dudgeon take the road to the western Pyrenees. This scene with a haughty duchess furnished much amusement at headquarters. —FOUCHÉ.

General Montholon, during his visit to Wurzburg, and without the knowledge of his family, married a woman who had been twice divorced and whose two husbands were still living. The emperor had refused his consent to this marriage; but, during his stay in Dresden, he had granted M. Montholon permission to marry the niece of President Seguier, because he had forgotten that the lady in question was the identical person whose marriage he had refused to authorize. Napoleon, however, was soon made acquainted with the true state of things and refused to allow the divorced woman to be presented at court at Wurzburg.—MÉNEVAL.

Madame de Chevreuse one day went to the Tuileries splendidly dressed in a blaze of diamonds. The emperor, struck with her dazzling appearance, said, "What a splendid display of jewels! Are they all real?" "*Mon Dieu*, sire," replied the lady; "I really don't know; but, at any rate, they are good enough to wear here."—MADAME DUCREST.

He came up to me, speaking lower in a confidential tone. "You have no children? I know that it is not your fault, but you should make better arrangements. Believe me, I am giving you good advice." I remained stupefied; he looked at me for a moment with a gracious smile and went on to my neighbor.—COUNTESS DE BOIGNE.

Napoleon remained deaf to her repeated entreaties [Madame de Montmorency to be allowed to be a baroness only instead of a countess] and, making allusion to certain escapades of her youth, said, "You are not a good enough Christian for me to listen favorably to your claim."—PASQUIER.

Certainly Napoleon knew what he was doing when he banished Madame de Staël. "This woman," said he, "teaches people to think, who would not do it of themselves, or who have forgotten how." When she wrote him that in persecuting her he had kept a page in his history for her, she did not deceive herself.—BARONESS NOLDE.

Napoleon one day summoned Fouché, then minister of police, and told him that he was astonished that a person of his noted dexterity did not do his business better; and that things were going on of which he knew nothing. "Yes," said the minister, "there are things that I was ignorant of, but which I know now: for example, a little

man, in a three-cornered hat, wearing a blue frock coat, leaves the palace every second day; returns between eight and nine in the evening, by the small door of the pavilion Marsan, above the kitchens, and, accompanied by a single person taller than himself, but habited in the same manner, gets into a hackney coach, and goes straight to Rue Chanteraine, No. 38, to the house of La Grazzini; the little man is yourself, to whom this singular opera singer is unfaithful in favor of Rode, the violin player, who lodges in Rue du Mont Blanc, Hotel de l'Empire." As soon as Fouché had done, Napoleon, turning his back upon his minister, began to walk up and down, with his hands behind him, whistling an Italian air; and Fouché retired without adding another word. —TIMES.

Adversity made her [Countess Walewski] lapse from virtue almost sacred and her love more dear. She wrote to Napoleon to ask to see him again and to offer to follow him wherever he might be led by misfortune. He consented to the interview. The night but one before his departure from Fontainebleau the young woman was introduced by a secret staircase into the salon adjoining the bedchamber of her lover. The confidential servant announced to his master the presence of her whom he had consented to see again. Napoleon was plunged into the kind of dreamy stupor which had absorbed him since his fall. He replied that he would soon in person summon her who had braved shame and adversity for his sake. She waited vainly and in tears the long half of the night. He did not summon her. He was heard walking up and down in his room. The servant entered and reminded him of who was waiting. "Let her wait," said the emperor. Finally, the entire night being spent and the day beginning to threaten to reveal the secret of the assignation, the young woman, repelled, lost in grief and wounded to the quick, was led back to her carriage by the confidant of her last adieux.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1872, citing Lamartine.

During his majesty's absence the château of Rambouillet was restored and furnished anew and the emperor spent a few days there. The first time he entered the bath room, he stopped short at the door and glanced around with every appearance of surprise and dissatisfaction, and when I sought the cause of this, following the direction of his majesty's eyes, I saw that they rested on various family portraits which the architect had painted on the walls of the room. They were those of Madame, his mother, his sisters, Queen Hortense, etc.; and the sight of such a gallery, in such a place, excited the extreme displeasure of the emperor. "What nonsense!" he cried. "Constant, summon Marshal Duroc." And when the grand marshal appeared, his majesty inquired, "Who is the idiot that could have conceived such an idea? Order the painter to come and efface all that. He must have little respect for women to be guilty of such an indecency."—CONSTANT.

His childish eagerness led in one instance to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople, in society with the empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel to be brought up and instantly tore it open with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds which he broke into various pieces and then threw the largest into her imperial majesty's lap and some into that of every lady in the circle.—LORD HOLLAND, "Foreign Reminiscences."

Whitbread tells a story that a letter from Lady Bessborough at Marseilles mentions that a friend of hers traveling to see her met a carriage and four carrying a general, escorted by four dragoons. The general stopped the lady and in the most polite manner begged her to change horses, his being very tired. He made a thousand apologies, said he would not employ anything but entreaties; he was quite shocked but perhaps it was more necessary that he should get on than that the lady should proceed with any great speed. When the horses were changed the lady asked one of the dragoons who that was. "Who? It is the emperor." It was Napoleon—he invades France with eleven hundred men and traverses it in a carriage almost without an escort.—LORD BROUGHTON.

She [Madame de Brissac] was extremely deaf and on the occasion of her presentation to the emperor was most anxious to be informed what questions he would ask her and what she ought to answer. She was told that the emperor almost always inquired what department the persons came from, how old they were and how many children they had. Doubting her ear, which the agitation of the moment might render unusually treacherous, she determined to be prepared beforehand for each of these questions, in the order in which they had been stated to her. The day of presentation arrived: Madame de Brissac made her three courtesies to the emperor, who, having laid down no law to himself to ask pre-

cisely the same questions of all the extraordinary faces which appeared before him, said rapidly to her, "Is your husband a brother of the Duke de Brissac who was killed on the second of September and did he not inherit his estate?" "Seine and Oise, sire," was the answer and, though an odd one not so very wide of the mark, for M. de Brissac really had inherited property in that department. The emperor, however, struck by its incoherence, looked at her with some surprise as he continued, "I believe you have no children?" "Fifty-two, sire," said she with the same amiable and benevolent smile as before, never doubting but the emperor had inquired her age. Napoleon by this time was satisfied that Madame de Brissac was hard of hearing, and, without further observation, continued his tour of the circle.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

Art, Literature and the Drama

It was during his brief sojourn in Milan that the young painter Groz made the first portrait which we possess of the general, who is represented on the bridge at Lodi in the act of rushing forward, armed with a flag, in order to lead his soldiers to victory. The artist could not induce Bonaparte to sit for him. One day, however, Madame Bonaparte took her husband upon her knee after breakfast and held him there for a few minutes. —TURQUAN, quoting "Memoirs of Lavalette."

The day after their arrival at St. Cloud the emperor and empress went to Paris in order to be present at the fêtes of the 15th of August, which it is useless to say were magnificent. As soon as he entered the Tuileries, the emperor hastened through the château to examine the repairs and improvements which had been made during his absence and, as was his habit, criticized adversely more than he praised all he saw. Looking out of the hall of the marshals he demanded of M. de Fleurieu, governor of the palace, why the top of the Arch of Triumph on the Carrousel was covered with a cloth; and his majesty was told that it was because all the arrangements had not yet been made for placing his statue in the chariot to which were attached the Corinthian horses and also because the two Victories who were to guide the four horses were not yet completed. "What!" vehemently exclaimed the emperor; "but I will not allow that! I did not order it." Then, turning to M. Fontaine, he continued, "Monsieur Fontaine, was my statue in the design which was presented to you?" "No, sire; it was that of the god Mars." "Well, why have you put me in the place of the god of war?" "Sire, it was not I, but M. the director-general of the museum." "The director-general was wrong," interrupted the emperor impatiently. "I wish this statue removed; do you hear, M. Fontaine? I wish it taken away; it is most unsuitable. What? Shall I erect statues to myself? Let the chariot and Victories be finished; but let the chariot—let the chariot remain empty." The order was executed and the statue of the emperor was taken and placed in the orangery, and is perhaps still there. It was made of gilded lead, was a fine piece of work and a most excellent likeness.—CONSTANT.

A first-rate artist was engaged to paint the walls and ceiling [Rambouillet castle] with arabesques, foliage, birds and animals. When the task was completed and all was in order the architect prepared to witness the delight and satisfaction of his imperial majesty. Alas, a rude shock awaited him. Napoleon inspected the work with a frown and turned away, saying curtly, "Remove that rubbish and paint it white; I hate fripperies." The discomfited architect obeyed. In 1815 the white paint was removed and the beautiful decorations underneath fortunately found to be in perfect condition.—SIBOUTIE.

Canova told Wyatt that the statue of Napoleon as the Pacificator was intended for the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. In the right hand is a figure of Victory and it was for that reason it did not find a place there, as it happened to be finished at the very moment when Napoleon was defeated at Leipzig. Canova declared that he would not have a statue erected which might be made a subject for ridicule.—LADY SHELLEY.

What particularly astonished Treilhard was the prodigious memory of the emperor; it was a subject to which he was continually alluding. The articles of the civil code, after being drawn up and taken into consideration in private conference, were submitted to the discussion of the Council of State, at which Napoleon frequently presided. Treilhard wondered at the readiness with which Bonaparte frequently illustrated the point in question by quoting extempore whole passages from the Roman civil law, a subject which from its nature seemed to be entirely foreign to him. One day the emperor requested his attendance in order to acquaint him with some new ideas on criminal legislation; after conversing together for some time they formed themselves into a little

committee and the counselor of state took the liberty of asking the emperor how he had acquired so familiar a knowledge of law affairs considering that his whole life had been spent in camps. Bonaparte replied: "When I was a mere lieutenant I was put under arrest, unjustly it is true, but that is nothing to the point. The little room which was assigned for my prison contained no furniture but an old chair and an old bed and an old cupboard; in the cupboard was a ponderous folio volume, older and more worm-eaten than all the rest; it proved to be the 'Digest.' As I had no paper, pens, ink or pencils you may easily imagine that this book was a valuable prize to me. It was so voluminous and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that had I been confined a hundred years I could never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but on recovering it I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislators. Thus I picked up my knowledge of civil law, with which I so often trouble you."—*The Literary Gazette*, August, 1819.

The emperor occasionally read in the morning the new works and romances of the day; and when a work displeased him he threw it into the fire. This does not mean that only improper books were thus destroyed, for if the author was not among his favorites, or if he spoke too well of a foreign country, that was sufficient to condemn the volume to the flames. On this account I saw his majesty throw into the fire a volume of the works of Madame de Staël on Germany. If he found us in the evening enjoying a book in the little salon, where he awaited the hour of retiring, he examined what we were reading; and if he found they were romances they were burned without pity, his majesty rarely failing to add a little lecture to his confiscation and to ask the delinquent "if a man could not find better reading than that." One morning he had glanced over and thrown into the fire a book (by what author I do not know); and when Roustan stooped to take it out the emperor stopped him, saying, "Let that filthy thing burn; it is all that it deserves."—CONSTANT.

As to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her [Madame de Genlis] a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and, in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him *au courant* of the literature of the day.—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1851, quoting the *Gazette de France*, in an article attributed to Charles X.

Official critics even predict troubles which do not overtake the author of "Roi d'Yvetot," though he has reason to believe it has been brought under the notice of the emperor as a political satire. Béranger himself, however, does not add this pleasant story, which we quote from his friend Lapointe's "Memoirs of Béranger," of the reception given to this song by Napoleon: Certain courtiers, wishing to injure the poet, who then held a modest appointment with twelve hundred francs, denounced the song and its writer to the emperor. "Who made this song?" asked the hero, who was not much disturbed by it. "Sire, it is one employed by the university." "How much has he?" "Twelve hundred francs, sire." "Ah, well, let them give him fifteen."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1858.

When emperor, every time he perceived St. Pierre, he used to say to him, "M. Bernadin, when are we to have some more Paul and Virginias, or Indian Cottages? You ought to supply us every six months." In reading Vertot's "Roman Revolutions," of which in other respects the emperor thinks highly, he found the declamations too diffuse. This was his constant complaint against every work he took up; he had, in his youth, been much to blame himself in this respect. He may justly be said to have thoroughly reformed afterwards. He amused himself in striking out the superfluous phrases in Vertot; and the result was that after the erasures the work appeared much more energetic and animated. "It would certainly be a most valuable and successful labor," said he, "if any man of taste and discernment would devote his time to reducing the principal works in our language in this manner. . . . Our history," said the emperor, "should either be in four volumes or a hundred."—LAS CASES.

You live too much with literary and scientific men. They are like coquettes, with whom one should keep up an intercourse of gallantry, but of whom one should never dream of making a wife or a minister.—Napoleon's letter to his brother Joseph.

People are infatuated about England, without knowing anything about her. It is the same with her literature. Shakespeare was forgotten even by the English for two hundred years, until Voltaire at Geneva, and much mixed up with English people, took it into his head to write him up, to please

his English friends; ever since people have gone about repeating that Shakespeare was the greatest author that ever lived. I have read him and there is nothing in him that approaches Corneille or Racine. His plays are not worth reading. They are below contempt. As for Milton, there are only two or three passages that are really fine, such as the Invocation to the Sun. The rest is mere rhapsody.—THIBADEAU, quoting Napoleon.

Napoleon, who could not have been wanting in the feeling of power, said to me: "You see me master of France; I would not undertake to govern her for three months with the liberty of the press."—METTERNICH.

The First Consul was at all times the declared enemy of the liberty of the press and therefore he ruled journals with a hand of iron. I have often heard him say: "Were I to slacken the reins, I should not continue three months in power." He unfortunately held the same opinion regarding every other prerogative of public freedom. The silence he had imposed in France he wished, if he could, to impose in England.—BOURRIENNE.

He had established an office with twelve clerks and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract, translate, abridge and arrange under heads the contents of our English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or virulent; no charge, however injurious or malignant. As, however, he did not specify the empress, Mounier, who reluctantly complied with his orders, ventured to suppress or at least to soften any phrases about her; but Napoleon questioned others about the contents of English papers; detected Mounier and his committee in the mutilation of articles and forbade them to withhold any intelligence or censure they met with in the publications which they were appointed to examine.—LORD HOLLAND.

In 1808 Napoleon formed the idea of having a traveling library. . . . The proposed library was to form about a thousand volumes. The books were to be of small duodecimo size, printed in good type and without margins in order to save space. They were to be bound in morocco with flexible covers and limp backs. The boxes for their conveyance were to be covered with leather and lined with green velvet and were to average sixty volumes apiece, in two rows. A catalogue was to accompany them, so arranged that the emperor could readily find any desired volume. The distribution of the subjects was to be as follows: forty volumes on religion; forty of epic poetry; forty of the drama; sixty volumes of other poetry and one hundred novels. "In order to complete the quota," ran the instructions, "the balance shall be made up of historical memoirs." Among the religious works were the Old and New Testament and the Koran, works on church history, including some on the Lutheran and Calvinist movements. The epics included Homer, Lucan, Tasso, the Henriade, etc.; the drama, selected tragedies of Corneille, Racine and Voltaire. Comedy Napoleon could not endure; "not a word of Molière," he said. . . . But experience showed that the library was too large to be portable and that it was also badly organized, so that ere long there was a wholesale elimination of books which lumbered it up. Madame de Sévigné's familiar eleven volumes were reduced to a selection; La Rochefoucauld went completely; a four-decker Æneid, a three-decker Milton, a two-decker Iliad and a two-decker edition of Camoens were exchanged for single volume copies; the Æneid and Milton were to be in prose translations. Of new books demanded the most notable are French editions of Tacitus and Gibbon. . . . Not the least of Barbier's duty was looking up answers to questions of a historical or literary nature with which his master bombarded him. Now it was to translate certain paragraphs or pages, to see that a whole book was translated in the shortest space of time; again, it was to look up the origin and history of Gallican liberties; the question whether there were examples of emperors who had suspended or deposed popes; the history of Charles VII.'s Pragmatic Sanction, etc. . . . He always "read up" for a coming campaign the history, geography and institutions of the country and people with whom he was going to come in contact.—THOMPSON, *The Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1906.

Pauline, in one of her expeditions to Leghorn, had gone to the bookseller's whose business it was to bind the emperor's library. As she did not approve of the bindings, she took upon herself to alter them. When the books arrived at Porte Ferraio the emperor was so infuriated that he summoned the body guard and bade them slash up the morocco with their bayonets.—GRUYER.

On the ground floor [at Elba] is what remains of the imperial library. The titles of the books make an interesting study, showing the almost universal range of the emperor's tastes. Side by side with the

works of Vauban and Maurice Saxe, with books on mechanics, chemistry and military science, are ancient and modern history, archæology, natural history and literature, Montaigne, La Fontaine, "Don Quixote" and sixty volumes of Voltaire. The most astonishing discovery, however, is a large number of imaginative works, principally "Les Cabinet des Fées," in forty volumes, containing stories and legends of all countries, from the "Arabian Nights" to Fénelon and Perrault, and fables of India and China.—GRUYER.

He found no fewer than thirty theaters in Paris. He was not a man to pause when he saw his way clearly before him; he closed twenty-two of those theaters, leaving but eight, and those chiefly of the old establishments, making a species of compensation to the closed houses.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1851.

A play by Emmanuel Dupaty was produced at the Opéra Comique. Lucien Bonaparte was present at its first performance. Bonaparte was informed that the three valets in the play wore coats of the same color as those of the three Consuls; that one of the characters playing the part of an officer when asked by one of the valets what profession he followed replied, "I am in the service," and was answered by the valet, "Why, so am I. Then we are colleagues." He was told also that one of the actors named Chenard obviously imitated the manners and gestures of the First Consul. Bonaparte said that the clothing of the actors must be examined and that if it turned out to be true that they were imitations of the uniforms of the three Consuls, the actors must be taken to the Place de la Grève (the place where executions take place) and the clothes torn off them by the public executioner. He also ordered that Dupaty should be sent to San Domingo and placed at the disposition of the general in command there, and that the whole matter should be published in the General Order of the Army. Inquiry proved that the play had been written before the Consulate, that the characters were intended to be simply valets and that their costumes had been picked up in a shop and bore no resemblance to the Consular uniforms. Meanwhile Dupaty had been sent to Brest and attached to the garrison there in his capacity as Officer of the Engineers. Bonaparte shortly afterwards allowed him to return to Paris, where he resumed his labors as an author and enriched the drama by many witty and graceful plays. The piece which had caused so much trouble was reproduced soon afterwards under the title of "Picaros at Diego," under which title it still keeps its name on the boards. Bonaparte compensated the author for his undeserved misadventure generously and in a manner most flattering to him.—THIBADEAU.

Brunet, who was at this time a truly comic actor, performing in some piece I do not remember, was eating walnuts, the shells of which, after a little preparation, he launched into some water in a tub by his side. "What are you doing?" said his fellow actor. "Making *pinches*," replied Brunet. [This was the name by which the flat-bottomed boats, the navy of France, were known in Paris.] But poor Brunet had to atone by twenty-four hours' imprisonment for his unseasonable joke on the government; and the day after his release the same piece was performed. When Brunet was to make his interdicted reply he was silent. The other actor repeated the inquiry as to what he was doing. Still Brunet made no answer, and the other with an air of impatience proceeded, "Perhaps you do not know what you are about?" "Oh, yes," said Brunet, "I know very well what I am about, but I know better than to tell." The laugh was general and so was the applause.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

Found him reading a volume of Corneille, upon whom he pronounced some very warm eulogiums; observed that to the sentiments he inspired France was indebted for some of her glorious deeds, and added that, if Corneille had lived in his time, he would have made him a prince.—O'MEARA.

"Tragedy fires the soul, elevates the heart and is calculated to generate heroes. Considered under this point of view, perhaps France owes to Corneille a part of her great actions; and, gentlemen, had he lived in my time, I would have made him a prince."—LAS CASES.

The Smallness of a Great Man

Lannes, who never looked forward to the morrow, was as careless of his money as of his blood. Poor officers and soldiers partook largely of his liberality. Thus he had no fortune, but plenty of debts. When he wanted money, and this was not seldom, he used to come, as if it were a mere matter of course, to ask it of the First Consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Bonaparte, though he well knew the general's circumstances, said to him one day, "My friend, you should attend a little more to appearances.

You must have your establishment suitable to your rank. There is the Hôtel de Noailles —why don't you take it and furnish it in proper style?" Lannes, whose own candor prevented him from suspecting the artful designs of others, followed the advice of the First Consul. The Hôtel de Noailles was taken and superbly fitted up. Odiot supplied a service of plate valued at two hundred thousand francs. General Lannes, having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte, came to him and requested four hundred thousand francs, the amount of the expense incurred as it were by his order. "But," said the First Consul, "I have no money." "You have no money—what the devil am I to do then?" "But there is some in the Guards' chest; take what you require and we will settle it afterwards." Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to the treasurer of the Guards, who made some objection at first to the advance required, but who soon yielded on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the First Consul. Within twenty-four hours after Lannes had obtained the four hundred thousand francs, the treasurer received from the head commissary an order to balance his accounts. The receipt for the four hundred thousand francs advanced to Lannes was not acknowledged as a voucher. In vain the treasurer alleged the authority of the First Consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all about it. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to refund the four hundred thousand francs to the Guards' chest; and, as I have already said, he had no property on earth, but debts in abundance. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his son, and to him he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did you not come to me? Why did you get into debt with that——? Well, here are the four hundred thousand francs; take them to him and let him go to the devil." Lannes hastened to the First Consul. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you can be guilty of such baseness as this? To treat me in such a manner? To lay such a foul snare for me after all I have done for you—after all the blood I have shed to promote your ambition. Is this the recompense you had in store for me? You forget the 13th Vendemiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you. You forget Millesimo; I was colonel before you. For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness of what I did at Lodi and at Governolo, where I was wounded. And yet you play me such a trick as this! But for me Paris would never have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone, yes, I alone passed the Po at Montebello, with my whole division. You gave the credit of that to Berthier, who was not there; and this is my reward—humiliation. This cannot—this shall not be. I will ——." Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring, and Lannes was on the point of challenging him when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general somewhat reassured the First Consul and at the same time calmed to some degree the fury of Lannes. "Well," said Bonaparte, "go to Lisbon. You will get money there; and when you return you will not want any one to pay your debts for you." Thus Bonaparte's object was gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon and never afterwards annoyed the First Consul by his familiarities, for on his return he ceased to address him as "thee" and "thou."—BOURRIENNE.

One day the First Consul had ordered some Arab horses, which had been given to him, to be brought into the court yard of the castle at La Malmaison. Lannes proposed to the First Consul to play him a match at billiards for one of these horses. Napoleon consented. He wanted to lose, and had to lose, and his adversary won the match with great ease. "I have beaten thee," he said to the First Consul, whom he was in the habit of addressing in the first person singular, "and so I have the right to choose." And without waiting for the permission he did not ask, he runs up and examines the horses one after the other and, choosing the handsomest, had it saddled and, jumping into the saddle, says, "Good-bye, Bonaparte. I shan't dine here. I'm off, because if I stayed, thou wouldst be capable of taking the horse back again." The First Consul had no time to answer. Lannes was already out of sight. To prevent a repetition of such scenes, Napoleon thought it right to remove Lannes for some time, but, to show him that his friendship for him was still the same, he appointed him to an honorable post, namely, that of French ambassador to Lisbon.—MÉNEVAL.

How was it that Constant did not accompany so kind a master to Elba? He was blamed for this, but his version is this: He had agreed to go and Napoleon gave him one hundred thousand francs, bidding him bury the money in his small farm at Fontainebleau, that it might serve for his fam-

ily. A few days afterwards General Bertrand told him that the emperor had found his accounts one hundred thousand francs short. Constant explained what had passed, but Bertrand came back with the message that the emperor had no recollection of having given him a present. Constant thereupon went and dug up the money, finding it after some difficulty and in terror lest it should have been stolen. Bertrand took the money but Constant was so chagrined at the emperor having allowed Bertrand to think he had embezzled the sum that he sent word to the emperor that he should not accompany him.—*Temple Bar*, July, 1890.

At one time he settled a considerable sum on M. de Rémusat, that he might keep what he called open house and receive a great many foreigners. We were very exact in the first expenses demanded by a great establishment. A little while after I had the misfortune to lose my mother and was forced to close my house. The emperor then rescinded all his gifts, on the ground that we could not keep an engagement we had made, and he left us in what was really a position of embarrassment caused entirely by his fugitive and burdensome gifts.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

I have a beautiful little watch, made by Bréguet, at Paris, with a map of Spain most admirably enameled on the case. Sir Edward Paget bought it at Paris and gave it to me. What do you think the history of that watch was—at least the history that Bréguet told Paget, and Paget me? Bonaparte had ordered it as a present to his brother, the king of Spain, but when he heard of the battle of Vittoria—he was then at Dresden in the midst of all preparations and negotiations of the armistice, and one would think sufficiently busy with other matters—when he heard of the battle of Vittoria, I say, he remembered the watch he had ordered for one who he saw would never be king of Spain and with whom he was angry for the loss of the battle and he wrote from Dresden to countermand the watch and, if it should be ready, to forbid its being sent. The best apology one can make for this strange littleness is that he was offended with Joseph; but, even in that case, a gentleman would not have taken the moment when the poor devil had lost his castle in Spain to take his watch away also.—CROKER, quoting Wellington.

A Prussian gentleman asserted in conversation lately that, by management of Siéyès and his party, the courts of the continent had agreed to the Duc d'Aumale being made king of France and that Bonaparte was sent for from Egypt to be general. When he came and everything was ripe for issuing the proclamations drawn up by Siéyès, to declare the young king, Bonaparte agreed on the fitness of the paper, desiring Siéyès to sign it, which he would himself do immediately upon his return. The next morning Siéyès waited upon Bonaparte, who pocketed the proclamation and said coldly, "The people were averse at that time to a king and that consuls were determined upon." When Siéyès heard that arrangement, and himself excluded, he began to talk big. Bonaparte silenced him by a threat of the guillotine, which the signature of Siéyès to the proclamation made inevitable, and ordered him from Paris to a quiet life.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, Supplement, 1805.

His conduct at Potsdam, where he tore open the coffin of Frederick the Great and, after appropriating the hero's sword, which he sent to Paris, apostrophized the dead body and exclaimed, "Hadst thou been alive I should not have got here!" His vandalism in sleeping in Queen Louise's bed and savagely ripping off a piece of the lining of the Great Frederick's writing desk and actually stealing the great king's billiard cue.—HODGETTS.

The emperor Alexander related to me the lessons *à la* Machiavel which Napoleon had thought proper to give him. "You see," said he, "I am careful to keep my ministers and generals at variance among themselves, in order that each may reveal to me the faults of the other; I keep up around me a continual jealousy by the manner I treat those who are about me: one day one thinks himself the favorite, the next day another, so that no one is ever certain of my favor."—MADAME DE STAËL.

The emperor asked what sort of a speech Moreau had made. "Contemptible." "In that event," said the emperor, "let it be printed and spread all over Paris."—MADAME DE STAËL.

Vanity and Pride

After the capitulation of Ulm, the emperor himself dictated the following phrase in the bulletin: "The panegyric of the army may be pronounced in two words: it is worthy of its leader."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

The disaster at Trafalgar completed the ruin of our navy and founded the insular security of Great Britain. It was a few days after the capitulation of Ulm and on the road

to Vienna that Napoleon received the packet containing the first notice of the catastrophe. Berthier told me since that, reading the fatal despatch, seated at the same table with Napoleon and not daring to show it to him, he gradually pushed it before his eyes with his elbows. Napoleon had scarcely read it when, rising in anger, he exclaimed, "I cannot be everywhere." His agitation was extreme and Berthier despaired of quieting him.—FOUCHÉ.

A very few days after his coronation Bonaparte pronounced some words which disclosed all his purpose: "People laugh at my new dynasty; in five years it will be the oldest in all Europe."—MADAME DE STAËL.

As the Second and Third Consuls were to accompany him during the ceremony [the proclamation of the concordat at Notre Dame] the clergy had asked him whether the censer was to be waved in their case as well as in his own. He answered, "No." This honor was therefore rendered to him alone. It was known, moreover, in his intimate circle that, besides saying "No," he added the following derisive words, "The smoke of incense is yet too strong for them."—PASQUIER.

He sometimes said: "It is my intention to reach such a point that the kings of Europe shall be forced, each of them, to have a palace in Paris; and, at the time of the coronation of an emperor of the French, they shall take up their residence in it, be present at the ceremony, and render it more imposing by their homage."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Once at Rio Marina an Elban sergeant-major, a powerful fellow, seeing the emperor (now grown stout) hesitate before mounting his horse, lifted him into the air and threw him into the saddle. The emperor resisted and struggled somewhat ludicrously, but he had to submit to brute force. Some days later the hero of this exploit received a second lieutenant's epaulettes, so that it might not be said that the emperor had received such familiar treatment from a common soldier.—GRUYER, citing Pons de l'Hérault.

Cobentzel had set down as the first article, "The emperor recognizes the French republic." "Efface that," said Napoleon, "as it is as clear as that the sun is in the heavens. Woe to them that cannot distinguish the light of either." At the Te Deum, after the proclamation of the peace, the imperial envoy would have taken the place prepared for Bonaparte, which was the most eminent in the church. The haughty soldier seized his arm and drew him back. "Had your imperial master himself been here," he said, "I should not have forgotten that in my person the dignity of France is represented."—LOCKHART.

Being resolved on ruling everything himself, and for his own advantage, he always put himself forward as the ultimate aim. It is said that on starting for the first campaign in Italy, he told a friend, who was the editor of a newspaper, "Recollect in your accounts of our victories to speak of me, always of *je*. Do you understand?" This "me" was the ceaseless cry of purely egotistical ambition. "Quote me," "Sing, praise and paint me," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets and to painters. "I will buy you at your own price, but you must all be purchased." Thus, notwithstanding his desire to make his reign famous by gathering together every kind of prodigy, he neutralized his efforts and ours by denying to talent that noble independence which alone can develop invention or genius of any kind. —MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Sardou was dining with the Countess de Pourtales. Madame de Metternich was taking the chief part in the conversation, while the most brilliant of talkers rested and listened to her. She had brought the subject round to her father-in-law, the great Metternich, and told this little story: Metternich was once asked under what circumstances Napoleon I.—whom he had often met and conferred with—had given him the most striking impression of prestige and complete sovereignty. He was expected to reply: at Dresden, or at Erfurt, when he sent to Paris for his "Comédie" to entertain a suite of kings and princes. It was not there. It was, he said, one morning at Compiègne, when they returned from a drive in the forest, where they had spent more time than they intended. They returned to the castle about noon. The emperor, leaning his back against the chimney, according to his habit, chatted with his guests whilst awaiting the summons to lunch. There were a number of personages and members of the imperial family present. Presently he began to feel the pangs of hunger. Breaking off the conversation, he turned to Murat: "King of Naples, go and see why we do not lunch." The brilliant Murat left the room to inquire. Then he returned: "Sire, the meal will be ready in a few minutes. There has been a slight mishap." Napoleon resumed his argument. But the delay was still prolonged. He grew impatient. Turning to the other side, he said, "King of Holland, try to find out whether we

are to lunch to-day." Prince Metternich, accustomed to the strict and stately Austrian etiquette, was greatly struck to see an emperor sending kings to the pantry to hasten the service of a meal.—LOLIÉE.

One day, at breakfast, when, as was often the case, Talma had been admitted to see him, the young Napoleon was brought to him. The emperor took the child upon his knee and, far from caressing, amused himself by slapping him, though not so as to hurt him; then, turning to Talma, he said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing." Talma, as may be supposed, did not know what to say. "You do not see it," continued the emperor; "I am slapping a king."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

His falsifications in regard to his wife and family were for the mere purposes of vanity, in order that their new names might consort better with their imperial titles than those they had received at the baptismal font; but he falsified the date of his own birth because Corsica was not united to France as early as February, 1768, so that he was not born even under French dominion. The union took place in the beginning of 1769 and therefore Bonaparte shifted his birth into that year and he chose the 15th of August for his fête, because it was a day vacant of a saint's name, and which therefore admitted the interpolation of St. Napoleon, and because it was the day on which Louis XIII. had dedicated France to the Virgin and was therefore already a national festival.—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1822.

The emperor went to meet the Holy Father and met him on the road to Nemours in the forest of Fontainebleau. The emperor dismounted from his horse and the two sovereigns returned to Fontainebleau in the same carriage. It was said that neither took precedence over the other and that, in order to avoid this, they both entered the carriage at the same instant, his majesty by the door on the right and his Holiness by that on the left.—CONSTANT.

Alexander claimed that he was on his own shore, Napoleon that he was on his own boat. To put an end to ceremonious controversy, Alexander said, "Very well, we will enter together." As the door was very narrow the two sovereigns were obliged to squeeze themselves together to enter at the same time.—COUNTESS DE CHOISEUL-GOUFFIER.

He would never consent, in accordance with the practise in vogue throughout Europe, to escutcheons being surmounted with crowns of various kinds according to the denomination of the title. He seemed to see in the possession and use of this distinguishing mark a usurpation of his rights. His sensitiveness on this point could never be conquered and we were compelled, in order to find a substitute for the crown, to hit upon the idea of panaches, the number of plumes of which varied from one to seven, according to the elevation of the title.—PASQUIER.

He would take my arm and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honoré; but we did not extend our excursions farther than the Rue de l'Abre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeepers exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy, he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavoring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs when, pulling up the corners of his cravat, he would say, "Well, Madame, is there anything new today? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day when we were required to retire hastily from a shop to avoid the attacks drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which Bonaparte spoke of the First Consul.—BOURRIENNE.

The First Consul set out on foot one morning, dressed in his gray riding coat, and accompanied by General Duroc, on the road to Marly. Chatting as they walked, they saw a plowman, who turned a furrow as he came towards them. "See here, my good man," said the First Consul, stopping him, "your furrow is not straight. You do not know your business." "It is not you, my fine gentleman, who can teach me. You cannot do it as well. No, indeed—you think so; just try it," replied the good man, yielding his place to the First Consul, who took the plow-handle and, making the team start, began to give his lesson. But he did not plow a single yard of straight line. The whole furrow was crooked. "Come, come," said the countryman, putting his hand on that of the general to resume his plow, "your work is no good. Each one to his trade. Saunter along; that is your business." But the First Consul did not proceed without paying for the lesson he had received. General Duroc handed the laborer two or

three louis to compensate him for the loss of time they had caused him.—CONSTANT.

An Impatient Gamester

Cards afforded us a source of recreation and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, vingt-et-un was his favorite game, because it is more rapid than many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity for cheating. For example, he would ask for a card; if it proved a bad one, he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait until the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courtiers enough to humor him and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties, for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings and they were equally divided. Gain, as may be readily supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment, with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of a battle. If he was disappointed, he wished nobody to know it.—BOURRIENNE.

Bonaparte, who then abhorred what he called dull faces, proposed a game of vingt-et-un. It was usually the most laughable thing in the world to see him play at any game whatever; he, whose quick perception and prompt judgment immediately seized on and mastered everything which came his way, was, curiously enough, never able to understand the maneuvers of any game, however simple. Thus, his only resource was to cheat. —DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

Napoleon was very fond of this game [vingt-et-un]; he used to try to deceive those he was playing with and was much amused at the tricks he played.—RAPP.

Napoleon did not like defeat, even at chess, for, if he perceived his antagonist gaining on him, he would with one hasty movement sweep board and pieces off the table on to the ground.—THISELTON-DYER.

The emperor [at Elba] usually played with Marshal Bertrand or Madame Mère and exchanged frequent pinches of snuff with his mother. His intimates were occasionally allowed to take part in the game, but the stakes were never high, at most one or two napoleons. The emperor made a point of never losing. His superstition amounted to fatalism. The loss of a game amounted to the loss of a battle and was a bad omen. So he cheated. No one dared complain. Madame Mère alone, who was not above pocketing her winnings, and saw them eluding her, fidgeted in her chair and pursed up her lips. The emperor, amused, would cheat more and more openly, till in defiance of etiquette she would exclaim, with the quaint accent she was never able to get rid of, "Napoleone, I protest that you are cheating." Then the emperor would sweep his hand over the table, shuffle the cards, pick up the coins and retire to his room. Next day he gave the money back to those from whom he had stolen it. Madame Mère alone was never paid, said the gossips, the emperor's sole answer to her protests being, "But you are richer than I, mother."—GRUYER.

His Softer Side

He would give a dinner, or attend a fête which had been prepared for him, and this was always the most wearisome part of the business to him. "I am not made for pleasure," he would say in a melancholy tone.— MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Napoleon, on his return to Paris, continued to employ the same tradespeople, however inferior in their several crafts, who had served him in the days of his obscurity. A silversmith, who had given him credit, when he set out to Italy, for a dressing case worth fifty pounds, was rewarded with all the business which the recommendation of his now illustrious debtor could bring him; and, being clever in his trade, became ultimately, under the patronage of the imperial household, one of the wealthiest citizens of Paris. A little hatter, and a cobbler, who had served Bonaparte when a subaltern, might have risen in the same manner, had their skill equaled the silversmith's. Not even Napoleon's example could persuade the Parisians to wear ill-shaped hats and clumsy boots; but he, in his own person, adhered to the last to his original connections with these poor artisans.—LOCKHART.

I have been to the cathedral again and the people there reminded me that the emperor Napoleon visited it in 1805. The grave

is in the middle of the church. It has no other inscription than the name Charlemagne. The persons in front of the emperor walked over this flat tombstone. The emperor cried to them in a loud voice, "Go around!" and he himself did so in order not to walk on that great man's grave. This mark of respect made a great impression upon all those present.—Letter of Talleyrand, quoted by Castellane.

Pausing before the tomb of Rousseau on the Ile des Peupliers, the First Consul said, "It had been better for the repose of France if this man had never been." "But," said one of his suite, "he prepared the revolution, of which, Citizen Consul, you of all men have the least reason to complain." "*Eh, bien,*" answered Napoleon, "the future will show if it would not have been far better for the repose of the world if neither Rousseau nor I had ever existed," and, plunged in reverie, the Man of Destiny strode on his way.—NEVILLE.

Josephine was just telling me how much she regretted having to leave Malmaison, when she suddenly stopped and held up a silencing hand. I looked at her in surprise. Profound silence reigned around us, only broken by the solemn strokes of the church bell in Reuil ringing for afternoon service. "Do you hear those bells?" she whispered softly, and the whole expression of her face seemed to change, to became almost devotional. I could not understand why the tones of these simple village bells should make an impression on her, especially as she had no great reputation for piety. "Do you hear them?" she repeated; "those are Bonaparte's bells." "The Consul's bells?" I asked in surprise, thinking perhaps he had presented them to the church. "Yes—you know he is so fond of the sound of bells, and I have stood here many times with him listening to them," she explained fondly. "They affect him so strangely," she went on, "that I can hardly understand it—sometimes even to tears—and he does not like me to break the spell by speaking. He is quite vexed that I cannot feel about it the same as he. I fancy the bells remind him of his youthful days at Brienne, where he was so happy. Altogether his spiritual side is a most peculiar one; he believes firmly in a supernatural world all around us, exercising its influence upon every human life."—BARONESS DE COURTOT.

The sound of church bells was always especially pleasing to Napoleon and produced a most extraordinary effect upon him. At Malmaison he would listen to the church bells of the village of Reuil with the greatest pleasure, breaking off from any conversation in which he might be engaged to do so. "Ah," he would say, "that sound recalls to me my early days at Brienne; how happy I was in those days."—LADY NEVILL.

The emperor and empress went one day to breakfast in the environs of Milan, on a little island called Olona. While walking over it the emperor met a poor woman, whose cottage was near the place where their majesties' table had been set, and he addressed to her a number of questions. "Monsieur," replied she (not knowing the emperor), "I am very poor and the mother of three children, whom I have great difficulty in supporting, because my husband, who is a day laborer, has not always work." "How much would it take," replied his majesty, "to make you perfectly happy?" "Oh, it would take a great deal of money." "But how much, my good woman, how much would be necessary?" "Unless we had twenty louis we would not be above want; but what chance is there of our ever having twenty louis?" The emperor gave her on the spot the sum of three thousand francs in gold, and ordered me to untie the rolls and pour them all into the good woman's lap. At the sight of so much gold the latter grew pale, reeled and I saw she was fainting. "Ah, that is too much, Monsieur, that is indeed too much. Surely, you cannot be making sport of a poor woman." The emperor assured her that it was indeed all hers, and that with this money she could buy a little field, a flock of goats, and raise her children well. His majesty did not make himself known; for he liked, in dispensing his benefits, to preserve his incognito, and I knew in his life a large number of instances similar to the foregoing.—CONSTANT.

While breakfasting on an island near Mayence, Napoleon observed a poor woman looking wistfully upon a spectacle which must have appeared to her so new and splendid. Calling one of the attendants who spoke German, he desired the woman to be brought near and asked, "If she had ever dreamed she was rich?" After considerable difficulty in comprehending the question, she replied, "I have often thought that the person who possessed five hundred florins would be the richest in the world." "Her dream is a little too dear," said the emperor, "but it matters not; we must realize it"; so, collecting all the money among the courtiers, the sum was counted out to the poor woman, who almost lost her wits at the sight of so much gold. "I looked at the emperor," says our author-

ity, "deeming that he must be happy in the power of bestowing happiness, but no—his countenance expressed only displeasure." "I have twice," said he, "asked the same question; but the dreams upon these occasions were more moderate—this honest woman is ambitious."—MEMES.

The sheik related to me that Bonaparte, on his march from Gaza to Joppa, ordered the sheik of the village to furnish a hundred head of cattle, a hundred loads of corn and a hundred measures of meal. The sheik, compelled to obey, humbly delivered what the French general demanded. Already the knife was lifted over the heads of several of the oxen, when the Arab, bursting into tears, at the sight of his oxen so near being put to death, said to Bonaparte, "Sultan, look what your soldiers are doing." Touched by his tears and by these few words, Bonaparte gave back to the sheik his cattle, his corn and his meal; he contented himself with receiving hospitality from him. The sheik was the father of the one who related to me this anecdote.—MICHAUD and POUJOULAT.

Siéyès was a man of very selfish disposition. On the first meeting of the three Consuls in council, and as soon as they were alone, Siéyès went in a mysterious manner to the doors of the apartment to see whether any person was within hearing; then, returning to Napoleon, he said to him with complacency, and in an undertone, showing him at the same time a sort of cabinet, "Do you see that pretty piece of furniture? You do not, perhaps, suspect how valuable it is." Napoleon thought he was directing his attention to some appendage of the crown which had, perhaps, been used by Louis XVI. "That is not the matter," said Siéyès, seeing his mistake; "I am going to let you into a secret; it contains eight hundred thousand francs," and his eyes opened wide. "In our directorial magistracy, we reflected that a director going out of office might very possibly go back to his family without a denier, a very unbecoming thing; we therefore invented this little chest from which we drew a sum for every director going out of office. There are now no more directors; we are therefore the possessors of the remainder. What shall we do with it?" Napoleon, who had paid great attention and began at length to understand, said, "If it comes to my knowledge the sum shall go into the public treasury; but if I should not hear of it (and I know nothing of it yet) you and Ducos, being two old directors, can divide it between you; only make haste, for to-morrow it may perhaps be too late." The colleagues did not wait to be told twice. Siéyès hastily undertook the operation, like the lion in the fable. He made several lots; he took one as the eldest director; another, because he was to have continued in office longer than his colleague; a third, because he had suggested the idea of this happy chance, etc. In short, he had adjudged six hundred thousand francs to himself and only two hundred thousand to poor Ducos, who, when his first emotions had subsided, insisted on revising this calculation and seemed bent on quarreling with Siéyès. Both of them reverted to the subject every moment, wishing their third colleague to arbitrate between them, but the latter always replied, "Settle it between yourselves. Above all, be quiet, for if the matter should ever come to my ears you would have to give up the whole."—LAS CASES.

As to the nobility of the Bonaparte family, whatever libelers may pretend, it is very ancient and well identified with the annals of Italy. It is said that when the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie Louise was about to take place, the French emperor, in answer to some remonstrances on the subject, observed, "I should not enter into this alliance, if I did not know that her origin is as noble as mine." A collection of documents, extracted from the archives of different towns in Italy, was then presented to the emperor Napoleon, from which it appeared that the Bonapartes, at a very remote period, were lords of Treviso. Napoleon threw it into the fire, energetically observing, "I wish my nobility to commence only with myself and to hold all my titles from the French people."—LOUIS BONAPARTE.

November 8, 1817.—The Emperor Francis, whose head is crammed with ideas of high birth, was very anxious to prove that I was descended from some of the old tyrants of Treviso; and after my marriage to Marie Louise employed divers persons to search in the old musty records of genealogy, in which they thought they could find something to prove what they desired. He imagined that he had succeeded at last, and wrote to me, asking my consent that he should publish the account with all official formalities. I refused. He was so intent upon this favorite subject, that he again applied and said, "Let me do it," that I need not appear to take any part in it. I replied that it was impossible, for if published I should be obliged to take notice of it; that I preferred being the son of an honest man to being descended from any dirty little tyrant in Italy; that I was

the Rodelphe of my family.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

When I was about to marry Marie Louise, her father, the emperor, sent me a box of papers intended to prove that I was descended from the dukes of Florence. I burst out laughing and said to Metternich: "Do you suppose I am going to waste my time over such foolishness? Suppose it were true, what good could it do me? The dukes of Florence were inferior in rank to the emperors of Germany. I will not place myself beneath my father-in-law. I think that as I am, I am as good as he. My nobility dates from Monte Notte. Return him these papers." Metternich was very much amused.—GOURGAUD, quoting Napoleon. [Monte Notte was the scene of Napoleon's first victory.]

Napoleon, the next time he met Alexander [at Tilsit], told him, "The king of Prussia came in in the nick of time; if he had appeared a quarter of an hour later I should have found myself promising the queen [Louise] anything."—PRINCESS LOUISE.

The child enraptured him. Like Henry IV., the great sovereign was often to be found lying on the ground playing with his little son. He loved to play all manner of tricks upon him. Already the infant was brought by his governess regularly at breakfast time to the emperor's room. One of his great jokes was to dip the child's finger in gravy and smear his face with it.—WERTHEIMER.

When Napoleon was in good humor as the result of a diplomatic conference, he was in the habit of taking leave of the plenipotentiaries with: "Go and dine with Cambacérès," who was second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, a man who never allowed the cares of government to distract his attention from what he conceived to be the great object of his life.—THISELTON-DYER.

He has been heard to say, in one of those moments when the strength of conviction appeared to weigh upon him, "The truly happy man is he who hides from me in the country, and when I die the world will utter a great Ouf!"—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

On one occasion he was seen, before the whole court, to pick up a handful of little fish that had been thrown out of the nets on to the sand and to slip them into Bertrand's pocket, . . . after which he begged the loan of the general's handkerchief. Bertrand immediately put his hand into his pocket and drew it out still more quickly when his fingers came in contact with the wet and sticky mass. The emperor, delighted with his practical joke, was convulsed with laughter, while the Grand Maréchal, the eternal butt of his jesting, emptied his pockets, grumbling the while and wiping the salt-water stains from his uniform.—GRUYER.

Washington is dead. This great man fought to overthrow tyranny. He consolidated the liberty of his country. His memory will ever be dear to the French people, as to every free man in both hemispheres, and especially to French soldiers, who, like him and the other soldiers of America, are fighting for equality and liberty. The First Consul orders that black crape shall be draped on all the flags and pennants of the republic for ten days.—Order of Napoleon.

I have read with attention all that Bonaparte has written: the early manuscripts of his childhood, his novels; next, his letters to Buttafucco, the super de Beaucaire, his private letters to Josephine; the five volumes of his speeches, his orders and his bulletins, his despatches left unpublished and spoiled by the editing in M. de Talleyrand's offices. I know something of these matters; I have found scarcely any thoughts resembling the great islander's nature, except in a scrap of autograph left behind at Elba: "My heart denies itself to common joys as to ordinary pain." "Not having given myself life, I shall not rob myself of it, so long as it will have me." "My evil genius appeared to me and foretold my end, which I found at Leipzig." "I have laid the terrible spirit of innovation which was over-running the world." This most certainly is genuine Bonaparte.—CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

The *Temps* of August 16 has an article giving an account of the manner in which the violet became the emblem of the imperial party in France. The facts are gathered from a small pamphlet published in the year 1815 bearing the following lengthy title: "Defense of the French People Against their Accusers, French as Well as Foreign, Supported by Evidence from the Correspondence of the ex-Monarch, Followed by the Anecdote which Caused the Violet to Become a Rallying Sign, by the Author of 'Précis Historique sur Napoleon.'" The story is as follows: Three days before the departure for the island of Elba, Bonaparte was walking in the gardens of Fontainebleau, accompanied by the Duke of Bassano and General Bertrand; the emperor was still uncertain whether he should offer resistance or betake himself into exile in peace. The Duke of Bassano was endeav-

oring to show him that it was now no time for drawing back. Greatly impressed by the objections of his secretary, Napoleon continued to walk up and down in silence; he had no reply to make and he was seeking something to distract his attention from the embarrassment of his position. Suddenly he saw near him a pretty child of three or four years of age who was plucking violets, of which he had already made a little bunch. "My dear," said the emperor, "will you give me your nosegay?" "Certainly, sire," replied the lad, handing it to him with infinite grace. Bonaparte took the flowers, kissed the child (whom he recognized as the son of a man employed about the château) and continued his walk. "Well, gentlemen," he said to his courtiers after a few minutes' silence, "what do you think of that child? This chance meeting seems to me like a piece of secret advice warning me for the future to imitate this modest flower; yes, gentlemen, henceforward violets shall be the emblem of my desires." "Sire," answered Bertrand, "for the glory of your majesty, I like to think that the feeling will last no longer than the little flower which inspired you with it." The emperor did not heed him but withdrew to his private rooms. On the following day he was seen walking in the gardens with a small bunch of violets in his buttonhole. Having reached a bed where they were planted, he commenced to pick some more of the flowers, which just then happened to be rather scarce. A certain Chodieu, a Grenadier of the Guard, then on sentry duty, said, "In another year, sire, you will have less difficulty in plucking them; they will be thicker then." Napoleon looked at him in astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you think I shall be here again in a year's time?" "Perhaps sooner," was the reply; "at least we hope so." "But do you not know, soldier, that I am leaving for the island of Elba the day after to-morrow?" "Your majesty will suffer the storm to pass." "Are your comrades of the same opinion?" "Almost all." "Let them think so then, but not say so. When your sentry duty is over go and find Bertrand; he will give you twenty napoleons, but keep the secret." Chodieu having returned to the guard room remarked to his comrades how, for the last two or three days, the emperor had been walking about with a bunch of violets. "Well," said he, "for the future when we are talking between ourselves we must always call him Father Violet." The secret insensibly reached the public and when violets were in season the adherents of the emperor wore a bunch in their buttonholes and carried one in their hands. This is how they recognized one another.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, November, 1886.

Napoleon planted the road with mulberry trees [at Elba]. One day some one cut down nearly all of these trees. The culprit was haled before him. "Tell me the truth and I will not punish you," said Napoleon. "It was I who cut them down," said the man. "And why? Did I not plant them for you and your fellow countrymen, who know their value?" "I wanted to cut them down just because it was you who planted them," replied the rogue. "Be off," said the emperor, "but do not cut down any more trees."—*Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1889.

With Other Bonapartes

He [Louis Napoleon] and his brother were rather roughly handled by the great emperor. When they went to breakfast "he came up to us, took us by the head between his hands and in this way stood us upon the table."—NAPOLEON III., "Autobiography."

On the 4th of January the First Consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was employed. "Where is Duroc?" he inquired. "He has gone to the opera, I believe." "Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days, at the latest. I will give him five hundred thousand francs and name him commander of the eighth military division; but he must set out the day after his marriage with his wife for Toulon. We must live apart. I want no son-in-law at home. As I wish to come to some conclusion let me know to-night whether this plan will satisfy him." "I think it will not." "Very well, then she shall marry Louis." "Will she like that?" "She must like it." Bonaparte gave me these directions in a very abrupt manner, which made me think that some domestic warfare had been raging and that to put an end to it he had come to propose this ultimatum. At half past ten in the evening Duroc returned; I reported to him word for word the proposition of the First Consul. "Since it has come to that, my good friend," he said, "tell him he may keep his daughter, as far as I am concerned. I am going to see the ——," and with an indifference for which I cannot account, he took his hat and went off. The First Consul, before going to bed, was informed of Duroc's reply and Josephine received from him the promise that Louis and Hortense should be married. The marriage took place a few days after, to the

great regret of Hortense, and probably to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis submitted to have forced on him as a wife a woman who had hitherto avoided him as much as possible. She always manifested as much indifference for him as he displayed repugnance for her and those sentiments have not been effaced.—BOURRIENNE.

Alexander made the emperor a present of three superb pelisses of martin-sable, one of which the emperor gave to his sister Pauline; another to the Princess de Ponte-Corvo; and the third he had lined with green velvet and ornamented with gold lace and it was this cloak which he constantly wore in Russia. The history of the one I carried from him to the Princess Pauline is singular enough to be related here, although it may already have been told. The Princess Pauline received much pleasure in receiving the emperor's present and enjoyed displaying her cloak for the admiration of the household. One day, when she was in the midst of a circle of ladies, to whom she was dilating on the quality and excellence of this fur, M. de Canouville arrived and the princess asked his opinion of the present she had received from the emperor. The handsome colonel not appearing as much struck with admiration as she expected, she was somewhat piqued and exclaimed, "What, Monsieur, do you not think it exquisite?" "No, Madame." "In order to punish you I wish you to keep this cloak; I give it to you and require you to wear it; I wish it, you understand." It is probable that there had been some disagreement between her imperial highness and her protégé, and the princess had seized the first means of establishing peace; but, however that may be, M. de Canouville needed little entreaty and the rich fur was carried to his house. A few days after, while the emperor was holding a review on the Place du Carrousel, M. de Canouville appeared on an unruly horse which he had great difficulty in controlling. This caused some confusion and attracted his majesty's attention, who, glancing at M. de Canouville, saw the cloak which he had given his sister metamorphosed into a hussar's cape. The emperor had great difficulty in controlling his anger. "M. de Canouville," he cried, in a voice of thunder, "your horse is young and his blood is too warm; you will go to cool it in Russia." Three days afterwards M. de Canouville had left Paris.—CONSTANT.

The First Consul was informed each day, and very promptly, of all that took place in the interior of the homes of his brothers, a circumstantial account being rendered, even to the smallest particular and the slightest details. Lucien, wishing to marry Madame Jouberthon, whom he had met at the house of the Count de ——, an intimate friend of his, wrote between two and three o'clock in the afternoon to Duquesnoy, mayor of the tenth arrondissement, requesting him to come to his residence about eight o'clock in the evening and bring the marriage register. Between five and six o'clock M. Duquesnoy received from the château of the Tuileries an order not to take the register out of the municipality and, above all, not to celebrate any marriage whatever, unless, in accordance with the law, the names of the parties thereto had been published for eight days. At the hour indicated Duquesnoy arrived at the residence and asked to speak in private to the count, to whom he communicated the order emanating from the château. Beside himself with anger, Lucien at once hired a hundred post horses for himself and his friends, and without delay he and Madame Jouberthon, with these friends and the people of the household, took carriages for the château of Plessis-Chamant, a pleasure house half a league beyond Senlis. The curé of the place, who was also associate mayor, was summoned and at midnight pronounced the civil marriage; then, putting on his sacerdotal robes over the scarf he wore as a civil officer of the state, he bestowed on the fugitives the nuptial benediction. A good supper was then served, at which the assistant and curé were present, but, as he returned to his vicarage about six o'clock in the morning, he saw at his gate a post chaise, guarded by two soldiers and, on entering his house, found there an officer of the armed police, who invited him politely to be kind enough to accompany him to Paris. The poor curé thought himself lost, but he was compelled to obey, under penalty of being carried to Paris from one guard house to another by the police. Nothing was left to him but to enter the fatal chaise, which was drawn at a gallop by two good horses and soon arrived at the Tuileries, where he was brought into the cabinet of the First Consul, who said to him in a voice of thunder, "It is you then, Monsieur, who marry members of my family without my consent, and without having published the bans, as is your duty in your double capacity of curé, and assistant mayor. You well know that you deserve to be deprived of your office, excommunicated and tried before the courts." The unfortunate priest believed himself already in prison; but after a severe lecture he was sent back to his curacy, and the

two brothers were never reconciled.—CONSTANT.

I am sure that the marriage of Monsieur Lucien to Madame Jouberthon was the only cause of this disagreement. The emperor disapproved of this union because the lady's reputation was somewhat doubtful, and she was also divorced from her husband, who had become insolvent and fled to America. This insolvency, and the divorce especially, offended Napoleon deeply, who always felt a great repugnance to divorced people. Before this the emperor wished to raise his brother to the rank of sovereign, by making him marry the queen of Etruria, who had lost her husband. Lucien had refused this alliance on several different occasions; and at last the emperor became angry and said to him, "You see how far you are carrying your infatuation and your foolish love for a *femme galante.*" "At least," replied Lucien, "mine is young and pretty," alluding to the Empress Josephine, who had been both the one and the other. The boldness of this reply excited the emperor's anger beyond all bounds. At that moment he held in his hands his watch, which he dashed with all his might on the floor, crying out, "Since you will listen to nothing, see, I will break you like this watch."—CONSTANT.

Quick Actions and Replies

He did not hesitate to say that he recognized the superiority of a man by the greater or less degree of cleverness with which he used the art of lying. On the occasion of saying this he added, with great complacency, that when he was a child one of his uncles had predicted that he would govern the world, because he was a habitual liar. "M. de Metternich," he added, "approaches to being a statesman—he lies very well."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Siéyès, when Consul, once alluded to Louis XVI. as "the tyrant." Bonaparte observed: "Bah! He was no tyrant; if he had been I would now be a captain of artillery and you would be saying masses."—*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1842.

The Abbé de Pradt relates his interview with Napoleon, on the arrival of the latter at Warsaw, on his way to Paris. He says that he was called out of his bed early in the morning by an orderly officer, who left strict injunctions that he should repair immediately to the chief hotel in the town on pressing business. On entering the courtyard no particular object struck him, but a Russian sledge covered with dust, evidently arrived from a long journey. He was ushered into a drawing room where he saw Caulaincourt, seated at a table writing; and, further on, a man in a fur pelisse, calmly looking out of the window, with his back turned to him. His first impulse was to express surprise at seeing the general who, without noticing his salute, pointed to the individual at the window; the stranger turned around and he found himself in the presence of the emperor. Struck with astonishment, he began to utter some expressions of regret at the disasters which public report had already widely disseminated, when Napoleon stopped him in his harangue by a loud lough and exclaimed, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is only a step," an expression which has since been much cited.—RAIKES.

("There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," said Napoleon in 1812. The phrase will live as long as he will; yet in the form in which Tom Paine gave it in his "Age of Reason" (Paris, 1795) it would never have caught the popular fancy. "One step above the sublime," says Paine, "makes the ridiculous and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again."—WILLIAM SHEPARD, *Lippincott's Magazine*, December, 1889.)

One evening at Fontainebleau the French comedians had just played the "Marriage of Figaro," in the presence of the emperor. When the curtain had fallen Marshal Lannes exclaimed, "When I think that formerly I almost had myself trampled upon and smothered to see that comedy! Well, to-day I see nothing amusing in it." "That is because," said Napoleon, "at that time you were in the pit and now you are in the first boxes."—BLAZE.

Well, well, what a beautiful fix we are in now. Peace has been declared.—PASQUIER, quoting Napoleon after the treaty of Amiens, 1802.

M. de Talleyrand told me that, when the news of his nephew's death reached Berlin, Bonaparte, who was about to appear in public, was so little affected that Talleyrand said, "You forget that a death has occurred in your family and that you ought to look serious." "I do not amuse myself," replied Bonaparte, "by thinking of dead people."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

A very amiable speech of Bonaparte's, of a graceful kind unusual to him, was much talked of. He had a superb pair of pistols made, with the names of all of Moreau's battles engraved on the handles in gold letters.

"You must excuse their not being more richly ornamented," said Bonaparte, presenting them to him, "the names of your victories took up all the space."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

A man of letters, of some distinction, but one of those philosophers who are always finding philanthropic motives for being satisfied with power, said to one of my friends: "It is wonderful with what simplicity the emperor allows himself to be told everything. The other day I made him a discourse an hour long, to prove the absolute necessity of founding the new dynasty on a charter which should secure the rights of the nation." "And what reply did he make you?" he was asked. "He clapped me on the shoulder with most perfect good humor and told me, 'You are quite right, my dear senator, but trust me this is not the moment for it.' "—MADAME DE STAËL.

On his return from the Russian campaign he was lamenting with deep emotion the death of many brave men who had been sacrificed, not by Cossack spears, but by the rigors of cold and hunger. A courtier, who wished to throw in his word, said, with a doleful air, "We have indeed sustained a severe loss." "Yes," replied Napoleon, "Madame Barilli [an opera singer] is dead."—RAPP.

Though not accustomed to any light, fantastic movements of the toe the conqueror [at Warsaw] could not resist the temptation to try his foot with the beautiful Countess Walewski. He performed his arduous task with the elegance of a horse marine; and, sensible of the fact, he thus addressed the countess at the conclusion of his exploit: "I am very sensible, charming countess, that I have acquitted myself very indifferently; but the fact is my forte lies not so much in dancing myself as in making others dance."—*Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1837.

"When I was at the École Militaire," said the emperor, "I tried again and again to overcome the dizziness which waltzing produced, but I could not succeed. Our dancing master having advised us, in learning to waltz, to take a chair in our arms instead of a lady, I never failed to fall with the chair, which I pressed so lovingly that it broke; and thus the chairs in my room, and those of two or three of my companions, were destroyed, one after the other."—CONSTANT.

It was at Schoenbrunn in 1809. The Duke of Cadore was at that time minister of foreign affairs and charged with negotiations for the treaty of intervention with Austria. The negotiations were very tedious and the emperor, impatient to return to Paris, became irritated at thus being detained at a distance from his capital. Napoleon, at length, being one day more impatient than usual, said to his minister in a tone of marked displeasure: "You have stipulated for indemnities of a hundred millions for France; I know that it will all go into the treasury. In Talleyrand's time we should have had perhaps sixty, and there would have been ten for himself; but then everything would have been settled a fortnight ago. Bring matters to a conclusion forthwith."—VILLEMAREST.

[Berthier] need not have feared Napoleon—the latter held him in too great contempt to make him an object of vengeance and was heard to say, on his march to Paris, "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier would be to see him in the costume of captain of the body guard of Louis." He knew that he would writhe under his smile of contempt, more than under the stroke of a lance.—HEADLEY.

When they arrived at the palace [with Marie Louise at Amsterdam] Napoleon spied a bust of the czar on the empress's piano. He took it hastily down, tucked it under his arm while he walked through the apartments and finally ordered one of the ladies to remove it out of his sight. For those who were not blind a straw showed how the wind was going to blow.—CUTHELL.

A book has just appeared which is attributed to me. In it we read that a sovereign should be able to say, "I never committed crimes." But I did worse, for I committed blunders.—GOURGAUD, quoting Napoleon. (That a blunder was more to be deplored than a crime is a sentiment first expressed by Fouché anent the execution of the Duke of Enghien; Napoleon borrowed the idea from Fouché and made use of it on several occasions.)

When the Tuileries were finished the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of a bell rope would cost. "I do not know," was the answer. "Ah, very well, we shall know," said he, and then cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet and, bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes, and neither divulge his imme-

diate commission nor his general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the other articles, struck off a third of the whole charge, and directed the tradesmen to be informed that it had been done at his express command, because on inspection he had discovered the charges to be one-third too exorbitant.—LORD HOLLAND.

Bonaparte, when on the point of setting out for Egypt, went to see M. de Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs under the Directory. "I was in bed, being ill," said M. de Talleyrand. "Bonaparte sat down near me and divulged to me all the dreams of his youthful imagination. I was interested in him because of the activity of his mind and also because of the obstacles which I was aware would be placed in his way by secret enemies of whom I knew. He told me of the difficulty in which he was placed for want of money, and that he did not know where to get any. 'Stay,' I said to him, 'open my desk. You will find there a hundred thousand francs which belong to me. They are yours for the present; you may repay the money when you return.' Bonaparte threw himself on my neck and I was really delighted to witness his joy. When he became Consul he gave me back the money I had lent him, but he asked me one day, 'What interest could you have had in lending me that money? I have thought about it a hundred times since then and have never been able to make out your object.' 'I had none,' I replied; 'I was feeling very ill; it was quite possible I should never see you again; but you were young, you had impressed me very strongly and I felt impelled to render you a service without any afterthought whatever.' 'In that case,' said Bonaparte, 'if it was really done without any design, you acted a dupe's part.' "—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

There was a ball at Marrac and the windows were thrown open to admit the cool night air, when suddenly the music ceased and two sentinels, who were pacing their beat below, saw a beautiful young lady run out into the balcony in her ball dress, evidently to enjoy the refreshing breeze without. She was quickly followed by an officer of the Chasseurs of the Guard, who, placing himself beside her, affectionately saluted her, when he suddenly became aware that the two sentinels, transfixed with amazement at perceiving that it was the emperor himself, had seen the incident. "Shoulder arms!" shouted the Little Corporal, in a tone of instant command; "right about, turn," which was mechanically obeyed, and the two soldiers remained fixed and immovable with their backs to the balcony, looking into space, long after Napoleon had returned to the ball room.—JAMES HILL, *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1898.

I alighted and crossed the Rue Nicaire, which was strewn with the bodies of those who had been thrown down and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered by the explosion. Neither the Consul nor any individual of his suite had sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theater Napoleon was seated in his box, calm and composed, and looking at the audience through his opera glass. "Josephine," said he, as soon as he observed me. She entered at that moment and he did not finish his question. "The rascals," said he very coolly, "wanted to blow me up. Bring me a book of the oratorio."—RAPP.

November 8, 1817.—There was formerly a Buonoventura Bonaparte, who lived and died a monk. The poor man lay quietly in his grave; nothing was thought about him until I was on the throne of France. It was then discovered that he had been possessed of many virtues, which never had been attributed to him before, and the pope proposed to me to canonize him. I said, "Holy Father, spare me the ridicule of that; you being in my power all the world will say that I forced you to make a saint out of my family."—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

September 29, 1817.—St. Napoleon ought to be much obliged to me and do everything in his power for me in the world to come. Poor fellow, nobody knew him before. He had not even a day in the calendar. I got him one and persuaded the pope to give him the fifteenth of August, my birthday.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

The advice given after the taking of Amiens by the first Napoleon to the archbishop of Malines, when he sent him as ambassador to London: "Above all, do not fail to give good dinners and take great care of the women."—LOLIÉE.

This pretty queen [Louise of Prussia] dining one day with the three sovereigns, filled a glass with champagne and said with that infinite grace she possessed to a supreme degree, a grace which at this moment came to the aid of politics at bay: "To the health

of Napoleon the Great! He has taken our states and now he returns them to us." The emperor arose, returned the bow with courtesy, and replied: "Do not drink all, Madame."—BLAZE.

Campbell [Sir Neil] says that at eleven o'clock on the day of quitting Fontainebleau, General Bertrand pulled out his watch and, presenting it to Napoleon, said: "It is time to quit this place," upon which, Napoleon, much enraged, exclaimed, "What! Have I fallen so low as to be regulated by the watch of a fellow like you?"—BROUGHTON.

Religion

The emperor was very absent-minded during the services at church, which were not long, as they never lasted more than ten or fifteen minutes; and yet I have been told that his majesty asked if it were not possible to perform them in less time. He bit his nails, took snuff oftener than usual and looked about him constantly, while a prince of the church uselessly took the trouble to turn the leaves of his majesty's book, in order to follow the service.—CONSTANT.

When the First Consul determined to hear mass publicly on Sundays in the chapel of the palace, a small altar was prepared in a room near his cabinet of business. The room had been Anne of Austria's oratory. A small portable altar, placed on a platform one step high, restored it to its original destination. During the rest of the week this chapel was used as a bathing room. On Sundays the door of communication was opened and we heard mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there never exceeded three or four and the First Consul seldom failed to transact some business during the ceremony, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the First Consul had heard mass in his apartments. In the same way Louis XVIII. has often heard it in his. —BOURRIENNE.

In fact, this mass was a simple piece of mummery. There was not room in the chapel for a quarter of those who came; the rest wandered about and chatted in the galleries while the praises of God were being poured forth by the actresses of the Opéra. The First Consul could have had no doubt of the repugnance of the greater part of his court to these services, nor could he fail to hear the jokes and sarcasms openly made upon them. One day, the mass having been celebrated an hour earlier than usual, he said, "We did that in order to spare those who do not want to attend."—THIBADEAU.

One of the greatest admirers of this extraordinary personage not long since expressed to me a serious apprehension that he would some day lay claim to worship from mankind as a being of a superior species. Observing that I smiled at his alarm, he assured me from his own personal knowledge of the man that he does entertain this idea of himself and has repeatedly manifested a propensity to give it out to the world. He has, indeed, the example of Alexander, and still more that of Mahomet, before him; and, notwithstanding we live in an age so enlightened, I am not sure that if he chose to proclaim himself a deity, like Alexander, or a prophet, like Mahomet, he would not have eight hundred thousand soldiers ready to propagate his faith at the point of the bayonet throughout the habitable world.—ADAMS, letter to John Adams, St. Petersburg, April 30, 1810.

Superstition

One day at Fontainebleau Fesch was disputing harshly, as was his usual custom. The emperor grew angry and told him that he was a libertine, an infidel, had good grounds for assuming such a hypocritical manner, etc. "It is possible," said Fesch, "but that does not prevent you from committing injustice; you are devoid of reason, justice and even pretexts; you are the most unjust of men." At the end the emperor took him by the hand, opened the window and led him on to the balcony. "Look up there," he said; "do you see anything?" "No," replied Fesch; "I see nothing." "Well, then, learn to hold your tongue," the emperor went on: "I can see my star; it is that which guides me. No longer dare to compare your weak and imperfect faculties to my superior organization."—MARMONT.

Fesch was one day about to make some observations on the Spanish war. He had scarcely uttered two words when Napoleon, leading him to the window, said: "Do you see that star?" It was noon and the archbishop replied that he saw none. "Well," said Napoleon, "so long as I am the only one who perceives it, I will pursue my own course and will hear no more reflections on my conduct."—RAPP.

It is probable that Napoleon's extreme tenderness for Josephine was prompted, not only by affection, but by a superstition that she was in some way associated with the continuance of his wonderful career. "They

speak," she would tell him, "of your star, but it is really mine that sways your destiny," and her words undoubtedly influenced a mind somewhat prone to take account of omens, portents and the like.—NEVILLE.

"The emperor," said Josephine, "is just as superstitious as I am, though he scolds me so severely when his odious police betray to him that I have been to see Mademoiselle Lenormand. Nevertheless he never fails to make me repeat all told me, though he swears that he will have her put in prison if she encourages me in this folly again; but he always smiles complacently when she predicts new triumphs for him."—*New Monthly Magazine*, September, 1850.

One day the glass of Josephine's portrait, which he always carried about with him in his pocket, happened to get broken; he turned deadly pale. "Marmont," said he, "my wife is either ill or faithless."—MARMONT.

Napoleon was very superstitious, quite impervious to reason about the number thirteen or Friday. On one occasion, for instance, the removal of the court had been fixed for a certain date, without ascertaining on which day of the week it fell. It happened to be Friday. As soon as the emperor heard of it he ante-dated the arrangements and started on Thursday.—SIBOUTIE.

He also had a superstition about wearing on great occasions the particular gray overcoat and hat in which he was dressed at Austerlitz; consequently on days when his marshals looked their best he, the emperor, was most shabby.—*Temple Bar*, August, 1883.

On leaving his study in the evening he would sometimes have the candles shaded with white gauze, desire us to keep profound silence and amuse himself telling or hearing ghost stories.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

The poet Guillard, the author of "Œdipe à Calonne," and the intimate friend of Marshal Lannes, relates the following singular anecdote, which he says he had from the marshal himself, who took a pleasure in repeating it, in a manner which indicated his belief in the doctrine of fatalism. When Lannes served with Bonaparte in the grand campaigns of Italy, nearly all the generals of that fortunate army were young. They accordingly often met to amuse themselves, and the joy which success inspired often added to the gaiety of youth. One day, while they were assembled at Bonaparte's quarters, the conversation turned on oracles, although there was by no means much credulity in the party. Bonaparte, either to entertain his company, or because he fancied himself gifted with prophecy, announced his intention of telling their fortunes. The military necromancer took their hands alternately, examined the lieutenants, and seemed to utter any extravagance that struck his fancy. Bursts of laughter of course followed every prediction. It came to the turn of Lannes; Bonaparte took his hand, looked at it, dropped it and without saying a word passed to another. Lannes asked the reason for this silence. To avoid replying the general-in-chief discontinued the amusement, as if he thought the child's play had lasted long enough. Lannes insisted. "Let us be done with it," said Bonaparte; "you see it is only a bit of folly." The curiosity of Lannes was, however, too strongly excited; he returned to the charge and at last Bonaparte yielded and took his hand. "Do you see that line?" said he; "it prognosticates that you are to be killed by a cannon ball." "Indeed," replied Lannes laughing, "if it does not come soon there will be no place for it to hit." He had then fifteen wounds on his body and had received thirty-two when he was killed by a cannon ball at the battle of Wagram.—*The Athenæum*, Boston, June 15, 1821.

The story of the "Little Red Man," a familiar demon of Bonaparte, was revived . . . by the Bourbonists, if not originally of their invention. The ex-emperor first formed an intimacy with the "Little Red Man" during his exploration of one of the Egyptian pyramids, in the center, perhaps, of the room where stands the sarcophagus of some renowned Pharaoh. Amidst masses of impenetrable granite Napoleon held mysterious meetings with his new friend. . . . After several of these mysterious meetings, at the earnest solicitation of the "Little Red Man," the ex-emperor gave way to certain conditions, at a moment when the promised ripeness of his designs overcame any other object of his mental vision and he agreed to bestow his lofty soul upon his nether mundane visitor in return for their realization. The "Little Red Man" was also seen with the emperor by numbers of persons on the field of battle about the time of his subsequent successes. He had been observed walking up and down outside of the conservatory at St. Cloud when Napoleon dissolved the convention. At Marengo, at Austerlitz and on other occasions he was present, but when the fortunes of the emperor changed in 1814 he was seen no more, having abandoned his friend because

Napoleon violated the pledge he had given to a personage who had obtained for him all his wonderful successes. . . . It is hardly credible, but true, that I heard this story argued upon as if it were a fact by some of the Bourbon party. Everybody talked about it.—REDDING.

Dress

The emperor would never allow his clothes to be in the least tight, and consequently his tailors made his coats as if they had measured them upon the sentry box. When he married Marie Louise, the king of Naples prevailed upon him to have his clothes made by his tailor. The emperor wore them most courageously for a short time, but he could endure the torture no longer, and he begged for mercy. He submitted the question to the decision of the empress, who, as long as she could ride on horseback and take four or five meals a day, was always good-humored and willing to agree to anything. She therefore granted Napoleon full power to dress according to his own fancy, saying that she liked the emperor as well one way as another. Perhaps she would have spoken more correctly had she said that she did not like him any better one way than another.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

He was so economical about his dress that he once asked me to put a patch on his hunting breeches, where his hanger had worn a hole. I refused point blank. He was a bad customer to me; he had his own embroiderer; his silk merchant; he argued over the bills and made me waste my time. Once I had to go fifteen days running to St. Cloud about one coat.—SIBOUTIE, quoting Leger.

His majesty's waistcoats and small clothes were always of white *casimir*. He changed them every morning and never wore them after they had been washed three or four times. The emperor never wore anything but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and lined with silk, were ornamented with gold buckles of an oval form, either plain or wrought. He also occasionally wore gold knee-buckles. During the empire I never saw him wear pantaloons. The emperor never wore jewels. In his pockets he carried neither purse nor money, but merely his handkerchief, snuff-box and bonbonnière (sweetmeat box). He usually wore only two decorations, viz., the cross of the Legion of Honor and that of the Iron Crown. Across his waistcoat and under his uniform coat he wore a red ribbon, the two ends of which were scarcely perceptible. When he received company at the Tuileries, or attended a review, he wore the grand cordon outside of his coat. His hat, which it is almost superfluous to describe, as long as portraits of his majesty are extant, was of an extremely fine and light kind of beaver. The inside was wadded and lined with silk. It was unadorned with either cord, tassel or feather, its only ornament being a silk loop, fastening a small tri-colored cockade.—CONSTANT.

Two hours after he had left his room it often happened that his breeches were stained with ink, owing to his habit of wiping his pen on them, and scattering ink all around him by knocking his pen against the table. Nevertheless, as he dressed in the morning for the whole day, he did not change his clothes on that account and remained in that condition the remainder of the day.—CONSTANT.

As soon as he descended into the courtyard he mounted a handsome white steed and immediately set off at full gallop, inspecting every corps, passing through the lines, and receiving petitions, a number of which were presented by the soldiers. He is a very bold rider, but not a very good and certainly an ungraceful one. From his bad horsemanship (by improper checking) he brought himself and horse to the ground. He then dismounted; while the mud was washed off the poor animal, he disdained changing his dress and appeared at the levee after the parade in his muddy uniform, where the diplomatic corps and a number of sprucely attired strangers had the honor of being thus received by him. —BRISBANE.

He attended to his hands and nails with great care. Several pairs of nail scissors had to be in readiness, as he would break or throw them away if they were not sufficiently sharp. He never made use of any perfumes excepting eau de Cologne, but of that he would get through sixty bottles in a month. He considered it a very wholesome practise to sprinkle himself thoroughly with eau de Cologne.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Tobacco

The emperor never took tobacco except in his snuff-boxes; and, although he wasted a great quantity of it, he really used very little, as he took a pinch, held it to his nose simply to smell it, and let it fall immediately. It is true that the place where he had been was covered with it; but his handkerchiefs, irreproachable witnesses in such matters, were scarcely stained, and, although they were white and of fine linen, certainly

bore no marks of a snuff-taker. Sometimes he simply passed his open snuff-box under his nose in order to breathe the odor of the tobacco it contained.—CONSTANT.

He only used to smell at his pinches and his handkerchiefs were never soiled with snuff.—MÉNEVAL.

Many a time did he offer a "courteous pinch of snuff" during the debates in the councils of state. When the emperor saw that a proposal he had laid before the council was not going as well as he wished he betrayed a nervous impatience in all his movements and had recourse to ingenious methods of distracting attention from his person. On such occasions, if he noticed that the attention of a councilor was fixed on himself, he would make him a sign and stretch out his arm, moving his finger and thumb, which implied, "Give me a pinch of snuff." The member, of course, would hasten to pass his snuff-box to the emperor, who would take a pinch and then toy with the box, scattering the powder about. The box generally found its way into the emperor's pocket, for in his preoccupation he forgot to restore it to its owner; sometimes three or four disappeared in this way at one sitting, and it was only on leaving the council that he discovered what he had done in his absent-mindedness. Needless to say, the snuff-boxes were returned without delay to their rightful owners. Sometimes, in fact, they underwent an agreeable change on leaving the imperial pocket and the member who had perhaps lent a modest tortoise-shell box received in exchange a gold one, ornamented either with diamonds or his master's miniature.—NICOLAY.

He takes an amazing quantity of snuff of a very coarse sort; he keeps it in a large box in the shape of a chest and spills two-thirds of what he takes in one pinch.—MILLS.

He was very much troubled with cough and this had forced him to rise from table earlier than he otherwise would have done. "I unthinkingly took too much snuff," said he; "my attention having been absorbed in the conversation of the moment; in such cases you should always take away my snuff-box; that is the way to serve those one loves."—LAS CASES.

It has been asserted that Napoleon took snuff in such immoderate quantities that he was in the habit of cramming his waistcoat pockets full of that article, as no snuff-box could contain a sufficiency for his consumption. The reader may form his own opinion upon the correctness of this assertion, when he is informed that twelve pounds of the only kind of snuff he used were brought by Marchand from Paris in July, 1815, of which rather more than one-half remained when I left St. Helena in July, 1818.—O'MEARA.

The emperor took a fancy on one occasion, but only one, to try a pipe, as I shall now relate. The Persian ambassador (or perhaps it was the Turkish ambassador who came to Paris under the consulate) had made his majesty a present of a very handsome pipe such as is used by the Orientals. One day he was seized with a desire to try it and had everything necessary for this purpose prepared. The fire having been applied to the bowl, the only question now was to light the tobacco; but from the manner in which his majesty attempted this it was impossible for him to succeed, as he alternately opened and closed his lips repeatedly without drawing in his breath at all. "Why, what is the matter?" cried he; "it does not work at all." I called his attention to the fact that he was not inhaling properly and showed him how it ought to be done; but the emperor still continued his performances, which were like some peculiar kind of yawning. Tired out by his fruitless efforts at last, he told me to light it for him, which I did, and instantly handed it back to him. But he had hardly taken a whiff when the smoke, which he did not know how to breathe out again, filled his throat, got into his windpipe and came out through his nose in great puffs. As soon as he could get his breath he panted forth: "Take it away; what a pest! Oh, the wretches! It has made me sick." In fact he felt ill for at least an hour after, and renounced forever "the pleasure of a habit, which," he said, "is only good for do-nothings to kill time."—CONSTANT.

III

MILITARY ANECDOTES

With His Soldiers

D'Apre's account is so complete that he forces my belief. . . . He tells me that he has been assured by French officers that Bonaparte is deficient in courage and that in the great affair in which he gained such a miraculous victory against Alzini he had already called a council to consider whether his army should lay down their arms, when a negro, galloping off at the head of four hundred horse, either from the effect of terror or in a fit of desperation, struck a panic into the Austrian irregulars, who had performed acts

of heroic bravery and were already chanting victory. This communicated itself to the whole line.—MORRIS.

Bonaparte's batteries [1793] soon attacked Little Gibraltar, which did not fail to reply, the advantage of positions, numbers and guns belonging to the English. One day the firing became terribly sharp. There were scarcely enough hands to work the pieces. Bonaparte was there. He took the sponge dropped by one of the gunners, whose legs had been shot away, and until dusk replaced the wounded man. The soldier whom he replaced had the itch, and the sponge Bonaparte handled gave him that disease, which he had a long time, and from which he still suffered when he was First Consul.—GERMAIN BAPST, *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1894.

A curious story is not only recorded, but assumed to be without controversy true, that Napoleon's Italian expedition was forced upon him in fulfilment of an oath which he had taken in youth, on joining a secret society of Carbonari, to serve the cause of Italian freedom; and that the necessity of such action was impressed upon his attention by the murderous attack of Orsini, who was commissioned thus forcibly to recall the crowned conspirator to a sense of his obligations.—RUSSELL, *Longman's Magazine*, May, 1887, citing Count Vitzthum, "Reminiscences of St. Petersburg and London."

A strange story is told of his mode of obtaining money to enable him to take the command of the Army of Italy. The Directory either would not or could not assist him with an advance to defray the expenses of the journey of himself and his aide-de-camp and of their suitable appearance at headquarters. He collected and raised all the sums he could, but the amount was still far from adequate. He confided it all to Junot and sent him with it to the gaming table, directing him either to lose the whole or increase it before morning to a considerable amount. Upon that night's play depended Bonaparte's power of assuming the command of the army and appointing Junot his aide-de-camp; nay, for anything that we can see, that night's play was the pivot upon which the history of Europe for nearly twenty years was to turn. Junot was a practised gamester and fortune favored him. He returned to General Bonaparte after he had won for as long a succession of throws as he dared to trust his luck. The general was dissatisfied and sent him back again, to double the sum he had gained or lose it all. Still fortune was propitious and in the end a sum was realized sufficient to enable the dashing young hero of Arcola to assume the command with no little personal splendor and *éclat*.—LORD HOLLAND.

He was met by Marescot, who had been employed in exploring the wild passes of the Great St. Bernard, and received from him an appalling picture of the difficulties of marching an army by that route into Italy. "Is it possible to pass?" said Napoleon. "The thing is barely possible," answered Marescot. "Very well," said the Chief Consul; "let us proceed."—LOCKHART.

On July 18th Napoleon suddenly appeared at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in the midst of his camps and flotilla. His first words to Marshal Soult on arrival were, "How much time do you require to be able to embark?" "Three days, sire." "I can give you only one," retorted the emperor. "That is an impossibility," answered the marshal. "Impossible, sir!" exclaimed the emperor; "I am not acquainted with the word; it is not in the French language; erase it from your dictionary." He indeed at once prescribed such measures as would ensure the possibility of embarking within twenty-four hours.—SÉGUR.

I have just heard the following about Bonaparte. On a certain occasion, prior to the unfortunate campaign in Russia, when everything was ready for signing a treaty with the Northern powers, Maret, by an indiscretion, decided the destiny of both France and Napoleon. After the other signatures had been affixed to the document, and Napoleon held in his hand the pen with which he was to sign his name, Maret said, "On previous occasions, sire, it was your majesty that gave peace; now the powers return the gift." At these words Napoleon turned deadly pale and impetuously threw the pen on the table. Prayers were unavailing; Maret almost wept, but Napoleon had made up his mind; with a shrug of the shoulders he walked out of the room.—LADY SHELLEY.

Among his instructions to his marshal in Spain one was frequently repeated: "Force Wellington to fight upon every possible occasion. Win, if you can, but lose a battle rather than deliver none. We can afford to expend three men for every one he loses and you will thus wear him out in the end."—GLEIG.

Riding with her [his mistress] one day in the middle of our positions in the environs of the hill of Tenda, whilst reconnoitering as

commandant of artillery, the notion suddenly occurred to me of treating her to the spectacle of a little war and I ordered an attack on advanced posts. We were the conquerors, it is true, but there could evidently be no result. The attack was a pure fancy, and yet some men fell in it. Later I have bitterly reproached myself with this affair whenever it occurred to me.—LAS CASES, quoting Napoleon.

In short I used to say of him that his presence in the field made a difference of forty thousand men.—LORD STANHOPE, quoting Wellington.

"Soldiers, you are hungry and naked; the republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns—all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers, with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?" This was Napoleon's first address to his army.—LOCKHART.

Those, having rid them of their usual dress, were still suffused in perpetual floods of perspiration and the hardiest found it necessary to give two or three hours in the middle of the day to sleep—Napoleon altered nothing; wore his uniform buttoned up as at Paris; never showed one bead of sweat on his brow; nor thought of repose except to lie down in his cloak the last at night and start up the first in the morning. It required, however, all that this example of endurance and the influence of character could do, to prevent the army from breaking out into open mutiny.—LOCKHART.

Sometimes Napoleon liked to question the officers; when they answered promptly, without hesitation, he appeared well pleased. After the battle of Ratisbon, he stopped before the officer of a regiment. "How many men present under arms?" "Sire, eighty-four." "How many recruits of this year?" "Twenty-two." "How many soldiers with four years' service?" "Seventy-five." "How many wounded yesterday?" "Eighteen." "How many killed?" "Ten." "By the bayonet?" "Yes, sire." "Good." To be killed regularly one had to be killed by the bayonet; a coward may die afar, struck by a bullet or by a cannon ball; he who dies of a bayonet thrust is necessarily a hero. The emperor had an extreme fondness for those who perished in this manner.—BLAZE.

Admiral Nelson had just beaten our fleet at Trafalgar. The French navy had fought with splendid bravery, but had been disastrously defeated. This produced a bad effect in Paris and disgusted the emperor forever with naval enterprises. He became so deeply prejudiced against the French navy that from that time it was scarcely possible to induce him to take any interest in or pay any attention to the subject. Vainly did the sailors or soldiers who had distinguished themselves on that fatal day endeavor to obtain recognition or sympathy for the dangers they had encountered; they were practically forbidden even to revert to the disaster; and when, in after years, they wanted to obtain any favor, they took care not to claim it on the score of the admirable courage to which only the English despatches rendered justice. —MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

In one of his occasional fits of frankness I heard him say that he liked to bestow glory only on those who knew not how to sustain it. According to his policy with the military chiefs under his orders, or the degree of confidence he placed in them, he would either preserve silence concerning certain victories of theirs, or change the blunder of a particular marshal into a success. A general would hear through some bulletin of an action which had never taken place, or of a speech which he had never made. Another would find himself famous in the newspapers and would wonder how he had deserved to be thus distinguished. Others would endeavor to protest against his neglect of them, or against distorted accounts of events. But how was it possible to correct what had once been read and was already effaced by more recent news? For Bonaparte's rapidity in war gave us daily something fresh to learn. On these occasions he would either impose silence on the protest, or, if he wished to appease the offended officer, a sum of money, a prize from the enemy, or permission to levy a tax was granted to him, and thus the affair would end.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Citoyen Boyer, surgeon, who has been so cowardly as to refuse help to some wounded because they were supposed to be infected, is unworthy of being a French citizen. He is to be dressed in woman's clothes and paraded through the streets of Alexandria on a donkey, with a board on his back, on which shall be written, "Unworthy of being a French citizen—he fears death." After which he is to be placed in prison and sent back to France by the first ship.—Napoleon's order, January 8, 1799.

M. Maret, the secretary of Napoleon, used to relate many amusing anecdotes of the freedom with which the great general

was treated by the army and how much these familiarities amused him. On one occasion the Army of Italy, seeing Napoleon always in the same dusty and battered hat in which he had braved so many battles, entered into a subscription to buy him a new one, which present flattered and entertained him in the highest degree.—*New Monthly Magazine*, September, 1850.

One day I met an officer, Rapp I believe, in the field of battle with his face covered with blood and I cried, "Oh, how beautiful he is!" This is true enough; and of it they have made a crime. My admiration of the bravery of a gallant soldier is construed into a crime and a proof of my delighting in blood. —O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

Croker—What do you say about Marmont and the battle of Salamanca? Duke—Why, Bonaparte was furious against him and it certainly seems that he ought to have waited for the reenforcements under Joseph, which would have so much increased his army; but, as to the battle itself, I saw not much to criticise beyond his having spread himself too much in endeavoring to get around me. Bonaparte was, as I told you, in a furious rage at first, but when he received our gazette with my account of the battle, he said: "This is true; I am sure this is a true account and Marmont, after all, is not so much to blame," and he restored him, or pretended to restore him, to favor. This I was told by Barbadel (the Bayonne banker, a kind of partner of Perrigaud, and Madame Marmont's father) who dined with me long after at St. Jean de Luz, and surprised me very much by telling me, with true French civility, that I had done Marmont an essential service. I thought I had done quite the contrary and asked how. "Why," replied he, "by writing that despatch, which was so honest and clear that Bonaparte saw the thing in its real light and forgave Marmont."—CROKER, quoting Wellington.

It was mentioned by Lord Clanwilliam that it was said that great memories were usually the sign of great talents. I instanced Napoleon and observed on his singling out soldiers in reviews whom he knew by name. "That," said the duke, "was the greatest mistake. I'll tell you how he managed it. One of his generals (Lobau) used to get ready for him a list of soldiers to be called out from each regiment and so Napoleon, when opposite to it, used to call out the name and the man came forth—that was all. I also doubt the goodness of his memory, from the looseness and inaccuracy of his statements. In his works—I mean in all he has ever written—you never find a thing related precisely as it happened. He seems to have had no clear or distinct recollection; scarcely once has he ever tripped into truth.—LORD STANHOPE.

Women when they are bad are worse than men and more ready to commit crime. The soft sex, when degraded, falls lower than the other. Women are always much better or much worse than men. Witness the knitters of Paris during the revolution. When I commanded at the Col de Tende, a most mountainous and difficult country, to enter which the army was obliged to pass over a narrow bridge, I had given directions that no women should be allowed to accompany it, as the service was a most difficult one and required the troops to be continually on the alert. To enforce this order I placed two captains on the bridge, with instructions, on pain of death, not to permit a woman to pass. I went to the bridge myself to see that my orders were complied with, where I found a crowd of women assembled. As soon as they perceived me they began to revile me, bawling out, "Oh, then, *petit caporal*, it is you who have given orders not to let us pass." I was then called *petit caporal* by the army. Some miles farther on I was surprised to see a considerable number of women with the troops. I immediately ordered the two captains to be put under arrest and brought before me, intending to have them tried immediately. They protested their innocence and asserted that no woman had crossed the bridge. I caused some of these dames to be brought when, to my astonishment, by their own confession, I found that they had thrown away the provisions that had been provided for the support of the army out of some of the casks, concealed themselves in them and passed over unperceived. —O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

The accusation, which for many years made so much noise throughout Europe, amounts to this: That on the 27th of May, when it was necessary for Napoleon to pursue his march from Jaffa for Egypt, a certain number of the plague patients in the hospital were found to be in a state that held out no hope whatever of their recovery; that the general, being unwilling to leave them to the tender mercies of the Turks, conceived the notion of administering opium, and so procuring for them at least a speedy and easy death; and that accordingly a number of men were taken off in this method at his command. This story, the circum-

stances of which were much varied in different accounts, especially as regards the number of the poisoned, was first disseminated by Sir Robert Wilson, and was in substance generally believed in England. In each and all of its parts, on the contrary, it was wholly denied by the admirers of Bonaparte, who treated it as one of the many gross falsehoods which certainly were circulated touching the personal character and conduct of their idol, during the continuance of his power. Bonaparte himself, while at St. Helena, referred to the story frequently, and never hesitated to admit that it originated in the following occurrence: He sent, he said, the night before the march was to commence, for Desgenettes, the chief of the medical staff, and proposed to him, under such circumstances as have been described, the propriety of giving opium, in mortal doses, to seven men; adding that had his son been in their situation he would have thought it his duty, as a father, to treat him in the same method; and that, most certainly, had he himself been in that situation and capable of understanding it, he would have considered the deadly cup as the best boon that friendship could offer him. M. Desgenettes, however, did not consider himself as entitled to interfere in any such method with the lives of his fellow men; the patients were abandoned; and at least one of the number fell alive into the hands of Sir Sydney Smith and recovered.—LOCKHART.

The Duke of Rovigo mentioned that after the battle of Wagram Napoleon, accompanied by him and several others, rode over the field, and pointed out for assistance many of the wounded from whom life had not yet departed. While employed in this manner the body of a colonel named Pepin, who had fallen under his displeasure for some misconduct several years before, and had not been actively employed until a short time before the battle of Wagram, attracted his attention, though he had not seen him for a number of years. He was on his back, a ball had perforated his head, and life was not extinct, although he was insensible. "Ah, Pepin, poor fellow," said Napoleon in a feeling manner, "I am sorry to see him here and still more so that, before he met his fate, I had not an opportunity to let him know that I had forgiven him and forgotten his conduct."—O'MEARA.

Holding command in the Army of the Rhine under Moreau, General Lecourbe must certainly be mentioned in the foremost rank of those who contributed to the military glory of France; but, nevertheless, owing to his devotion to Moreau, whose cause, when brought to trial by the First Consul, he warmly espoused, his name was ruthlessly obliterated from the rolls of the French army. He had offended Bonaparte and for years remained in the obscurity of civil life. In 1815, however, after the emperor's return from Elba, generals of tried capacity had to be found and Napoleon's thoughts flew to Lecourbe. Accordingly an order from the ministry of war commanded him to present himself at the Tuileries, to which a curt reply was returned that General Lecourbe, being no longer a soldier, could not recognize any order of the sort; if the emperor wished to see him one of his aides-de-camp must convey the intimation. On the morrow arrived an officer with a personal invitation from his imperial majesty to come the next day to the Tuileries at eleven o'clock in the morning. "I will go," said the old warrior to a friend, "but I shall speak my mind—at last I shall be able to have it out with him." The interview, indeed, seemed likely to be a stormy one. At eleven the next morning the general (not in uniform) awaited the emperor in the hall next his breakfast room, from which Napoleon soon emerged. Perceiving Lecourbe, he at once motioned to him to approach, but before he was able to do so strode forward himself (a thing he never did for anybody) and then, drawing himself up, fixed the old soldier with his eagle gaze. "General Lecourbe," said he in a resonant and penetrating voice, "your grievances against the Emperor Napoleon I confess are great, but they have not, I hope, obliterated all your recollections of your old friend, General Bonaparte. He, remember, is still your friend. Are you willing to be his?" At these words the veteran, already strongly moved by the mere appearance of the emperor, completely lost his self-possession, whilst two big tears slowly rolled down his cheeks on to his grizzled mustache. Terribly embarrassed, he could only stammer out a few words of thanks and his emotion rather increased than lessened when Napoleon said, "I was sure I should find again my comrade of other days!" Then, unbuckling his sword: "There will be work to do on the banks of the Rhine; you know the ground and I can rely on you?" "Yes, sire; you may be sure of that." "Take then this sword, general, as the pledge of our reconciliation; there is no one able to use it better than yourself." . . . That afternoon General Lecourbe's name appeared in the *Gazette* as commander of an important army corps.—LADY NEVILL.

On the emperor's arrival at the plateau of Weimar, he arranged his army in line of battle and bivouacked in the midst of his guard. About two o'clock in the morning he arose and went on foot to examine the work on the road that was being cut in the rock for the transportation of artillery and, after remaining nearly an hour with the workmen, decided to take a look at the nearest advance posts before returning to his bivouac. This round, which the emperor insisted on making alone and with no escort, came near costing him his life. The night was so dark that the sentinels of the camp could not see ten steps in front of them; and the first, hearing some one in the darkness approaching our line, called out "Qui vive?" and prepared to fire. The emperor being lost in thought, as he himself told me afterwards, did not notice the sentinel's challenge and made no reply until a ball, whistling by his ears, woke him from his reverie, when, immediately perceiving his danger, he threw himself face downward on the ground, which was a very wise precaution; for hardly had his majesty placed himself in that position, than other balls passed over his head, the discharge of the first sentinel having been repeated by the whole line. The first fire over, the emperor rose, walked towards the nearest post and made himself known. His majesty was still there when the soldier who had fired on him joined them, being just relieved at his post; he was a young grenadier of the line. The emperor ordered him to approach and, pinching his cheeks hard, exclaimed, "What! You scamp, you took me for a Prussian! This rascal does not throw away his powder on sparrows; he shoots only at emperors." The poor soldier was completely overcome with the idea that he might have killed the little corporal, whom he adored as much as did the rest of the army; and it was with great difficulty he could say, "Pardon, sire, but I was obeying orders and if you did not answer it was not my fault. I was compelled to have the countersign and you did not give it." The emperor reassured him with a smile and said, as he left the post, "My brave boy, I do not reproach you. That was pretty well aimed for a shot fired in the dark; but after a while it will be daylight; take better aim and I will remember you."—CONSTANT.

Napoleon was adored by his soldiers. There is an amusing account of an altercation between him and an old soldier, who demanded the cross of the Legion of Honor because he had once given a melon to General Bonaparte during the frightful heats of the desert. Napoleon thanked him again for his melon, but declined to decorate him on that ground. The soldier, in a paroxysm of passion, cried out: "Eh, you count for nothing seven wounds received at the bridge at Arcola, at Lodi, Castiglione, the Pyramids, St. Jean d'Acre, Austerlitz, Friedland—eleven campaigns in Egypt, Austria, Prussia——." "Ta, ta, ta," said the emperor, "how you do storm; you ought to have begun with this story, which is worth more than your melon. I make you a Chevalier of the Empire with a dotation of twelve hundred francs. Are you content?" "Sire, I prefer the cross," was the answer. It was with difficulty that the old soldier was made to understand that the cross went with the title of Chevalier. At last Napoleon took the cross and placed it himself on his breast and the veteran went away contented.—*Temple Bar*, February, 1892, citing "Memoirs of General Marbot."

A captain of artillery made up his mind to address the emperor personally and ask him for promotion. The emperor came to the citadel, but the captain was so overcome with shyness that he was unable to find voice to proffer his demand. When the inspection was over and the emperor was about to retire, the captain rushed after him: "Sire, sire." Napoleon paused. "What do you want, sir?" "Sire, fifteen years' service, four in the rank of captain, covered with wounds——." "Major," replied Napoleon. And he walked on.—SIBOUTIE.

Napoleon's valet Constant mentions Jardin and tells the story that Napoleon on the day of Waterloo called for his horse and, Jardin being absent for the moment, a groom saddled one but used the wrong bridle so that the horse became restive and threw Bonaparte, who fell heavily to the ground. Jardin rushed up in alarm and his master in a towering rage struck him across the face with his riding whip. The equerry was insulted at this abominable treatment and M. de Caulaincourt, the chief equerry, went to the emperor and expostulated with him. Napoleon then apologized and presented Jardin with the sum of three thousand francs.—LOW.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the First Consul to headquarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Desaix, and then he added, "Little Kellermann made a lucky charge. He did it just at the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You see what trifling circumstances

decide these affairs." These few words show that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellermann. However, when that officer approached the table at which were seated the First Consul and a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a pretty good charge." By way of counterbalancing this cool compliment he turned towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the Guard, and said, "Bessières, the Guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is that the Guard took no part in the charge of Kellermann, who could assemble only five hundred heavy cavalry; and with this handful of brave men he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Desaix's division and had made six thousand prisoners. The Guard did not charge at Marengo until nightfall. Next day it was reported that Kellermann, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulations he had received, said to the First Consul, "I have just placed the crown on your head." I did not hear this and cannot vouch for the truth of its having been said. I could only have ascertained that fact through Bonaparte, and of course I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the small degree of favor shown to Kellermann, who was not made a general of division on the field of battle as a reward for his charge at Marengo. M. de la Forêt, the Postmaster-General, sometimes "transacted business" with the First Consul. The nature of this secret business may be easily guessed at. On the occasion of one of their interviews the First Consul saw a letter from Kellermann to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe it, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division although I have just placed the crown on his head?" The letter was sealed again and sent to its address, but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.—BOURRIENNE.

This battle [Marengo], which changed the lot of Europe for fourteen years, was rather gained by the French than by Bonaparte, the valor of the soldiery having retrieved the mistake of the commander. The victory was principally owing, first to Cara St. Cyr, by his having taken and kept Castel Ceriolo; to Victor, by his obstinate defense of Marengo; to Boudet, by his firm resistance of the Hungarian body; and, finally and above all, to the able and gallant Kellermann, who, seizing the opportune moment, did not hesitate to charge into the midst of that unbroken and solid mass, which, to all appearances, by its weight alone would prostrate his force the moment he should appear before it. His comrades congratulated him upon his glorious achievement; but, when he came into the presence of the Consul, the latter accosted him with his accustomed haughty air of superiority; and, without questioning him as to the events of the day, merely said, "That was rather a fine charge that you made." The youthful soldier indignantly replied, "I rejoice that you appreciate it, since it places the crown on your head." The Consul, who never liked his designs to be discovered before he declared them himself, took umbrage at this, and ever after showed himself unfriendly to the son of the marshal, to whom he never granted rank or honors in any degree equal to his merits.—BOTTA.

To show you the confidence I had in the disposition of the army, I need only to recount to you an event which will be consecrated by history. Five or six days after my landing at Cannes, the advance guard of my little army met the advance of a division marching from Grenoble against me. Cambronne, who commanded my troops, wanted to address them, but they would not listen to him. They also refused to receive Raoul, whom I sent afterwards. When I was informed of this I went to them myself, with a few of my guard, with their arms reversed, and called out, "The first soldier who pleases may come forward and kill his emperor." It operated like an electric shock and "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded through the ranks; the division and my guard fraternized, all joined me, and advanced together to Grenoble.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

"Was the emperor a kind-hearted man?" asked an American scholar of Marshal Soult. "He was indeed," exclaimed the marshal; "you might disappoint him time and again, and he would always overlook it if he could find the least excuse for doing so."—*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1869.

The Russian Campaign

The Cossacks attacked our foragers at the very gates of Moscow and the peasants despatched all marauders they could find straggling. The King of Naples, whose horses had been nearly destroyed, and whose men had been for some time reduced to eat horseflesh, sent every day to the emperor, to beg that he would either make peace or give orders for retiring. But Napoleon would see nothing, would hear nothing; and his gen-

erals only received the most extraordinary orders in answer to their remonstrances. At one time it was to reestablish order in Moscow and protect the peasants, that they might be induced to bring provisions to the market, at the very time when the neighboring country was ravaged by these same peasants in arms against ourselves. Again, directions were given to purchase ten thousand horses, in a country where neither horses nor inhabitants any longer existed. Next, we were told that we were to pass the winter in a sacked city, where even in the month of October we were dying from hunger. Then came the order for each regiment to provide itself with shoes and winter clothing, and when the commanding officers remonstrated on the want of cloth and leather for materials, they were told that they had only to look and they would find. As if to render the latter order still more impracticable, further pillage was severely prohibited and the imperial guard was confined to the Kremlin.—FEZENSAC.

The delay in starting had not been great, but it was sufficient to give the last of the Russian rear guard time to slip away after firing the magazines. As Murat rode into Wilna the smoke and glare of a great conflagration told him he had come too late. The emperor was furious when he heard of the failure to surprise the place. He rode up to Montbrun, who was at the head of his corps, reproached him with disobedience of his orders, and told him he thought of sending him away to the line of communications as a man who was good for nothing in the field. Montbrun tried to explain. "Be silent, sir," shouted the angry emperor. "But, sire, ——," began the general. "Silence!" repeated Napoleon. This was hard treatment for the veteran leader of cuirassiers, who had fought his way up from the ranks in the republican army of the Rhine and since had led many a charge in Germany, Italy and Spain. Murat was riding with the emperor. Montbrun looked at him with a silent appeal for him to speak. But the king of Naples had too much selfish vanity to intervene and take the blame on himself. Napoleon continued his scolding tirade, but Montbrun had now come to the end of his patience. Suddenly he drew his long cuirassier sword, reversed it, caught it by the blade, whirled it on high and, letting it go, sent it whirling through the air fifty feet away. Then putting spurs to his horse he called out, "You may all go to the devil!" Napoleon was struck dumb. Pale with rage he turned his horse and rode away in silence, followed by his staff. Every one expected that Montbrun would be arrested and court-martialed. But that same day he was told to resume the command of his corps and nothing more was heard of the incident. It would seem that, after the explosion had taken place, Murat, as he rode away with Napoleon, entered into a frank explanation and so saved Montbrun by doing, when almost too late, what ought to have been done at once.—ATTERIDGE.

The haughty and imperious spirit of Napoleon sank not under all these miseries. He affected, in so far as was possible, not to see them. He still issued his orders as if his army, in all its divisions, were entire, and sent bulletins to Paris announcing a succession of victories. When his officers came to inform him of some new calamity, he dismissed them abruptly, saying, "Why will you disturb my tranquillity? I desire to know no particulars. Why will you deprive me of my tranquillity?"—LOCKHART.

The emperor made an oft-quoted joke during the awful retreat from Russia. Seeing one of his officers wrapped up in a magnificent fur coat, he called to him, laughing, "Where did you steal that?" "Your majesty, I bought it." "Yes; you bought it from some one who was asleep."—IDA ST. ELME.

Planning for War

If I am compelled to undertake another war, it will certainly be for some great political interest, but it will also be in the interest of my finances. Have I not always restored them by war? Was it not thus that Rome conquered the riches of the world? —MOLLIEN, quoting Napoleon.

Napoleon had some little maneuver pieces made. They were little bits of mahogany of different colors and lengths. The tops were fretted and these pieces represented battalions, regiments and divisions. When the emperor wanted to try some new combinations of troops, some new military evolutions, he made use of these pieces of wood, which he set up on the carpet of the floor so as to give himself a larger field for maneuver.—MÉNEVAL.

It is truly astonishing in what a degree of ignorance Napoleon contrived to keep all France. We found people who had never heard of the battle of Trafalgar; and the south of France could hardly believe their eyes when they saw us come down the Pyrenees, but he kept the rest of the world in the same ignorance of what was going on in France. I confess the first light I ever received on that subject was from Faber's

book, which was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review*, and which I think you sent me. It was a most able and, at the time, valuable work. It has been doubted whether there was such a person as Faber, though nobody doubted the truth of the facts; but there certainly was such a person as Faber himself. He was a German or Alsatian, who had got to St. Petersburg. I think I have heard from some one that they knew him there. The book was of considerable use to me when I entered France and, as far as I had an opportunity of putting it to the test, I found it true. Posterity will hardly believe the success and extent of that system of darkness which Bonaparte spread over France, but it was so complete that even I, who had been for so many years in contact with his armies, and was now for months on his frontier, was glad to glean from any precarious and humble sources some knowledge of the real state of the interior.—CROKER, quoting Wellington.

Before entering battle the emperor always ordered that, in case he was wounded, every possible measure should be taken to conceal it from his troops. "Who knows," said he, "what terrible confusion might be produced by such news? To my life is attached the destiny of a great empire. Remember this, gentlemen; and if I am wounded, let no one know it, if possible. If I am slain, try to win the battle without me; there will be time enough to tell it afterwards."—CONSTANT.

Napoleon did all in his power to mystify the battle of Marengo. After writing three varying and false accounts, he caused all the original documents to be destroyed.—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1870.

One day, early in 1806, the emperor Napoleon . . . turned to Maret, who had not yet become Duke of Bassano, exclaiming, "You have nothing to do; come, read me a few pages from that work sent to me at Austerlitz by Ney and writtén by one of his officers." Maret took up the book with regret, for, as he afterwards confessed to its author, he could no more understand it than if it had been the cabalistic volume of a magician. Before he had read many pages the emperor stopped him with the ejaculation, "Don't tell me that the age is not advancing. Here, for instance, is a young chef de battalion and, what is worse, a Swiss, who teaches us what no professor ever made me learn, and what, moreover, very few generals understand." As Maret proceeded with his reading the astonishment of the emperor knew no bounds. Presently it was succeeded by an ebullition of anger. "How on earth," he demanded, "could Fouché allow such a book to be printed? Why, it is calculated to teach my system to all my enemies. It must be seized and I will at once take steps to prevent its further circulation." Maret pointed out to him that it was impossible to suppress the book, as its publishers were sure to have distributed many dozen copies among their friends as presents, while another hundred or two must have found their way to Germany —a country with a greedy appetite for such works. After a few moments' reflection the emperor said: "Perhaps I attach too much importance to this publication. The old generals who command against me read nothing and will not profit by its lessons, while young soldiers who read it will not be trusted with commands for many years to come." The work in question was the "Traite des Grand Operations Militaires," written by Antoine Henri Jomini when he was in his twenty-second year.

At the beginning of October, 1806, Ney's corps was ordered to proceed towards Nuremberg, and Jomini, to his great astonishment, received instructions to repair to Mayence and there to await the arrival of Napoleon. On reaching Mayence he learned that the emperor had also just arrived, when he hastened to present himself at the archbishop's palace, where Napoleon had established his headquarters. He was at once admitted to the emperor's presence, who, after complimenting him upon his treatise, informed him that he was to remain in his suite. Jomini represented to him that his horses and equipages were with Ney's corps, and requested four days' leave to fetch them, adding that he would rejoin him at Bamberg. "At Bamberg," rejoined the emperor; "and how do you know that I am going there?" Jomini answered, "Inasmuch as your majesty intends, I presume, to execute the same maneuver against the Prussian left that was executed by you against the Austrian right at Ulm, you must of necessity go through Bamberg." The emperor replied testily that such was his intention, but charged Jomini to disclose the secret to no one. From this moment Napoleon understood Jomini's genius and determined to make the best use of it. But the emperor's ingrained and deep-seated jealousy, which made it impossible for him long to endure contact with a mind capable in some measure of fathoming his own, could hardly fail to expose Jomini sooner or later to his displeasure.—C. F. CROMIE, *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1880.

The other day I was watching a demi-brigade filing by; a light infantryman stepped up to my horse. "General," says he, "we must do so and so." "Rascal," I answered, "shut your mouth, will you?" He promptly vanished; I sent for him in vain for what he had said was precisely what I had given orders to do.—NAPOLEON to the Directory, June 1, 1796.

The Hatzfeld Episode

The Prince of Hatzfeld, it was known, had remained at Berlin after the departure of the king and queen of Prussia, and it was quite natural that a man of his importance, if he chose to reside under such circumstances at Berlin, should be strictly watched. It was therefore rather simple of him to put into the post a letter for the king, in which he gave account of all that was passing in Berlin, and also of the movements, number and sentiments of the French troops. I do not wish to exculpate the prince's accusers, but certainly he had committed himself very unwisely, and I would not aver that in our own France, in the year of grace 1814, we were not in the same manner subjected to the rigorous examination of General Sacken. The emperor, on reading this letter of the Prince of Hatzfeld, flew into one of those fits of rage which acquired for him the reputation of being the most passionate man under the sun. He instantly gave orders that a military commission should be assembled, that the Prince of Hatzfeld should be brought before it and that it should make its report before it separated. On hearing this dreadful news, his poor wife, almost out of her wits, suddenly remembered that Marshal Duroc, on his different journeys to Berlin, had always been hospitably received and entertained by the prince and herself. She quitted her house in a state bordering on distraction, sought in vain for Duroc, but learned that the emperor was at Charlottenburg and Duroc not with him. She continued her pursuit and at length found Duroc, who was affected by her distress. He was convinced that the Prince of Hatzfeld was lost if the princess could not see the emperor that very day. He soothed her as well as he was able, knowing the danger her husband stood in, but he also knew the emperor: he knew that under similar circumstances his heart was capable of great and magnanimous sentiments, and he believed that in the present state of affairs an act of clemency would be of as much value as the addition of a hundred thousand men to his army. "You shall see the emperor," said he to the princess; "rely upon me." The emperor had been to a grand review of his Guard; they were out of humor because they had no share in the victory at Jena, and the emperor, unwilling to give them the least pain, had been to visit them; this caused his absence from Berlin. On his return he was surprised to find Duroc waiting for him with an air of great impatience. Duroc had been touched with the despair of the Princess of Hatzfeld; since his interview with her he had seen two of her husband's judges and had learned that there was no hope for him. He requested an immediate audience with the emperor and followed him into his closet. "You have come to tell me that the town of Berlin is in revolt; is it not so? I am not surprised, but they will have a terrible example to-morrow to cure them of the mania of revolting." Duroc saw that the Prince of Hatzfeld was in the worst case possible. He was convinced that the only successful advocate in his behalf would be the princess herself; he obtained permission to introduce her and went to fetch her. The unfortunate wife, on being brought into the presence of the man who could kill or spare her husband, had only power to throw herself at Napoleon's feet. He raised her immediately and spoke to her with the utmost kindness. Madame de Hatzfeld sobbed convulsively and could only repeat, as it were mechanically, "Ah, sire, my husband is innocent." The emperor made no answer, but went to his escritoire and, taking from it the prince's letter, held it towards his wife in silence. She looked at the unfortunate paper, then burst into tears and, striking her forehead with her clasped hands, exclaimed in consternation, "Oh, yes; it is his writing." The emperor was affected, it appears, by the frankness which in the hour of peril acknowledged the whole truth to him, thus leaving him all the merit of the affair. He would not refuse it, but, advancing to the princess, put the fatal letter into her hands, saying with a graciousness which doubled the value of the favor, "Make what use you please of this paper, which is the only evidence against your husband; when it no longer exists I shall have no power to condemn him," and he pointed to the fire which was blazing in the chimney. The letter was instantly burned and its flame was a bonfire of rejoicing for the deliverance of the prince. —DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

M. de Hatzfeld had transmitted reports relative to military affairs which were quite unconnected with his mission. He had evidently been acting the part of a spy. . . . Napoleon was left alone with Berthier and

he directed him to sit down and write an order by which M. de Hatzfeld was to be arraigned before a military commission. The major-general made some representations in his favor. "Your majesty will not for so trivial an offense shoot a man who is connected with the first families in Berlin. The thing is impossible; you will not think of it." The emperor grew more angry. Neufchâtel persisted in his intercession; Napoleon lost all patience and Berthier quitted the room. I was called in. I had overheard the scene which had just taken place. I was afraid to hazard the least reflection. I was in a state of agony. Besides the repugnance I felt in being instrumental in so harsh a measure, it was necessary to write as rapidly as the emperor spoke, and I must confess I never possessed that talent. He dictated to me the following order: "Our cousin Marshal Davout will appoint a military commission, consisting of seven colonels of his staff, of which he will be the president, to try the Prince of Hatzfeld on a charge of treason and espionage. The sentence must be pronounced and executed before six o'clock in the evening." It was about noon. Napoleon directed me to despatch the order immediately and to send with it the Prince of Hatzfeld's letter. The latter part of the instruction I did not, however, obey. . . . As I was going out to give the necessary orders I was informed that the Princess of Hatzfeld had fainted in the antechamber and that she had previously expressed a wish to speak to me. I went to her. I did not conceal from her the displeasure of Napoleon. I told her that we were going to ride out on horseback and directed her to repair to Prince Ferdinand and to interest him in favor of her husband. I know not whether she did so, but on our arrival at the palace we found her in one of the corridors, and she threw herself in tears at the feet of the emperor, to whom I announced her name. The princess was in a state of pregnancy. Napoleon was moved by her situation and directed her to proceed to the castle. He at the same time desired me to write to Davout to order the trial suspended —he thought M. de Hatzfeld had departed. Napoleon returned to the palace where Madame de Hatzfeld was waiting for him. He desired her to enter the salon. I was present. "Your husband, madame," said he, "has brought himself into an unfortunate scrape. According to our laws he deserves to be sentenced to death. General Rapp, give me his letter. Here, madame, read this." The lady trembled exceedingly. Napoleon immediately took the letter from her hand, tore it and threw the fragments into the fire. "I have no other proof against the Prince of Hatzfeld, madame; therefore he is at liberty." He ordered me immediately to release him from his confinement at headquarters. I acknowledged that I had not sent him there, but he did not reproach me; he even seemed pleased at what I had done.—RAPP.

We learned later from her [Princess Hatzfeld] and from Napoleon himself how she had obtained his pardon. Received with every consideration, her first idea had been to defend her husband by protestations of his innocence. "Being a daughter of the Minister Schulenberg, one of Napoleon's greatest enemies, the emperor doubtless," she said, "wanted to revenge himself upon her father through the man whom he had chosen for a son-in-law." This supposition may have seemed offensive, but Napoleon took no notice of it; his only answer was to call for the incriminating despatch which he made her read, and of which he constituted her the judge after explaining its consequences; but, greatly touched by her extreme distress, he hastened to add, pointing to the fire before which she was seated, "Well, as you hold in your hands the proof of the crime, destroy it, and thus disarm the severity of our martial laws." He had hardly finished speaking, before the happy princess had thrown the letter into the very heart of the fire. The emperor then proceeded to reassure her with a promise of his protection and despatched her immediately to her husband, whom he had enabled her to save from his own hands by this ingenious clemency.—SÉGUR.

I have received your letter in which you seem to reproach me for speaking ill of women. It is true that I dislike female intriguers above all things. I am used to kind, gentle and conciliatory women. I love them and if they have spoiled me it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have done an act of kindness to one deserving woman. I allude to Madame de Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she stood weeping, and in a tone of mingled grief and ingenuousness said, "It is indeed his writing." This went to my heart and I said, "Well, madame, throw the letter into the fire and then I shall have no proof against your husband." She burned the letter and was restored to happiness. Her husband now is safe; two hours later and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are simple, gentle and amiable; because they alone resemble you.—Letter

from Napoleon to Josephine, November 6, 1806.

It was said, however, at the time, that the emperor, who had made up his mind to be severely just, perceived that the incriminating letter was of an anterior date to that at which, according to the usages of war, it could have been considered as an act of espial, and that the whole scene was then arranged for dramatic effect. Another account was that Madame de Hatzfeld herself, on glancing over the letter, pointed out the date to the emperor, who immediately exclaimed, "Oh, then, burn it."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, note by Paul de Rémusat.

IV

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES

Bonaparte was deficient in education and in manners; it seemed as if he must have been destined to live either in a tent where all men are equal, or upon a throne where everything is permitted. He did not know how either to enter or leave a room; he did not know how to make a bow, how to rise, or how to sit down.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

One of my comrades who lodged above me unluckily took a fancy to learn to play the horn and made such a hideous noise as completely disturbed the studies of those who were within hearing. We met each other one day on the stairs. "Are you not tired of practising the horn?" said I. "Not at all," he replied. "At any rate, you tire other people." "I am sorry for it." "It would be better if you went to practise elsewhere." "I am master of my own apartment." "Perhaps you may be taught to entertain a doubt upon that point." "I scarcely think any one will be bold enough to teach me that." A challenge ensued, but before the antagonists met the affair was submitted to the consideration of a council of the cadets, and it was determined that the one should practise the horn at a greater distance and that the other should be more accommodating.—LAS CASES, quoting Napoleon.

The conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, . . . said to me one day: "The people of Paris do not remember anything. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon one reputation displaces another. Let me be seen but three times at the theater and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom." When he went he occupied a box shaded with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a special performance in his honor, but he declined the offer. When I observed that it must be agreeable to him to see his fellow citizens eagerly running after him, he replied, "Bah, the people would crowd as fast if I were going to the scaffold."—BOURRIENNE.

The emperor, when at the zenith of his power, once asked those surrounding him what would be said after his death. They all hastened to answer in phrases of compliment or of flattery. But he interrupted them by exclaiming, "What! You are at a loss to know what people will say? They will say Ouf!"—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, preface by Paul de Rémusat.

The Abbé de Pradt relates that on one occasion, after a violent scene, the emperor came to him and said, "You thought me terribly angry? Undeceive yourself; with me anger never goes beyond this." And he passed his hand across his throat, thus indicating that his passion never rose high enough to disturb his head.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, note by Paul de Rémusat.

Talleyrand told Alvanley that just before the campaign against Austria he came into the room where Napoleon was talking to the Russian ambassador in a fit of madness, stamping and jumping on the chairs, and performing other freaks. When the Russian ambassador went out of the room, Talleyrand asked Napoleon why he was in such transports of rage. Napoleon told him that he had put on that "mien" to make the Russian write to his court and advise it to keep to its neutrality. "I never was cooler in my life," said Napoleon; "feel my pulse," which Talleyrand did and found the pulse quite as usual, which was very slow.—LORD BROUGHTON.

"When," said Napoleon, "I was at Tilsit with the emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs. These two sovereigns, especially the king of Prussia, were completely *au fait* as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederick how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he, laughing, "I was nobody in comparison to them. They continually tormented me about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, although, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, in-

stead of a library I found that he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, on which were hung fifty or sixty jackets of different patterns. Every day he changed his fashion and put on a different one. He attached more importance to this than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom."—O'MEARA.

Bonaparte well knew the secret motive which induced Cobentzel, the emperor's chief envoy, to protract and multiply discussions of which he by this time was weary. One day, in this ambassador's own chamber, Napoleon suddenly changed his demeanor. "You refuse to accept our ultimatum," said he, taking in his hands a beautiful vase of porcelain, which stood on the mantelpiece near him. The Austrian bowed. "It is well," said Napoleon, "but, mark me, within two months I shall shatter Austria like this potsherd." So saying he dashed the vase on the floor in a thousand pieces and moved to the door. Cobentzel followed him and made submissions which induced him once more to resume negotiations.—LOCKHART.

Napoleon had a gun in his study with which he constantly stood at the window and shot the rare fowls which he kept in the ponds of the park. Like all young Corsicans who do not know how to amuse themselves in their island and who pass their time in breaking and spoiling the benches and trees in the public gardens of Bastia, Bonaparte, notwithstanding his superhuman labors, felt the need of destroying something; he was always cutting or slashing the arm of his chair or the leather on his writing table with his penknife. As we can easily imagine this mattered little to his wife, but she was really grieved when she saw that her husband was possessed with such a mania for destruction that he could never enter the hothouses of Malmaison without cutting down or uprooting one of the valuable plants which were growing there.—CHAPTAL.

Among other destructive habits he had that of stirring the wood fire with his foot, thereby scorching his shoes and boots. This generally happened when he was in a passion; at such times he would violently kick the blazing logs in the nearest fireplace.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

Napoleon had a habit of slapping a person on the shoulder, pinching his cheek or pulling his ear, and these mock endearments were not always bestowed in the most gentle manner, nor were they confined to the sterner sex.—BOURRIENNE, corroborated by numerous other writers.

The general order of his household was to have cutlets and roast chicken ready at all hours, a rule which was carefully observed by his maître d'hôtel, Dunand, who had been a celebrated cook. One day, when Napoleon returned from the Council of State in one of his worst tempers, a dinner, comprising his favorite dishes, was served up, and Napoleon, who had fasted since daybreak, took his seat. But he had scarcely partaken of a mouthful when "apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness," and, receding from the table without rising from his chair, he uplifted his foot and—dash went the table, crash went the dinner and the emperor, springing up, paced the floor with rapid strides. Dunand looked on and, quick as the wreck was cleared away, an exact duplicate of the dinner appeared as if by magic, and its presence was quietly announced in the customary "Your majesty is served." Napoleon felt the delicacy and said, "Many thanks, my dear Dunand," with one of his inimitable smiles and showed that the hurricane had blown over.—THISELTON-DYER.

You were greatly offended with me for having called you a nation of shopkeepers. Had I meant by this that you were a nation of cowards, you would have had reason to be displeased, even though it was ridiculous and contrary to historical facts; but no such thing was intended. I meant that you were a nation of merchants, and that all your riches and grand resources arose from commerce, which is true. What else constitutes the riches of England?—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

An old Jacobin, one of Bonaparte's condemned spirits, was employed to speak to the judges, to induce them to condemn Moreau to death. "That is necessary," said he to them, "to the consideration due to the emperor, who caused him to be arrested; but you ought to make the less scruple in consenting to it as the emperor is resolved to pardon him." "And who will enable us to pardon ourselves, if we cover ourselves with such infamy?" replied one of the judges [Clavier] whose name I am not at liberty to mention, for fear of exposing him. General Moreau was condemned to two years' imprisonment.—MADAME DE STAËL.

At the Tuileries I noticed the opinion that the emperor need only appoint a review or hunt for a certain day and that day would be pleasant. Whenever that happened a great deal was said about it, while silence was kept about rainy or foggy weather. . . . It was impossible to deny that it rained during the

distribution of the eagles at the Champ de Mars; but how many people I met the next day who assured me that the rain had not wet them.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

He also had a singular fancy of having one half of his face lathered and shaved before beginning the other, and would not allow me to pass to the other side of his face until the first half was completely finished. —CONSTANT.

"Did you not, sire, excite America to war with us?" "To be sure I did," he replied; "I wanted to have all the world against England; had I conquered her I would have conquered all the rest—but I dislike the Americans and I hope now with all my heart the English will win."

One of his equerries was sent to ask who they were. They replied, "English travelers." "You are not Americans?" "No, sir; English." "Then the emperor requests you to walk in."—SCOTT, *Temple Bar*, October, 1903.

Having learned from some of the king's people who accompanied us that this same carriage had carried Napoleon from Waterloo to Paris only a short time before, a throng of reflections surged up in my mind. They had even told me, by way of passing the time, that they could point out mysterious hiding places, where the emperor concealed his treasures, despatches, etc. To relieve the tedium of the journey I amused myself with finding out these hiding places; and, perceiving one of these knobs before me, I unfortunately pressed it and suddenly a plank was thrown up which carried me with it. I found myself lying stretched out on a hard, narrow, prickly mattress; and I tossed about all one night on the emperor's bed of misery, because I could not find the secret which would deliver me from my uncomfortable position, and I did not dare to stop the escort who accompanied us.—DUCHESS DE GONTAUT.

In the morning the emperor called me and said, "I have decided to dance this evening at the house of the ambassador of Italy; you will carry during the day ten complete costumes to the apartments he has prepared for me." I obeyed and in the evening accompanied his majesty to the residence of M. Mareschalchi, and dressed him as best I could in a black domino, taking great pains to render him unrecognizable, and everything went well, in spite of numerous observations on the emperor's part as to the absurdity of the disguise, the bad appearance a domino makes, etc. But, when it was proposed to change his shoes, he rebelled absolutely in spite of all I could say on this point; and consequently he was recognized the moment he entered the ball room. He went straight to a masker, his hands behind his back as usual, and attempted to enter into an intrigue, and at the first question he asked was called "Sire" in reply. Whereupon, much disappointed, he turned on his heel and came back to us. "You are right, Constant; I am recognized. Bring me lace boots and another costume." I put the boots on his feet and disguised him anew, advising him to let his arms hang, if he did not wish to be recognized at once; and his majesty promised to obey in every particular what he called my instructions. He had hardly entered the room in his new costume, however, before he was accosted by a lady, who, seeing him again with his hands crossed behind his back, said, "Sire, you are recognized." The emperor immediately let his arms fall; but it was too late, for already every one moved aside respectfully to make room for him. He then returned to his room and took a third costume, promising me implicitly to pay attention to his gestures and his walk, and offering to bet that he would not be recognized. This time, in fact, he entered the hall as if it were a barrack, pushing and elbowing all around him; but, in spite of this, some one whispered in his ear, "Your majesty is recognized." A new disappointment, a new change of costume, and new advice on my part, with the same result; until at last his majesty left the ambassador's ball, persuaded that he could not be disguised and that the emperor would be recognized no matter what mask he might assume.—CONSTANT.

Bonaparte was by no means a perfect horseman, but he was at times bold to recklessness in riding or driving. One day he was driving Madame Bonaparte, Madame Louis, Madame Duroc, Joseph and Cambacérès in a four-in-hand, round the park of St. Cloud, when he ran the coach on to one of the posts which divide the garden from the park and was thrown violently off the box. He picked himself up but fell back again stunned by the fall. Meanwhile the horses bolted, but were soon stopped and the ladies released from the coach in a fainting condition. Bonaparte escaped with a cut on his chin and a sprained finger. When he arrived at St. Cloud all he said was, "After all, every man should stick to his own trade." That night he entertained the three senators, Leplace, Monge and Berthollet, to whom he talked as if nothing had happened, though in the course of the evening he owned that he

had been nearer to death than ever before. Madame Bonaparte took the matter more seriously. In her drawing room she said: "When Bonaparte fell I thought from his closed eyes that he was dead. He has promised me not to drive a four-in-hand again. We have long been warning him against his recklessness. He always frightens us when he drives. Corvisart has been called in but does not think it necessary to let blood. The First Consul is anxious that the news of his accident should not get abroad."—THIBADEAU.

He [Napoleon III.] told them a story, which, although it has not been mentioned by any of the great captain's biographers, is unquestionably true. In those days the stag, wherever brought to bay, was left for the emperor to kill. One day, however, the emperor was not to be found and the master of the staghounds finished the animal with a hunting knife. Just then the emperor came in sight; they hurriedly got the dead stag on its legs, supporting it with branches, etc., and handed the emperor the "carabine of honor," as it is called. The emperor fired; of course, the stag tumbled over, but at the same time there was a piteous whine from one of the hounds which had been shot through the head. The emperor, who was on horseback, turned around, utterly unconscious of the mischief he had done, and saying to one of his aides-de-camp, "After all, I am not such a bad shot as one might think."—VANDAM, *New Review*, October, 1892.

All through the summer he shot and hunted and every one racked his brains to vary his amusement in that line. Like a good courtier, Alexander Berthier was not behind. He had the idea of giving the emperor some rabbit shooting in a park which he possessed just out of Paris and had the joy of having his offer accepted. The property possessed everything calculated to make the sport agreeable except rabbits, but rabbits are common enough, and the marshal, being as adjutant-general accustomed to think of everything and provide, considered that he was right as could be when he ordered a thousand of these animals to be turned out in the park on the morning of that day. An order of that kind is not executed by halves and not a rabbit of the thousand was wanting. At length all was ready; the emperor had been expected, the emperor had arrived, a splendid breakfast had been served. The accessories made way for the principal business; the sport began and Berthier was in high delight at having been granted the honor of giving his master some healthful pastime with the opportunity of distinguishing himself. But how can I tell it and be believed? All these rabbits, which should have tried in vain, even by scattering themselves, to escape the shots which the most august hand had destined for them, suddenly collected, first in knots, then in a body; instead of having recourse to useless flight, they all faced about and in an instant the whole phalanx flung itself upon Napoleon. The surprise was unbounded, as was Berthier's wrath. At once he assembled a force of coachmen with long whips and, proud of having found a decisive opportunity of protesting against a cruel word which had escaped the First Consul on the field of Marengo—"Berthier is not the stuff of which they say brave men are made"—he darted forward at their head. The rabbits put to flight, Napoleon was delivered; and they were looking on the incident as a delay—comical, no doubt, but well over—when, by a wheel in the three bodies to right and left, the intrepid rabbits turned the emperor's flank and attacked him frantically in the rear, refused to quit their hold, piled themselves up between his legs until they made him stagger, and forced the conqueror of conquerors, fairly exhausted, to retreat and leave them in possession of the field, only thankful that some of them had not succeeded in scaling the rumble of the emperor's carriage and getting themselves borne in triumph to Paris.—THIEBAULT.

An arrangement was made so that all letters sent by ambassadors or other diplomatic characters, all the household and all persons connected with foreign affairs, were sent to a secret department of the post office at Paris, no matter in what part of France they were put in. All letters or despatches, in like manner, for foreign courts or ministers, were sent to this office, where they were opened and deciphered. The writers sometimes made use of several different ciphers, not continuing the same for more than ten lines, in order to prevent their being understood. This, however, did not answer, as in order to decipher the most ingenious and difficult, it was only necessary to have fifty pages of the same cipher, which from the extent of the correspondence was soon to be had. So clever were the agents employed, and so soon did they read the ciphers, that latterly only fifty louis were paid for the discovery of the means of deciphering a new one. By opening all the letters addressed to diplomatic persons, the post-office police got acquainted with

their correspondents, to whom all letters addressed subsequently were treated in a similar manner. . . . Several of them, especially those of Bernstorf, were full of injurious reflections upon me, censure on my conduct and fabricated conversations with me. How often have I laughed within myself to see them licking the dust from under my feet at my levee, after having read in the morning the *bêtises* they had written of me to their sovereign. . . . This arrangement was not an invention of mine. It was first begun by Louis XIV., and some of the grandchildren of the agents employed by him filled in my time situations which had been transmitted to them by their fathers. But Castlereagh does the same in London. All letters to and from diplomatic persons which pass through the post office are opened and the contents forwarded to him or some other of your ministers, and they must be aware that a similar practise is followed in France.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

Reading letters taken from the post office needs a separate department. The men employed in it are unknown to one another; there is an engraver attached to it, who keeps all kinds of seals always ready. Letters in cipher, no matter in what language they may be, are always deciphered. All languages are translated. It would be impossible to invent a cipher which could not be found out by the help of forty pages of specimens of deciphered despatches which cost me six hundred thousand francs. Louis XIV. invented the system; Louis XV. used it to find out the love affairs of his courtiers.—GOURGAUD.

As a member of the Institute he frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and it happened several times that the emperor, who had come to recognize his face, approached him almost mechanically and asked his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, and perhaps a little annoyed at not having produced a more lasting impression, answered to the emperor's rudely uttered, "And you! Who are you?" in a sharp, impatient tone, "Sire, I am Grétry still." Ever afterwards the emperor recognized him perfectly.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

In 1815 the French newspapers announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France and his entry into Paris in the following manner: March 9—The Anthropophagus has quitted his den. March 10—The Corsican ogre has landed at Cape Juan. March 11—The tiger has arrived at Gap. March 12—The monster slept at Grenoble. March 13—The tyrant has passed through Lyons. March 14—The usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen *en masse* and surrounded him on all sides. March 18—Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital; he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers. March 19—Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps but he will never enter Paris. March 20—Napoleon will to-morrow be under our ramparts. March 21—The emperor is at Fontainebleau. March 22—His imperial and royal majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.—*Notes and Queries*, November 12, 1859.

The following is a curious circumstance relative to the senate of Milan. In the height of our disasters that body sent a deputation to congratulate "Napoleon the Great" on the prospect of his triumphing over all his enemies. The deputation on its way received intelligence of the siege of Paris and had just time to get back to Milan to be appointed to congratulate the Allies on the "downfall of the tyrant."—BOURRIENNE.

V

THE HUSBAND

Josephine

Appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior, Bonaparte had been charged by the government to take all necessary measures for maintaining public tranquillity. One of his orders to this effect was to deprive the inhabitants of Paris of their arms. One morning Lemarois, one of his aides-de-camp, came in, followed by a boy fourteen years of age, who vehemently reclaimed a sword the police had taken from him. Addressing Bonaparte, Eugène said to him: "General, give me back my father's sword, my sole inheritance, and to which I cling more than to life." Struck with the generous sentiment of the boy, Bonaparte had his sword at once restored to him. A few days afterwards the general was relating this example of filial piety at a party at Barras's, at which Josephine happened to be present. She was introduced to Bonaparte, who congratulated her on having such a son and was on his side charmed by her grace and amiability.—FOURMENSTRAUX.

October 27, 1816.—A boy of twelve or thirteen years old presented himself to me and entreated that his father's sword (who had been general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request that I ordered it to be given

to him. This boy was Eugène Beauharnais. On seeing the sword he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance and still more with her *esprit*. The first impression was daily strengthened and marriage was not long in following.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

The lad, so runs the legend, had been kindly received by General Bonaparte, and on the morrow of this visit, Madame de Beauharnais went in person to thank the general. He was quite fascinated by her Creole charm and Parisian manners. The general then asked to be allowed to call on her from time to time and so their friendship began. What must we think of this story? Nothing, except that it was invented from beginning to end by somebody whose interest or wish it was to cast a halo of romance or refinement over the very commonplace reality. —TURQUAN, citing the "Memoirs of Eugène de Beauharnais," the "Memorial of St. Helena," Barante's "History of the Directory" and La Valette's "Memoirs," and quoting as follows from J. C. Bailleul's "Studies of the Causes of the Elevation of Napoleon": "I never heard the anecdote mentioned at the time and the marriage was already an accomplished fact when people heard of it for the first time."

Poor fellow! He asks her—he is ashamed of his paltry request—he asks her to help him obtain gratis two or three ells of the cloth used for soldiers' coats, so that he may have a new uniform made for himself. Cloth, like soldiers, soon wears out on the battle-field. He knows that he has no right to the cloth; the decree of Fructidor, Ann. III., is explicit on that point, and General Bonaparte is not on active service just at present. But the Director Barras's mistress is more powerful than the law. She smiles—she can smile so bewitchingly, and she promises: was she ever known to refuse anybody anything?—TURQUAN.

Arnault relates an amusing story about these pampered creatures. The future empress had a pug named Fortune, who was "neither good, nor beautiful, nor amiable," but whom she nevertheless adored. She took him with her wherever she went and at night he slept upon her bed. "You see that gentleman there," said Napoleon one day to the chronicler; "he is my rival. He was in possession of Madame's bedroom when I married her. I wanted to put him out of it, but I was given to understand that I must sleep elsewhere or share it with him. It annoyed me, but it was a case of take or leave, and I yielded. The favorite was not so accommodating; I carry the proof on my leg." Fortune's end was tragic. Taking the fine air one day on the terrace of Montebello, he encountered a large mastiff, belonging to Napoleon's cook, at whom, since he tolerated no intruders on what he considered his domain, he had the imprudence to snap. The mastiff, less complaisant than the general, resented the injury; and, a moment later, Fortune had ceased to live. Josephine was in despair but presently found consolation in the possession of another pug, who succeeded to all the privileges of the deceased and was, if possible, even more arrogant. Soon after, Napoleon, while walking in the gardens, happened to meet the cook, who turned to fly. His master called him back and asked why he wished to run away. "General, after what my dog did?" "Well?" "I am afraid you hated the sight of me." "Your dog? Have you not got him any longer?" "Pardon me, he never sets paw into the garden, especially since Madame has another." "Let him come in as often as he likes; perhaps he will rid me of this other fellow as well."—WILLIAMS.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweler Foncier possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls, which had belonged, as he said, to the late queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her to examine them, she thought they were sufficient to make a very fine necklace. But to make the purchase two hundred and fifty thousand francs were required, and how to get them was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then minister of war. Berthier, after biting his nails, after his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts for the hospital service in Italy with as much speed as possible; and as in these days the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier's shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte. The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear the necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed, it was the more difficult for her to do so as the First Consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of a

busybody, he knew, or he believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence and, being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large party here to-morrow and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he asks me where I got my pearls I must tell him without hesitation that I have had them for a long time." Everything happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? Where did you get these pearls? How fine you are to-day! I think I never saw them before." "Oh, *mon Dieu*, you have seen them a dozen times. It is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair." "But, I think——" "Stay; ask Bourrienne; he will tell you." "Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?" "Yes, general, I recollect very well seeing them before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown them to me. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic, but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her part with amazing dexterity and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned to me in the little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection of the readiness with which well-bred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.—BOURRIENNE.

On another day I was witness of a scene which I should be tempted to call ridiculous, were it not for the respect I owe to their majesties' memories. I will report it as I saw it; the reader will characterize it as he thinks fit. The empress had been slightly indisposed; one of the most famous dealers in fashions of the day, Mademoiselle Despeaux, had come to offer her services to her majesty. She was waiting in the blue salon which joined the bedroom until she should be called for. At that moment the emperor came down to see the empress, and the very first person that struck his eye in the blue salon through which he had to pass was poor Mademoiselle Despeaux, armed with her bandboxes. "Who are you?" he angrily exclaimed. When, trembling all over, she had declared her name, he rushed like a madman into his wife's chamber, gesticulating and crying out, "Who sent for this woman? Who brought her here? I insist upon knowing it." Every one of us made an excuse for herself and the fact was that nobody had written to summon Mademoiselle Despeaux, who had come of her own accord. Knowing that the empress was ill, she had fancied that she might want some pretty negligée cap becoming to her delicate state. Our denials, however, only added fuel to the emperor's rage. He shouted like a maniac, "I will know who has done this. I will throw you all into prison." Now, at the moment of all this fury the empress was bound hand and foot (that is to say, her coiffeur was dressing her hair and she was taking a foot bath). Women, hairdresser and all, instantly took flight and I was left alone in a small cabinet adjoining the chamber. I confess that if I had obeyed my first impulse I should have decamped like the rest, but, reflecting upon the situation in which the empress found herself, I would not leave her alone. The emperor saw me, but did not say a word to me. A few moments afterwards he came hastily out of her bedroom, nor had the empress been able to calm him. As for herself, she was trembling and pale, and I found her countenance sorely troubled. Such was the scene of which I was a witness; and now for the consequences. As soon as the emperor reached his own cabinet he sent to summon the Duke of Rovigo (Savary) whom he ordered instantly to have Mademoiselle Despeaux arrested by the gendarmes and then shut up in prison. The duke did all that he could to prevent the emperor from committing such an act of injustice, but his representations and prayers were in vain. The emperor was obstinate in his will—the duke forced to obey. Poor Mademoiselle Despeaux was arrested almost as soon as she got outside of the palace and carried to the *greffe* (a sort of police station), where she passed the night. In the meantime the empress, having been informed of this arrest, repaired to the emperor, who the next morning revoked his order and restored Mademoiselle Despeaux to liberty.—VILLEMAREST.

He informed us that, having one morning broken unexpectedly into Josephine's morning circle, he found a celebrated milliner, whom he had expressly forbidden to go near

the empress, as she was ruining her with extravagant demands. "My unlooked for presence created great dismay in the academic sitting. I gave some orders unperceived and on the lady's departure she was seized and carried to Bicêtre. A great outcry was raised among the higher circles of Paris; it was said that my conduct was disgraceful. It soon became the fashion to visit the milliner in her confinement and there was daily a file of carriages at the gate of the prison. The police informed me of the fact. 'All the better,' said I; 'but I hope she is not treated with severity, not confined in a dungeon.' 'No, sire; she has a suite of apartments and a drawing room!' 'Oh, well, let her be; if this act is pronounced tyrannical so much the better; it will be a diapason stroke for a great many others. Very little will serve to show them that I can do more.'" —Las Cases.

It was a most extraordinary thing for us to see the man whose head was filled with such vast affairs enter into the most minute details of the female toilet, and of what dresses, and of what robes, what jewels the empress should wear on such and such an occasion. One day he daubed her dress with ink because he did not like it and wanted her to put on another. Whenever he looked into her wardrobe he was sure to throw things topsy-turvy.—Villemarest.

Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, Talleyrand has been speaking to me about the debts of my wife. I have the money from Hamburg—ask her the exact amount of her debts; let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of these rascals; they are a gang of robbers." . . . The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed, she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her, "Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the First Consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have to endure some bitter reproaches and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion of your debts, at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the First Consul and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me—state all; the result will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you; by reservations you will renew them incessantly." Josephine said: "I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I say to you. I owe, I believe, 1,200,000 francs, but I wish to confess only 600,000; I will contract no more debts and will pay the rest little by little out of my savings." . . . After a quarter of an hour's further discussion on the subject I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitation and promised to mention only 600,000 to the First Consul. The anger and ill humor of Bonaparte may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said: "Well, take 600,000 francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorize you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing if they do not reduce their enormous charges. They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit." Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me also that there must be some exaggeration in the number of articles supplied. I observed in the milliners' bills thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was also a charge of eighteen hundred francs for heron plumes and eight hundred francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether she wore out two hats in one day. She objected to this charge for the hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen—it was the same system of plunder throughout. I availed myself fully of the First Consul's permission and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with half of what they demanded. One of them received 35,000 francs for a bill of 80,000; and he had the impudence to tell me that he had made a good profit nevertheless. Finally I was fortunate enough, after the most vehement disputes, to settle everything for 600,000 francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell into the same excesses again, but fortunately money became more plentiful.—Bourrienne.

You will do well to send privately for the empress Josephine's comptroller and make him aware that nothing will be paid over to him, unless proof is furnished that there are no debts; and, as I will have no shilly-shallying on the subject, this must be guaranteed on the comptroller's own property. You will therefore notify the comptroller that from the first of January next, no payment will be made either in your own office or in the crown treasury until he has given an undertaking that no debts exist and made his own property responsible for the fact. I have information that the expenditure in that household is increasingly careless. You will therefore see the comptroller and put yourself in possession of all the facts regarding money matters; for it is absurd that, instead of saving two millions of money, as the empress should have done, she should have more debts to be paid. It will be easy for you to find out the truth about this from the comptroller and make him understand that he himself might be seriously compromised.

The Empress Louise has 100,000 écus [$60,000] and never spends that sum; she pays her bills once a week, goes without new gowns if that be necessary, and suffers privations in order to avoid having debts. The expenses of the Empress Josephine's household ought not to exceed one million. If there are too many horses—cut them down. The Empress Josephine has children and grandchildren for whom she ought to lay by.—Letter of Napoleon to Mollien, Minister of the Public Exchequer, November 1, 1811.

I was expected to know the balance sheet as thoroughly as the revenue—in this I was well aided by the intendant. My task was a more difficult one with the empress: her displeasure manifested itself more than once with feminine weakness, and on one occasion, when rendering an account of my interview with her to the emperor, he interrupted me quickly, saying, "You should not have made her cry." When on another occasion I expressed a fear that my strictness in the management of her affairs might prevent her from continuing the pensions of three old soldiers who had been royalists, but who had long wished to serve under the banner of Napoleon—"Give me the names of these officers," he replied, "and tell her she must not cry." The three officers were then employed. —MOLLIEN.

I once suggested to her that she might divert her mind by going to the theater; but she told me that she did not derive enough amusement from the plays to go incognito, and that she could not venture to go publicly. "Why, madame," I asked her, "I think the applause you would receive would be pleasing to the emperor." "You do not know him then," was her reply. "If I was received with much cordiality, I am sure he would be jealous of any little triumph which he would not have shared. When I am applauded he likes to take part in my success; and I should only mortify him by seeking any when he cannot be present."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

One day the First Consul invited several generals to breakfast at Malmaison. During the repast General Bonaparte took it into his head to ask his guests to shoot in the park; whereupon Madame Bonaparte became very much agitated. "What?" cried she; "shoot at this time of the year? What are you thinking about? All animals are with young; it is not the season for shooting." "Oh, well," replied the First Consul rather roughly, "I see we must give it up." —CHEVERNY.

As Josephine was rather inclined to prefer English materials, a discussion arose between the First Consul and his wife, which ended in the First Consul commanding his wife never again to appear in the dress she was then wearing and which was made of India muslin. He added that he would like her to wear a satin dress at the next reception of the ambassadors and diplomatic corps. This was a terrible blow to the poor woman; she sank down on a sofa, burst into tears and was obliged to hide her face in her handkerchief.

General Bonaparte was no longer the lover of 1796, of the old days of the Army of Italy. His wife's tears were now powerless to move him; on the contrary, they only annoyed him, so he left the room in a temper, saying, "There! Do as you like, but remember that you are no longer fifteen or thirty years of age and that you are much too old to play the child like that."—JUNG.

"But you forget that I already have had two children; are not Eugène and Hortense my children?" Whereupon Madame Baciocchi, "who had the sharpest tongue any woman ever possessed," critically retorted, "But, sister, you were a young woman in those days." Elise was quite right: Josephine was young in those days and now she was no longer young. But Elise's impudent, spiteful retort showed exactly how much these ladies loved each other and what sort of affection existed between the Bonapartes and the Beauharnais. Her sister-in-law loved

her for this speech as she deserved to be loved; as she always wept at the slightest provocation, she could not restrain her tears. The First Consul appeared in the midst of these affecting scenes. "What's the matter? Why are you crying?" Josephine managed to tell him through her sobs what had just happened. Whereupon the general, in order to smooth matters, said to his sister: "How stupid you are! Don't you know that we must not always speak the truth?" Lucien, in relating this incident, adds that Madame Bonaparte seemed to think that her husband's remark had made matters only worse.—JUNG.

The emperor informed us that a distinguished lady, at the time of her marriage, had deceived her husband and represented herself to be five or six years younger than she really was, by producing the baptismal register of her younger sister, who had been dead some time. "However," said the emperor, "in so doing, poor Josephine exposed herself to some risk. This might really have proved a case of nullity of marriage." These words furnished us with the key to certain dates, which at the Tuileries were the subject of jesting and ridicule, and which we then attributed wholly to the gallantry and extreme complaisance of the Imperial Almanac.—LAS CASES.

Napoleon removed Josephine's coiffeur from her without informing her and appointed him to Marie Louise.—CUTHELL.

The emperor had for the moment relinquished the idea of a divorce, but, being still extremely anxious to have an heir, he asked his wife whether she would consent to acknowledge a child of his as her own, and to feign pregnancy, so that every one should be deceived. She consented to accede to any wishes of his on this point. Then Bonaparte sent for Corvisart, his chief physician, in whom he had well-merited confidence, and confided his plan to him. "If I succeed," said he, "in making sure of the birth of a boy who shall be my own son, I want you, as a witness of the pretended confinement of the empress, to do all that would be necessary to give the device every appearance of reality." Corvisart, who felt that his honor and probity were injured by the mere proposition, refused to do what the emperor required of him, but promised inviolable secrecy. It was not until long afterwards, and since Bonaparte's second marriage, that he confided this fact to me, while at the same time he affirmed in the strongest terms the legitimate birth of the King of Rome, concerning which some entirely unfounded doubts had been raised. —MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

The house [Malmaison] was as she left it. Not a thing had been moved and the servants were still there and the order and comfort of the establishment were as though her return were momentarily expected. The plants she loved were carefully tended and her particular favorites were affectionately pointed out. The old domestic, who acted as my guide, spoke low, as if afraid of disturbing her repose, or as if the sanctity of death still pervaded the apartments. He could not mention her without emotion and he told enough of her quiet, unobtrusive life, of her kindness to the poor, of her gentleness to all about her, to account for the devotion of her dependants. The evidences of her refined taste were everywhere and there were tokens that her love for her husband had survived his injustice and desertion. After his second marriage he occasionally visited her and she never allowed anything to be disturbed which reminded her that he had been there. Books were lying open on the table where he had left them; the chair where he had sat was still where he had arisen from it; the flower he had plucked withered where he had dropped it. Every article he had touched was sacred and remained unprofaned by other hands.—"Personal Reminiscences," *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1858.

Marie Louise

She had been taught, if not to hate, at all events to look with little favor on the Emperor Napoleon. For had he not more than once brought the house of Hapsburg to within an ace of ruin and had he not also compelled her family to quit Vienna and wander from town to town amidst all the confusion and alarm which invariably follows a hasty retreat? The game which her brothers and sisters generally played consisted of setting up a line of toy soldiers to represent the French army, placing at its head the dirtiest and most repulsive figure they could find, which they would then proceed to attack with pins and to insult in every conceivable way. It was thus that these children thought to avenge all the misery inflicted on their family by that dreaded captain, against whom the entire strength of the Austrian army and the thunderings of the Vienna cabinet were powerless to contend.—MÉNEVAL.

Slightly favored by nature, nothing was remarkable about Marie Louise but the beauty of her foot. M. Anatole de Montesquieu, sent as a courier to apprise Napoleon

of the accomplishment of the wedding and of the day fixed for the departure of the illustrious betrothed, was secretly enjoined by M. de Narbonne to present to his majesty the little slipper of the princess in the form of a portrait. This entirely new kind of attention met with the highest appreciation at the French court. It was even said that Napoleon placed against his heart this first pledge of an, alas, ephemeral love.—COUNTESS POTOCKA, copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.

"But what struck us most," writes Bausset, comptroller of Napoleon's household and who was one of the French mission, "among so many beautiful things, was the smallness of her feet, to judge by the shoes we brought, and which were made from patterns sent from Vienna." Napoleon had seen these models and, tapping his valet on the cheek with one, had exclaimed, "Look, Constant, here's a good omen. Have you seen many feet like that?"—CUTHELL.

This mighty man, the terror of the whole world, sent for tailors to make him well-fitting clothes; and also for a dancing master to teach him the Viennese waltz. He could hardly restrain his ardor for Marie Louise. —WERTHEIMER.

He had the portrait of the princess brought to him and asked me if it was really like her. I showed him also a profile sketch I had made and he exclaimed at once, "Yes; she has the regular Austrian lip of the Hapsburgs." Then he pointed out the same peculiarity in some medals and, making me stand close to him, he leaned over the table so as to get the light of the lamp on the portrait, with which he seemed quite in love. He asked me again if I thought it was like her—if it flattered. "And are her eyes really like that? As blue as that? Is not her nose smaller? It really is the Austrian lip, isn't it?" he went on, as he pouted his own lips a little. "Is she taking at first sight? Has she a bright smile? Is she as tall as that? (indicating his own height.) Is she this, or that or the other? Tell me, tell me, tell me everything about her." "Yes, sire; yes, sire," I kept repeating; and then, rubbing his hands together like a thoroughly happy man, he began again, "Well, how did the Vienna fête go off? I hope those we are going to give will please every one still more. We mean to astonish them. France is the only place for really good taste. So the King of Wurttemberg had a fine display too? Yes; he has the grand manner; he is a regular Louis XIV. in miniature; he'll ruin himself. The people of Germany seem very pleased about the marriage then?" In a word his majesty was in a most charming mood and would have liked to ask me a great many more questions, showing how eager he was to see the empress, only some one interrupted us to tell him that a wing of the palace had caught fire and he dismissed me. A few days later the emperor's longing was fulfilled by the arrival of the empress. He rode out unattended for several miles to see her and as soon as he caught sight of the procession he galloped up to her carriage, sprang off his horse, made the attendants open the door and, flinging his arms around his bride, embraced her tenderly, much to the surprise of the princess, who was in the singular position of finding herself being kissed by a stranger who had given no one time to introduce him.—BARON LEJEUNE.

Urged by his impatience, he hastened—accompanied by his brother-in-law Murat—to meet the empress's carriage, in the guise of an ordinary artillery officer, who was merely to deliver a despatch. Unfortunately, much to Napoleon's annoyance, this carefully planned surprise was frustrated by Audenarde, master of the horse, who had not been initiated into the secret. In consequence he arranged a surprise of a different kind for Marie Louise. Inconsiderate, as he always was, he consummated his marriage at the castle of Compiègne, without waiting for the ceremony in Paris. He had, as it was said at the time, and as he himself acknowledged later, first taken counsel with a bishop in order to quiet his conscience. This prelate assured him that the ceremony which had already taken place in Vienna entitled him to all the rights of a husband over his wife.—WERTHEIMER.

The emperor went out to meet her, joined her at the distance of two leagues from Compiègne, entered her carriage and returned with her to the palace. They do say that on that very same evening he acted towards her as Henry IV. had done to Marie Medici at Lyons, and she doubtless experienced all the less difficulties in yielding . . . in that this contingency had been foreseen, and that at Vienna, where such matters were well understood, good care had been taken to admonish her that she was to consider herself as duly married. The civil marriage took place at St. Cloud on the 1st of April and the religious ceremony was celebrated the next day.—PASQUIER.

The Salle Carrée, at the corner, preceding the Gallerie d'Apollo, has been transformed into a chapel, resplendent with the

masterpieces of sacred art. Here are in readiness Cardinal Fesch and the Paris ecclesiastical dignitaries. But, when Napoleon enters and glances round the clergy, his brow grows black. "Where are the cardinals?" he asks angrily of his private chaplain, the Abbé de Pradt. "A great number are here," timidly replies the chaplain; "but some are old and infirm." "No; they are not here," exclaims Napoleon in a rage; "the fools! the fools!" And, indeed, the thirteen Italian cardinals, who, in consequence of Napoleon having been placed under the ban of the pope, had announced that they would take no part in the marriage ceremony, had not put in an appearance. For an excommunicated person can only receive any of the sacraments from a priest. Other clergy cannot be present. The cardinals' action had nothing to do with the divorce. . . . When, two days later, Napoleon received the Chamber, the Senate, the great bodies of the state, they made their appearance among the crowd, and not without misgiving. But they were turned away incontinently before the arrival of the emperor. He abused them angrily to their more pliant colleagues, confiscated their property, private and official, and, exiling them from Paris, relegated them to different towns in France under police surveillance.—CUTHELL.

With regard to the cardinals who had declined to be present at the marriage, they were arrested two days afterwards and, together with an order to leave for various towns, they were forbidden to don the outward signs of their dignity and enjoined to be always clothed in black. Their property was sequestrated and the stipend which they had enjoyed up to that time ceased to be paid to them. In lieu of this they were offered two hundred and fifty francs per month, which was to be paid to them at their place of exile. Two of them only accepted this offer; the others lived by means of collections taken up secretly in their behalf.—PASQUIER.

The remembrance of a taste, which she had acquired in the very homely sort of life she had led when quite a girl, inspired one day the empress to make an omelette herself, and she had all the necessary ingredients brought into her apartment. While completely taken up with her very important culinary operation, the emperor entered, without having been announced, either by chance or because he had heard from some officious person what was going on, and wanted to have the pleasure of surprising Marie Louise. The latter, somewhat upset by this unexpected visit, endeavored to prevent Napoleon from seeing what she was preparing. "What is going on here?" asked the emperor; "there is a singular smell, as of something being fried." Then, stepping behind the empress, he discovered the spirit lamp, the silver frying pan, in which the butter was beginning to melt, salad bowl and the eggs. "What!" cries Napoleon, "so you are going to make an omelette! Bah! You do not know how to do it at all. I will show you how it is to be done." He then set to work, the empress acting as his assistant, but he was trying to teach an assistant who knew more about it than he did and whose education had been obtained in a very lofty school. The empress's parents were fond of rustic occupations, loving to withdraw into some rustic home, built in the center of great imperial parks, and there, disguised as farmers, to attend to household duties with their children. The omelette, then, having been finished somehow or other, there remained the important operation of tossing it. Napoleon wanted to do this himself; but he had thought himself cleverer than he was and just as he was trying to toss the omelette there happened to him what happened to the Great Condé, who, according to Gourville, wanted to make an omelette at an inn, where he stopped, and pitched it into the fire when trying to turn it. Napoleon did not succeed any better, and let the omelette fall on the ground. He was obliged to confess his want of experience and left the empress to go on with her cooking alone.—MÉNEVAL.

In his anxiety to shield her innocence Napoleon enclosed Marie Louise in what was practically a harem. With the exception of her doctor, her private and her financial secretary, no man was admitted to her private apartments without an order from the emperor himself. How particular he was "that no man should boast of ever having been two seconds alone with the empress," two anecdotes from Madame Durand illustrate: The jeweler Biennais had made for the empress a deed box fastened by several locks, the secret of which was to be known to her alone and it was necessary that he should show her the mechanism. Marie Louise mentioned the matter to her husband, who allowed her to receive Biennais and the latter was ordered to St. Cloud. When he arrived he was shown into the music room; he was at one end of it with her majesty; a première dame, Madame D., was in the same apartment, but sufficiently far away not to hear the instructions the jeweler was giving

her. Just as they were finished, the emperor came in and, seeing Biennais, inquired who the man was. The empress hastened to give his name and to explain why he had come and that leave had been given by the emperor himself for him to be admitted to her presence. But the emperor denied that this last was the case, made out that the *dame d'annonce* was in the wrong and administered to her a severe talking which the empress had all the trouble in the world to stop, though she said to him, "But, *mon ami*, it was I who ordered Biennais to come." The emperor laughed and said that that was not her affair, but that the lady alone was responsible for those she let in and that she had done wrong and that he hoped it would not happen again. This is the second incident: Marie Louise had a music master, who had been her mother's, M. Paer. One day, as he was giving his lesson, the *dame d'annonce*, the same Madame D., had an order to give. She opened a door and half her body passed through it; she gave the order and at that moment Napoleon came in and, not immediately perceiving her, thought that she was not there. The music master departed, and then Napoleon demanded to know where the lady was when he entered. She told him that she had not left the room; he would not believe it, and made her a long sermon, adding emphatically, "Madame, I honor and respect the empress, but the sovereign of a great empire should be placed above the attempt even of a suspicion." Verily, an old poacher makes a good gamekeeper! Napoleon also complained to Metternich one day that Madame de Montebello, walking in the grounds of St. Cloud with her mistress, had presented to the latter some young men, her cousins. He thought that this was monstrous, that it might lead to intrigues, to people begging favors of the empress, and he begged Metternich, as he had known her all her life, to point this out to her, lest she should think him a jealous and exacting husband, but that she "was young and inexperienced and unused to French people and this country."—CUTHELL.

Napoleon had a great dislike to seeing novels lying about in his wife's room, or even in the ladies' drawing room; therefore, when he came in, the volumes had to be hurriedly hidden. Anxious, however, to minister to Marie Louise's great love of reading, he ordered the librarian to make a selection of books for her. But when they came he found among them the Satires of Juvenal, and of this he disapproved of his wife's reading. He reprimanded the librarian and henceforth all Marie Louise's literature came through her husband's study.—CUTHELL.

The duke said that the first time he had seen her was during the Congress of Vienna in 1815, when he went to pay his respects to her at Schoenbrunn; but, owing to the state of things in France, he did not often, of course, find himself in her society. It is a very curious thing, he added, that she afterwards said to some one: "The Duke of Wellington little knows the service he has done me by winning the battle of Waterloo." The fact was that she was then with child by Neipperg—whom she afterwards married; and if Napoleon had prevailed she would have had to return to him in that state.—STANHOPE.

The Baronne de Montet has recorded in her "Souvenirs" an incident worthy of note illustrating the selfishness and heartlessness of Marie Louise's nature. Bonaparte was a prisoner and the news of the event had just arrived. The Baronne de Montet went at once to Madame Scarampil, lady-in-waiting to the ex-empress. One would have thought that this lady would at that moment have been with her mistress endeavoring to console her on the receipt of such sad intelligence. Instead of which Mme. de Montet found her skipping, singing, etc., "for very joy at the tidings" of Napoleon's capture. When Mme. Scarampil became a little calmer, Mme. de Montet asked whether Marie Louise had heard the news. "I am going to write to her," was the answer, "as the empress sees no one until eleven o'clock." She then sat down and wrote to the archduchess. "We waited for an answer with much impatience and curiosity," adds the Baronne de Montet, "and here it is, word for word: 'Thank you; I had already heard the news you sent me. I want to ride to Merkenstein; do you think the weather is fine enough to risk it?'" This event, which Marie Louise treated so lightly, was no less than Napoleon's embarkation on board the Bellerophon—in fact, his first step on the way to exile.—BILLARD.

We will recall an incident, and in order to avoid any suspicion of malice or exaggeration, we will quote the words of the Comte de Haussonville, who is responsible for the story: "I was present when the Comte de Sainte-Aulaire related an anecdote which showed that the feelings of the empress at that time were in no way suited to the circumstances. The arrival of M. de Sainte-Aulaire was announced to her majesty very early in the morning, while she was still in

bed. She was but half awake when she received him, sitting at the side of the bed with her bare feet showing from beneath the coverlet. Completely overcome by the gravity of the situation, for the letter of which he was the bearer not only brought the news of the fall of the empire, but also that of Napoleon's attempted suicide at Fontainebleau, M. de Sainte-Aulaire stood with his eyes cast down, anxious to appear unconscious of the effect produced on the empress by this sad intelligence. 'Ah, you are looking at my feet,' exclaimed the empress; 'I am always being told how pretty they are.'" —BILLARD.

I am just now in great uncertainty. The *Gazette of Piedmont* has announced in such a positive manner the death of the Emperor Napoleon, that it is hardly possible to doubt it any longer. I confess I was extremely startled at it, though I have never had any deep feelings of any kind for him. I cannot forget that he is the father of my son and that, far from behaving badly to me, as every one believes, he always showed me every consideration—the only thing one can look for in a political marriage. I was therefore very grieved at it and, though one should be glad that he has ended his unhappy life in a Christian manner, I could still have wished him many more years of happiness and life—provided that it was far away from me. In the uncertainty about it I have settled myself at Sala, not wishing to go to the theater till I know something positive. My health has become so frail that I have felt this shock.—MARIE LOUISE, letter to the Countess Victoire.

August 22, 1817.—I believe that Marie Louise is just as much a state prisoner as I am myself, except that more attention is paid to decorum in the restraints imposed on her. I have always had occasion to praise the conduct of my good Louise, and I believe that it is totally out of her power to assist me; moreover, she is young and timorous. It was perhaps a misfortune to me that I had not married a sister of the Emperor Alexander, as proposed to me by Alexander himself at Erfurth. But there were inconveniences in that union, arising from religion. I did not like to allow a Russian priest to be the confessor of my wife, as I considered that he would have been a spy in the Tuileries for Alexander. It has been said that my union with Louise was made a stipulation in the treaty with Austria, which is not true. I should have spurned the idea. It was first proposed by the Emperor Francis himself, and by Metternich, at Narbonne.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

Napoleon went on to ask about his wife, the Empress Marie Louise, a much less satisfactory subject, seeing that her conduct towards him was heartless beyond words; of all creatures living he had most indulged and loved her. "Is the empress in good relations with my mother, or with any of my family?" "I only know that Madame Mère has written her twice without reply." "Then she is either forbidden to write or she has never received the letter," replied Napoleon hastily, ashamed to confess to the fact of her ingratitude and indifference.—MRS. ELLIOT.

In his moments of agony, when, to give him some comfort, we spoke to him of you, often has he replied, "Be sure that if my wife makes no sign, it is because she is kept surrounded by spies, who prevent her knowing all that I am made to endure, for Marie Louise is virtue itself."—GOURGAUD, letter to Marie Louise.

He made her his executrix, adding in his will, "I have every reason to be satisfied with my dear wife Marie Louise. I retain for her, to my last moment, the most intense affection."—CUTHELL.

VI

ST. HELENA

Sir George Cockburn sat three quarters of an hour at the Admiralty. I was determined to bring him out about Napoleon; so, after a little preliminary chat, I said: "Sir George, this is an opportunity which may never occur again. May I ask you one or two questions?" "You may." "Why did you think meanly of Napoleon?" "I'll tell you," he said, "when I went to him with Lord Keith, I went prepared to admire him. He behaved violently, said I should pass over his cadaver, that he would not go to St. Helena, and so forth. Not caring for all this, I said, 'At what hour shall I send the boat?'" I forget Sir George's continuation, for the servant came in. After answering the servant, rather nettled at the interruption, he went on to say: "I came at the hour of the day, to take him on board the *Bellerophon*, prepared to use force, and ready even for bloodshed.' To my utter wonder he skipped away and went on board without a word. After all these threats, what do you think of that? At dinner he talked indecently before women, and burst forth and gave me a whole history of his Egyptian campaign, puffing himself grossly. In fact, he would talk of nothing but himself. When

we got to St. Helena, we rode out to choose a situation. He wished to have a house in which a family were, instantly. I explained that a week's notice was only decent. He said he could sleep under a tent. As we rode down the hill I showed him the room I intended to occupy. Napoleon said, 'That is the very room I should like', so it was given up to him. Then he complained of the sentries; they were withdrawn and sergeants put in place. Then he complained of them and gave his honor, if they were removed, he would never violate the limits. I yielded and that very night he went into the town. He then asked for four thousand napoleons taken from him, which was granted; and he bought up all the gold lace and green baize in the town to dress up his suite, and spent days in carving and arranging this gold lace. Now, these are my reasons for thinking meanly of him. He told me lies repeatedly and, after granting him my own room at his request, he wrote to the government that he had been forced into one room."—HAYDON.

We found him in the billiard room, employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black. I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English and the black to indicate the French. One of his chief amusements was going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by better maneuvering to have won it.—ELIZABETH ABELL.

Napoleon began to talk English and, having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, "This is my mistress! Oh, not mistress—yes, yes, this is my mistress!" while the lady was endeavoring to extricate herself and the count, her husband, bursting with laughter. He then asked whether he had made a mistake and, being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, "Oh, no, no—I say, my friend, my love. No, not love; my friend, my friend." The fact was that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days and he wished to rally her spirits as well as give unreserved ease to the conversation.—WARDEN.

Napoleon asked me what my *robe de bal* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to let me got to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go and his request, of course, was instantly acceded to. It was the first ball dress I had ever possessed and I was not a little proud of it. He said I was very pretty and, the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister were partners and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar plums, but to-night Napoleon said, "Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a napoleon on the game." I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his napoleon. The emperor agreed to this and we commenced playing. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavored whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention and then slily held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this and, calling him to order, told him he was cheating and that if he continued to do so I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered, but I started up and, seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and others what he had done. He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes and declared that he had played fair, but that I had cheated and should pay him the pagoda and, when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and, snatching up my ball dress from the sofa, he ran out of the room with it and up to his pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick and, darting through the marquee, he reached the inner room and locked himself in. I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and in French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word that he intended to keep it and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning, but the next day wore away and I saw no signs of my pretty frock. I sent several entreaties in the course of the day but the answer was that the emperor slept and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me. At last the

hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought around, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas, my beautiful dress being in them. I was in despair and hesitated whether I should go in my plain frock rather than not go at all, when to my great joy I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress. "Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress; I hope you are a good girl now and that you will like the ball, and mind that you dance with Gourgaud." General Gourgaud was not very handsome and I had some childish feud with him. I was all delight at getting back my dress and still more pleased to find that my roses were not spoiled. He said that he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before.—ELIZABETH ABELL.

He then inquired if I knew any French songs and among others "Vive Henri Quartre." I said I did not. He began to hum the air, became abstracted and, leaving his seat, marched around the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done he asked me what I thought of it and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air. In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had an ear for music, for neither on this occasion nor in any of the subsequent attempts at singing could I ever discern what tune he was executing.—ELIZABETH ABELL.

About a week since it was intimated to Madame Bertrand that she was so fond of the English and partial to their society that she might save herself the trouble of attendance at dinner. The emperor had dined in his room the day before, fearing that he could not have kept his temper and would have displayed a scene before the servants. Madame then made known that Napoleon was frequently in the habit of using language neither kingly nor gentlemanly towards his attendants and that the ladies even were not respected in these fits of rage. The interdiction lasted a week, at the end of which time it was signified that "the emperor permitted her to come to dinner."—BINGHAM, "Diary," *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1896.

Napoleon received the intelligence of the death of Murat and Ney with the greatest indifference. Of the former he observed that he was a fool and deserved his fate. He said he had behaved very ill to him and had refused to lend him money when at Elba. Of the latter he said he had done him more harm than good, and did not appear to care the least about either.—BINGHAM, *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1896.

He discovered through the interpretation of Las Cases that an old Malay, who was hired by M. Balcombe as gardener, had been entrapped from his native place on board an English ship several years before, brought to St. Helena, smuggled on shore, illegally sold for a slave, let out to whoever would hire him, and his earnings chiefly appropriated to his master. This he communicated to the admiral, who immediately set on foot an inquiry; the probable result would have been the emancipation of poor Toby, had the admiral remained in command. When Napoleon discovered, soon after the departure of Sir George Cockburn, that the poor man had not been emancipated, he directed M. Balcombe to purchase him from his master, set him at liberty and charge the amount to M. Bertrand's private account. Sir Hudson Lowe, however, thought proper to prohibit this and the man was still in a state of slavery when I left St. Helena.—O'MEARA.

April 21, 1816.—Captain Hamilton, of the Havana frigate, had an audience with Napoleon in the garden. Napoleon told him that when he (Napoleon) arrived at the island, he had been asked what he desired to have. He thereupon begged of him to say that he desired his liberty or the executioner. —O'MEARA.

May 16, 1816.—Tell him that I never want to see him and that I wish he would never again come to annoy me with his hateful presence. Let him never again come near me, unless it is with orders to despatch me; he will then find my breast ready for the blow; but until then let me be free of his odious countenance; I cannot accustom myself to it.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon speaking of Sir Hudson Lowe.

In my misfortune I sought an asylum, and instead I have found contempt, ill-treatment and insult. Shortly after I came on board [Admiral Cockburn's] ship, as I did not wish to sit two or three hours guzzling down wine to make myself drunk, I got up from table and walked out on deck. While I was going out, he said, in a contemptuous manner, "I believe the general has never read Lord Chesterfield," meaning that I was deficient in politeness and did not know how to conduct myself at table.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

Any person who endeavors to force his way into my apartment shall be a corpse

the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat again, I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on; I know that I shall be killed afterwards, for what can one do against a camp? I have faced death too many times to fear it. Beside this, I am convinced that this governor has been sent out by Lord ——. I told him a few days ago that if he wanted to put an end to me, he would have a very good opportunity by sending some one to force his way into my chamber. That I would immediately make a corpse of the first one who entered and then of course I should be despatched and he might write home to his government that Bonaparte had been killed in a brawl. I also told him to leave me alone and not torment me with his hateful presence.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

It was expected and required that all persons who visited at Hut's Gate, or at Longwood, should make a report of the conversations they had held with the French to the governor, or to Sir Thomas Reade. Several additional sentinels were placed about Longwood House and grounds.—O'MEARA.

Many changes relative to the treatment of the French have taken place since Sir Hudson arrived. Mr. Brooke, the Colonial Secretary, Major Gorrequer, Sir Hudson's aid-de-camp, and other official persons went round the different shopkeepers in town, ordering them, in the name of the governor, not to give credit to any of the French, or to sell them any article, unless for ready money, under pain not only of losing the amount so credited, but of suffering such other punishment as the governor might think proper to inflict. They were further directed not to hold any communication whatsoever with them, without special permission of the governor, under pain of being turned off the island.—O'MEARA.

This invention [Fulton's steamboat], however, appeared so extraordinary to Napoleon at the time that he could not conceive it practicable; yet, from the forcible impression it made upon his mind, he deemed it expedient to lay the particulars before the Academy of Sciences in Paris for their serious consideration. The following was the reply of the Academy of Sciences to Napoleon: "Sire, we have effectively found a motive power in steam, but of a nature comparatively so feeble that a child's toy could hardly be put in motion by it." Such was the reply of these sapient Academicians. Nor was it again until Napoleon beheld from St. Helena a steamship that he remembered the words of Fulton and perceived how grossly the Academy of Sciences had been mistaken.—ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE.

"Tête d'armée," murmured the dying Napoleon, believing himself still charging at the head of his legions, instead of lying a helpless prisoner in his sea-girt dungeon of St. Helena.—*Chambers's Journal*, September 9, 1876.

There was nothing in or about the house to remind one of its late occupant. It was used as a granary. The apartments were filled with straw; a machine for threshing and winnowing was in the parlor, and the room where he died was now converted into a stable, a horse standing where his bed had been. The position was naked and comfortless, being on the summit of a hill, perpetually swept by the trade winds, which suffered no living thing to stand, excepting a few straggling, bare, shadeless trees, which contributed to the disconsolate character of the landscape. The grave was in a quiet little valley. It was covered by three plain slabs of stone, closely surrounded by an iron railing; a low, wooden paling extended a short distance around and the whole was overhung by three decaying willows. The appearance of the place was plain and appropriate. Ornament could not have increased its beauty, nor inscription have added to its solemnity.—"Personal Reminiscences," *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1858.

Count Montholon has stated in an authentic form that the executors having desired a tablet with an inscription to be placed upon the coffin, Sir H. Lowe would by no means allow it. Now what does the reader imagine this offensive inscription may have been? The words, "Napoleon, born at Ajaccio, 15 Aout, 1769—died at St. Helena May 5, 1821." The governor would not even permit the initials of his name to be written upon the coffin.—*Edinburgh Review*, June, 1822.

I have studied the history of St. Helena for forty years. I have visited the island three times. I have lived in the precincts of Longwood and its neighborhood for a month, and I have carefully examined and compared one with another all the statements which have been published, dealing with the captivity. The evidence in my opinion is overwhelmingly conclusive that the object sought by the English ministers in 1815 was not the exile, but the speedy death of Napoleon.—GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER: a lecture delivered at Tipperary, January 10, 1908.

NAPOLEON III., Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, 1808-1873. French statesman. Third Emperor of France.

Boyhood and Youth

The king of Holland had two legitimate sons; the eldest died of croup at the age of five years, the second died in 1831. The third son born to Queen Hortense, afterwards Napoleon III., was disowned by the king of Holland and, as is now well known, was the offspring of an illicit connection. In compliance, however, with the wishes of his brother, the emperor, the king allowed the boy to be baptized under the name of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, paternity according to French law being proved by the baptismal register, *la filiation se prouvant par l'acte de naissance.* In the eyes of the law, Louis Napoleon, therefore, became the third son of the king of Holland and Queen Hortense. The Comte de Morny, who conspicuously figures in this history, was half brother to Louis Napoleon, by another liaison of the queen.—M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, "French Vignettes."

This, I know, is often declared to be a Bourbon scandal, but how otherwise can the following letter of Louis of Holland to Pope Gregory XVI. be explained, unless indeed it were a forgery? "Holy Father: My heart is overcome with sorrow and indignation, since I heard that my sons have taken part in the criminal revolt against your holiness's authority. My life, which was already full enough of care, has been still further embittered by the knowledge that one of my kindred should have forgotten all your kindness to my unhappy family. The unfortunate young man is dead; God be merciful to him. As to the other one who bears my name, he had, thank God, nothing to do with me. As your holiness is aware, I have had the misfortune to marry a Messalina, who bore children." The father of Napoleon III. is usually supposed to be the Dutch admiral Verhuel.—CLEMENT SHORTER, "Napoleon and His Fellow Travelers."

The truth appears to be that his knowledge of his wife's faithlessness at various periods inclined him to believe, at times, that none of the children of the union were his own. In more reasonable moments he acted very differently, laying claim to the boys and insisting on his rights as their father. There was certainly more than one quarrel, more than one period of coldness, almost hostility, between the ex-king of Holland and the future emperor of the French, but in their personal correspondence, at least so far as it has been published, there appears no indication of any denial of paternity. Indeed, the father often sends his son his blessing and advice and intervenes with others in his behalf.—LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE (E. A. Vizetelly), "Court Life Under the Second Empire."

In a little autobiography of himself he states that to an invitation of the Empress Josephine to ask for anything he liked best, he "requested to be allowed to go and walk in the gutters with the little street boys." . . . Their governess was more careful of Louis, for, on a cold day, as he was about to water some flowers, the lady, in order to prevent his being chilled, filled the watering-pot with warm water.—BLANCHARD JERROLD, "Life of Louis Napoleon the Third."

The furniture was old-fashioned and Louis Napoleon told us it had all come from Malmaison and was a remembrance of old times. The hard couch, surmounted by the gold eagle, had been in the reception room of the Empress Josephine and only a few days before her death the Emperor Alexander had been seated beside her upon it. Over another couch hung a small sketch in water colors, which much attracted my attention, and when I asked the subject of it Prince Louis smiled. "A little remembrance of my youth," he said, "painted by the artistic hand of Madame Cochelet, who was then my governess. The lady with the long train and with brilliants in her hair—that is my dear mother, and the little fellow in front of her, to whom she is bending down—that is myself. It was in the days of prosperity and splendor, when I was not an honorary burger of Thurgau, but the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon." He sighed; but soon, banishing his momentary sadness, he resumed his genial manner. "I will tell you the story of the little picture and why it was drawn," he continued. "There was a ball at the Tuileries, given by the emperor, and my mother had dressed magnificently for it and when she came into the room my brother and I gazed at her with great admiration. She appeared to me like some fairy out of the tales with which Madame Cochelet used to entertain us when we had done our lessons well. The queen perceived our childish pleasure: 'You find me beautiful to-night, my children; you admire my brilliants, my jewels; but to me this little bunch of violets in my belt seems more beautiful than all the diamonds and pearls I possess.' She detached a little bouquet and held it to me. They were my

favorite flowers and I reached out my hand for them. 'Wilt thou have them, Louis,' said my mother, 'or wouldst thou prefer one of these diamonds?' 'Keep thy diamonds and give me the violets.' 'Right, Louis,' she said; 'the diamonds have no scent and give no joy to the heart. Keep thy love for the violets; they bloom every spring and make one happy even if one has no jewels.' 'But thou wilt always have jewels, *chère maman* queen,' said my brother, 'and when one has them, one can always buy plenty of violets.' My mother answered sadly: 'Who knows, my son, whether we shall always be rich and looked up to as we are now? I wonder what you two would do if all our splendor and wealth were taken away. How would you set about gaining your livelihood?' 'I should become a soldier,' said my brother; 'I should win battles and conquer kingdoms, as our uncle did.' 'And thou, my little Louis?' said my mother. I had been turning the question over in my childish head for some minutes. At last I said, 'I, *chère maman*, should gather violets and sell them in bouquets for sous, like the little boy who always stands at the door of the Tuileries.' The gentlemen and ladies laughed, but my mother bent down and kissed me. That is the moment, madame, which Madame Cochelet has tried to represent in the picture which she painted and presented to my mother, in memory of this little scene. She always kept it hanging here and on the day she died she sent for it, looked at it once more and said to me: 'Louis, be always content with violets; they will outlast the brilliants.'"—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1873.

One day Prince Louis Napoleon, while on a visit to the Grand Duchess [of Baden], was walking on the banks of the Rhine with this cousin and her sisters Louise and Josephine, when the conversation turned upon the gallantry of men of former times. The Princess Mary extolled in the strongest terms the chivalry of those days when the knight took for his motto, "God, my King and my Lady," and insisted that men had sadly degenerated in modern times. The prince denied this and asserted that in all times knightly devotion was never wanting towards a lady who was worthy of inspiring it and that the French, at least, had not degenerated, but were as brave and chivalric as their ancestors. Just then a gust of wind blew from the hat of his cousin, Princess Louise, a flower, which fell into the river. "There," said the Princess Mary, as the flower drifted off into the stream, "what a chance for a knight of the olden time to show his courage and devotion." "Ah," said the prince, "is that a challenge? Well, I accept it"—and, before a word could be spoken, he plunged into the water, dressed as he was. One can easily imagine the consternation and alarm of the young ladies. But if the prince yielded to an audacious caprice, he knew the measure of his strength and he swam out boldly into the stream until he reached the flower, when, having seized it, he turned towards the shore and breasted the current that beat against him and threatened for a moment to sweep him into the rapids below. With a few strong strokes he extricated himself from the suction of the rapidly moving water and gained a foothold. Clambering up the bank, dripping and somewhat out of breath, he walked up to his cousin Mary and, with a polite bow, addressing her, said, "I have proved to you the sincerity of my belief. Here is the flower, my fair cousin, but," with a shiver, for it was in winter that this happened, "for heaven's sake, I beg you henceforth to forget your ancient knights."—Dr. Thomas W. Evans, "The Second Empire," copyright, D. Appleton & Co.

After the death of his brother in 1831, his father wrote to him concerning the disposition of his elder son's estate. The prince made no reply and, on his father asking for one, wrote, "Since it is necessary to concern myself with so sad a subject as my brother's heritage, I can only say that I agree entirely with everything you have done. Naturally one's first care should be to carry out all his intentions and paying all his debts. As for me I will have nothing to do with money coming to me from such an unhappy source."

One afternoon in midwinter his mother saw him come home without coat or shoes. He had met a family in rags and shivering with cold and, having no money, and not admitting that he could pass by these poor people without giving them something, he had not hesitated to divest himself of his coat and shoes for their sakes. This kindness won for him in those years of exile many faithful and devoted friends and was a quality of his nature that resisted all the strains and trials of his life and ennobled all his existence.—F. H. Cheetham, "Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire."

"I wish," he had observed to the Abbé Bertrand, once his mother's teacher at St.-Germain and now tutor to her boys, "I wish I could change myself into a little bird. I

would fly away at the hour of your lesson and come back when M. Hase [the German master] arrives." "But, prince," objected the abbé, "what you say is not civil to me." "Oh," answered the child, retrieving his blunder with ready grace, "what I say is for the lesson, not for the man."—I. A. TAYLOR, "Queen Hortense," quoting Napoleon's letter to Josephine, t. ii, p. 376.

We have taken some pains to find out what we could of Louis Napoleon and record the following story, which we must premise our informant gives as he heard, not as he saw: After living a little time in New York, and, having been pretty essentially thrashed by one of the "b'hoys" of that day, an accident which befell not only the Marquis of Waterford, but Louis Philippe, and William IV. of England, in this good city of Gotham, the prince went to New Jersey, where he was involved in rather a funny scrape. A certain pig one day entered the garden of the person with whom he was domiciled, and began to eat up a parcel of Dutch bulbs set out to dry, fancying that they were onions. Remembering that he was a son of the king of Holland, out sallied the prince and incontinently shot the pig. The wrath of a Jersey Blue was excited and the prince arrested on a charge of feloniously shooting a pig. He refused any atonement and, as there are no princes in New Jersey, was arrested and conveyed to Bergen jail. A good-natured lawyer, Mr. ——, chanced to be there, paid costs and expenses, and Louis Napoleon returned home without any other damage than the accretion of a certain amount of Jersey mud. This is the origin of the charge against him of pig-stealing. P. S.—A friend at our elbow, who belongs to the Sporting Club, states that he was arrested for a much higher offense, "shooting a pointer dog," who lay down on the tulip beds; and that the sixty dollars fine and costs paid for his majesty have never yet been refunded to the kind-hearted lawyer.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1853.

Waiting for the Throne

All through his youth and early manhood Louis Napoleon found his relatives a ponderous and heavy obstacle in the way of his ambitious dreams. They were, in his own words, "bodies without souls, petrified mummies, or imponderous phantoms."—F. H. CHEETHAM, "Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire."

Of the late emperor, Napoleon III., Dr. Granville has related an anecdote containing "a fact suppressed by order," according to the doctor's own expression. It is asserted that in July, 1840, Prince Louis Napoleon (afterwards Napoleon III.) took leave of his uncle Joseph, "on board the Batavier, a Dutch steamer." When the bell for visitors to leave the vessel sounded, and the nephew and uncle separated, the latter, still holding the former by the hand, said, "There are to be no plots, you understand; keep your money for better purposes; when France wants us, she will be sure to summon us." "Be quite easy, uncle," was the reply; "you may rely on me." "Really!" exclaimed the other, with tears in his eyes. "On my honor," replied the prince, as, with one hand on his heart, to emphasize the expression, he turned on his heel and was gone. Those words still rang in Dr. Granville's ears thirty years after the notorious "affair of Boulogne," which occurred within a few days of that interview which Dr. Granville witnessed and has recorded.—*Chambers's Journal*, January 9, 1875.

At Strasburg, when the regiment on which he depended refused its support, he ran and was found in a state of abject terror, hiding under a carriage. In the Boulogne attempt, when he had got half way across the channel, he became alarmed and wished to turn back. The people about him called for champagne and kept him to his purpose by making him half drunk. As he approached the town and no friends appeared his alarm returned. The first troops that met him were under the command of a sensible old officer, who, when he saw the strange procession, accompanied by the tame eagle, and was told that Louis Napoleon was at their head, instead of joining him, summoned him to surrender. Vaudreuil has said that at Strasburg Louis Napoleon had not dared to fire even a pistol in his defense. Louis Napoleon recollected this *mot*, kept a pistol in his hand and fired at the officer, but his hand shook so that, though the man was not five paces off, he missed him and wounded a poor cook, who in his white apron was standing at a door to see what was going on. Louis Napoleon turned, ran towards the sea and got into a boat. A boat from the shore pulled after him. He gave himself up, begged them not to hurt him and said that he had two hundred thousand francs in his pocket, which he would give them.—N. W. SENIOR, "Conversations—with General Changarnier."

I will here add a singular coincidence which occurred in London at the end of 1847. Prince Louis Napoleon took refuge in Eng-

land after his flight from Ham about the same time that I arrived in London. He had great difficulty in gaining access to the aristocratic circles. A new club, the Coventry Club, was founded in 1847, in the same house in Piccadilly now occupied by the St. James Club. It was founded for the purpose of receiving foreigners, and especially members of the diplomatic corps, as paying members—other clubs, like the Travelers and Athenæum, receiving foreigners as visitors only. Prince Louis Napoleon was a candidate for election to the Coventry Club; the French *chargé d'affaires* did his best to prevent the prince's admission and he was black-balled by three votes. A year later, almost to the very day, he received six million votes.—COUNT VON BEUST, "Memoirs."

A late London journal, in describing his mode of life, gives the following not very flattering account: "He was unscrupulous in contracting obligations which were wholly beyond his means of repayment. His most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of the philosopher's stone. So vigorously did he prosecute this exploded science, at a house which he had fitted up as a laboratory at Camberwell, and so firm was his faith in the charlatan empiric whom he employed to aid him into transmuting the baser metals into gold, that he is said actually to have appropriated his revenue in anticipation and to have devoted the first milliard of his gains to the payment of the national debt of France, in order to acquire thus an imperial throne by purchase.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, March, 1849.

Bulwer, who then lived at Craven Cottage, gave a breakfast party there. We arrived too late and all the guests had gone up the Thames on a steamer. Walking on the terrace, quite alone, two gentlemen who had arrived still later came up to us. They were Prince Napoleon and Persigny. My wife explained to the prince why the assembly was so scant. Upon this the prince said: "We will get a boat and I will row you down to meet them." There were a boat and boatmen lingering about whom we hailed from the terrace. The prince took the oars and for a little time we went on well. At last, to escape the swell of a steamer that was approaching, the prince contrived to row us into a mudbank in the middle of the river, and there we stuck. Nothing could get us off. I was amused by the manner in which my wife, who was alarmed especially, and not without cause, from the fear of other steamboats which caused a great swell on the water, rated the prince: "You should not undertake things which you cannot accomplish. You are always, sir, too venturesome," etc. I remained silent. At length the boatmen, who had come to the rescue, got us off and we arrived at Craven Cottage just as Bulwer's company appeared in the distance. Nothing could be more good-natured than the prince and I could not have borne the scolding better myself. We often used to smile over this adventure; and many years after (I think in 1856) my wife sat next to the emperor at dinner at the Tuileries and, as he was chatty, and often adverted to the past, she ventured to remind his majesty of the story, which he said he quite remembered. The empress, who overheard them, said: "Just like him."—WILLIAM FLAVELLE MONYPENNY, "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," quoting Disraeli.

It was in the summer of 1860 or 1861 that I went for the first time to Baden-Baden in company with my two grand-uncles, among whose acquaintances were all sorts and conditions of men. My relatives were talking to a Mr. Martin, a superannuated croupier of Frascati at Paris, who had been appointed inspector of the gambling tables under the late François Blanc, of Monte Carlo fame. We were standing on the steps of the Kursaal—I, a lad of seventeen, but a precocious one, keeping my eyes and ears wide open for everything that was said and done. It is well known that the late William I., of Prussia, before he succeeded to his brother's throne, had several interviews with Napoleon III. at the fashionable resort, mainly through the instrumentality of Bismarck. On that day the emperor was at Baden-Baden and Prince William and he were to meet in the Lichtenhalle Allee. As a matter of course, the majority of the visitors were flocking thither. "Aren't you going to the Lichtenhalle Allee, Martin?" asked my uncle. The old croupier shrugged his shoulders. "The sight of Prince William is no novelty to us. He comes pretty well every year." "True, but what about Emperor Napoleon?" "Emperor Napoleon," quoth Martin, pondering as it were, "I saw the first one when I was a lad. This one is the third son of Queen Hortense, the one who used to travel about a good deal. If I am not mistaken——." "You are not mistaken, Martin," came a voice from behind us. "He still owes twenty-five louis to the bank." I looked around and saw a thin, shriveled old man, rather below than above middle height; it

was the famous François Blanc.—ALBERT D. VANDAM, "Under Currents of the Second Empire."

At the time of the vacancy of the Greek throne it was suggested that the prince might be an excellent candidate for the succession; if elected, he would have been so with the good wishes of France and England. This was Lord Palmerston's idea; but when the prince was sounded on the subject he declined at once and privately explained that all his hopes were centered in France. He had such implicit confidence in the future that he used to say to his cousin, the Duchess of Hamilton (Princess Marie of Baden): "Marie, when I am at the Tuileries, I shall make such and such changes," and she would reply: "I wish, Louis, you would not always talk like this—people only laugh at you." Even when he was leaving Paris for his prison at Ham, he turned to the officer who commanded the guard of chasseurs drawn up on the platform of the station and expressed his intention of changing the uniform of the regiment. He was a regular fatalist, like his uncle with the sun of Austerlitz.—LORD LAMINGTON, *Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1890.

M. de Cournon, a former *prefet* of the Cautal, was once invited in company with a rich proprietor of the Puy-de-Dôme to an evening reception given by Louis Napoleon. The proprietor was a blunt countryman, frank to the verge of rudeness. Louis Napoleon questioned him on the situation in his department and elicited the following reply: "Out of one hundred and twenty thousand electors you got one hundred and eighteen thousand votes. Well, you cheated us." "How do you make that out?" asked the prince, rather taken aback. "Yes; I say you cheated us. We thought we were electing an emperor, but we have got only a president." "Sir," replied Louis Napoleon gravely, "I beg you will not talk sedition in the presence of the president of the republic."—POUMIES DE LA SIBOUTIE, "Recollections of a Parisian."

November 4, 1851.—During the past day or two there has been a very pretty little intrigue on foot with the object of profiting by the first cause of difference between the chamber and the president, and subjecting the latter to impeachment, in the event of which Changarnier was to have been made dictator. Immediately the news of the ministerial changes were officially reported General Changarnier, thinking that the moment had arrived for his dictatorship, left the country and hurried to Paris. The quidnuncs assert that thereupon Carlier, the prefect of police, rushed off to the Elysée, and told the president that it was his duty to acquaint him with the sudden arrival in Paris of Changarnier. Louis Napoleon replied very calmly: "That ought not to astonish you, M. Carlier, as he comes in answer to a letter you wrote him four days ago." The prefect of police was thunderstruck at the discovery of the plot, and, not knowing what to say, retired in confusion. . . . November 5.—I explained yesterday how it happened that Carlier lost the prefecture of police; to-day I must explain how Maupas got it. It was he who discovered the cabal with Changarnier and informed the prince of it. "Your highness is being deceived," he said, "and I have the proof in my possession; here it is." He thereupon produced and showed the prince a copy of a letter which had been sent to the general, urging him to repair to the capital. —COUNT DE VIEL CASTEL, "Memoirs."

Courtship and Marriage

"I have so great need of affection," he wrote at this time to his father (December 15, 1831), "that if I found a woman who pleased me and who was agreeable to my family, I should not think twice about marrying." But King Louis, in giving the advice his son asked for, was hardly encouraging. He replied that the essential thing in marriage in order to avoid misfortune was not to be in love. The advice of a philosopher, perhaps, but hardly what would have been expected from the lover of Emilie de Beauharnais and the forced husband of Hortense.—F. H. CHEETHAM, "Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire."

"Mademoiselle de Montijo, whose nature was full of poetry, took pleasure in admiring the capricious and magical effects of the light. She called particular attention to a clover leaf so gracefully hung with dew drops as to look like a real gem. When the walk was over the emperor drew aside Count Bacciochi, who set out for Paris a few minutes later. Next day he brought back a charming trinket in the exact form of a trefoil, each of whose leaves bore a superb diamond drop." In the evening a lottery took place, in which it was agreed that the jewel should fall to her who had admired the clover on the lawn at Compiègne.—PHILIP W. SERGEANT, "The Last Empress of France," quotation from M. de Maupas.

Having set aside all the objections made by his relatives, by his statesmen even, on

the subject of his marriage to Mademoiselle de Montijo, the emperor still had to overcome the opposition of his intimate friends, and especially that of their wives. A charming anecdote has been told me about the time previous to her engagement to the man before whom all Europe knelt with apparent deference, but really with a sullen and hostile feeling, when the lady who was to be made empress arrived at Compiègne. The women who were about the emperor, and amongst them were Madames Drouyn de Lhuys, de Fortoul and Saint Armand, had resented the news that Napoleon III., fascinated by Mademoiselle de Montijo, was very likely to marry her. All declared this marriage impossible, exclaiming that it could not be that the emperor would marry this young girl, and when she appeared among them they treated her with scorn and kept aloof from her. One day at Compiègne several of them concealed their dislike and animosity so little that Mademoiselle de Montijo was deeply hurt and complained to the emperor of the reception they had given her. The interview took place in the park and not far from where Napoleon and his companion were. The enemies of the young girl were watching every motion and gesture of the sovereign. The emperor listened, quietly smiling to his beautiful complainant. And when she had finished speaking, he broke from a hedge several flexible green branches and, twisting them into a crown, put it coquettishly on the head of Mademoiselle de Montijo, saying in a tone loud enough to be heard, "While waiting for the other." Not a word was said by the group of her critics and from that time the Empress Eugénie was taken up by these women, who changed their tactics and were as amiable and obsequious to her as they had previously been scornful and arrogant.—PIERRE DE LANO, "The Empress Eugénie."

The emperor and empress—he in full uniform and again wearing the collar of the Legion of Honor and the Golden Fleece—went together in a great coach, surmounted by the imperial crown and elaborately gilded and adorned with paintings, which had been built for the wedding of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. But at the outset a curious and ominous mishap occurred. The bridal pair had taken their seats and the vehicle was passing through the vaulted entrance to the Tuileries into the court yard, when the imperial crown suddenly fell from the coach to the ground. The eight horses were at once halted, the crown was picked up and in some fashion or other set in place again. Meantime, as the emperor, surprised at the delay, inquired the cause of it, Fleury, approaching the coach, quietly informed him, whereupon the emperor replied that he would tell him an anecdote some other time. But the First Equerry knew it already. A virtually identical incident had occurred with the same coach and the same crown at the marriage of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise.

The marriage had a good effect, because the emperor deigned to "pardon" three thousand persons who had been arrested, transported or exiled for daring to oppose or disapprove of the illegal *coup d'état*. For that offense forty-one thousand persons had been arrested or prosecuted and twenty-nine thousand of them were convicted and sentenced by court martial, or ordinary courts, or arbitrary mixed commissions. These figures had been diminished by successive decrees of pardon, but at the time of the imperial marriage there still remained some six thousand persons imprisoned at Lambessa, at Cayenne or in France, or else exiled from the country.—LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE (E. A. Vizetelly), "Court Life Under the Second Empire."

On hearing of the marriage Dupin said: "People take little notice of what I say or think, and maybe they are right, but the emperor does better in espousing a lady who pleases him than in allowing himself to be bargained for by some scrofulous German princess with feet as big as my own. When the emperor kisses his wife it will, at least, be for pleasure and not from duty."—COUNT DE VIEL CASTEL, "Memoirs."

On the Throne

To amuse the children, with whom he delighted to have sport, it being April 1, he caused the dinner to consist of turbot, which was gravely served again and again, as *entrées*, *relèves* and *rôtis* to the guests.—BLANCHARD JERROLD, "Life of Napoleon III."

The emperor in private life amuses himself like a child; he has organized the game of football and devotes himself to the exercise with perfect enthusiasm.—COUNT DE VIEL CASTEL, "Memoirs."

But what shows the emperor's genius and prefigures his power is the feat related of him that he would occasionally after dinner place all the chairs with their backs against the table and then adroitly walk round on the top rail of the chairs.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, October, 1859.

Throughout his presidential as well as imperial career Napoleon III. was often cruelly embarrassed. Though himself very simple he loved to travel in state and scatter money with a liberal hand. His generosity was proverbial. His civil list of £24,000 a year as president and that of £1,600,000 as emperor was therefore never sufficient. One day, on the eve of the very journey alluded to in this chapter, after a cabinet council, the prince took a couple of five-franc pieces from his pocket and, jingling them playfully together in the presence of the ministers, he said with a smile: "There, that is all I have left for to-morrow's trip." M. Ferdinand Barrot saw the painful situation through the joke and borrowed ten thousand francs from a friend, which he placed in gold on the president's dressing table the same evening. The next afternoon the prince had not a penny of it left. It was spent in subscriptions to local charities. —ALBERT D. VANDAM, note to the "Memoirs" of Maupas.

In spite of so many revolutions France lagged fearfully behind in educational matters. Many peasants actually believed that Napoleon I. had never died and that the person they had given their votes for in December, 1848, was the little corporal himself. When Napoleon III. made a journey through the rural districts of such benighted departments, he was greeted by the population with the exclamation: "At last, the Little One has come back!" and the Empress Eugénie was saluted with "Vive Marie Louise!" So Napoleon III. himself laughingly told Queen Victoria during his visit here—as Sir Theodore Martin has recorded.—KARL BLIND, *The New Century Review*, December, 1897.

While the Emperor Louis Napoleon was at Vichy lately he was taking a walk on the banks of the Sichon and lost his way. A laborer chancing to pass at the time, his majesty made the necessary inquiry of him. "Second to the right and then first to right, sire," said the man. "What! You know me?" "Yes; and have had the honor for years past." "Where?" "Your majesty of course does not remember me, but you were once the cause of my passing two days in the black hole; for when you were at Ham I was a soldier there and punished for passing you in a pound of tobacco." "Well," said the emperor, "it shall be my turn now," and in a few days afterwards the man was installed in a well-stocked tobacconist's shop. —*Littell's Living Age*, October 5, 1861.

Eugène Sue was the godson of Louis Napoleon's mother and her brother, Eugène de Beauharnais, whose Christian name he subsequently took, for it was not given him at his baptism. The fact of his being the godson of some of Louis Napoleon's relations ought to have imposed a certain reserve with regard to the prince, even if his, Sue's, socialistic tendencies, republican opinions and sympathy with the poor had been less suspected than they were. Even the people in whose interests he professed to act made fun of him when he became a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. But on the strength of his two great novels Sue determined to pose as a benefactor to suffering humanity, although he himself had not the least intention of assuming such a rôle when he began the "Mysteries of Paris." Accordingly, when on the second of December, 1851, Morny placed his name on the list of deputies to be arrested, and when the president put his pen through the same, Sue, still determined to enact the victim, voluntarily constituted himself a prisoner at the For de Vanves. When the Bill of Exile was promulgated, he was again disappointed, for the president had effaced his name a second time. Sue professed himself offended at this clemency and went into exile on his own accord. As may be seen from all this Louis Napoleon remembered that Sue was his mother's godson. Sue did not. Louis Napoleon's behavior in this instance bears out the words of Persigny that Louis Napoleon gave his affection to people irrespective of its being returned or not.—ALBERT D. VANDAM, "Undercurrents of the Second Empire."

In the middle of dinner Veron told us the following anecdote: On his return from visiting the French seaports, Prince Jerome went to report to the president the ovations he had received and handed him the statement of his expenses. This the president declined to pay, telling his uncle that he had already given him more than two million of francs, with a pension of three hundred thousand francs a year beside, and that it was impossible for him to do more. An altercation ensued. Jerome lost all control over himself and ended by saying: "You have nothing of the emperor about you." "You make a mistake," replied the president with perfect composure, "I have his family about me."—COUNT HORACE DE VIEL CASTEL, "Memoirs."

Apropos of Prince Jerome the following is comparatively *inédit*. Napoleon III. was hearing the little Prince Imperial read, when the child asked, "Papa, what is the differ-

ence between an accident and a misfortune?" The emperor reflected for a moment; then, with as much gravity as he could command, replied, "Well, Louis, if our cousin Napoleon were to fall into the Seine, it would be an accident. If somebody pulled him out it would be a misfortune."—EDWARD LEGGE, "The Empress Eugénie." (Beaconsfield is said to have made a similar remark about Gladstone.)

The fête given by the baron [Carême] at his château of La Ferriere to the emperor was above all remarkable for the quantity of game provided for the battues; at one of which, so ran the story, a parrot, disguised as a partridge, fell to the imperial gun, crying, "Vive l'Empereur!"—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1881.

One evening at dinner the emperor remarked that the servants were looking at one of the windows and whispering. He asked what was to be seen. An owl had perched itself against the glass and remained motionless there. The ladies were in a flutter, vowing that it was a bird of evil omen and that it meant a misfortune. M. Filon, to whom the emperor laughingly appealed, declared that it was the bird of wisdom and was to be welcomed accordingly. But the incident disturbed the minds of the ladies, who would not be comforted by the badinage of the emperor, nor by the assurances of the young professor. On the following day at dinner the servants stared more than ever at the window where the owl had appeared. There was now a whole family of owls, where one had been. The consternation was general and the emperor remained grave. After dinner, when the imperial party went to the salon, they found the entire family of owls, stuffed and ranged upon a table. The emperor had ordered them in the morning from the Zoological Museum. He turned the dismal augurers into hearty laughers and enjoyed his joke with the youngest of them.—BLANCHARD JERROLD, "Life of Napoleon III."

He met Vivier, the horn player, at Vichy and asked him to dinner. Vivier excused himself—he was traveling and had no dress clothes. "We are nearly of the same size," said the emperor; "ask my valet Leon to lend you some of my evening clothes." After dinner the emperor complimented Vivier on the excellent fit, adding, "Mind you restore my property." Vivier replied that his honesty stopped with the restoration of the clothes and could no further go. He could not bring himself to restore the little red ribbon in the buttonhole. "Keep it," said the emperor, and Vivier was gazetted a Knight of the Legion of Honor the next morning.—*Every Saturday*, July 19, 1873.

When public opinion clamored for the prosecution of the author of "Madame Bovary" the emperor consented, though very reluctantly. He was one of the first who had read the book and in his inmost heart he admired both the author and his work. "Then why prosecute him, sire?" asked my uncle Mark. "I'll tell you why," replied the emperor smiling; "if we do not prosecute him we shall have every cabman in Paris and in the provinces asking double fare the moment an affectionate-looking couple try to step into his vehicle. Flaubert ought to have known better; if it was absolutely necessary to his plot to have Emma and her lover drive round Rouen for a whole day, he ought to have made the young fellow get his carriage from a livery stable. As it is, there is always an outcry in that town that people cannot get a hackney cab without being fleeced. There will be greater scandals if we do not prosecute him than if we do."

One morning, shortly after his accession, my uncle found the emperor in the brightest of spirits; he was chuckling to himself, which was not always the case. After they had been chatting a little while, the emperor said suddenly: "Those priests are very funny now and then." "Why date, sire?" replied my uncle, who had read a good deal and who remembered the *mot* of Mirabeau, when some one told him that the National Assembly had been dull that day. "You are right; they are funny always, when they are not *assommants*," assented the sovereign, who did not mind using a popular locution when talking to his friends. "I have been wasting my breath for more than half an hour trying to persuade Sibour that I cannot remove the tombs, or rather the monuments, of Jean Jacques and Voltaire from the Pantheon just to please some of his flock." "Why do they wish them removed, sire, seeing that these monuments do not contain a pinch of Rousseau's or Voltaire's ashes?" "That is just what I have been telling him, but he would not listen to my arguments. He simply repeated that his flock felt uncomfortable in the presence of these two atheists." "How did you pacify him, sire?" "I did not pacify him at all. I got out of temper myself and at last exclaimed, 'Look you here, monseigneur, how do you think these two atheists feel in the presence of your believers?' That settled him and he did not say another word."

—ALBERT D. VANDAM, *The New Review*, October, 1892.

I recall the case of a well known publisher who sent the emperor a most beautiful specimen of the bookmaker's art on which my eyes ever feasted—a Worcester's dictionary, printed on satin paper, soft as a baby's cheek, bound gorgeously in green morocco decked with gold, with the imperial arms and cipher dextrously inserted at every available point, gilt-edged, perfumed, a very triumph in its way. Arrived at the palace, this book carelessly knocked about from one room to another, cared for by nobody; until, feeling sorry for it, as if it were a living thing, I one day asked why it was so ill-treated. "Ah, *diable*," said M. Mocquard impatiently, "these things pester us. I, for one, wish people would stop sending them. If you want it you can have it." "But will not the emperor object to my having taken it?" "*Parbleu*," said the secretary, shrugging his shoulders and laughing in a manner, half droll and half contemptuous, "what does the emperor of France care for Woochestaire Sauce's Dictionare?"—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1867.

One evening, just before dinner, an ordnance officer of the emperor, a dashing, good-looking captain of cavalry, entered the Apollo drawing room with a semi-mysterious look of mischief on his face. A few minutes afterwards he returned to a recess near the window, accompanied by some of his fellow officers, all young, to whom he showed, somewhat ostentatiously, an envelope containing a small engraving or woodcut, the sight of which aroused shouts of laughter, more or less suppressed. That, of course, was sufficient to excite the curiosity of the female guests, some of whom approached on tiptoe and begged to be allowed to look. The request being granted, they retreated more or less confused, although in reality there was nothing absolutely shocking about the picture. There was, however, enough to whet the appetite of those who had been gratified with a glimpse and who were meditating a journey to the window recess when the chamberlain on duty announced that dinner was on the table. Among these was the young and sprightly wife of an old and rather stern general, who was, moreover, exceedingly jealous. It so happened that the possessor of the picture had to take her in to dinner, which gave her an opportunity of preferring her request more urgently. The officer deftly slipped the envelope into her hand and she, more deftly still, slipped it into her dress without being seen by any one. Next morning, almost before the emperor was out of bed, the ordnance officer asked to be admitted. The sprightly young matron, unable to restrain her impatience, had cast a furtive glance at the picture and the jealous husband had caught her in the act. She was obliged to give the name of the donor and she gave the name of the emperor—informing the young officer during the evening of what she had done, and leaving to him the task of "setting matters straight," which he had not much difficulty in doing, for the emperor was amiability personified and delighted in a Boccaccian joke. The general himself never applied to the emperor for confirmation of his wife's story. He probably felt flattered at the sovereign having singled her out in this way, although he himself as well as every one else must have known by this time that the emperor was not prone to commit what we may euphemistically term *farces platoniques*.—ALBERT D. VANDAM, "Undercurrents of the Second Empire."

The Duc de Tascher was a good judge of music and had a particular horror of the mechanical piano used for dancing. When it was first introduced, he heard one morning the voluble notes as though some one were skimming over the keys of a piano, and expressed his indignation to the emperor. "There was a fellow playing this morning—I cannot imagine who it can be—who has nimble fingers enough, but who plays like a perfect ass, without the least soul or musical feeling." The emperor answered quietly, "I am that individual; I played this morning." "Good heavens, sire, how could I suppose such a thing? I never in my life heard of your playing any instrument, or caring for music." The emperor, after enjoying his discomfiture for a few moments, explained that the piano was mechanical and that he had simply turned the handle.—ANNA L. BICKNELL, "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire."

After dinner the court were playing *jeux de société*. The question proposed was: "How to distinguish truth from a lie." It was the emperor's turn to reply: "Nothing more simple. Open the door to both and the lie will be sure to enter first." At this moment the folding doors were thrown open and a groom of the chamber announced two of the ministers, who were seen to bow to each other and each to decline accepting the precedence. At last the younger of the two excellencies remarked that he had but recently joined the cabinet and that it was evident that his colleague had the *pas*. The company, mean-

while, attracted by the singular coincidence, were not a little amused to perceive M. Rouher, the minister of state, enter the salon, followed by M. Pinard, and their excellencies were much puzzled by the hilarity their arrival occasioned.—ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT, "Gossip from Paris."

He is a very great smoker, often puffing a cigarette when out riding, and smoking many cigarettes in succession after each meal.—*Chambers's Journal*, May 14, 1870.

Canrobert and Bosquet have been made marshals. . . . Bosquet and Canrobert were apprised of their promotion in a delicate and charming manner, which aptly illustrates the emperor's good nature. They were invited to dinner and on their arrival found themselves alone in the dining room. Shortly afterwards the emperor came in with two or three people and said to the generals: "I am almost alone to-day and have asked you to come and share my solitude." The dinner passed off dully enough; they talked about acoustics, but during the dessert the emperor filled his glass and said: "Gentlemen, let us drink to the healths of Marshals Canrobert and Bosquet." The two generals, surprised and taken aback, were at first speechless. Bosquet cried like a child and when he had found words to thank the emperor he asked permission to forward the good news to his mother, who lived at Pau. The telegraph in the Tuileries palace was placed at his disposal and this was the despatch he sent off: "Marshal Bosquet to Widow Bosquet.—My mother, pray to God for the emperor."—COUNT HORACE DE VIEL CASTEL, "Memoirs."

The emperor then did not wish to go to war and when in the council of his ministers —the crisis having reached its height [1870]— the decree relative to hostilities was submitted to him for signature, to be followed by the foreseen vote of the chambers, he refused to put his name to the terrible paper. As they insisted, he became angry, he—the gentle, obstinate one, as his mother called him—became violent, and, seizing the decree, tore it in pieces and scattered the fragments on the floor. Then, exhausted, worn out as much by the importunity of those who pursued him as by the physical sufferings which he had borne for some time, he withdrew to his bedchamber. The empress, on hearing of the scene which had just taken place and of the determination of the emperor, was much annoyed. She was most indignant. She now became angry and, having compelled the ministers to restore the manuscript decree, she took possession of the new document and went with it to the emperor, who signed it as it were in a dream. Such is the anecdote. It is of serious import and, I repeat, if I had not heard it told by trustworthy lips, I would consider it as pure invention.—PIERRE DE LANO, "The Empress Eugénie."

Some of the wounded soldiers in the hospitals told me that they could have easily shot the king of Prussia, for he was so much exposed on the battle-field; but that they had strict orders not to do so, as the emperor was extremely anxious to take him prisoner.—*Chambers's Journal*, November 19, 1870.

NAPOLEON, Joseph Charles Paul Napoleon Bonaparte, Prince, 1822-1891. French statesman and soldier.

The opinion of his own personal friends as to what his future rôle promised to be may be gathered from the answer of one belonging to his intimate circle, to whom he said: "If ever I am emperor, you shall have an important post." "Monseigneur," was the comment, in the laughing tone needful for a bold remark, "if ever you should be at the head of public affairs, I would (literally) take to my heels the very next day, for you would not be easy to deal with." He was not offended at the blunt frankness of the speaker, for he was acute enough to despise sycophants and to appreciate independence even in those who made him understand that they would not endure his unmannerly ways.

His refusal to drink the health of the empress—in her presence—on her birthday, is one of the many instances of the utter disregard of the habits and manners of a gentleman, whilst his real feeling towards the emperor was betrayed on more than one occasion. After the Pianori attempt on the emperor's life, when Prince Napoleon came to present his official congratulations, his face was so eloquent in its revelations of what lay below, that the empress, turning to one of her ladies, whispered (in English): "Look at the Prince Napoleon."—*Murray's Magazine*, May, 1891.

Of all those assembled on the occasion [marriage of Napoleon III.] Prince Napoleon was the only man who wore neither uniform nor official costume of any kind. He was simply attired in black evening dress, as if, indeed, he were in mourning for his chance of succession to the throne. But that was a fashion which, with pretended republicanism, he affected during the early period of the empire, and the story runs that when he was

suddenly created a General of Division, though he had never served a single hour in the army, the emperor took that course chiefly in order to compel him to wear a uniform on official occasions.—LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE (E. A. Vizetelly), "Court Life Under the Second Empire."

When Prince Napoleon put into the port of Cork, so runs the story, the city was presided over by a chief magistrate who was especially proud of his knowledge of French. Indeed, the legend goes, that this respectable mayor had a way of oppressing his less highly cultured townsmen by his anxiety to parade his mastery of the French of Paris. The mayor suggested that a public reception should be given to Prince Napoleon, in order to testify the sympathy which true Irishmen ought to have with the people of France and the house of Bonaparte. The proposal was eagerly adopted; and the mayor, as was to be expected, undertook to deliver the address. The ceremony was duly arranged and Prince Napoleon appeared at the right time. Then his worship the mayor stepped forward and delivered a long and eloquent address, spoken without the help of any manuscript, in what the bystanders assumed to be the native tongue of the illustrious visitor. Prince Napoleon listened with what Hans Breitman calls "a beautiful solemn smile" on his face, and when the address was over he delivered his reply in the most correct and fluent English. In his opening sentences he thanked the meeting for the generous reception given him, and the Mayor of Cork for the speech to which he had just listened. He felt sure, he said, that that speech expressed the most kindly and generous sentiments of welcome; but he added his deep regret that, as he never had had any opportunity of studying the noble Irish language, he was not able to follow the words of the chief magistrate. The emotions of the mayor, and of the assembly in general, may, to use the old familiar phrase, be more easily imagined than described. From that day, the story went, the citizens of Cork were no longer oppressed by the mayor's assumption of superiority as a master of the French language.—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences," copyright, Harper & Brothers.

NAPOLEON, Eugène Louis Jean Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, 1856-1879. Prince Imperial of France.

I have spoken of the birth of the Prince Imperial. It may perhaps interest the reader to know how much this auspicious event cost the French nation. Not less than nine hundred thousand francs (one hundred and eighty thousand dollars), of which twenty thousand dollars were paid for the young gentleman's first wardrobe.—LUCY H. HOOPER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1878.

On that sad second of August, when the most wilful murder was done—on that day, when a special train took the emperor, the prince, the marshals, and as many generals as could be got to witness unjustifiable homicide to Saarbruck—the poor little nervous child was made to direct the first mitrailleuse fired by the army of the Rhine. The shock to his system was more than he could bear; old soldiers might indeed weep, but they wept for sorrow when they saw the poor little fellow's terror at the dreadful sound. The special train which took him out from breakfast a moderately healthy youth, brought him back to dinner a shattered lad, hysterically afflicted with what is called St. Vitus's dance; and he never was exhibited in public after that time.—G. T. ROBINSON, *Chambers's Journal*, March 18, 1871.

The Prince Imperial was, to employ a somewhat banal phrase, "quite a ladies' man," and was in his element in the society of the fair sex. It was, I think, Madame de Metternich who humorously said she would rather have the boy prince's opinion of a dress than Worth's.—EDWARD LEGGE, "The Empress Eugénie."

The prince, if we are to credit M. de Bré, had "an innocent mania for dressing up in women's clothes," and it is hinted that he sometimes borrowed feminine raiment from Madame Lebreton Bourbaki.

The reason for the unaccountable delay we heard afterwards from one of the party on board. It was a lovely, hot summer day. The prince was in tearing spirits, shouting, singing, playing pranks like a mad thing all the time. At last he suddenly came up to the king [of Sweden] and said he would and must have a bath. "Impossible," said the king; "the train will be waiting for us, you know." No matter. He would and must, and forthwith began to take off his clothes. The king then mildly suggested that he should at least perform that operation below. But not a bit! and in another moment his imperial highness was stripped and careening about the deck in a state of nature. Seeing him so determined, the order was given to stop the vessel and almost before this could be done the prince had plunged over the side. Upon this the Prince Royal (now King of Sweden)

and some of the younger gentlemen also undressed and there were soon half a dozen of them in the water swimming round the yacht, the Prince Imperial jumping on their backs and riding them like so many dolphins. Nor was it until they had had some half an hour of this sport that the vessel was allowed to proceed. — EDWARD LEGGE, "The Empress Eugenie."

NARBONNE, Count Louis de, 1755-1813. French soldier and statesman.

He was then very much in love with the Marquise de Coigny and his unsuccessful rival was M. d'Houdetot. One evening he was coming from her house, holding a rose she had just given him. M. d'Houdetot rushed on him and, without further explanation, obliged him to draw his sword. Not wishing to drop his flower, he put the stalk between his lips, but, in the ardor of the combat, he let it fall. While parrying, he stooped to pick it up. This unexpected movement threw his opponent off his guard and his thrust missed the count's shoulder. M. d'Houdetot received a wound that disabled him for six months, while M. de Narbonne owed his life to the flower.—COUNT RAMBUTEAU, "Memoirs."

Among the flattering addresses which the emperor received, I cannot pass over unnoticed the speech of M. de la Chaise, Prefect of Arras, who said: "God made Napoleon and then rested." This occasioned Comte Louis de Narbonne, who was not yet attached to the imperial system, to remark, "that it would have been well if God had rested a little sooner."—FAUVELET DE BOURIENNE, "Memoirs."

NELSON, Horatio, Viscount Nelson and Duke of Bronte, 1758-1805. English admiral.

The first time I ever saw Nelson was in the drawing room at the Admiralty; and a most uncouth creature I thought him. He was just returned from Teneriffe, after having lost his arm. He looked so sickly it was painful to see him; and his general appearance was that of an idiot; so much so, that when he spoke, and his wonderful mind broke forth, it was a sort of surprise that riveted my whole attention.—LADY FRANCES SHELLY, "Diary."

Lord Nelson was from his infancy remarkable for his disinterestedness and intrepidity. When at school at North Walsham, the master, the Rev. Mr. Jones, had some remarkably fine pears, which his scholars had often wished for; but the attempt to gather them was in their opinions hazardous, that no one would undertake it; when Horatio, on seeing all his companions staggered, came forward and offered to brave the danger. He was accordingly lowered down from their dormitory by some sheets tied together, and, thus, at considerable risk, secured the prize. But the boldness of the act was all the young adventurer regarded; for, on being hauled up again, he shared the pears among his school-fellows, without reserving any for himself; and added, "I only took them because every other boy was afraid."—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

We were talking of Lord Nelson and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. "Why," said the duke [of Wellington], "I am not surprised at such instances, for Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life and then for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial office in Downing street and there I was shown into the little waiting room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman, who, from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm, I immediately recognized as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side and all about himself and, in reality a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me. I suppose something that I happened to say made him guess that I was somebody and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt to ask the office keeper who I was, for when he came back he was an altogether different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent with good sense, and a knowledge of subjects, both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting and certainly, for the last half or three-quarters of an hour, I do not know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a

very superior man; but certainly a more sudden or complete metamorphosis I never saw.—JOHN WILSON CROKER, "Correspondence and Diaries."

A rather amusing little episode of this Fonthill visit is told by Beckford himself, and shows the hero of the Nile as very human in spite of his world-proclaimed courage. "I offered to show him," said Beckford, "what had been done by planting in the course of years. Nelson mounted by my side in a phaeton, drawn by four well-trained horses, which I drove. There was not the least danger, the horses being perfectly under my command, long driven by myself. Singular to say, we had not gone far before I observed a peculiar anxiety in his countenance and presently he said: 'This is too much for me. You must set me down.' I assured him that the horses were continually driven by me and that they were perfectly under command. All would not do. He would descend and I walked the vehicle back again."—E. HALLAM MOREHOUSE, "Nelson in England."

Neither she [Lady Nelson], however, nor any one else, would follow him on his shooting excursions; for he always carried his gun upon full cock, as if going to board an enemy, and the moment a bird rose he let fly, without even putting the piece to his shoulder. His having once shot a partridge was, therefore, a remarkable event in the family. —ROBERT SOUTHEY, "The Life of Nelson."

"Dreadfully seasick," he wrote; "always tossed about and always seasick." And this was the year before Trafalgar.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Nelson and His Captains."

Towards the close of the war with the First Republic, when the general distress was very sharp and bread frightfully dear—in 1800 the price of a quartern loaf rose to one shilling and tenpence halfpenny—a curious fashion arose of giving dinners in which the guests were asked to bring their own bread. Nelson was invited to such a dinner, but through some oversight he had apparently not been informed of the conditions of the feast. At all events, when he found that there was no bread, he made quite a little scene, called his servant and before the whole company gave him a shilling and ordered him to buy a roll, saying out loud: "It is hard after fighting my country's battles, I should be grudged her bread."—*Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1877.

It is sometimes said that Nelson had no sense of humor, and that is not quite true. There was humor, though of a somewhat grim sort, in his description of himself in Corsica: "I have all the diseases there are," he wrote, "but there is not enough in my frame to fasten them on." There was humor again in his letter to the Duke of Clarence, explaining the loss of his arm at Santa Cruz: "I assure your royal highness," he says, "that not a scrap of that ardor with which I served our king has been shot away." Was there not humor again—of what may be called the iron sort—in the incident at Copenhagen, when Nelson lifted his telescope to his blind eye, and declared he really could not see his admiral's ignoble signal of recall?—W. H. FITCHETT, "Nelson and His Captains."

The Hero

It was on February 11, 1797, only three days before the great battle of St. Vincent, Nelson was on board a frigate in the Mediterranean, just east of the Straits of Gibraltar. He was on his way to join the commander-in-chief, whose fleet lay at some distance on the west. The frigate was close to the straits, when she found herself chased from the eastward by two Spanish ships of the line. Suddenly there was a cry of "Man overboard!" A boat was soon lowered by young Thomas Hardy, known eight years later as the flag captain of the Victory, to whom Nelson gave his farewell instructions as he lay dying of his wound. A very rapid current sets in eastwards towards the straits. This current quickly carried the boat far astern of the frigate—farther and farther from her friends, closer and closer to the pursuing enemy. To go after the boat was to lose time and risk capture from the powerful line of battleships. Nelson, they say, cast an anxious look at the receding boat, then exclaimed: "By Heaven! I will not lose Hardy. Back the mizzentopsail."[1] No sooner said than done; the frigate was stopped, the boat's crew was recovered and the Spaniard,* not knowing what to make of the maneuver and fearing some trap, shortened sail and was soon lost to sight.—G. L. BROWNE, "Life of Nelson," citing Lady Minto.

In the midst of these horrors, surrounded by the dying and the dead, the British admiral ordered an officer, bearing a flag of truce, to go on shore with a note to the Crown Prince. It contained a proposal to his royal highness to acquiesce, without further delay, in the propositions of the British government; not only to put a stop to the present effusion of blood on both sides, but to save from total destruction Copenhagen and its arsenals, which he would otherwise level

with the water. Whilst his lordship was writing with all the calmness of a man in his study, he desired Colonel Stewart to send some one below for a light, that he might seal his despatch. Colonel Stewart obeyed; but none appearing with a candle, when Lord Nelson had nearly completed his letter, he inquired the reason of such neglect, and found that the boy who had been sent for it was killed in his way by a cannon shot. The order was repeated, whereupon Colonel Stewart observed: "Why should your lordship be so particular as to use wax? Why not a wafer? The hurry of battle will be sufficient apology for the violation of the etiquette." "It is to prove, my friend," replied Lord Nelson, "that we are in no hurry; that this request is not directed by fear, or a wish on our part to stop the carnage, from the least apprehension of the fate of the day to us, that I am thus particular. Were I to seal my letter with a wafer, it would still be wet when it reached the shore; it would speak of haste. Wax is not the act of an instant; and it impresses the receiver accordingly." The reasoning of the admiral was duly honored by the result. The Danes acceded to the proposal and a cessation of hostilities was the consequence.—ROBERT KER PORTER, "Traveling Sketches in Russia and Sweden During the Years 1805-8."

The timid he never rebuked, but always wished to show them he desired nothing of them he would not instantly do himself. I have known him to say: "Well, sir, I am going a race to the masthead and beg I may meet you there." No denial could be given to such a wish and the poor fellow instantly began his march. His lordship never took the least notice with what alacrity it was done, but when he met in the top, instantly began speaking in the most cheerful manner and saying how much a person was to be pitied that could fancy there was any danger, or even anything disagreeable, in the attempt.—T. J. PETTIGREW, "Life of Nelson," quoting a letter of Lady Hughes.

"As the pursuer came within range, the chase commenced to shoot, and the first shot passed over the quarterdeck of the Foudroyant, and close to the head of a young midshipman who was receiving his baptism of fire. The boy turned pale and stopped in his walk, but a moment later felt a hand laid gently on his shoulder and heard a voice saying kindly and quietly in his ear: "You don't quite like the music; but Charles the Twelfth ran away from the first shot he saw fired, and afterwards was called 'Great' for his bravery, so we will expect great things from you."

A mail was being despatched to England, probably the last before the fight. The letters were on board the despatch-boat, which was already some distance off on her way home, when Nelson saw a midshipman go up and speak to Pasco, the flag-lieutenant, who, upon hearing what he said, stamped his foot and uttered an exclamation. The admiral called and asked him what was the matter. "Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply. "You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," said Nelson; "what was it?" To which Pasco rejoined: "One of our best petty officers was so busy getting off the mail bags that he forgot to put his own letter to his wife into one of them and he has just found it in his pocket." Nelson at once said: "Hoist a signal for recall. Who knows that he may not fall in the action to-morrow? His letter shall go with the others."

During the blockade of Toulon, the Victory was slowly sailing along at about four knots an hour, when there was a cry of "Man overboard!" A midshipman called Flynn, who was sketching on the quarter deck, ran to the side of the ship and, looking over, saw his servant, who could not swim, drowning close under the stern. Flynn at once jumped after him and held the man up until by means of a rope and assistance they were both hauled on board. Nelson, who observed the adventure, was so pleased that he called the youngster up on the poop and made him a lieutenant, on which the remainder of the midshipmen sent up a loud cheer in honor of the practical recognition of Flynn's courage. Nelson, however, thought there was an over-exultant sound in their enthusiasm, and so, leaning over the break of the poop, he smilingly addressed them: "Stop, young gentlemen. Mr. Flynn has done a gallant thing to-day, and he has done many gallant things before, and for this he has got his reward; but, mind, there will be no more making lieutenants for servants falling overboard." An observation which probably saved many a servant from getting a wet jacket.—MARK KERR, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, October, 1912.

Emma Hamilton

Oct. 8.—Dined at Madame de Loss's, wife of the prime minister, with the Nelson party. The electress will not receive Lady Hamilton, on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand that there will be no court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the elector did not wish

to see her, said to Mr. Elliot: "Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the elector down, and, damn me, I'll knock him down, too." She was not invited at the beginning to Madame de Loss's, upon which Lord Nelson sent his excuse and then Mr. Elliot persuaded Madame de Loss to invite her. October 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliots, given to the Nelson party. Lady Hamilton repeated her Attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner, after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behindhand; called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise and, after many bumpers, proposed the queen of Naples, adding: "She is my queen; she is queen to the backbone." Poor Mr. Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over the last day as well as he had done over the rest, endeavored to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty, but not till the lord and lady, or, as he calls them, Antony and Moll Cleopatra, were pretty far gone. I was so tired, I returned home soon after dinner, but not until Cleopatra had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether the queen would receive her, adding: "I care little about it. I would much sooner she would settle half Sir W.'s pension on me." After I went, Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill and danced the *tarantola*. During her acting Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonished applause, which no written character can imitate, and by crying out now and then: "Mrs. Siddons be damned." Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to court, and Mrs. Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the elector never gave dinners or suppers. "What!" cried she, "no guttling?" Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping around the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and ribbon all flying about in the air.—CORNELIA KNIGHT, "Autobiography," quoted largely from Mrs. Col. St. George's "Journal."

We can imagine her full-throated singing, with every look and gesture directed towards the admiral, who admired her so simply and whole-heartedly that on one occasion, when she was giving a representation of the famous Attitudes and, as the highest praise, had been compared with Mrs. Siddons, he walked up and down saying fretfully under his breath: "Damn Mrs. Siddons."—E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE, "Nelson in England."

The Approaching End

Nelson often told Lord Holland that he felt a pain in the arm he had lost, "which," added the gallant warrior, "is a clear proof of the immortality of the soul and sets the question completely at rest."—*Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1877.

We spent half the afternoon in Mr. West's gallery, where he had arranged all the pictures he still owns. . . . He told us a singular anecdote about Nelson, while we were looking at the picture of his death. Just before he went to sea for the last time, West sat next to him at a large entertainment given him here and in the course of dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton his regret that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art and some power of discrimination. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects." "Damn it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such a scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers and, touching his glass violently against West's, "Will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle." He sailed a few days after and the result is on the canvas before us.—GEORGE TICKNOR, "Journal," June 23, 1815.

Nelson never went into a battle without a full sense of its danger and always seems rather to have prepared his mind for death than to have banished the thought of it. On the morning of the 21st [Trafalgar] he wrote a prayer in his journal, followed by an extraordinary memoir, in which he solemnly bequeathed Lady Hamilton as a legacy to his king and country. He left also to the beneficence of his country his adopted daughter, desiring she would use in future his name only.—*Quarterly Review*, February, 1810.

It was in the bay of Naples that Nelson received from Captain Hallowell the extraordinary present of a coffin made from the timbers of L'Orient, which were recovered after the ship blew up. So far was the admiral from thinking this was a disagreeable

or an ominous gift that he prized it highly and had it placed upright in his cabin. Such was the temper of his mind that a *memento mori* like this agreed with his humor and he did not seem quite to comprehend the oblique looks which his officers cast at the gloomy chest. "You may look at it, gentlemen, but you won't have it," was his remark. He did, however, at last consent to put it out of sight, but he himself did never, in the figurative sense, lose sight of it. It was carefully preserved until it was wanted and he lies in it now in the crypt of St. Paul's.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1877.

His lordship came to me on the poop and, after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon, he said: "Mr. Pascoe, I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides, that every man will do his duty,'" and he added, "you must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." I replied, "If your lordship will permit me to substitute the word 'expects' for 'confides' the signal will be sooner completed, because the word 'expects' is in the vocabulary, but the word 'confides' must be spelt." His lordship replied in haste and with seeming satisfaction, "That will do, Pascoe; make it directly."—"Memoirs of the Life of Admiral Codrington."

With regard to Judge Baylis's assertion that the only suggestion of Nelson's signal officer was the substitution of "expects" for "confides"—certainly not "England" for "Nelson" (*Times*, June 16)—my grandfather, Captain George Browne, who died at Bridgewater in 1856, during the latter part of his life confidently asserted that the request to make the latter substitution, on the ground of economy in signaling, was made by him. . . . I have in my possession a manuscript note made by the late Captain Karslake. . . . After giving some particulars of the officers of the Victory, the note continues as follows: . . . "Saw Lord N., Captain Blackwood and some other captains of the frigates in earnest conversation together and a slip of paper in the hands of the former (which Captain Blackwood had looked at) yet I have no recollection that I ever saw it pass through other hands till it was given to Pasco, who, after referring to the telegraph signal book, took it back to his lordship and it was then that, I believe, the substitution of the words took place; but I think (but not sure) the substitution was 'expects' for the word 'requires,' the latter word not being in the telegraph book; and I think the word 'England' had been previously substituted for 'Nelson' for the same reason at the suggestion of Captain Blackwood."—GEORGE C. THOMPSON, *London Times*, June 26, 1900.

NEY, Michel, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moskawa, 1769-1815. French general.

If any officers talked before him of their noble birth, of the pecuniary allowance they received from their families, or of their expectations of hereditary wealth, he would say: "I was less fortunate than you, gentlemen; I received nothing from my family and I thought myself rich at Metz when I had two loaves of bread on my shelf."—"Memoirs," published by his family.

It was on this day that I heard of the death of Alfred de Noailles, aide-de-camp of the Prince de Neufchâtel. He had been killed the previous evening near the Duke of Reggio. Up to this moment I had lost none of my friends and this was a source of real grief to me. The only consolation Marshal Ney offered to me was that my friend's turn had apparently come, and that, after all, it was better that we should mourn his loss than he ours. On similar occasions he had evinced a similar indifference. Once I heard him ask an unfortunate wounded soldier, who was entreating that he would order him carried off the field: "What would you have me do? How can I help your being a victim of war?" And the marshal passed on. Yet he was neither a harsh nor a cruel man, but the habits of war had hardened his heart. Possessed with the idea that every soldier ought to die on the field of battle, it seemed a matter of course that he should fulfil his destiny and we have seen that he set no more value on his own life than on the lives of others.—GENERAL FEZENSAC, "A Journal of the Russian Campaign of 1812."

An officer was one day making a report to him; a cannon ball passed so close to them that the officer bent his head as if by instinct to avoid it; nevertheless, he continued his report without betraying any emotion. "Very well," said the marshal, "but another time don't make so low a bow."—"Memoirs."

He was the last of the Grand Army of Russia that left the country. A few days after a man marched into the house of General Dumas at Gumbinnen, wrapped in a large pelisse, with a long beard half consumed by fire, and his face begrimed with gunpowder. "Who are you?" said Dumas. "I am the rear guard of the Grand Army," replied the uncouth stranger; "I am Marshal Ney."—W. B. REED, "Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire."

The English army will bear testimony to his solicitude in that particular. Obliged,

after the battle of Corunne, to embark in haste they were unable to embark all the women by whom they were followed and in consequence fifty were left on the shore where they were wandering about without protection, exposed to the insults of the soldiers. No sooner was Ney informed of the situation than he hastened to come to their succor; he assembled them, assured them of his protection and directed that they should be placed in a female convent. But the Superior refused to admit them; she positively refused to have anything to do with heretics; no entreaties could persuade her to extend to these unfortunates the rites of hospitality. "Be it so," replied the marshal; "I understand your scruples; and, therefore, instead of the Protestants, you shall furnish lodgings to two companies of Catholic grenadiers." Necessity at length bent the hard-hearted abbess and these unhappy women, for the most part wives and daughters of officers or non-commissioned officers, were received into the convent.—"Memoirs."

When Ney was urged by his counsel to disclaim the jurisdiction of France on his trial, as his birthplace, Saarre-Louis, had been transferred to Prussia, he indignantly rejected a plea, however sure of success, which involved the forfeiture of his most cherished title of honor, determined to die as he had lived, a Frenchman.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1843.

NICHOLAS I., 1796-1855. Emperor of Russia.

Lover and Husband

The late Empress of Russia, when a girl, received a very small and antique ring from her governess as a present. About a year after the occurrence the court received a visit from the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander, and who, at that time was not the heir-expectant to the crown. The grand duke saw the princess and, with a quick resolve native to his disposition, immediately determined to ask her in marriage. One day, as he was seated by her side at the royal dinner table, he spoke of his forthcoming departure, adding that it depended upon her whether or not his stay in Berlin should be prolonged. "What shall I do then to influence your intentions?" was the reply of the smiling princess. "You must not refuse to receive my addresses," immediately returned the outspoken Nicholas. "You ask much." "I ask even more. You ought to give me some encouragement in my endeavors to please you." "That is still more difficult. Besides, the moment is not well adapted to ask for a favor." "I beg your royal highness to give me a sign that I am not totally indifferent to you. You have a little ring on your finger, the possession of which would render me happy. I beseech you to give me the ring." "What! Give a ring at the dinner table, and in the presence of all these people?" "Let me see: press it into this piece of bread and give it to me." And press the ring into the piece of bread she did and gave it to the future emperor. Nicholas took an early opportunity to leave the hall and, exhuming the treasure from its wheaten tomb, discovered an inscription on the inner side in French and running to the following effect: "The Empress of Russia." He is said to have worn the keepsake for the rest of his days, attached to a chain around his neck, the ring being of course too small for any of his colossal fingers. The future empress, it seems, had been unconsciously wearing for some time the emblem of her future greatness.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, December, 1861.

In his life of Nicholas I. Schilder relates the following anecdote: One day at mass the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna (wife of Nicholas) was taken ill and fainted. Nicholas practically carried her out of the church in his arms and brought her into the apartments occupied by the grand-ducal pair. On returning from his private rooms he approached Daragan, the page in waiting, and asked him: "How old are you?" "Seventeen," the page replied. "Well, look here," the grand duke continued in great good humor, "I am four years older than you, and already married and shall soon be a father." With these words he embraced Daragan, while his countenance was radiant with happiness. From that time forth the condition of the grand duchess became a subject of discussion at court.—E. A. B. HODGETTS, "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century."

In former days when she was absent for her health, the emperor has posted through Europe to surprise her in her winter quarters. Ten years ago she had a country house at the gates of Palermo, and, the door of her chamber being opened one morning with unusual noise, the czar entered, having traveled incognito from Russia for the mere gratification of this interview.—*Quarterly Review*, March, 1855.

When in 1836 the Winter Palace was burned, being informed that the fire was approaching his private cabinet, and when asked what he wished to be saved in it, he

answered: "Only my portfolio; nothing else." It contained the letters of the empress, which she wrote to him during their engagement. —SAMUEL M. SCHMUCKER, "Life of Nicholas I."

The cabinet, in which he received his ministers, was situated over the boudoir of the empress. She always remained in this room during the hours of ministerial audiences. Both rooms were connected by an interior winding staircase. The empress could easily overhear any noise in the room overhead and as soon as she noticed that the voice of the emperor rose to an angry tone, she would call: "Nicholas! Nicholas!" who, hearing the voice of his fair conjugal monitress, would run down stairs and, having calmed his wrath, would return to work.—*Putnam's Magazine*, June, 1855.

He was very fond of his wife and very jealous. Her majesty was quite aware of this and, unfortunately, very mischievous. Whenever, therefore, she wished to get rid of an officer who displeased her, she commanded him to dance with her and, so sure as he did so, he was sent to the Caucasus.—E. C. GRENVILLE, *The Swiss Times*, 1881.

The Autocrat

Charles Murray tells us in his journal that on this day, June 2, the castle was transformed into a Tower of Babel, the emperor having brought in his suite ten more servants than Count Orloff had already mentioned. "All these fellows," says the Master of the Household, "wanted to have rooms close to their master's; and when some of them found that they could not be lodged in the castle, and others that they would be a hundred yards distant, they spluttered and swore and jabbered in every discordant dialect of the Lithuanian and Slavonic tongues. After preparing a grand state bed for the emperor, we were shown by his first valet a great sack seven feet long and four broad, which we were requested to fill with clean straw, that being the only bed on which his imperial limbs ever reposed.—FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "Victoria Regina."

"I was told," adds Stockmar, "that at bedtime a leathern sack was stuffed with hay from the stables by his people, and that on this he slept. Our Englishmen pronounced this affectation." Affectation or not, the emperor adhered to the practise through life. The first thing his valets did, on being shown his bedroom at Windsor Castle, was to send to the stables for some trusses of clean straw, to stuff the emperor's leathern case, which formed the mattress of his camp bed, on which he always slept.—THEODORE MARTIN, "Life of the Prince Consort."

The passion for governing grew into a disease with him. It became a mental malady; in fact, it was his peculiar idiosyncrasy, to introduce uniformity, regularity and unity into every possible department of Russian life and activity. It had become his monomania. Once he visited the botanical gardens of the celebrated Professor Ledebuhr. He observed that all the flower pots were not of the same size and color and said to the savant: "These flower pots ought to be all alike," meaning that they should look like soldiers on parade. "How could that be?" responded the learned professor, "unless the plants were all cut down to the same size?" Nicholas replied: "Well, then, have them cut down. I like to see them all alike; they look much handsomer when they are all uniform than when they are not."—REV. HENRY CHRISTMAS, "Nicholas and Russia."

One day the czar rose to look for a private paper lying in his bureau. He could not, for some minutes, find it and became quite impatient. During all this interval, to each of the letters read by his secretary, he answered: "Refused." At length, having found the paper for which he was searching, he answered to every one of the letters which followed: "Granted." When the task was concluded the secretary said: "Will your majesty permit me to make an observation?" "Certainly; what is it?" "Just now your majesty was looking for a paper and while so doing you refused some dozen petitions. Will your majesty permit me to read them again?" "No; I refused to grant them; it was the will of God. It was fated so to happen. I have no doubt decided them rightly and I maintain what I have done." —SAMUEL M. SCHMUCKER, "Life of Nicholas I."

The general was considered a very stupid man and was the czar's favorite butt, so his majesty was pleased one night at a court ball to send him off in search of a thief who had stolen the colossal statue of Peter the Great. The police-master, finding the statue in its usual place, as any one else would have expected, felt mortified at the laugh raised against him and determined to be revenged in his own way. Shortly afterwards, therefore, he announced to his imperial master that the Winter Palace was on fire. The czar rose hastily to witness the conflagration and, on finding that the police-master had ventured to retaliate on his august self, sent him to reflect on his indiscretion to Siberia.—E. C. GRENVILLE, *The Swiss Times*, 1881.

The wilfulness of his despotic nature could not endure that the theodolite and spirit-level should point to any conclusions but such as he chose to adopt. When the engineers had studied the plans for the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, they were laid before the emperor, and he was asked which towns he gave preference for the passage of the line. For reply he dipped one of his fingers into the inkstand and drew a straight line from St. Petersburg to Moscow on the map of Russia. Engineers and ministers all exclaimed that the thing was impossible; that the railway would be taken through a desert. Nicholas smiled disdainfully and turning to a courtier present—known for his obsequiousness to the imperial will—asked if he would undertake the task of carrying out his plans. The line was made accordingly in the trace of this inksmudge of the emperor. Novgorod, Twer and other most important places were left entirely out of the line of the route; the road was laid through forests and morasses and immense solitudes.—WILLIAM STIGAND, *Belgravia*, April, 1870.

The emperor was talking to a foreign ambassador, when a chamberlain approached and invited the latter to "do her imperial highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the honor of dancing with her the next quadrille." The ambassador regarded the emperor with astonishment, who said: "Go and dance with my daughter; we will continue our conversation after the quadrille." As soon as the minister had turned his back, Nicholas seized the chamberlain by the arm and said: "Animal, stay here." The unfortunate courtier seemed turned to stone as the emperor went on: "Triple blockhead! In the first place, you might have chosen another moment for performing the mission of my daughter. In the second place, you gave her the wrong title. She is not the imperial highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg, but her imperial highness the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolovna. In the third place, it is the princess, hearest thou, who does her partners the honor to dance with them." "Pardon, pardon, sire," cried the chamberlain with a piteous mien. "No; I will be without pity for so gross a fault," said Nicholas, shaking him violently by the arm. "These are my orders: After the lights are out, thou shalt remain here until nine o'clock to-morrow morning and keep on walking up and down the room, crying out *'Ja Dourak! Ja Dourak!'*" (I am a brute! I am a brute!) The unfortunate chamberlain carried out his punishment with the most religious scrupulousness, such was his terror of the possible results of his disobedience.—WILLIAM STIGAND, *Belgravia*, April, 1870.

The emperor, while walking one day, met a Frenchman smoking a cigar. He approached and asked him whether he was not aware that it was contrary to law to smoke in the street. The Gaul, not knowing by whom he was addressed, replied that he had been in the habit of smoking in the streets of every other city. The emperor, who detests a Frenchman, left him and proceeded to the police station near at hand, and there gave directions as to the disposition of the smoker. The latter was immediately placed by force in a *kibitke*, which is a small wagon without springs of any kind, and conveyed over a thousand miles of bad road, to the Turkish frontier, where he was dismissed with permission to follow the Parisian fashions.—MARQUIS DE CUSTINE, "Russia in 1839."

The present Emperor Nicholas some time since, driving along in his droshky, observed an English gentleman move down another street, apparently, as he thought, to avoid him. He sent an officer to ask why he had done so when the emperor was coming. The answer was that he "did not see his imperial majesty." "Then desire him to wear spectacles in future," was the immediate command, with which the delinquent was forced to comply during the remainder of his residence in St. Petersburg, much to his annoyance and the amusement of his friends, for he was a remarkably well-looking man and piqued himself on his clear sight.—J. W. COLE, "Russia and the Russians."

I did nothing. [The czar speaking of his victory over the revolt at his accession.] I said to the soldiers: "Return to your ranks," and, as they defiled before me, I cried: "On your knees"—all obeyed. That which made me feel strong was that the moment before I had resigned myself to death. I am thankful for the success I had, but I am not proud of it, for I had no merit in the matter.—MARQUIS DE CUSTINE, "Russia in 1839."

While the emperor was in Moscow witnessing a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the splendid opera house, one of the largest in the world, a fire broke out and the theater was burned to the ground. The emperor calmly told the governor-general: "I shall return here next year the same day; I shall expect to find the opera house rebuilt exactly as it was before, and I shall listen to a performance of 'Lucia' by the same company," and he was obeyed.—E. A. B.

HODGETTS, "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century."

During an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with the prince [Volhonsky, high-steward], the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents, and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. The feat was performed with so much gusto, that the emperor laughed immoderately and then, to the horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself "taken off." "'Tis physically impossible," pleaded Martineff. "Nonsense," said Nicholas; "I insist on its being done." Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace and, with a promptitude and presence of mind that probably saved him, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head and, assuming the imperial part to the best of his power, strode across the room and back; then, stopping opposite the minister, he cried, in the exact tone and manner of the czar: "Volhonsky, pay Monsieur Martineff one thousand silver roubles." The emperor for a moment was disconcerted, but, recovering himself, with a faint smile ordered the money paid.—"Harrison's Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia."

After some preliminary words of warning the dreadful news was imparted that "the Russian army was in retreat." "Thou liest," cried Nicholas, with a terrible explosion of anger. "Sire——." "Thou liest; my soldiers never retreat." "Sire, I have told the truth." "Thou liest! Thou liest!" retorted the czar and, with an eye flashing with anger, with contracted quivering lips and with uplifted hand he rushed upon the military courier and tore his epaulettes violently from his shoulders. "Go; thou 'art now but a soldier." The wretched colonel, pale with shame, stifled his rage and his tears and went out with despair in his soul. The emperor called him back, however, from the staircase, asked pardon for his violence and offered to make the unfortunate officer his aide-de-camp, but the colonel declined, saying: "My epaulettes and my honor went together." "Thou art right," said Nicholas as he paced up and down the room like a strong lion. "I cannot repair the insult I have inflicted on you. Ah, we are both unhappy! I defeated! Go, quit my empire; we shall never see each other again. I know not which of us has inflicted the most pain on the other."—WILLIAM STIGAND, *Belgravia*, April, 1870.

The following trait of Nicholas deserves to be recorded; I had it from the best authority. It is known that the Persians have of late years endeavored to introduce European tactics into their armies, yet with so little success that the Russian troops opposed to them have found little difference in their mode of fighting. Some months before the capture of Erivan by the Russians some hundreds of these Perso-European soldiers were made prisoners, when the emperor desired that a certain number of them should be sent to St. Petersburg, where he had them dressed in the uniforms of one of his regiments of the guards and ordered that they might be trained and instructed like them. He even took care that their clothing should be of better materials and their food of the best kind and from time to time his majesty would go to see them maneuver in order to judge of their progress. When he found them well trained he sent them back to the shah with this message: "Tell your sovereign that if he really wishes to introduce the modern European system of tactics and military discipline into his armies he may safely take you as his models and that he may form as many such as he pleases by applying to his immediate neighbors instead of employing some renegade officers or runaway adventurers from distant countries."—A. B. GRANVILLE, "St. Petersburg in 1828."

The Emperor Nicholas invited Liszt to perform at a court entertainment given specially in his honor. The great pianist commenced, but in the middle of the piece unfortunately his eye fell upon the emperor, who, instead of listening to the wonderful execution, was engaged in conversation with one of his aides-de-camp. The artist went on playing, but in a somewhat exasperated state of mind; the emperor went on talking. Liszt could endure it no longer and suddenly stopped. The court circle looked at one another in astonishment; the czar sent to ask what had happened. "When the emperor speaks," replied Liszt, "every one should be silent." Next morning, the czar, who perfectly understood the hint, sent the great pianist a magnificent diamond pin.—ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT, "Gossip from Paris."

On one occasion, in riding along the streets of the capital, he saw a young nobleman, named Jacovloff, promenading and dressed in the extreme of Parisian foppishness. On his head was a small, peaked hat, resembling a flower pot reversed; a handkerchief was tied around his neck, of flaming color, and with a gigantic bow; a cloak no larger than a cape was thrown over his shoul-

ders; his chin was decorated with a beard trimmed *à la Henri Quartre;* he carried an immense knotted club in his hand; a glass was stuck in one corner of his eye, to which was attached a very broad black ribbon; and a fierce-looking bulldog followed at his heels. As Nicholas rode by he stopped and, addressing the dandy, said: "In God's name, who are you?" He answered: "Please your highness, my name is Save Savietch Jacovloff." "Indeed, Save Savietch, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance; just step up and take a seat here beside me." The dandy dropped his club and began to enter the carriage. "Oh, no," said Nicholas; "Save Savietch, pick up your club." He complied and they rode direct to the imperial palace. Save Savietch, on entering, began to divest himself of his hat and cloak. "Don't do that," said Nicholas; "come on just as you are. Pray, my dear," said he to the grand duchess, "do you know this animal?" "No," replied she, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Then allow me to inform you that this is Save Savietch Jacovloff. What do you think of him? Is he not a pretty fellow?" The beau, half dead with shame and terror, begged permission to retire, and no more appeared in his *outré* costume on the Neffsky-Prospect—the Broadway of St. Petersburg.—SAMUEL M. SCHMUCKER, "Life of Nicholas I."

In all the departments the thefts and peculations committed daily in the palace were enormous in extent and ridiculous in pretext—witness the charge for the tallow which was purchased in 1790 to rub the nose of the Empress Catherine when she had a cold. The court doctor having prescribed this homely and old-fashioned remedy to her majesty one cold day eighty years ago, purchase was made of some tallow and a charge entered in the palace books of ten roubles. In 1850, the Emperor Nicholas, while turning over carelessly the books of his household, perceived this charge entered that very day: "For the cure of his majesty's cold—tallow, ten roubles." As he had no recollection of a cold the day before, he was somewhat surprised; but his surprise turned to stupefaction when, on turning back to the beginning of the book, he found every day the same invariable charge: "For the cure of his majesty's cold—tallow, ten roubles." Further investigation was made and it was found that since the day of the date of the Empress Catherine's cold in 1790, for more than half a century, the household expenses of the palace had been burdened with a charge of ten roubles a day for tallow for the imperial nose. In the history of the world no dearer cold in the head can be found than that of the Empress Catherine in 1790.—WILLIAM STIGAND, *Belgravia*, April, 1870.

Accordingly it is stated that he formed a collection of all the works and pamphlets, and even of the numberless newspaper articles published in all languages, in every quarter of the globe, in which he was spoken of either favorably or the reverse. This curious collection consisted at his death of several hundreds of volumes and portfolios.—*Quarterly Review*, March, 1855.

The Emperor Nicholas asked him [King Frederick William IV.] to send two corporals of the Prussian Guard for the purpose of performing a certain massage treatment prescribed by the doctors, which was to be carried out on the back of the patient while he lay on his stomach. He added: "I can always manage my Russians when I can look them in the face, but on my back and without eyes I should not like them to come near me." The corporals were sent confidentially and were employed and handsomely paid. This shows how, in spite of the religious devotion of the Russian people to their czar, the Emperor Nicholas did not absolutely trust his personal safety in a *tête-à-tête* even to the ordinary man among his subjects; and it is a sign of great strength of character that up to the very end of his life he did not allow himself to be depressed by these feelings. — PRINCE BISMARCK, "Thoughts and Recollections."

The constitution of the emperor is excellent, but, as he treats it like an enemy, and in spite of his age does not deny himself any excess, he often shakes this magnificent edifice. At the period of which I [Dr. Mandt] am speaking he was suffering with an obstinate indisposition, of which the cause remained unknown. My enemies, my friends and, above all, my brother physicians, took advantage of this to charge me, first, with want of foresight, then with ignorance and then with poisoning. At that critical juncture I was summoned by the grand duchess Helen, who received me with a countenance at once cold and stern. She inquired how the emperor was and, without waiting for an answer, added that she was forewarned and would abandon that august health neither to ignorance, if there were ignorance, nor to treason, if there were treason. She then motioned to me to retire. On reaching home I was summoned to wait upon her husband, the Grand Duke Michael; his agitation was extreme and he

rushed towards me. I remained motionless and, instead of strangling me, as I expected, he contented himself with putting his fist in my face, exclaiming: "Traitor!" I respectfully begged that he would give me the means of repelling an odious accusation by acquainting me with the error which had suggested it. "You act a virtuous man," he exclaimed; "you play the philosopher, the stoic, but I will not suffer myself to be deceived by this jugglery. The health of the emperor is in your hands; you are answerable to me for it with your life. On the day of that precious health being endangered, your learned head would adhere to your shoulders by a thread. Not a word, sir; understand and go." And I withdrew, pursued by his threats. In my absence the emperor had sent for me. I found him alone, stretched upon an easy chair, his lion-like head weighed down by suffering, his color leaden, his air gloomy. He cast on me a penetrating glance and, after some minutes of chilling silence, inquired how I found him. I felt his pulse, which was strong and agitated; his tongue was bad, his general state alarming. "Well, sir?" said the emperor; he always used to call me by my name and this alteration boded no good. "Sire, your majesty has oppression and fever; it will be necessary to take an emetic." At the word "emetic" the emperor raised his head abruptly—"An emetic! You never prescribed one for me before." I went into the laboratory adjoining his study and soon after returned with the dose; it was not long before it acted, but I was not satisfied with the result. Another emetic appeared to me to be necessary and, after it had taken effect, the emperor raised his pallid countenance and said to me in a tone of suppressed wrath: "Is that all?" "No, sire; for I must have bile." "That is to say, you must have my bowels. Be it so, but remember this, I will have" (and he pronounced the word "will" in a manner to give it a threatening meaning), "I will have this one produce an effect." Fully sensible of the danger and the responsibility, I trebled the dose; the vomiting was instantaneous and complete. He inquired whether I was satisfied. "Your majesty is completely out of danger," answered I and we parted. On the following day I found the emperor standing up and strong. "Do you know, Mandt," said he, "that yesterday, while you were administering the medicine to me, I believed I was poisoned." "I knew it, sire." "You knew it and you had the courage to advise me to take an emetic?" "The state of your majesty required it." "But if it had operated ill, what would your enemies have said, for you have enemies and they are numerous?" "They would have asserted subsequently what they insinuated previously—they would have called me Mandt, the poisoner." "And that thought did not stop you," and he held out his hand to me.—*Quarterly Review*, March, 1855.

NORTH, Frederick, Earl of Guilford, 1732-1792. English statesman.

Every one knows the story of a gentleman's asking Lord North who "that frightful woman" was and his lordship answering: "That is my wife." The other, to repair his blunder, said that he did not mean her, but that monster next to her. "Oh," said Lord North, "that monster is my daughter." With this story, Frederick Robinson, in his usual absent enthusiastic way, was one day entertaining a lady whom he sat next to at dinner, and lo! the lady was Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the monster in question.—JOHN WILSON CROKER, "Correspondence and Diaries."

Lord North, an easy-going man of the world, used often to sit in the House asleep, or appearing to sleep. On one occasion, when Colonel Barre brought forward a motion on the navy, Lord North said to a friend at his side: "We are going to have a long, tedious speech, from the very beginning, not omitting Drake and the Spanish Armada. Let me sleep and awaken me when he comes near our own times." His friend at length gave him a nudge. "Where are we?" said North. "At the battle of La Hogue, my lord." "Oh, my friend, you have woke me a century too soon," was the reply, and he turned off again.—*The Leisure Hour*, April, 1895.

On one occasion, interposing in a quarrel, he observed that there was often too much readiness to take offense. "That is not my own case," he added. "This evening one member who spoke of me called me 'that thing called a minister.' Well, to be sure," continued Lord North, patting his ample sides, "I am an unwieldy thing; the honorable member, therefore, when he called me a thing said what was true and I could not be angry with him. But when he added 'called a minister,' he called me that thing which of all things he himself most wished to be and therefore I take it as a compliment."—LORD MAHON, "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht."

Lord North, at a city dinner, having announced the receipt of intelligence of an advantage gained over the "rebels," and, being

taken to task by Charles Fox and Colonel Barre, who were present, for applying such language to "our fellow subjects in America," exclaimed, with the inimitable talent for good-humored raillery which distinguished him: "Well, then to please you, I will call them the gentlemen in opposition on the other side of the water."—LORD CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Chancellors, Thurlow."

Lord Chatham said of an approaching debate: "If I cannot speak standing I will speak sitting, and if I cannot speak sitting I will speak lying." "Which he will do in whatever position he speaks," remarked Lord North.—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1869.

He [Sir Fletcher Norton] became Speaker of the House of Commons and, after he was removed from that office, became Baron Grantley. It was understood that there had been some quarrel between him and Lord North about the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, when Loughborough was appointed to it. He is said to have spoken disrespectfully of Lord North and Lord North had no respect for him. The latter, having heard that Sir Fletcher had spoken of himself as not in good health, and Sir Fletcher being supposed to have made that representation with some particular view though he was perfectly well, took occasion, after Parliament was dissolved and a new Speaker was to be chosen, to express his deep concern that the health of Sir Fletcher Norton made it impossible to propose him again, and his conviction that the House could not expect that in Sir Fletcher's state of health, he should, at the risk of his existence, again undertake the arduous duties of the Speaker's office, and then proposed that another gentleman should be placed in the chair. Sir Fletcher again, and again, and again assured the House that he was never in better health—that he was perfectly able to undertake and execute the duties, however arduous, of the office and that he hoped the House would not discard him who had before been their servant and Speaker. Lord North rose again and stated his extreme reluctance to resist the importunity of a gentleman who had been so valuable a servant of the House, but that humanity forbade him to think of gratifying, however anxious he was to gratify, Sir Fletcher's wishes. The majority of the House did not like Sir Fletcher; they were under the influence of Lord North and they voted another gentleman into the chair.—HORACE TWISS, "Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon," quoting Eldon.

Whilst he was sleeping during a debate on America, an indignant member thundered forth a proposal for having him impeached. "Alas," said his lordship, waked by the noise, "allow me at least the criminal's usual privilege—a night of rest before execution."—JOHN TIMBS, "Anecdote Biography."

After dinner a little boy named William came up to his lordship, got strawberries from him and showed great fondness for him. After tea, his lordship proposing to renew the acquaintance, William turned his back upon him. "Ah, William," said Lord North, "you are not the only one that paid court to me while I could give them strawberries, but turned their backs upon me when I had none to give them."—ROBERT BISSET, "Life of Edmund Burke."

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in October, 1781, the king saw himself forced to submit to the inevitable. In March, 1782, he acknowledged to Lord North that, considering the temper of the Commons, he thought the administration at an end. "Then, sir," said Lord North, "had I better not state the fact at once?" "Well, you may do so," replied the king. Lord North hastened to the House of Commons and, interrupting a debate, in a scene of much excitement, announced the resignation of the ministry, and in a farewell speech of much dignity and feeling thanked the House for the support, the kindness and forbearance which he had so long received from the Commons of England. A story is told that, in crossing the lobby on the arm of a friend, he met another of his friends whom he asked to come home with him and dine that evening. On the latter's pleading a partial engagement, Lord North said: "Come, come, put off your engagement and have the virtue of saying you dined with a fallen minister on the day of his dismissal." Owing to the expectation of a long debate, most of the members had sent away their carriages and were waiting in the housekeeper's room. As Lord North prepared to enter his carriage, which alone was waiting, he turned and said: "I protest, gentlemen, this is the first time in my life I ever derived any personal advantage from being in the secret."—LORD NORTH, *The North American Review*, August, 1903.

His old opponent, Barre, the former champion of the Whig opposition to North, paying a business call to a suburban village found himself seated at the luncheon table. Both host and guest had been overtaken by nearly complete blindness. After some allusion to past passages at arms, North smilingly said: "But now, Colonel, there are not

two men in England who could be more happy to see each other."—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Society in the Country House."

NORTHINGTON, Robert Harvey, Earl of Northington, 1708-1772. Lord Chancellor of England.

Lord Northington was one of the "swearing chancellors," but a man of good sense also. In his last illness he was recommended to avail himself of the services of a certain prelate. "He will never do," said the chancellor; "I should have to acknowledge that one of my heaviest sins was in having made him a bishop."—Doran's notes to the "Last Journals of Horace Walpole."

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O'CONNELL, Daniel, 1775-1847. Irish statesman.

I have heard that my father received the announcement of my birth when he was in the court house at Cork, just after he had gained a lawsuit in which he was retained as leading counsel. The courts sat much earlier then than now, and my father's cousin, Dr. Baldwin, the leading physician in Cork, called to invite him to breakfast. "Well, Dan," said the doctor, "you got that fellow off; but he was really guilty, you know." "Oh, never mind; don't bother me, doctor. Sure, I have got a red-headed boy." And the reason of my father's perturbation at the circumstances of my red-headedness has from that day to this remained a profound mystery.—*Temple Bar*, October, 1899.

I was once counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned and, happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he had always managed to steal the fat cows, to which he gravely answered: "Well, then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sir. Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into a ditch for shelter." So I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my client.

I remember being counsel at a special commission in Kerry against a Mr. S., and, having occasion to press him rather hard in my speech, he jumped up in court and called me a purse-proud blockhead. I said to him: "In the first place, I have got no purse to be proud of; and, secondly, if I be a blockhead, it is better for you as the counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight rebuke." Whereupon I whacked him soundly on the back with the president's cane. Next day he sent me a challenge, but very shortly after he wrote to me to state that since he had challenged me he had discovered that my life was inserted in a valuable lease of his. "Under these circumstances," he continued, "I cannot afford to shoot you unless as a precautionary measure you first insure your life for my benefit. If you do, then heigh ho, for powder and ball. I'm your man." Now this seems so ludicrously absurd, that it is almost incredible; yet it is literally true.—W. J. O'NEILL DAUNT, "Personal Recollections of O'Connell," quoting O'Connell.

When O'Connell was Lord Mayor of Dublin, at the first day's sitting his weekly court was of course extremely crowded. The tipstaffs tried to clear it. "Let all persons leave the court that haven't business," shouted one of these functionaries. "In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: 'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court.' "—DAUNT.

On one occasion the trial of a man whom O'Connell well knew to be guilty of an offense which was then capital, had passed into the hands of a sergeant-at-law who had as yet but little experience in such cases. He was an excellent lawyer and in later years a great judge, but a man of very sensitive and scrupulous character, rendered doubly nervous by the fact that he was trying a case on which a human life depended. O'Connell at once put some plainly illegal questions and, when the judge very properly stopped him, he again and again pursued the same course. Then, with well-simulated rage, he dashed his brief to the ground, declared that the blood of his client would be on the head of the judge who refused to permit his defense, and stalked majestically out of court. The judge himself acted as counsel for the undefended prisoner, cross-examined the witnesses against him with great severity and charged in such a manner that an acquittal was the result.

It was a question whether a will had been signed by a conscious testator, or whether,

as was suspected, the pen had been put into the dead man's hand to trace the signature; he observed that the principal witness, under severe and repeated cross-examination, always returned to the same phrase: "There was life in him." "By virtue of your oath," said O'Connell, "did you not put a fly into the dead man's mouth in order that you might swear that there was life in him?" He had guessed rightly and the witness, pale with terror, confessed his crime.—W. E. H. LECKY, "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland."

He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with roguery." "Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" "Yes, your honor, Counselor O'Connell." "How do you know my name?" "Ah, sure, every one knows our own pathriot." "Well, you are a good-humored, honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?" "Why, your honor, I took my share of a pint of spirits." "Your share of it. Now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it all but the pewter?" "Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you, sir." The court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon, step by step, came out, that the man was drunk and was not, therefore, a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won his case for his client.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, February, 1848.

"O'Connell," said Mr. Sergeant (afterwards Judge) Jackson, "why have you been so long away?" in a rather irritated tone; "why have you been so long away?" "I could not leave Grey while his case was on," replied O'Connell. "What was the verdict?" "Acquittal." "Then you have got off a wretch who is unfit to live," said Jackson. The sergeant was remarkable for his piety, so O'Connell replied: "I am sure, my dear friend, you will agree with me that a man whom you regard as unfit to live would be still more unfit to die."—*The Green Bag*, November, 1898, citing O'Flanagan's work on the Irish Bar.

He was once summoned to court out of the hunting field where a young friend of his of an humble order was on trial for his life. The evidence gathered around a hat by the body of the murdered man and which was recognized as the hat of the prisoner. The lawyers tried to break down the evidence, confuse the testimony and get some relief from the directness of the circumstances, but in vain, until at last they called for O'Connell. He came in, flung his riding whip and hat on the table, was told the circumstances and taking up the hat said to the witness: "Whose hat is this?" "Well, Mr. O'Connell, it is Mickey's hat." "How do you know that?" "I will swear to it, sir." "And did you really find it on the murdered man?" "I did that, sir." "But you are not ready to swear to that?" "I am indeed, Mr. O'Connell." "Pat, do you know what hangs on your word? A human soul. And with that dread burden are you ready to tell to this jury, that this hat, to your certain knowledge, belongs to this prisoner?" "Yes, Mr. O'Connell, I am." O'Connell takes the hat to the nearest window and peers into it. "J-a-m-e-s, James. Now, Pat, did you see that name in that hat?" "I did, Mr. O'Connell." "You know it was there?" "Yes; I read it after I had picked it up." "No name in the hat, your honor."—WENDELL PHILLIPS, lecture on Daniel O'Connell, New York, December 9, 1872.

As O'Connell proceeded with his speech he kept an eye on the jury box and his intuition enabled him to see that after some time he had eleven of the jury with him. "There was one dark-looking little Orangeman," said he, "sitting unmoved, silent and glum-looking. I knew he was against me. I talked at that fellow half an hour; at last I stirred him; he rose in his place, moved a little, and sat down again. His aspect was changed—I saw I had him." So he had; he got a verdict.—MICHAEL MACDONAGH, *Temple Bar*, July, 1900. (A similar anecdote is told of Daniel Webster.)

He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto: "Now, ma boughali," said the friar; "you haven't got gumption and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'ye see. And now, as none of you know what the veto is, I'll make it as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, you see, is a Latin word, ma boughali, and none of yez understand Latin. But I will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you'll only listen to me now. The veto is a thing that—you see, boys, the veto is a thing that—the meeting on Monday is to be held about." (Here there were cheers and cries of "Hear, hear.") "The veto is a thing that, in short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn't take up more of your time about it now. But I'll give you this piece of advice, boys; just go to the meeting and listen to Counselor

O'Connell and just do whatever he bids yez, boys."—DAUNT.

In the session of 1833 he brought under the notice of the House as a breach of privilege the report of one of his speeches on church tithes in Ireland, which had appeared in one of the London papers not only greatly abbreviated, but as he complained, in some passages entirely perverted. The reporter was brought to the bar of the House, where he made a most remarkable defense. He said that during his walk from Westminster to Fleet street, the rain, which was falling heavily at the time, had most unfortunately streamed into his pocket and washed out the notes he had made of O'Connell's speech. "Well, Mr. Speaker," said O'Connell, "that was the most extraordinary shower of rain I ever heard of; for it not only washed out the speech I made from that gentleman's note book, but washed in another and entirely different one. I only hope this newspaper will provide him with a cloak and an umbrella in order to prevent the rain from playing any more pranks with his note books." But O'Connell did not rest there. He gave the Parliamentary reporters as a body what he himself called "a lick of the rough side of his tongue," pouring on them all the powers of sarcasm and vituperation of which he was an unrivaled master, charging them with "cooking" their reports to his detriment, or else ignoring his arguments, while the arguments of his opponents were given fully. The reporters retaliated. They sent a communication to O'Connell that unless he made an ample apology for his attack they would cease to report him. And they carried out their threat; O'Connell's name was not even mentioned in the report of the next debate in which he took part. But if he were not reported he would take care that no one else was. At the opening of the next sitting he called the Speaker's attention to the presence of strangers, and under a rule of the House, which has since been amended, the galleries were cleared. The reporters, however, would not give way and as they were supported by their editors and as O'Connell was determined to exclude them from the House while they were in that state of mind, it is impossible to say how long the quarrel might have lasted, had not some mutual friends arranged a compromise at the end of a week, during which not a line about Parliament appeared in any London paper.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1895.

O'Connell had been on terms of intimacy with P. M., an able and influential man, well known in Dublin. A quarrel, arising from some political difference, broke out between them. O'Connell denounced his opponent in language of extreme violence, and for many years they were on terms of mutual hostility. Long afterwards P. M. told my informant that during the period of their friendship O'Connell had become aware of circumstances of a private nature which, if published, would have been ruinous to the position and credit of his adversary, but, in spite of the violence of their subsequent quarrel, was never led to divulge them or allude to them in any way.—JOHN BALL, *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1873.

Unlike the majority of Irishmen, this universal admiration never seemed to stimulate him to personal vanity or to disturb his equanimity. I once ventured to ask him how this might be. His answer, simple and earnest, was characteristic of the man: "I pray often."—*Temple Bar*, October, 1899.

ORLEANS, Ferdinand Philip Louis Charles Henry, Duke of Orleans. French nobility. 1810-1842.

Two years before [1842] he [Alexandre Dumas] had formally and legally married Mademoiselle Ida Ferrier—this step, so inconsistent with his temperament and mode of life, having resulted from his own reckless disregard of the conventions. The lady had fascinated him while she was interpreting the rôle of his creation at the Porte St. Martin. It did not strike him that it would be irregular to take her with him to a ball given by his patron, the Duke of Orleans, and he straightway did so. "Of course, my dear Dumas," said his highness affably, "it is only your wife you would think of presenting to me." Poor Alexandre, the lover of all women and none in particular, was hoisted with his own petard. A prince's hints, above all when he is your patron and publisher, are commands. Dumas was led to the altar, like a sheep to slaughter, by the charming Ida. Châteaubriand supported the bridegroom through the ordeal. However, the chains of matrimony sat lightly on the irrepressible romancer. Madame Dumas shortly after departed for Florence, greatly to the relief of her spouse.—EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE, "Lola Montez."

ORLEANS, Philip, Duke of, 1640-1701. Regent of France.

The duke would appear at masquerades in feminine attire and would study the effect of his patches and paint with more than feminine vanity. . . . His love of dress was in-

ordinate. He welcomed state functions and family bereavements with equal pleasure, since both furnished him opportunities in displaying himself in new and sumptuous costumes; and it was observed that, though he danced well, he could not dance like a man because his shoes were too high-heeled. When he was with the army the soldiers used to say that he was more afraid of being sunburnt and of the blackness of the powder than of the musket balls; and it may well have been true, for he could show upon occasion that, little as the virtue had been developed, he did not wholly lack the personal valor in which the Bourbons were seldom deficient. He habitually behaved towards the king with a submission that was almost servile, but he was as irritable and petulant as a spoiled child, and once, in an access of ungovernable passion, he dashed a bowl of soup into his brother's face.—ROBERT S. RAIT, "Five Stuart Princesses."

Godeau, the curé of Saint Come, preached a sermon clearly applying to the regent. When the matter was mentioned to the regent, he replied coolly: "What does he meddle with? I am not in his parish."—CHARLES PINOT DUCLOS, "The Morals of the Age."

The rivalry between the houses of Orleans and Condé broke the monotony of a pitiable ministry and the son of the regent, who had been initiated into affairs of state for some months, could not endure the thought of being dominated by M. le Duc, whom he regarded as a prince beneath him, both in rank, talents and in intellect. The regent, however, skilful in the art of estimating men's characters, told him plainly enough that he would never be a very distinguished man. He even told him distinctly and in the presence of the whole assembly in the Palais Royal: "Remember, my son, that you will never be anything but an honest man."—ABBÉ SOULAVIE, "Memoirs of the Duke of Richelieu."

The regent once said of a man at court: "He is a perfect courtier—without honor and without temper." The definition would have been perfect had he added, "without shame."

M. Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, told me that, complaining one day to the regent of the rascalities of a man whom the prince had sent him in order that they might work together on the affairs of the clergy, the regent interrupted the recital of the man's knaveries by saying to Cardinal Dubois, who was present: "We must allow he is a great rascal." M. Massillon said to himself: "Good; there is one unmasked and ruined," but the regent added: "Yes, a scoundrel of the first order, but very adroit. Abbé" (to Cardinal Dubois), "we must make an ambassador of him." That was all the satisfaction he gave to the complaints laid before him, and I could add a hundred other instances just as striking.—ABBÉ BERNIS, "Memoirs."

OSBORNE, Ralph Bernal, 1808-1882. English statesman.

Most men, with half of Osborne's experience, would long before this have registered a resolve to retire into private life. But what would have discouraged and deterred others only served to stimulate Osborne. Angry crowds, surging before platforms and accentuating their anger with missiles hurled at the speakers' heads, the waving of bludgeons, the smashing of windows, the howls of infuriated electors, accusations, calumnies, abuse of every kind were to Osborne part of the fun of the business, into which he entered with a laugh and a jest. Upon one occasion at Waterford, one of his enemies in the mob below fired a pistol. Osborne was not daunted for an instant. "If," he exclaimed, "my good friend, you would only have the goodness to go off like your pistol, I should be forever indebted to you." Upon the same occasion he would certainly have been lynched if he had not succeeded in getting out of a second story window and so effecting an entrance to a draper's shop, where he passed the night stowed away in a bundle of blankets. The town itself was wrecked. . . . Only a man who had immense physical strength as well as personal fearlessness and hardihood could have fought the battle of his second Middlesex election, or have passed the ordeal so amusingly described by himself at Waterford. "I am," said he to a friend shortly after he had been victorious in the latter of these two places, "slowly recovering from the effects of an Irish election."

There is a story not true to the letter, yet substantially founded on truth, which puts words into the mouth of a chaperon in those brilliant days: Mr. Bernal danced twice with my Julia and sang a duet with her, and he was so dreadfully handsome and had such a bewitching tenor in singing, that I became alarmed lest he should trifle with her affections and, determined to interpose, I asked him (in the phrase customary at the time) whether his intentions were honorable, and what do you think was his answer? He answered, "Certainly not," and in so ringing a voice that you might have heard him in the next room. My first impulse was to be

angry; and to think he might have had the grace to say something more roundabout, but I was wrong. Would that all men were so honest, so bold, so determined and so free from guile.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, *The Fortnightly Review*, October 1, 1884.

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PAINE, Thomas, 1737-1809. American Revolutionary leader.

One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg one night and a hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day, of which I know I was to have been one; and the manner I escaped that fate is curious and has all the appearances of accident. The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor and one of the large range of rooms under a gallery and the door of it opened outward and flat against the wall; so that when it was open the inside of the door appeared outward and the contrary when it was shut; I had three comrades, fellow prisoners with me—Joseph Vanhuile of Bruges, since president of the municipality of that town, Michael Robbins and Bastini of Louvain. When persons by scores and by hundreds were to be taken out of prison for the guillotine it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark or signal by which they knew what rooms to go to and what numbers to take. We, as I said, were four, and the door of our room was marked, unobserved by me, with that number in chalk; but it happened, if happening is the proper word, that the mark was put on the door when it was open and flat against the wall, and thereby came on the inside when we shut it at night and the destroying angel passed it by. A few days after this Robespierre fell and the American ambassador arrived and reclaimed me.—T. C. RICHMAN, "Life of Thomas Paine," quoting a letter of Paine.

When we find Paine left undisturbed for three months, arrested only because he stood on the same footing as Cloots, and left undisturbed in prison for the seven months of Robespierre's life, the supposition of Robespierre's unrelenting hostility falls to the ground and my belief is that Paine's life was no longer in danger from him.—J. G. ALGER, *The Athenæum*, October 31, 1896.

Propose that Thomas Payne [this was the spelling of the name in France] be put on trial in the interests of America as much as that of France.—ALGER, quoting Robespierre's "Diary."

Franklin said to him, "Where liberty is, there is my country." Paine replied, "Where liberty is not, there is mine," and his whole life proves that he spoke truly. "Perhaps America would feel the less obligation to me," he said, "did she know that it was neither the place nor the people but the cause itself that irresistibly engaged me in its support; for I should have acted the same part in any other country could the same circumstances have arisen then which have happened here." —A. OUTRAM SHERMAN, address before the Huguenot Society of New Rochelle, N. Y., July, 1910.

His egregious conceit and self-sufficiency disgusted me. He was drunk with vanity. If you believed him, it was he who had done everything in America. He was an absolute caricature of the vainest of Frenchmen. He fancied that his book on the "Rights of Man" ought to replace every other book in the world, and he told us roundly that, if it were in his power to exterminate every library in existence, he would do so without hesitation, in order to eradicate the errors they contained, and begin, with the "Rights of Man," a new chain of ideas and principles. He knew all his own writings by heart, but he knew nothing else. He repeated to us even love letters of his own composition, written in the most fantastic style. They were indeed the effusions of his youth and were worthy of Mascarillo. Yet Paine was a man of talent, full of imagination, gifted with popular eloquence and wielded not without skill the weapon of irony.—ÉTIENNE DUMONT, "Reminiscences of Mirabeau."

PALMERSTON, Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, 1784-1865. English statesman.

A story told by Bunsen, relative to their return from Osborne, throws a sidelight on Palmerston's character. The yacht which carried them [Queen Victoria and Prince Albert] from the Isle of Wight was unable on account of rough weather to enter Southampton harbor. To gain land they put off in a small boat, the helm of which Palmerston was asked to take, so that all available hands might be given to the oars. On landing safely Bunsen paid the Foreign Minister a far-fetched compliment about the vessel of state and a common boat being steered with equal safety by the same man; when Palmerston said, "Oh, one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one may have

learned nothing better." On arriving at the railway station they found that the last train to town had gone, when Palmerston insisted that he must have a special train. The railway officials declared that the danger of collision was too great for them to undertake it; but Palmerston insisted on having one, saying he was willing to take all the risk on himself. In fear and trembling his commands were obeyed, and when the train, after shooting past station after station, arrived in town without causing or receiving any damage, the directors refused all payment, declaring they considered themselves lucky by their own escape from serious responsibility.—FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "Victoria Regina."

Gordon, the Scottish painter, tells this story of Lord Palmerston: I had exhibited several years, but without any particular success. One year, however, the year before I painted "The Corsicans," Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture called "Summer in the Lowlands," and bought it at a high figure. His lordship at the same time made inquiry after the artist and invited me to call on him. I waited upon him accordingly. He complimented me upon the picture; but there was one thing about it he could not understand: "That there should be such long grass in a field where there were so many sheep," said his lordship with a merry twinkle of the eye. It was a decided hit, this, and having bought the picture and paid for it, he was entitled to his joke. "How do you account for it?" he went on smiling, and looking first at the picture and then at me. "Those sheep, my lord," I replied, "were only turned into the field the night before I finished the picture." His lordship laughed heartily and said "Bravo" at my reply—and gave me a commission for two more pictures; and I have cashed since then some very notable checks of his—dear old boy!—*Every Saturday*, October 25, 1873.

Lord Palmerston did all his work at a high desk, standing.—W. H. D. ADAMS, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1888.

Lord Palmerston laying the blame on the wind may recall the foreigner who complained that the English rabbits were too short. It was told of a noble lord (Lord Ashbrook), who never touched a feather during an entire day's shooting at Holkham, that the keeper, by way of consolation, remarked that he had seen people shoot worse than his lordship. "How can that be, when I missed bird after bird?" "Aye, but your lordship misses them so clean." This story would nearly fit Lord Palmerston. During his later years, when he was as fond as ever of the sport, he has been known to fire off both barrels at birds a hundred yards off.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1878.

One of Lord Palmerston's aphorisms was: "The best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse"; he rode every day unless prevented by press of business.—WILLIAM FRASER, "Disraeli and his Day."

The umbrella was a feature in Lord Palmerston's personnel. One of his cabinet ministers tells a ludicrous story about it: The House was counted out early one summer's evening and as their way home lay together he offered Lord Palmerston his arm. The offer was accepted. As he was the younger man he offered to carry the premier's overcoat. Palmerston thanked him but declined to give it up. The minister then insisted on carrying the umbrella. It was a very stout and useful umbrella, well known in and about the House of Commons—quite Sairey Gampish, indeed, in its outlines and proportions, a sort of gig umbrella cut down. In Lord Palmerston's hands it passed without notice. But the smarter and younger cabinet minister was painfully conscious, first of the attention it excited, and secondly of its unusual and inconvenient weight. He could compare it to nothing but a good thick "blue book" tied to the end of a stick. Up Parliament street, through the Horse Guards, and up the steps at the foot of the Duke of York's column they walked together, the umbrella seeming to get uglier and heavier at every step. The stout old premier would have used it as a walking stick or flourished it as a drum major wields his baton. In his colleague's hands it was so much dead weight. He declared afterwards that he was never so glad to get rid of anything in his life and that whenever he gave Lord Palmerston his arm again he was particularly careful not to offer to carry his umbrella.—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1866.

Let an example be taken of his manner in despatching a functionary to distant regions, and welcoming him on his return from a perplexing mission: "We have selected you whom we believe to be one of the best public servants, to occupy one of the most difficult of public positions." When such was the charge, so flattering, but imposing at the same time so serious a responsibility, it seemed as if every encouragement were given and every motive appealed to which could stimulate to the thoughtful and zealous dis-

charge of official duty; and to be received in language like this, "You have done everything you ought to have done and left nothing undone which it became you to do," was it not enough to console and compensate for any misrepresentations or misunderstandings of those whose acquaintance with the real state of things was necessarily less complete than his who knew them all?—SIR JOHN BOWRING, *The Fortnightly Review*, November 15, 1865.

An old friend who was recalled from an important but distant legation and appointed to an inferior post in Europe came to me on the day of his arrival in a state of indignation that he had never been consulted about the change. "I shall go at once to Carlton Gardens and let his lordship know in unmeasured terms what I think of his abominable conduct; afterwards I will return and tell you the result." He did return and I said I hoped he had not minced the matter with the minister. "Plague confound the fellow! I never could say a word." "What do you mean?" "Why, I sent in my card and was kept waiting in the dining room—while he was, of course, arranging the scene; for no sooner was I shown into his study and before I could utter a word, he rushed up, seized me by both hands—'My dear, dear friend,' he cried; 'I rejoice to have you back among us; you exchange barbaric life for civilization; all your friends are so glad to welcome you.' 'My lord, I am surprised,' I struggled to say. 'Not a word, not a word; here is Lady Palmerston. My dear, welcome your old friend home; he is one of us again. He will dine with us to-day—won't you? We must keep you, now that we have got you back. I am off to a cabinet. Lady Palmerston, get our friend to tell you some of those anecdotes which used to delight us; I leave him in your care. Good-by, *au revoir*, at eight o'clock,' and so he rushed out. I have engaged to dine and have lost my chance."

Lord Palmerston possessed great readiness and tact. A friend of mine wanted to obtain a consular appointment for a relative—this was before the introduction of competitive examinations. "Too happy to serve you," said Lord Palmerston. "Call to-morrow and I will see what can be done." The next day he proposed a consulship of six hundred pounds in Asia Minor. My friend was delighted. But as he was leaving the room Lord Palmerston called out, "I will have the papers sent to you to sign." "What papers?" "Why, you are aware that whoever recommends a consul is responsible for all the money that passes through the consul's hands." Need I add that there was an end to the transaction, for the relative was fond of play, which Lord Palmerston well knew?—LORD LAMINGTON, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1890.

A joke was a weapon in Palmerston's hands which he employed with immense effect. After the trial of Palmer, "the Rugeley poisoner," as he was termed in the newspapers, had conferred on the little Staffordshire town of Rugeley an unenviable notoriety, the mayor and burgesses in council assembled, resolved to ask authority from Parliament to change the name of their native place. Accordingly a deputation waited upon the premier with this object in view. Palmerston was occupied with important business at the time and, besides, had a twinge of his old enemy, the gout. The mayor and common council were, however, not to be denied, and were duly ushered into the premier's presence. A glance at the bulky memorial they held in their hands and at the pompous visage of the chief spokesman of the party convinced the minister of the infliction in store for him, unless he could in some way get rid of them. So with a pleasant smile he assured the deputation that he knew the nature of their request and was prepared to accede to it at once, on condition that they allowed him the privilege of renaming the place. "Certainly, my lord, we shall be delighted," said the mayor. "Then call it Palmerston," said the premier, and bowed his visitors to the door. The deputation withdrew and had gone some distance before it flashed across them that the memory of Palmer the poisoner's deeds would hardly be effaced by changing Rugeley into Palmerston. Rugeley remained Rugeley to the present day and Lord Palmerston was never again consulted on the subject.—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1866.

Merivale was permanent secretary to the colonies. As such he was greeted with customary jauntiness by Lord Palmerston—then making his first official visit to the office—with the words: "In the first place, Mr. Merivale, where are the colonies?" One can almost hear the question propounded and cannot but marvel at the supreme ignorance it debonairly exhibited.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1902.

"When I was a young man," Palmerston used to say, "the Duke of Wellington made an appointment with me for half past seven in the morning; and I was asked, 'Why,

Palmerston, how will you contrive to keep that engagement?' 'Oh,' I said, 'of course, the easiest thing in the world; I shall keep it the last thing before I go to bed.' "—R. B. BRETT, "The Yoke of Empire."

Lord Palmerston once said that the Schleswig-Holstein question [cause of the war between Prussia and Austria] was so difficult that only three men had ever understood it. The first was Prince Albert, and he was dead; the second was a Danish statesman, and he had gone mad; and the third was Palmerston himself, and he had forgotten it. —*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1890.

PARNELL, Charles Stewart, 1846-1891. Irish statesman.

"Mr. Parnell, how did you acquire your extraordinary knowledge of the rules of the House?" "By breaking them," answered the Irish leader.—G. W. SMALLEY, "Anglo-American Memoirs."

Mr. Parnell professed general ignorance, even of a subject that concerned him so nearly as Irish history. And this strange want of knowledge to be found in books appears all through his life. "I am very ignorant," he once said to his biographer, who smiled incredulously. "Yes," he continued, "I mean what I say. I am very ignorant of these things. I have read very little, but I am smart and can pick up information quickly." On another occasion he had engaged to lecture on Irish history at Cork. Parnell said to a friend: "I really do not know anything about Irish history. Have you any books I can read?" The day of the lecture came. It was to be delivered at eight o'clock. At a quarter to eight, when dinner was over, Parnell said, "Now I must read up the history," and he asked for some writing paper and the historical books. He arrived at the hall at a quarter past nine, was received with enthusiasm and got through his lecture successfully.—EARL OF ROSEBERY, inaugural address as president of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, November 25, 1898.

I repeated some humorous lines which I had recently read about Montreal. I wanted to see if Parnell could see the fun of them. He listened in a dreamy way until I was done and then said, "I have been thinking if any one will ever pay to hear me lecture again." The poem was thrown away on him. —R. BARRY O'BRIEN, "Life of Parnell," quoting Healy.

"I never saw him," said a member of Parnell's family, "read anything but 'Youatt on the Horse.' "—R. BARRY O'BRIEN, "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen."

He certainly did not contribute much to the fun of the meeting. He never told a good story, he was not a good conversationalist in any sense, but he was appreciative and a splendid listener. We talked all around him and he seemed to enjoy the conversation, while taking little part in it.—O'BRIEN, "Life of Parnell."

In order to get his own way with his brothers and sisters, he used to "butt" us all around with his head, like a goat, so that he acquired the name amongst us of "Butt-head." —EMILY M. DICKINSON, "A Patriot's Mistake."

An error in spelling was as offensive to him as the sight of a black beetle is to many a man. I once handed him a letter which I had received from a constituent of mine, asking me to call Parnell's attention to some improvement which he thought might be made in a bill, then before the House, dealing with the subject of agricultural occupation in Ireland. Unluckily, the poor man who wrote the letter had spelled "agricultural" with two g's. Parnell looked at the letter, smiled sadly and handed it back to me. "Do forgive me," he said, "and tell me all about it. I couldn't read through a man's letter who spells 'agricultural' with two g's."—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences," copyright, Harper & Brothers.

He had a special dislike for the company of strangers and, in spite of his experience, always felt nervous in the presence of crowds, frequently clenching his fists, while speaking, until the blood came. He was once being entertained at a large public dinner, and a huge crowd had assembled outside the windows, the blinds of which were not drawn, in order to give the people a chance of seeing their beloved leader. He became gradually more and more uneasy at the protracted stare of the crowd and began to fidget in his seat and frown. Finally he called out to The O'Donoghue, who was sitting some distance off, out of sight of the crowd: "For goodness sakes, O'Donoghue, change places with me. I can't stand those fellows staring at me any longer." On another occasion he and I were traveling together by train, when a number of enthusiasts followed us into the carriage. He straightened himself up from his usual half-reclining position in the corner of the carriage, which he adopted when traveling, and said to me pettishly: "Can't you get these people out of the carriage, John? They are annoying me." I had to set

about the very uncomfortable task of going up to each person and asking him whether he would mind leaving the carriage, as my brother wished to be alone.

He had a horror, even in private life, of speaking loudly. I remember an instance of this one time when we were together at Avondale. We were walking down the road to the saw mills, when I noticed that some of his men working in a field nearby were taking things very easily, even for Irish laborers. I said to him, "Why don't you call out to those fellows, Charley, and get them to hurry up? They look like being all day over that field, if they go on like that." He replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I know that, but if I wanted to make them hear I should have to shout and I dislike shouting." He walked on in silence, but I believe, with his invariably retentive memory, he had something to say to them when he met them next at close quarters.—JOHN H. PARNELL, "Charles Stewart Parnell."

Arthur also had a good mount, a horse called Tory. One day, looking at him out at grass at Avondale, Charles had thus named him, on account of his lean nature, which refused to put on flesh. He said the horse resembled a Conservative in that he had an opportunity of improving his condition and would not do so, so Tory he remained. Charles's political opinions were thus early shown by the sentiments he expressed.—DICKINSON.

One memorable day the idol of his life coolly informed him she had changed her mind and would not marry him because he had no name. "No name, Pearl? why, I have one of the oldest in Ireland," ejaculated Charles, astonished. "Oh, I mean, you have never distinguished yourself in any way. The man I marry must be a hero and be able to boast of a self-made name, one that all the world has heard of and that rings with his fame—not a musty old Irish name belonging to some antediluvian, moldy, old family of bygone generations." "I am very young, Pearl; give me a little time and I will make a name that even you will be proud of; only give me time. Will you marry me then, Pearl? When I come to lay a name worthy even of your acceptance at your feet? My love, don't say me nay; don't break my heart; give me hope in the future, and an object for which to live and work," pleaded Charles with all the fervor of which he was capable, the true love of his great nature betraying itself in his anxiety to gain Pearl's consent to his request. His eloquence met with its reward; Pearl capitulated and promised to do what her lover had asked and to wait for him meanwhile. So they parted, she to return to a life of gaiety and incense in America. Charles returned to Ireland [from Rome] to throw himself with all the ardor of his temperament into a public political career, whereby he vowed an inward vow that he would make a name which would not prove unworthy even of his idolized Pearl. Meetings for the future were not frequent for the lovers. Pearl remained in America, with admirers thick as leaves around her; and Charles was too much bent on achieving his goal, and on compassing the future he had set before him, to lose any time he could help by absence from the scene of his exertions. The comparatively short time that elapsed before his name was heard through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, and far and wide, is well known, and how, long before reaching the prime of life, the name Charles Stewart Parnell was on every lip. Pearl heard of his many triumphs and marvelous success, how he was a man who could hold men by the glow of his eye, the cool defiance of his carriage, and mold the world of politics and direct great forces. Her heart glowed with pride and pleasure. One day, on Charles's arrival in New York, he hurried to the residence of his goddess, and, laying his name at her feet, asked her if she would marry him now. "Yes," was the reply, as Pearl, proud and happy, yielded to her lover's entreaty, and consented to become his wife in three months from that date. After a few days of bliss Charles again returned to his arduous work in Ireland. Nine weeks passed quickly. Pearl, that star for which Charles had sighed so long, was within his reach, and he looked forward to calling his beloved his own, his wife. He was on the point of starting for America, where their nuptials were to be celebrated, when—but how write about, how describe the bolt that fell with unrelenting force on Charles's head? How portray the indescribable anguish, the sharp agony, the despair contained in an innocent-looking telegram, placed in Charles's hand by an obsequious waiter on the eve of his departure. We can but picture him in his agony and passion, in his mad despair. He had loved her with all the strength of his strong nature. This ill-omened message announced the marriage of the inconstant fiancée to another.—DICKINSON.

His Superstitions

"On the Sunday previous to the convention," says Mr. Healy, "I went in the evening

to Morrison's hotel with the draft constitution, which Parnell wished to talk over. This was in the month of October, 1882. I found him in bed and apparently poor enough. Seeing this, I suggested postponing the work of revision. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'this is nothing.' After a pause he added musingly, 'Something always happens to me in October.' This remark fell from him as if he were announcing a decree of fate and struck me intensely. October, in Mr. Parnell's horoscope, was a month of 'influence' and he always regarded it with apprehension. . . . While I worked away on the draft of the constitution of the National League at Morrison's hotel, the sick man lay with his face to the wall, replying composedly now and again to the points which remained to be settled in it. I wrote at a table by his bedside, on which four candles stood lighted. Hours passed by and, being engrossed in the work, I did not heed the fact that one of the candles was burning to the socket and finally sputtered itself out. A stir from the patient aroused me and I looked up. With astonishment I saw that Mr. Parnell had turned round, raised himself in the bed, and, leaning over my table, was furiously blowing out one of the remaining candles. 'What on earth is that for?' said I, amazed at this performance. 'I want more light than that.' His eyes gleamed wildly in their pale setting as he answered, 'Don't you know that nothing is more unlucky than to have three candles burning?' Almost petrified, I confessed that I did not. 'Your constitution then would have been very successful,' said he with quiet sarcasm, as he turned his face to the wall again, evidently persuaded that his intervention alone had averted some political catastrophe."—O'BRIEN, "Life of Parnell."

As an instance of his superstition I give the following: Prior to entering Parliament he always stopped with Arthur and me when in Dublin, and had arranged to do so as usual pending the contest for Meath (for which he was afterwards elected) and which was his first entrance into public life. He had not, however, named a day for coming. One morning, whilst I was dressing, the housemaid came in and asked me whether she should get Master Charles's room ready. "He hasn't come up from Avondale," I said. "Oh, yes, ma'm, he has just passed me on the staircase going down from his room when I was coming up, and he has gone out." This did not strike me as strange, and, supposing he had come by the first train, I told the girl to prepare his room. A few hours later he turned up with his portmanteau, having just arrived by the next train. I told him the servant had seen him on the staircase that morning. On hearing this he refused to stop in the house and went with his portmanteau to my sister's instead.—DICKINSON.

One of his most remarkable superstitions was his aversion to the color green, although it was the national color for Ireland. Accordingly he never wore a coat or a tie that had the slightest tinge of green in its material and steadily refused to use the fine traveling rug which was presented to him. He carried to strange limits this dislike of the color green in any shape or form. Once he wrote home to one of his sisters—I believe, Mrs. Dickinson—who had told him that she had just had his room at Avondale repapered, saying, "I hope you have not had my room done in green, as, if so, I shall never use it." Another time a lady, whom he knew well, called to see him at the House of Commons. He came along the corridor to the lobby, where she was waiting, and had already stretched out his hand in welcome, when he suddenly put it behind his back, and said, with a mixture of horror and disgust, "Excuse my asking, but what is the color of the dress you are wearing?" The lady, who did not know Charles's idiosyncrasy in that direction, replied, quite innocently, "Why, Mr. Parnell, are you color-blind? Of course, it is green." Charley replied, "In that case, I am afraid that I must ask you to excuse my shaking hands with you." He made a few curt remarks with an obviously uneasy manner and, then pleading excuse, hurried away, leaving the lady very much puzzled and somewhat offended at his strange manner, the reason for which was afterwards explained to her.—JOHN H. PARNELL.

The room looked miserable [Parnell under arrest] and I thought I might improve its appearance and brighten it up a bit by putting a beautiful green baize cloth, which had been specially worked for me by friends outside, on the bare table where Parnell sat. I went up to my cell and brought down the cloth. "This, Mr. Parnell," I said, "will be better than nothing," and I put the cloth on the table, feeling very proud of myself. "Have you any good cigars?" asked Parnell. "Certainly," I answered, "I have a box of splendid cigars upstairs," and I went away for them. When I came back I found Parnell once more sitting by the bare table, and

my beautiful green baize cloth in a corner on the floor. I gave Parnell a cigar and then, looking around the room, I said, "What have you done with my beautiful green cloth, Mr. Parnell?" "Ah," he said, lighting a cigar, "green is an unlucky color." Then, puffing it, "This is a very good cigar."—O'BRIEN, quoting one of the suspects.

X organized the meetings. "In a very short time," he said, "I organized thirteen meetings. I came to the House of Commons and told Parnell. I expected to find him very much pleased. But suddenly he looked quite melancholy. 'Oh,' said he, 'that will never do.' 'What will never do?' said I. 'Thirteen meetings,' said he with a most lugubrious look; 'you will have to knock off one or put on one. Don't you know thirteen is a most unlucky number?'"—O'BRIEN, "Life of Parnell." [The number was made fourteen.]

The number thirteen was of course always an unlucky one in his opinion. He steadily refused, even at the risk of annoying or offending his host, to sit down thirteen at a table. On one occasion he had put up at a country hotel at election time and had gone up to his room to prepare himself for dinner. The friend who was traveling with him, and who occupied the room next to Charley's, was surprised a moment or two later to hear a knock at his door and to find, when he opened it, Charley standing in the passage with his bag, looking very much upset. The friend asked what was the matter and Charley replied by pointing to the number on his door, which was thirteen, and remarking, "What a room to give me! I suppose the landlord is a Tory and has done this on purpose." The friend insisted on exchanging rooms, although Charley declared that if number thirteen were slept in they would lose the election. The election, however, was won, but two little incidents which occurred confirmed Charley in his opinion as to the ill luck attached to number thirteen. His friend, on trying to open the window of the ill-fated room, let it fall heavily on his hand and, being unable to extricate it, had to cry out for help. Charley rushed in and lifted the window, advising his friend very strongly to take warning by this preliminary mishap and leave the room at once. The friend declined and as lunch was served another manifestation occurred. The friend, on trying to open a bottle of soda water with his bad hand, let the cork jump out and hit him full in the eye. This Charley considered quite decided the fate of the elections and he could hardly be persuaded to believe that the figures were correct when the result was announced.—JOHN H. PARNELL.

"The night before polling," says Mr. Healy, "we found ourselves in the comfortable hotel at Castleblarney, exhausted by steady driving and incessant speaking through a long summer day. We ordered dinner and were shown to our rooms. The rooms adjoined and immediately after closing my door I heard Parnell's voice in the corridor ordering his apartment to be changed. Apparently there was a difficulty about this, as the hotel was crowded for the election next day. Knowing that he was not in the least a stickler for luxury or hard to please about a room, I went out to ask what was the matter. There he was, standing in the passage opposite his bedroom door, with his bag in his hand, evidently chafing and very much put out. 'Look at that,' said he, pointing to the number on his door. It was thirteen. 'What a room to give me! They are Tories, I suppose, and have done it on purpose.' I laughed and said, 'Take mine; let us exchange.' 'If you sleep in that room, you will lose the election.' I looked into it and found a good roomy chamber, much better than the one allotted to me, and I said so, pointing out that the Tory hotelkeeper had probably given him the best room in the house. He was not to be pacified, however, and so without arguing the matter I put him into my room and installed myself in his. 'I tell you, you will lose the election,' he repeated, as I installed myself in number thirteen." The election, however, was not lost. Mr. Healy was placed at the head of the poll by a handsome majority.—O'BRIEN, "Life of Parnell."

I distinctly remember my mother inspecting the street cars in New York to make quite certain she was not getting on a number thirteen.—JOHN H. PARNELL.

PAUL, 1754-1801. Czar of Russia.

When one of the Narishkins, with a haughty air, claimed of him some privileges which he asserted were his due as prerogatives of his noble rank, Paul replied, "Are you aware, sir, that there are no men of rank in Russia, except those whom I choose to notice; and, moreover, that they only continue to remain so as long as I am pleased to notice them?"—THOMAS RAIKES, "A Visit to St. Petersburg in the Winter of 1829-30."

He ordered a memorial service to be held at the convent of Nevski, where his father

was buried, and at this he was present himself with the whole of his family and court. The coffin was opened but in it only the dust of the bones was found. This the emperor commanded to be kissed and he ordered a magnificent funeral with all religious and military ceremonies, had the coffin conveyed to the castle, followed the procession on foot and compelled Count Alexis Orlov to accompany him by making him responsible for a part of the ceremony. This took place three weeks after the death of the empress.—COUNTESS GOLOVINE, "Memoirs."

He became the most enthusiastic of Bonaparte's admirers. Paul carried the extravagance of his admiration to the extent of having his hair cut in such a style that his head, at least the outside, might resemble that of his hero.—C. M. C. VILLEMAREST, "Life of Talleyrand."

Before he brought himself to consent to divide the world with Bonaparte he had led those about him to believe that he was seriously thinking of challenging "the Corsican usurper" to single combat. He had chosen the scene of the meeting and had appointed his seconds.

After supper, if he was in good humor, Paul was fond of throwing the dessert from the table all over the room and making the pages scramble for the choice morsels.

The final syllable *kij* of the word *praporchtchikij* (cornets) was in a certain report carried over from one page to another. The emperor took it for a proper name and, moved by a caprice, he gave orders that "Ensign Kij" should be promoted to the rank of lieutenant. He saw an expression of embarrassment and disapprobation on the faces of his staff who did not dare to explain his error, so the next day he promoted the lieutenant of the day before to the rank of captain, demanding that the officer should be presented to him at once. There was consternation everywhere; the offices were turned upside down in search of the imaginary Kij. A subaltern of the name, or something like it, was found in one of the regiments quartered on the Don. He was sent for, but Paul grew impatient and in the end he had to be told that Kij had been carried off suddenly by a stroke. "That is a pity," observed the czar; "he was a good soldier."—K. WALISZEWSKI, "Paul the First."

The czar observed an officer step out of a house into the street without his sword, which, however, a trooper, who was hastening after him, soon brought him. The czar stopped both men. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked in his sternest manner; "how comes it that an officer of the guard appears in the public streets without his sword?" Then, without waiting for the explanation which the unfortunate was hastening to offer, he addressed the trooper: "Take the sword," said he, "and report yourself to the colonel as cornet of the guards; your commission follows to-morrow. This gentleman will take your place in the ranks."—FRED WHISHAW, *Temple Bar*, September, 1895.

It was anciently a point of etiquette for every person who met a Russian autocrat, his wife or son, to stop his horse or coach, alight and prostrate himself in the snow or mud. (Peter I. ordered those who prostrated themselves before him in this manner to be caned and even caned them himself.) The barbarous homage, difficult to be paid in a large city, where carriages pass in great numbers and always on the gallop, had been completely abolished under the reign of the polished Catherine. One of the first cares of Paul was to reestablish it in all its rigor.

Another of Paul's first regulations was a strict injunction to all tradesmen to efface from in front of their shops the French word *magasin* and to substitute the Russian word *lavka* (shop), assigning as a reason that the emperor alone could have *magasins* of wood, flour, corn, etc., while a tradesman ought not to be above his condition and stick to his shop.—CHARLES F. P. MASSON, "Secret Memoirs of the Court of St. Petersburg."

At the gates of the capital there were enormous notice boards on which were set forth the endless rules which the inhabitants had to obey. They were in particular enjoined on no account to pronounce the word *kournossiyi* (snub-nosed), which might imply a disrespectful allusion to the sovereign.

Even the ladies had to kneel when they kissed his hand, and the regulations governing this act of homage prescribed a series of gestures, courtesies and pirouettes which were very difficult to execute. If a young *freiline* made a mistake she was brutally turned out and called *doura* (stupid) to her face. Nevertheless she had to present herself on the following day, often only to be told by the usher, "To-day you are not fit to appear before his majesty."

Ceremonial observance did not stop at the walls of the imperial palaces; it extended

to the streets. In the neighborhood of the imperial residences it was the rule for the passers-by to uncover, whatever the weather, and as the custom of the country compelled the coachmen to hold the reins in both hands, they had to hold their caps in their teeth. Paul, without any prompting from his police, who have sometimes been made responsible for these rules, would compel ladies of the highest rank and advanced age to alight from their carriages to salute him when they met him, at the risk of plunging into the mud or snow in their ball slippers. If the rule was broken the carriage was confiscated, and the coachmen, the footmen and sometimes their masters were corporeally punished. Men had to remove their pelisses and come to attention.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "Paul the First."

The ceremony established within the palace became equally strict and equally dreaded. Woe betide him, who, when permitted to kiss the hand of Paul, did not make the floor resound by striking it with his knee as loud as a soldier with the butt end of his firelock. It was requisite, too, that the salute with the lips on his hand should be heard, to certify the loyalty of the kiss, as well as of the genuflexion. Prince George Galitzin, the chamberlain, was put under arrest on the spot by his Muscovitish majesty himself for having made the bow and kissed the hand too negligently.

Since his accession one of his horses stumbled with him in the streets of St. Petersburg; he alighted immediately, held a sort of council with his attendants and the horse was condemned to receive fifty lashes with the whip. Paul caused them to be given on the spot, before the populace, and counted himself the strokes, saying, "There, sir, that is for having stumbled with the emperor."—MASSON.

He was taking the air on a balcony of the Winter Palace after his own dinner and happened to hear a bell announcing that the baroness was about to dine. What! The insolent woman dared to have her dinner while he was digesting his! A police officer was immediately despatched to bid her henceforth to sit down to table two hours later. —WALISZEWSKI.

The emperor Paul, meeting an Englishman one day in St. Petersburg, who did not take off his hat to him, inquired the reason, and on being told that he was short-sighted, he issued a decree which the duke [of Wellington] saw, ordering the Englishman to wear spectacles for the rest of his life.—GEORGIANA, "Dowager Lady de Ros," *Murray's Magazine*, January, 1889.

One day, traveling from Tsarskoe-Selo to Gatschina, of which the road was in the middle of a marshy forest, he suddenly recollected something and ordered the coachman to return. "Presently, your highness," said the coachman; "the road is here too narrow." "How, rascal," cried Paul, "won't you turn immediately?" The coachman, instead of answering, hastened to a spot where it was possible to comply. Paul, however, called to his equerry and ordered him to arrest and punish the rebellious coachman. The equerry assured him that he would turn in a moment. Paul flew into a passion with the equerry also. "You are a pitiful scoundrel like himself," he said; "let him overturn the carriage, let him break my neck but let him obey me and turn the instant I command him." During the dispute the coachman succeeded in turning, but Paul had him punished on the spot.—MASSON.

The sledge of Count Razumoffski was, by the emperor's order, broken into small pieces, while he stood by and directed the work. The horses had been found with it in the streets without their driver. It happened to be of a blue color; and the count's servants wore red liveries; upon which a ukase was immediately published, prohibiting throughout the empire of all the Russias the use of blue color in ornamenting sledges, and red liveries. In consequence of this wise decree, our ambassador and many others were compelled to alter their equipages. Coming down the street called the Perspective he perceived a nobleman who was taking a walk and had stopped to look at some workmen who were planting trees by the emperor's orders. "What are you doing?" said he. "Merely seeing the men work," replied the nobleman. "Oh, is that your employment? Take off his pelisse and give him a spade. There now, work yourself." . . . Orders were given to arrest any person seen in pantaloons. A servant was taken out of his sledge and caned in the streets for having too thick a neckcloth; and if it had been too thin, it would have met with a similar punishment. After every precaution, the dress, when put on, never satisfied; either the hat was not straight on the head, the hair was too short, or the coat was not cut square enough. A lady at court wore her hair rather lower in the neck than was consistent with the decree and she was ordered into close confinement, to be fed on bread and water. A gentleman's hair fell a little over his

forehead while dancing at a ball; a police officer attacked him with rudeness and abuse; and told him, if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would find a soldier who would shave his head.—EDWARD D. CLARKE, "Travels in Various Countries" (1810).

A regulation equally incomprehensible was the sudden prohibition of harnessing horses after the Russian mode. A fortnight was allowed for procuring harness in the German fashion, after the expiration of which the police were enjoined to cut the traces of every carriage the horses of which were harnessed in the ancient manner.—MASSON.

One assigned cause for Sir Charles Whitworth's disgrace with the court of Russia is curious. The emperor had given orders that no empty carriage should pass a certain part of the palace. Sir Charles, ignorant of this, had left his carriage to speak to a workman and desired it might drive on and meet him at a distance. The sentinel stopped the carriage, the servants insisted on driving on, a scuffle ensued. The emperor, ever on the watch about trifles, inquired into the cause of the dispute, and, on learning it, ordered the servants to be beaten, the horses to be beaten and the coach to be beaten (Xerxes lashing the sea!). Sir Charles Whitworth, by way of washing off the stain, ordered his servants to be discharged, his horses to be shot, his carriage, after being broken into a thousand pieces, to be thrown into the river. The emperor, indignant at this mark of offended pride, insisted on his recall.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, October, 1861, quoting "Journal Kept During a Visit to Ger many."

Another whim, which caused no little surprise, was the imperial prohibition of wearing round hats, or rather the sudden order of taking them away, or tearing them to pieces on the heads of those who appeared in them. This occasioned some disgraceful scenes in the streets and particularly near the palace. The Cossacks and soldiers of the police fell on the passengers to uncover their heads and beat those who, not knowing the reason, attempted to defend themselves.—MASSON.

The issue of an imperial decree forbidding the wearing of round hats, frock coats, vests without sleeves, and pantaloons was supposed to be a means of gratifying a grudge Paul bore toward Englishmen. His aversion to round hats seems to have been constitutional. It was more expedient that the hateful garment should be proscribed than that the tranquillity of the czar should be disturbed. The sudden apparition of crowds of bareheaded gentlemen on the streets of St. Petersburg announced the new decree; whenever a round hat appeared it was snatched by ambushed policemen and the muscular pedestrian who ventured to repel the assault and knock down the thief was carried before the guard and fined. The combative Englishman was of course the chief actor in these street broils. By the influence of Sir Charles Whitworth, the ukase, as far as it affected foreigners, was modified; the chief of police was instructed not to confiscate the head dress, but to detain its wearer until evidence was produced that he was not a Russian either by birth or naturalization. Paul's hatred of round hats was of old standing. While grand duke and living at Gatschina he saw a workman wearing one. He caused the workman to be brought before him and administered to him a lecture on his indecent attire. Turning to the grand duchess, Paul asked for some pins, and raising the flaps of the round hat transformed it into a cocked one and ordered the workman to wear it so until it was past service. The ukase caused a run on the shops for head dresses that were not a civil offense and, as the stock was soon exhausted, people had to walk the streets bareheaded, or batter their hats into another category. An ambassador who ventured to laugh too loudly at these eccentricities had his passports returned. Paul paid the dress of Englishmen the compliment of a special decree. The costume he enjoined was a three-cornered hat, a long queue with a curl at the end of it, a single-breasted coat and vest, buckles instead of latches at the knee breeches and the shoes. On one occasion, seeing one of the race wearing long boots, he sent some policemen to cut them into the size of shoes; but, as the man refused to be reformed, they dragged the boots off and sent him home in his stockings.—*Temple Bar*, 1884.

Paul may have been of Cæsar's opinion that a man's courage is raised by a brilliant uniform; more probably he merely wished his soldiers to be dressed like those of Frederick II. He got what he wanted, but at what a cost! The curled and plaited head dress required many hours of attention of the two barbers attached to each squadron. The process, the details of which were disgusting, inflicted cruel torture on the unhappy victims. The method was to impregnate the hair with a mixture of lard and flour, damping it with kvass, with which the barrack-

room hair-dressers filled their mouths before commencing operations. This was accompanied with rubbings and twistings of such violence that young Tourgenief, robust as he was, nearly fainted the first time he experienced them. The "powder" dried into a thick crust which gave the men violent headaches and prevented even the most elementary cleanliness. The uniform itself was no less uncomfortable. Paul insisted on its being so tight that the men could hardly breathe. If they fell they could not get up without assistance. The gaiters, too, were so narrow that they wounded the legs.

In Catherine's time a certain commander used to appear on the quarter-deck of his frigate, which was cruising off the coast of Spain in the days of the armed neutrality, in a most undisguised dishabille, consisting of a "dressing gown and slippers, surmounted by a pink cravat and night cap." In Paul's reign a button sewed on crooked meant dismissal.—WALISZEWSKI.

PEEL, Sir Robert, 1788-1850. English statesman.

Sir Robert Peel did not know what to do with his hands—as I have heard in childhood from our country member, who was one of his henchmen. They were awfully in his way during his first official interview with the queen. George IV. complained that he played so much with the backs of chairs when he was taking his commands that he had to ask him to sit down. William IV. always asked persons whom he received in audience to sit down and dispensed with the ceremony of kissing hands. Sir Robert Peel's feet were, yet more than his hands, a source of embarrassment to him. He bent forward to look on them when he was engaged in conversation, turned out his toes, took quadrille attitudes and was absurdly self-conscious.—EMILY CRAWFORD, *The Contemporary Review*, July, 1897.

In this direction the first thing that struck his keen eye was that ordinary pedestrians had little protection from passing ruffians who might harass or rob them almost unhindered. To take away this evil Peel established a band of policemen, who were nicknamed after him, "bobbies," or "peelers," just as Peel was commonly spoken of as an "Orange Peel," because he was known to be a strong Protestant.—EDITH L. ELIAS, "In Victorian Times."

We must not make the Peelers unpopular by maintaining them against the declared and unequivocal sense of the county in which they act. The assurance of the grand jury of King's county quite warrants the lord lieutenant in removing the police from that county, but let them pay for the present.—ROBERT PEEL, letter as Chief Secretary of Ireland to Under Secretary Gregory, April 14, 1818.

I got back to London on Wednesday evening, coming up in a state carriage with Bunsen, Sir R. and Lady Peel and Count Waldemar. Had a very curious observation of Sir R. Peel. He was reading the *Quarterly* and soon settled into Croker's bitter attack upon him, peeping into its uncut leaves with intense interest, yet not liking to show that interest by cutting; and so, when Madame Bunsen, who saw nothing of what was going on, offered a paper cutter, courteously declining it and lapsing into an article on Pantagruelism, to fall again into the old article and peep again into the uncut leaves as soon as all was quiet.—A. R. ASHWELL, "Life of Samuel Wilberforce and Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence."

Sir Robert, with one or two friends, happened to be going to Alexandra Park to witness a balloon ascent, or something of that sort (as a matter of fact, I believe it was a parachute descent by the well-known Professor Baldwin), when, making his way to the grounds, he found himself in close proximity to a man who was doing the three-card trick. Drawing himself up, as he used to do, he said to his companions, "I thought this old swindle was extinct; however" (with a wink), "as we have come across it, I shall expose the rascal." He at once proceeded to push himself to the front of the little crowd which stood around the illicit operator, but as soon as he got there his expression softened and, relenting, he whispered, "The poor man is but a sad bungler; he cannot do the trick at all." Soon, however, Sir Robert yielded to the blandishments of the sharper while his friends were present (and no money was on), proving completely successful in spotting the court card, which he did almost every time. The rest of the party, having applauded his skill, said they would walk slowly to the palace, which they did; but, finding after some time that no Sir Robert appeared, some one went back to look for him, and, to his great astonishment, discovered the missing baronet still in close proximity to the card sharper, but now in a furious rage, all his money being lost. "I ought to convict you," he was saying. "I am a magistrate and you, sir" (this in his

grandest manner, his hat fiercely cocked and one hand in a Napoleonic pose just inside his coat), "you, sir, are a rogue, a thief and a vagabond." The fact was that Sir Robert, finding that he could easily select the right card when there had been no money on, had not been able to resist taking advantage of what he thought a good thing, though, as was afterwards demonstrated to his cost, it was in reality an excessively bad one.—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Reminiscences."

When Wordsworth's death caused a vacancy in the laureateship Sir Robert Peel asked Milne to tell him who, in his judgment, should succeed the bard of Rydal. "Beyond all question," was the reply, "Tennyson." "I am ashamed," rejoined Peel, "to say that, busy as I have been with public life, I have never read a line of Tennyson's. Send me two or three of his poems that I may be enabled to form an opinion." The poems sent were "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses." Peel, with unusual warmth, expressed admiration of both, bestowing upon "Ulysses" his highest praise, and he at once made the appointment which Milne had advised.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, *The Fortnightly Review*, September 1, 1885.

Sometimes, said Rogers, there were flashes of great humor from Sir Robert Peel in conversation. Once when he was present at a meeting of the trustees of the British Museum, somebody else noticed some expensive purchases (of pictures, I think) by young Tomline, and added, "What would his grandfather" (the bishop) "say if he could now look up?" Peel said slyly, "I observe you don't say look down."—LORD STANHOPE, "Conversations with Wellington."

When Sheil had learned by heart but failed to remember the exordium of a speech beginning with the word "Necessity," which he repeated three times, Sir Robert Peel continued, "is not always the mother of invention."—*Chambers's Journal*, May 15, 1886.

"I never," writes Viscount Cardwell, "heard him speak unkindly of his persecutors and when I maintained this to Lady Peel her reply was, 'Yes; but you cannot know that he would never allow me to do so.'"—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1899.

There is a story that Sir Robert, in the last year of his administration, appeared late at night in the bedroom of Cardwell, then his private secretary, and paced up and down without saying a word, Cardwell watching with amazed perplexity from his bed. At last he broke silence. "Never destroy a letter," he oracularly said. "No public man who respects himself should ever destroy a letter." He then turned on his heel and left the room. It was understood that he was referring to the solace which might be derived, under the philippics of an alienated supporter, from the possession of the orator's application for office. Be that as it may, we may be sure that as Sir Robert preached so did he practise. He preserved his papers and so the most exact revelation of himself.—LORD ROSEBERY, *The Anglo-Saxon Review*, June, 1899.

Sir Robert Peel put nothing into the fire. He once said to one of his younger followers, "My dear, no public man who values his character ever destroys a letter or a paper." As a matter of fact, Peel put up every night all the letters and notes that had come to him during the day, and it is understood that considerably more than a hundred thousand papers are in the possession of his literary executors. Some who exercise themselves upon the minor moralities of private life will be shocked that he did not respect his correspondents' stipulation.—JOHN MORLEY, "Richard Cobden."

(For incident of Peel's resignation consequent upon the requested discharge of Queen Victoria's ladies of the royal household, see VICTORIA.)

PENN, William, 1644-1718. American statesman.

An order came down to Oxford from Charles II. that the surplice should be worn according to the custom of ancient times. It was an unusual sight then at that university. The sight operated differently upon different persons, but so disagreeably upon William Penn, who conceived that the simplicity and spirituality of the Christian religion would be destroyed by the introduction of outward ceremonies and forms, that he could not bear it. Engaging therefore his friend Robert Spencer and some other young men to join him, he fell upon those students who appeared in surplices and he and they together tore them everywhere over their heads. This outrage was of so flagrant and public a nature that the college immediately took it up and the result was that William and several of his associates were expelled.

Several of his particular Friends were one day assembled at Burlington. While they were smoking their pipes it was announced to them that the governor's barge was in sight and coming up the river. The company supposed that he was on his way

to Pennsbury, about seven miles higher up. They continued smoking, but being afterwards informed that he had landed at a wharf near them and was just entering the house, they suddenly concealed their pipes. Perceiving from the smoke, as he went into the room, what they had been doing and discovering that the pipes had been hid, he said, very pleasantly, "Well, Friends, I am glad to see that you are at least ashamed of your old practise." "Not entirely so," replied Samuel Jennings, one of the company, "but we preferred laying down our pipes to offending a weak brother."—THOMAS CLARKSON, "Memoirs of William Penn."

The honorable and learned Mr. Logan, who had always been of that sect, wrote an address to them declaring his approbation of a defensive war and supporting his opinion by many strong arguments. He put into my hands sixty pounds to be laid out in lottery tickets for the battery, with directions to apply what prizes might be drawn wholly to that service. He told me the following anecdote of his old master, William Penn, respecting defense. He came over from England, when a young man, with that Proprietary, and was his secretary. It was war time and their ship was chased by an armed vessel, supposed to be an enemy. Their captain prepared for defense; but told William Penn, and his company of Quakers, that he did not expect their assistance and they might retire into the cabin; which they did, except James Logan, who chose to stay upon deck and was quartered to a gun. The supposed enemy proved a friend, so there was no fighting; but when the secretary went down to communicate the intelligence, William Penn rebuked him severely for staying on deck and undertaking to assist in defending the vessel, contrary to the principles of Friends; especially as it had not been required by the captain. This reprimand, being before all the company, piqued the secretary, who answered: "I being thy servant, why did thee not order me to come down? But thee was willing enough that I should stay and help fight the ship when thee thought there was danger."—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, "Autobiography."

Since Macaulay wrote of Penn in his "History of England," it has been proved that he allowed himself to accept material absolutely false; he even confounded William Penn—on account of one short letter—with an obscure broker of court favors who spelled his name with a final e.—C. F. MCLEAN, *American Historical Magazine*, January, 1907.

PETER I., 1672-1725

Czar of Russia

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THE RULER AT HOME

His Idea of Statesmanship

Peter the Great, himself a thoroughly honest man, in the strictly pecuniary sense of the term, was determined that his servants should be as honest as himself, and employed his favorite weapon — intimidation — with cruel vigor but very little permanent effect. "I'll have no peculation at all in my realms," he exclaimed on one occasion. "Then your majesty must be content to live in your realms all alone," replied the impulsive Yaguzhinsky; "for we all rob you; some take only a little, some take a great deal, but all of us take something." . . . By far the worst offender in this respect was Menshikoff. The greed and extortion of "Little Alec" were insatiable, and he presumed again and again on the indulgence of his long-suffering master. In 1718 he was imprisoned for maladministration in Inria, and condemned to pay a fine of two hundred thousand roubles (fifty thousand pounds). . . . On another occasion the czar found out that Menshikoff had not only been plundering the treasury himself, but allowed his subordinates to do so. At this discovery Peter was so incensed that he belabored the favorite severely with his cane and forbade him ever to appear before him again. But the Empress Catherine interceded for him and he was forgiven once more. Peter, however, for a time deprived him of his immense estates in the Ukraine and condemned him to pay another two hundred thousand roubles. It is said that when "Old Peter" paid "Little Alec" a friendly visit a few days afterwards, he was surprised to find the furniture of the house poor and shabby beyond description. "What's the meaning of this?" roared the czar. "Alas, your majesty," replied the prince, "I was obliged to sell all my rich furniture in order to settle up with the treasury." Peter looked at him sternly for a moment and then replied: "I know better; none of these games with me. If when I next come to see you your house is not furnished as becomes your rank, I'll make you pay me as much again." It is needless to say that on the czar's next visit the palace was more magnificently furnished than ever. Nevertheless, Menshikoff, meanly relying on the affection of the czar, and the advocacy of the good-natured czaritza, continued to swindle his master to the very last and it is said that the total amount of the fines he had to pay on conviction amounted to more than two million roubles.—BAIN.

The senate had discovered evidence that the Prince Menshikoff had been guilty of gross peculation in the matter of providing the army with food and weapons. The czar seemed unwilling to listen to any such charges, and so the senators, in order to bring the matter to a head, formulated the most serious charges and placed the document where the czar would be certain to see it. Although he had evidently read the paper he made no reference to it and it continued to lie where it had first been placed. Tired of inaction and deeming the matter one of importance the senators determined to speak to the czar and selected Prince Tolstoi as their spokesman. The czar lis-

tened patiently and, when he was asked what his pleasure was in the matter, replied: "That Menshikoff shall remain Menshikoff." The senators placed their own interpretation on that remark and none dared to refer to the matter again.—STAEHLIN, citing Count Ostermann.

As Peter was sitting with his senate one day he heard a great deal about the dishonesty prevailing in his country. Enraged at what he heard he cried out: "I intend to put a stop to this dishonesty." He called the general advocate, Paul Ivanovitch Jagonschinsky, and instructed him to prepare a ukase according to which every person would be hanged who stole even the cost of a piece of string. The general advocate, who had already seized the pen, hesitated when he heard the purport of the czar's words and said: "Just think of the consequences of such a law." "Write as I have told you," commanded the czar. Jagonschinsky still hesitated and finally blurted out: "Do you wish me to leave the czar without any servants and Russia without any population? We are all dishonest; it is only a matter of degree." The czar burst into laughter at the remark and did not refer to the matter again. —STAEHLIN, to whom Jagonschinsky related the incident.

He would often send for officials, high and low, with whom he had to find fault, into his cabinet, and would there indicate his displeasure by a sound drubbing with his *doubina*. This indeed was considered a mark of favor—it being the sovereign's will that on such occasions fault and punishment should alike be kept a secret. The only persons present were such faithful servants as Nartof. . . . During the Persian campaign a temporary favorite, Wolynski, was accosted one night close to the imperial tent and without a word of explanation overwhelmed with a shower of blows. All at once the czar held his hand. The darkness and a chance resemblance had misled him; there had been a miscarriage of justice. All he vouchsafed was coolly to remark: "No matter; thou art one day to deserve what I have given thee now. Thou wilt only have to remind me then that the debt is paid." And the opportunity was not long in coming.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Scherer.

It is well known that during the reign of Peter the First it was the custom of that tyrant to punish those nobles that had offended him by an imperial order that they should become fools, from which moment the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intelligence, instantly became the laughing stock of the whole court; he had the privilege of saying anything he chose at the peril, however, of being kicked or horse-whipped, without daring to offer any sort of retaliation; everything he did was ridiculed, his complaints treated as jests and his sarcasms sneered at or commented on as marvelous proofs of understanding in a fool.—DASHKOW.

Peter allowed himself to be addressed in the second person singular every day of his life in a constant succession of such entertainments. If any one went too far and it suited him to take notice of the fact the only means of repression he would ever resort to took the shape of an enormous bumper of brandy, which the offender was forced to swallow at a single draught. This was perfectly certain to put an end to his pranks, for as a general rule it sent him under the table. . . . Peter had a particular liking for sitting near ecclesiastical dignitaries. He would mingle the most unexpected theological discussions with his most copious libations and would apply the regulation punishment of a huge bumper of brandy to the errors of doctrine which he loved to detect, whereupon now and then the controversialists would come to blows, to his huge delight. —WALISZEWSKI.

They [the Jews] called on van Witsen, mayor of Amsterdam, and induced him to propose to the czar the domiciling of Jews in Russia in order that they might engage in business there. . . . The czar listened earnestly to the proposal and then smilingly answered: "My dear Witsen, you know the Jews and also the state of honesty in my country; I know both. For this reason I do not think it would be proper for me to permit Jews to live in Russia. Tell them for me that I thank them for their offer, but that they would be objects of sympathy if they were to settle in Russia, for, though they are robbing the whole world now in their dealings, they would be no match for my Russians."—STAEHLIN, citing Hofy, surgeon to Peter.

After the battle of Pultowa, when he broke the power of Charles XII., he displayed magnanimity towards the officers whom the fate of war had forced to yield up their swords. In the course of the banquet he gave in honor of them, Peter pledged a bumper "to his tutors in the art of war." One of the Swedish generals asked to whom he referred. "Yourselves, gentlemen," the czar replied, "the brave commanders."

"Then," asked his colloquist, "has not your majesty been somewhat ungrateful in dealing so hardly with your teachers?" The czar was so pleased with the reply that he unbuckled his own sword and presented it to the general, requesting that he would wear it in token of his esteem for his valor and fidelity to his sovereign.—FORFAR, *Belgravia*, May, 1879.

She interceded with her consort for Mons and was ordered once for all never to bring the matter up again. Elsewhere we read that the czar became angry at Catherine's repeated appeals. He was standing with her at the time before a window of Venetian plate glass and he said: "Look at this glass; it is mean stuff; the fire has ennobled it and now it is an ornament of my palace; but a blow from my hand can restore it to its original dust"; after which he smashed the window. Catherine answered with a sigh: "Was its destruction a deed worthy of you, and has your palace become finer in consequence?" On hearing this, the emperor embraced her and went away; but on the same evening sent her the sentence passed on the two prisoners.—*Temple Bar*, July, 1864.

Peter the Great had adopted the Dutch custom of eating bread and cheese after his usual evening meal. Among the cheeses he preferred the variety known as Limburger. One evening a cheese of this kind just suited his taste and he gave orders that he was to be served with that particular cheese until he had consumed it; although the cheese was not a very large one and he suspected some unwelcome assistance in the devouring of it. Accordingly one evening, in the temporary absence of his table superintendent, Peter took from his pocket a mathematical measuring instrument and recorded in his memorandum book the exact size of the cheese as returned to the larder. As Mr. Velten was about to clear the table, Peter said to him: "That cheese is a particularly fine one; be sure to take good care of it for me and it will serve me for a number of evenings." The cheese was accordingly served the next evening, but unfortunately for Mr. Velten its size had been greatly diminished. Peter noticed this at once, but in order not to be deceived by its appearance, took out his memorandum and measuring instrument. Having convinced himself that his impression was correct, he sent for Velten and asked him what became of the rest of the cheese, at the same time showing him the measurement he had taken the evening before. "I did not eat it," wailed Velten. "Did I not particularly instruct you to keep that cheese for my own individual consumption?" "I must have forgotten all about it." "Then I shall give you a memorandum so that you will not forget it again." Whereupon Peter arose from the table and, having given Velten a sound caning, resumed his seat and the enjoyment of the cheese, which enjoyment was repeated for several evenings until Peter without assistance had disposed of every morsel of the precious cheese.—STAEHLIN, citing von Dvernick, son-in-law of Velten.

Peter added another note: "I do not think that Marlborough can be bought, because he is so enormously rich. However, you can promise him about two hundred thousand or more."—EUGENE SCHUYLER, *Scribner's Monthly*, 1881.

Peter the Great, at an interview with the kings of Denmark and Poland, hearing them boast of the superiority of their soldiers, instead of disputing the point with them, proposed an experiment which was immediately assented to, and which was to order a grenadier to jump out of a third-floor window. The king of Denmark tried the experiment on one of his bravest and most loyal soldiers, who on his knees refused compliance. The king of Poland waived the trial altogether, conceiving it to be hopeless; when Peter ordered one of his soldiers, the least promising that could be picked out, to descend the window. The soldier merely crossed himself, touched his hat according to form, boldly marched to the window and had already one of his legs out when the emperor stopped him and told him he was satisfied. The kings were astonished and each made the soldier a present of a hundred ducats, requesting Peter to promote him to the rank of officer. The czar answered that he would do so to oblige them, but not to reward the soldier, for all his soldiers would do as much and by rewarding them in the same way he would have no soldiers at all.—EUSTAPHIEVE.

Sumptuary Legislation

He began to denationalize his subjects by putting a tax upon their beards and their petticoats. Strange to say, his subjects were so much more patriotic than their master, that the tax became very productive. Peter increased his revenue, but could not diminish the beards or petticoats. He was obliged to resort to force, and by "entertaining a score of tailors and barbers" at each gate of Mos-

cow, whose business it was to fasten upon every man who entered, and "to cut his petticoats all round about," as well as his whiskers, he at last succeeded in humanizing their costume—a process highly offensive, and which roused the clergy, who naturally favored the Russian nationality upon which they were fattening, to denounce him as anti-Christ.—*The North American Review*, October, 1845.

It was a sore trial to Peter to persuade his subjects to dispense with the flowing beard and flowing garb of the Tartar and adopt the shaven chin, tight trousers and cleansed skin of the European. Even with his army he had considerable difficulty in effecting these social reforms on account of the inherited and deeply rooted belief in the sanctity of the beard and the divineness of dirt. The tug of war came, however, when he tried to force these artistic innovations on the body of the people. He legislated that citizens of all ranks should curtail their coat-tails and cut down their beards, which were simply a cover and hiding place for unclean animals; but sold indulgences on the payment of a fine of one hundred roubles by the wealthier class; and by the poorer ones, such as the priests and serfs, a fine of a copeck every time they passed the gate of a city.—FORFAR, *Belgravia*, May, 1879.

One of the hardest tasks was persuading them to lay aside their long beards. Most of the nobility lost theirs in the czar's presence, where there was no room to dispute his orders. The common people were, however, not so easily brought to follow the new fashion, till a tax was laid at the city's gates on every one who went in or out with a beard, and this was to be paid as often as they passed, by which means they have at last been brought to conform.—*Athenæum*, March, 1837, quoting Ambassador Whitworth's despatches.

The priests refused to bless those of their flocks whose beards were not of the regulation length and breadth of the ancient ikons. Peter the Great himself, who could do most things, was unable to abolish the beard, so he made money out of it by taxing it.—BAIN.

To civilize his dominions Peter the Great required his subjects of both sexes to learn dancing, and he directed the performance, like a general directing maneuvers. He insisted on the gentlemen kissing the ladies on the lips.—DEMAULDE.

Acquiring Knowledge

Peter I., the originator of everything that is excellent in Russia, frequently went to the Muller iron works in Istia, about ninety miles from Moscow, being in the habit of visiting workshops and encouraging the employees. He was taking the waters of Martial and attending to affairs of state, incidentally, however, examining into the various processes for the manufacture of iron and acquiring the art of making bar iron. He obtained the mastery of this and on the last day of his sojourn made eighteen puds —each pud being forty pounds—placing his mark on each bar, his *bojars* and court people being compelled to carry coals, work the bellows, stir the fire and do such other work for which he required assistance. A few days afterwards he called on the owner of the works, Werner Muller, at Moscow, and, after speaking highly of the iron works, inquired how much pay a master smith would receive per pud for making bar iron. "Three copecks or one altin," answered Muller. "Well, then," replied the czar, "I have earned eighteen altin and I demand my pay." Werner Muller at once went to his cash box, took out eighteen ducats, counted them out to the czar and said: "Such a workman as your majesty ought not to be paid by the pud." Czar Peter declined to take the money, saying: "I did no better work than other master smiths; pay me just what you pay other master smiths, and with the money I shall buy myself a pair of shoes, of which I stand in need at present." His majesty showed his footgear, a pair of once re-soled shoes, but again in a state of dilapidation. He took the eighteen altin and went to a store where he purchased himself a pair of shoes and frequently afterwards showed them at court, saying: "Those I earned myself with the work of my own hands."—STAEHLIN, citing Peter Muller, son of Werner Muller.

Here [at Pereiaslavl] Peter had built himself a one-storied wooden house—the windows glazed with mica—a double-headed eagle with a gilded wooden crown set over the entrance door was the sole adornment of the humble building; but life went cheerily within those walls. The shipyard was but a few steps distant, but it is hardly likely that Peter worked in it during his frequent midwinter visits to the shores of his "little sea." There was the greatest difficulty in February, 1692, in inducing him to leave it, to receive the envoy of the Shah of Persia in audience. The fact was, doubtless, that

in that retired spot, far from the maternal eye, and from other less kindly curiosity, he felt himself more free to indulge in other pastimes. These were shared with numerous companions, frequently summoned from Moscow. The carriages often rolled past caravans laden with hogsheads of wine and beer and hydromel and kegs of brandy. There were ladies, too, amongst the visitors. In the spring, when the lake was open, shipbuilding and drill began again, but none of it was very serious. A year before the campaign of Azov, Peter has not made up his mind where, on what sea and against what enemies, he will utilize his future war fleet. But he has already decided that Lefort, who has never been a sailor, shall be his admiral; that the vessel on which he shall hoist his flag shall be called the Elephant; that the ship will be full of gilding, have an excellent Dutch crew, and no less excellent captain—Peter himself. The young czar's last journey to Pereiaslavl took place in May, 1693. He was not to look at his lake or shipyard again in twenty years—till 1722, when he was on the road to Persia. The fresh-water flotilla, which had cost him so much pains, given him so much delight and never served any useful purpose, was lying in utter decay—hulls, masts and rigging, all rotten and useless. He fell into a fury—these were sacred relics and he gave the strictest orders for their preservation. All in vain. In 1803 only one boat remained, lying in a pavilion, itself fallen into ruin. There was not a sign of the house in which Peter had lived; everything, even to the birch trees, under the shade of which the carpenter's apprentice once rested from his toil, had utterly disappeared.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Oustrialof.

One evening a number of them [ship carpenters] were assembled with the czar when he asked them to be seated. He repeated his invitation but it was not accepted. He then insisted on the reason for this non-compliance and was told by one of those present that they were in rank lower than a captain in the army and that even staff officers were by law compelled to remain standing in the presence of his majesty, the right to be seated being limited to generals and brigadiers. The czar smilingly replied: "Well, just for this one time, be seated and I shall speak to the senate concerning your rank." He then made a memorandum on his tablets and a few days afterwards came an imperial ukase from the senate providing that ship carpenters, according to the services they had rendered, should have the rank of brigadiers and majors.—STAEHLIN, citing General Baggagemaster Bruyns.

But besides his proficiency so readily acquired in all maritime matters, he made considerable progress in civil engineering, mathematics and the science of fortifications, besides completely mastering the Dutch language, and acquiring the miscellaneous accomplishments of tooth-drawing, blood-letting and tapping for the dropsy. He was indefatigable in visiting every public institution, charitable, literary or scientific, in examining the manufacturing establishments, the corn mills, saw mills, paper mills, oil factories, all of which he studied practically, with a view to introducing immediately these branches of industry into his own dominions and, before leaving Holland, he spent some time at Texel, solely for the purpose of examining the whale ships and qualifying himself to instruct his subjects in this pursuit after his return. "What is that? That I want to see," was his eternal exclamation to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with profound astonishment at this boisterous foreign prince, in carpenter's disguise, flying about like a harlequin, swinging his stick over the backs of those who stood in his way, making strange grimaces and rushing from one object to another with a restless activity of mind and body which seemed incomprehensible. He devoured every possible morsel of knowledge with unexampled voracity; but the sequel proved that his mind had an ostrich-like digestion as well as appetite. The seeds which he collected in Holland, Germany and England, bore a rich harvest in the Scythian wildernesses, where his hand planted them on his return.—*The North American Review*, October, 1845.

The house, or rather cottage, in which Peter the Great resided during the foundation of St. Petersburg is held almost sacred by the Russians, and has been covered over by a brick building of arcades, to protect it from the ravages of time. It was at this cottage, which consists of only three rooms, that Peter entertained a Dutch skipper, who, on hearing that St. Petersburg was building, and that the emperor had a great passion for ships and commerce, resolved to try his fortune, and accordingly arrived in the first merchant vessel that ever sailed up the Neva. The Dutchman was the bearer of letters of introduction to the captain of the port, from a friend in Holland, requesting him to use his interest to procure a freight

for him. Peter was working like a common laborer in the admiralty, as the galliot passed and saluted with two or three guns. The emperor was uncommonly delighted; and, being informed of the Dutchman's business, he resolved to have a frolic with him. He accordingly commanded the captain of the port to see the skipper, as soon as he landed, and direct him to the emperor, as a merchant just settled there. Peter repaired to this cottage with his empress, who, to humor the joke, dressed herself in a plain habit, such as suited the wife of a merchant. The Dutchman was introduced to the emperor, who received him with great kindness, and they sat eating bread and cheese and smoking for some time. The Dutchman's eye in the meantime examined the room and he began to think that no one who lived in so mean a place could be of any service to him. The empress soon entered the room, when the skipper addressed her by saying that he had brought her a cheese; for which, affecting an awkward manner, she thanked him. Being much pleased with her appearance, he took from his coat a piece of linen and begged her acceptance of it also. "Oh, Kate," exclaimed the emperor, "you will now be as fine and proud as an empress! There, you are a lucky woman; you never had such shifts as you will now have in your life before." This was followed by the stranger begging to have a kiss, which she coyly permitted. At this moment Prince Menshikoff, the favorite and minister of Peter the Great, entered, decorated with all his orders, and stood before the emperor uncovered. The skipper began to be amazed; and Peter, perceiving it, made a signal to the prince that he wished him to retire. The astonished Dutchman said: "Why, you appear to have great acquaintance here!" "Yes," replied Peter, "and so may you, if you stay here but ten days; there are plenty of such needy noblemen as the one you saw, who are always in debt and very glad to borrow of any one; and they have found me out; but, sir, you must beware of these fellows; resist their importunities, however flattering; and do not be dazzled by their stars and garters and such like baubles." This explanatory advice put the stranger a little more at his ease and he drank and smoked very cheerfully. He then made a bargain with the imperial merchant for a cargo; and, just as he had concluded it, the officer of the guard, which had been changed, entered to receive orders, and, before Peter could stop him, addressed him by the title of imperial majesty. The Dutchman sprang from his chair, fell on his knees before the emperor and empress, and immediately implored forgiveness for the freedom he had used. Peter enjoyed the scene and, raising the terrified suppliant, made him kiss the hand of the empress, presented him with fifteen hundred roubles, gave him a freight, and ordered that his vessel, so long as her timbers kept together, should be permitted to enter all the Russian ports free of duty. This privilege made the rapid fortune of the owner.—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

Amongst the many persons sent by Peter into foreign countries was General Major Galovin, who was ordered to proceed to Venice to learn shipbuilding, or rather the art of building galleys. Galovin returned after a four years' residence and Peter took him to Cronstadt to ascertain the extent of the knowledge he had acquired. It was soon manifest that he knew nothing. Peter questioned, and questioned him again, as to what he had learned, and at length the poor officer was obliged to acknowledge that he had learned little or nothing. "What on earth did you do?" roared the worn-out Peter, "during all the four years you resided there?" "Smoked tobacco, drank wine and played the bass-viol," replied the equally worn-out and now desperate officer. This open avowal of the truth disarmed the czar and he allowed him to retain his rank and satisfied himself by issuing an official order that henceforth General Major Galovin should be called Galovin Bass-Viol.—*Athenæum*, March 11, 1837.

His Conception of Conviviality

While his father and grandfather had been content to amuse themselves with such freaks of nature [dwarfs and fools] in the seclusion of their "pleasure halls," Peter admitted the whole world to these fantastic entertainments, to which he added gross and extravagant touches of his own. As a specimen we may take the marriage of the jester, Yakov Turgeney, with a sexton's daughter, in January, 1694. The bride and bridegroom rode to church in the czar's best velvet coach and behind them, in solemn procession, came the highest dignitaries and the most eminent patricians in the land, mounted on oxen, asses, swine and big dogs, some arrayed in most splendid costumes, others dressed in sacking of glazed linen, or catskin caftans, with straw boots, mouse-skin gloves and bast mantles. The proceedings terminated as usual with a three days' drinking bout.—BAIN.

In 1714 Peter took it into his head to vary the monotony of this program by

celebrating the wedding of Knespapa Zotof, an old man of eighty-four, whose sons were distinguished officers in the army. One of them vainly besought the czar to spare this shame to his father's old age. The bride was a noble lady, Anna Pashkof, nearly sixty years of age. Immense preparations were made for the celebration of this extraordinary wedding. We must not forget that the Northern war, with all its dreary array of sacrifice and mourning, which sucked the resources of the country dry, was then in progress. Yet four months in advance all the lords and ladies of the court had orders to be ready to play their parts in the ceremony, and to send details of their chosen disguises to the chancellor, Count Golovkin, so that there might not be more than three of any character. Twice over, on the 12th of December, 1714, and the 15th of January, 1715, performers and costumes were inspected by Peter himself. With his own hand he wrote out all the instructions and arrangements for the ceremonial, specially invented for the occasion. On the appointed day, at a signal given by a cannon fired from the fortress of St. Petersburg, the male and female participators in the masquerade gathered. . . . The procession formed up in front of the czar's palace, crossing the frozen Neva, took its way to the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the opposite bank, where a priest over ninety years of age, actually brought from Moscow for the purpose, awaited the bride and bridegroom. At its head was Romodanovski, the mock Cæsar, dressed as King David, carrying a lyre, draped in a bearskin. Four bears were harnessed to his sledge and a fifth followed it like a footman. These creatures screamed in a most frightful manner under the blows which were rained upon them from start to finish. King David was followed by the bride and bridegroom, seated on a very high sledge, surrounded by Cupids, a stag with huge horns on the coachman's box, and a goat seated behind them. The mock patriarch wore his pontifical robes. All the greatest people of the capital—ministers, aristocrats and diplomatic corps—followed the procession, some of them more than a little constrained and uncomfortable; but for that Peter did not care a jot. Prince Menshikoff, Admiral Paraxin, General Bruce, and Count Vitzthum, the envoy of Augustus II., costumed as Hamburg burgomasters, played the hurdy-gurdy. The Russian chancellor, the Princes James and Gregory Dolgorouki, the Princes Peter and Demetrius Galitzin, dressed as Chinamen, played on the flute. The Austrian resident, Pleyer, the Hanoverian minister, Weber, the Dutch resident, de Brie, as German shepherds, blew the bagpipes. Certain gentlemen, Michael Glebof, Peter and Nikita Hitof, had been dispensed from performing on a musical instrument on account of their age, but they had to put in an appearance. The czarevitch, garbed as a huntsman, blew his horn; Catherine, with eight of her ladies, wore Finnish costumes; the old czarina, Marfa, the widow of Czar Feodor, appeared in Polish dress. The Princess of Ost-Friesland had an old German costume. All these ladies played the flute. Peter, dressed as usual as a sailor, rattled the drum. He was surrounded by a noisy and motley crew of Venetians blowing shrill whistles; Honduras savages, who waved their lances; Poles, scraping violins; Kalmacks, tinkling the Russian guitar; Norwegian peasants, Lutheran pastors, monks; Catholic bishops with stags' horns on their heads; Raskolniks, whale fishers, Armenians, Japanese, Lapps and Tunguses. The noise of the instruments, the screams of the bears, the clang of the bells that rang out on every church tower and the acclamations of thousands of onlookers rose in an infernal cacophony of sound. "This is the patriarch's wedding," shouted the spectators; "long live the patriarch and his wife." The ceremonies closed, as may be imagined, with a banquet, which soon became an orgy, during which a flock of trembling octogenarians acted as cupbearers. The festivities continued the next day and lasted well into February.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Golikof, letter from de Brie and Dolgoroukof.

Of these drinking bouts the czar gave a memorable one at Peterhof, when the guests were so plied with Tokay that they were scarcely able to stand, although they were obliged to empty each a bowl, holding a full quart, received from the czarina's own hand, which prostrated them in the garden and elsewhere. At four o'clock in the afternoon the guests were aroused and brought to the czar in his pleasure house, where he ordered them each to take a hatchet and follow him; he led them into a wood of young trees and fell to work most stoutly, setting the example to his guests, who, not having as yet recovered their senses, followed their sovereign's example courageously during three hours, when the fumes of the wine had pretty well evaporated. The czar thanked them for their labor and invited them to supper, when a double dose of the day's carouse sent them all to sleep, from which they were aroused

at midnight by a favorite of the czar, who, standing at the bedside, plied them with wine and brandy till four in the morning. At eight o'clock they were invited to breakfast; but instead of tea or coffee they were again pestered with large cups of brandy. Such is the description of royal hospitality of Russia by one of the guests present.—FOWLER.

When Peter the First married his niece Anna to the Duke of Courland the wedding guests were compelled to do honor to the auspicious event by excessive feasting and drinking. The bridegroom, while endeavoring to vie with Peter in the number of his draughts of brandy from the "great eagle of Russia," fell senseless to the floor and died. Peter then claimed Courland for Anna and the Courlanders, having no army, submitted and became eventually one of "the Russias."—*Temple Bar*, May, 1878.

Previous to the czar's ordinance, by which mixed assemblies became compulsory, the ladies and gentlemen met in separate rooms. At one of the grand dinners given by the czar a huge pie was placed in the center of the gentlemen's table, out of which, when the startled carver broke the crust, a beautiful dwarf lady, in *puris naturalibus*, all except a head dress, stepped, proposed in a set speech and drank in a glass of wine the health of the company and then retired into her snug retreat and was carried from the table. A man dwarf was substituted at the ladies' table.

His object was to poke fun at the office of patriarch, which the people desired, against Peter's wish, to have revived. He resolved to create his clown, who was in his eighty-fourth year, a kind of mock patriarch. It was determined to marry this motley, and a strapping widow of thirty was chosen as his bride. Four poor stutterers, who took a quarter of an hour to get their tongues around each word, were victimized by being sent around to invite the guests, a deep draught of brandy having previously been administered to promote their fluency of utterance. Four fellows with tremendous physical exaggerations, fat, inflated and clumsy, were appointed to run as heralds and footmen, their movements also being made erratic by drink. A few helpless paralytics and lamesters were deputed to play the parts of brideamen and waiters. The open carriage in which the young couple made their glorious procession to church, amid drums beating, banners flying, discordant instruments playing, was dragged by four roaring and frightened bears, amid the uncontrollable laughter of the populace. To crown all, the marriage between the patriarch of the church and this poor victimized widow was celebrated by a toothless and wrinkled centenarian priest, deaf and blind, for whom the aid of a prompter had to be provided. On such a grand scale of hospitality was this state marriage conducted that there was hardly a sober person to be found in the whole city of Moscow, and the czar brought it to a climax by giving an entertainment in the senate house where each guest was forced, probably under threat of Siberia, to quaff the contents of a "double eagle." Again and again was this heavy horse-play repeated, till the office of patriarch became associated with ridicule in the minds of the populace forever.—FORFAR, *Belgravia*, May, 1879.

In 1723 he caused the tocsin to be sounded at night, turned all the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, where fires were frequent and terrible in their results, out of their beds, and could not contain himself for joy, when, rushing half distracted in the direction of the supposed disaster, they came upon a brazier, lighted by his orders in a public square by soldiers, who laughed in their faces and greeted them with shouts of "April fools' day."—WALISZEWSKI, citing Bergholz.

He showed himself to the Danes at Copenhagen, in 1716, with a green cap on his head, a black military cravat tightly buckled around his neck, and his shirt collar fastened by a big, silver button, set with mock stones, such as his own officers were in the habit of wearing. A brown overcoat with horn buttons, coarse worsted stockings full of darns, and very dirty shoes completed his costume. He agreed to wear a wig, but insisted on its being very short, so that he might be able to thrust it into his pocket; and his own hair, which he rarely cut, showed far below it.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Landblat.

Just a Mere Brute

His *dentchik*, or officer in attendance, had often to serve him in lieu of a pillow. He always slept an hour after dinner; when he was not at home, the deck of the ship, the floor of a hut, and the bare ground, or now and then straw, when he could get it, served him as a bed. The *dentchik* had then to lie down and support his master's head on his belly, and in that position it was his business to remain as mute and motionless as the bolster he represented. Woe to him if he coughed or sneezed, for the czar's wak-

ing was terrible when it was not spontaneous; kicks, thumps, a thrashing with a rope's end or a stick awaited the unlucky man who troubled his repose.—KELLY.

In September, 1698, at a banquet given in honor of the emperor's envoy, Guarient, the czar lost his temper with his generalissimo Shein in the matter of certain army promotions of which he disapproved. He struck the table with his naked sword, exclaiming: "Thus will I cut the whole of thy regiment to pieces and I will pull thine own skin over thine ears." When Romodonovski and Zotof attempted to interfere he flew at them. One had his fingers almost cut off, the other received several wounds on his head. Lefort, or, as some other witnesses declare, Menshikoff, was the only person who could succeed in calming him. But only a few days later, when supping with Colonel Tchambers, he knocked the same Lefort down and trampled on him, and when Menshikoff ventured at some entertainment to wear his sword while he was dancing, he boxed his ears so soundly that the favorite's nose began to bleed. In 1703, taking offense at the remarks addressed to him in public by the Dutch resident, he gave immediate proof of his displeasure by a blow from his fist and several more with the flat of his sword. No notice was taken of this outburst, the diplomatic corps in the czar's capital having long since learned to make a virtue of necessity. The Raab family, resident in Esthonia, still preserve a cane with which Peter, enraged at not finding horses at the neighboring posting house, wreaked his fury on the back of the proprietor of the country house. This gentleman, having demonstrated his innocence, was permitted to keep the cane by way of compensation. And again, Ivan Savitch Brykin, the ancestor of the celebrated archeologist Sneguiref, used to tell a story that he had seen the czar kill a servant, who had been slow about uncovering in his presence, with blows from his cane.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Oustrialof, Korb, despatch from Baluze, Russian state papers and Popoff.

When piloting his flotilla of galleys on the waters of the Don, in 1699, he noticed a Dutch sailor enjoying a fricassee of tortoise caught in the river. He mentioned it to his Russians and there was a general outcry of disgust. Such food appeared to them abominable and unclean. Straightway his cook had orders to serve the horrid dish at his own table under the guise of chicken. Shein and Saltikof, who dined on it, fainted away when by their master's orders the plumage of the bird they believed themselves to have devoured was respectfully presented to them.—WALISZEWSKI.

One of his favorites, Admiral Golovin, refused to eat salad because he hated the taste of vinegar, which always made him ill. Peter immediately emptied a great flask of it down his throat and almost choked him. —WALISZEWSKI, citing Rosenheim and Korb.

He always carried with him a number of surgical instruments and was fond of making use of them. Polbojarof, one of his attendants, was married to a woman who was inclined to live a gay life. Polbojarof conceived an idea of getting even with her and so one day he assumed a very sad air just as the czar was passing. "What is the trouble?" inquired Peter. "I am annoyed by a woman," was the reply, "who is crying with the toothache and still refuses to have the troublesome tooth removed." "We shall see about that," cried Peter, reaching for a forceps and leading the way for the servants' apartments. When the woman was told of the errand of his majesty, she declared that none of her teeth troubled her. "That is just the difficulty," cried Polbojarof; "when arrangements are made to remove the tooth it ceases to hurt her, but immediately afterwards it begins again." "We will attend to all that," cried the czar; "you hold her head and arms and show me the tooth." The result was that the woman was soon minus one good tooth. A few days afterwards Peter was told the truth by a servant of the woman and he sentenced Polbojarof to a severe beating.—STAEHLIN, citing Jacob Velten, imperial chef.

The more knowing and initiated guests wave away soups and such-like edibles, and manifest a special appetite for tongues, hams and viands that cannot be tampered with or made the vehicles of practical joking, for as often as not it happens that a bunch of dead mice will be drawn out of a soup, or discovered snugly imbedded in a dish of green peas; and sometimes, when his guests have well partaken of certain pastries, the czar will courteously inquire if the cat, wolf, raven or other unclean animal proved a savory or delicate morsel, with what result let the imaginative guess.—FORFAR, *Belgravia*, May, 1879.

Peter was traveling incognito in a part of Finland, just conquered, where he was executing some naval works; he met an overfat man who told him he was going to St.

Petersburg. "What for?" said the czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive." "Do you know any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menshikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the prince's house with a note; the answer was not delayed; the next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years afterwards Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten the adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him and fell at his feet, crying: "Grace, grace, what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you. I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first-rate cure. Go and remember that work is the best antidote for your complaint."—VERNEY, *The Nineteenth Century*, June, 1889.

THE RULER ON HIS TRAVELS

Making a Start

Peter himself did not venture to brave opinion to the extent of giving any official character to his departure. All that he dared to permit himself was a half clandestine frolic, and there is a sort of naïve timidity about the precautions taken to insure an incognito, which, with his constitutional petulance, he was to be the first to break. A great embassy was organized, charged with the mission to request the emperor, the kings of England and of Denmark, the pope, the Low Countries, the Elector of Brandenburg and the republic of Venice—the whole of Europe, in fact, save France and Spain—"to renew the ancient bonds of friendship, so as to weaken the enemies of the Christian name." The ambassadors were three in number. Lefort, as ambassador-in-chief, took precedence of his colleagues, Golovin and Voznitzin. Their suite consisted of fifty-five gentlemen and "volunteers," amongst them a non-commissioned officer of the Preobrajenski regiment, who answered to the name of Peter Mihailof—the czar himself. During the whole of the journey, letters intended for the sovereign were to bear the simple superscription: "To be given to Peter Mihailof." This was mere childishness—but there is something touching about one detail. The seal to be used by the mock non-commissioned officer represented a young carpenter, surrounded by his ship-wright's tools, with this inscription: "My rank is that of a scholar and I need masters."—WALISZEWSKI, citing Oustrialof.

By the same whimsical spirit the arrangements were inspired for Peter's first and most famous journey to the South. He resolved to go as a private member of a great embassy of his nobles, under the plain name of Peter Mihailof, and to reveal his presence was made a capital offense. To keep up the farce he used to be introduced by back doors and up private staircases into the presence of the monarchs whom he visited; who afterwards, on receiving the embassy in state, had to keep their countenances as they could, while they gravely inquired after the health of their august brother sovereign at Moscow. Of course, the presence of Peter was everywhere known, for all Europe was on the tip-toe of curiosity about him; and the sight of the day was his tall figure, in a rough carpenter's jacket, wielding a hatchet, or handling the ropes, or perched high in the cross-trees, while solemn ambassadors toiled up the rigging for an interview. The ladies tried to tame him, but with indifferent success, for the consciousness of his own boorish manners made him incurably shy in the presence of elegance and refinement. Occasionally, after much resistance, he allowed himself to be fêted, and was even persuaded to stand up in a dance; of which experiment upon him the Electress Sophia of Hanover reports that, on feeling the whalebones in his partner's corset as he grasped her waist, he gave utterance to the opinion that "the German ladies have devilish hard bones."—*The Quarterly Review*, July, 1884.

In Holland

One day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich shipbuilder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woolen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular, his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck, his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eyes glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose re-

marks he occasionally interrupted, while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly on the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else falling into a fit of catalepsy. His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his fits of vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and, after a short time his distorted features would resume their symmetry and agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance. The duke inquired the name of this workman and was told it was Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing, a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The duke was well aware that in this thin disguise he saw the czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas, or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter, the despot of all the Russias, a man who had just found himself proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.—*The North American Review*, October, 1845.

On his second journey to Holland in 1716, the czar arrived one Sunday forenoon at Dantzig just as the gates were about to be closed. As he was driving through the city he was astonished that he did not see any of the inhabitants, but this was explained to him by the fact that they were all attending divine service. The czar concluded to do likewise. He was shown into a pew and paid strict attention to the sermon. As he had taken off his hat he experienced a sensation of cold; without any ado he snatched the wig from the head of the mayor in an adjoining pew, placed it on his own head and then resumed his attention to the sermon. There sat the mayor with his bald pate and Peter with the mayor's state wig; at the conclusion of the services Peter returned the wig with a word of thanks. One of the czar's attachés said that the incident in the church was nothing at all remarkable as Peter was in the habit of snatching the wig off the head of Prince Menshikoff or any one who happened to be near him whenever he felt inclined to do so.—STAEHLIN, citing State Syndic Wahl and Mayor Oehlers.

When his embassy went to The Hague, to be received in solemn audience, he refused to accompany it, but intimated his desire to watch the reception from an adjoining room. Some company having entered this apartment, the czar desired to leave it, but, finding that for this purpose he was obliged to cross the audience chamber, he requested that the members of the States-General should turn their faces to the wall, so that they might not see him. He reached The Hague at eleven o'clock at night. At the Amsterdam Hotel, to which he was first conducted, he refused the fine bed prepared for him in the best room, and insisted on climbing up to the roof to find some tiny chamber. Then, changing his mind utterly, he resolved to seek lodging elsewhere. Thus it came about that the Old Doelen Inn had the honor of his presence. One of his servants was there already, sleeping in a corner on his bearskin. The czar kicked him to his feet, saying, "Give me thy place."—WALISZEWSKI, citing Scheltema.

In Germany

They were lodged at Monbijou, a palace belonging to the queen, who, to prevent a recurrence of the damage the Russians had caused in all other palaces they had inhabited, had the house unfurnished and carried away everything fragile within it. The czar, his wife and all the court arrived some days after this at Monbijou by water. The king and queen received them on the bank of the river. The king gave his hand to the czarina to assist her to land. As soon as the czar had disembarked he gave his hand to the king, and said to him: "I am glad to see you, my brother Frederick." He afterwards approached the queen and wished to embrace her, but she repulsed him. The czarina began by kissing the hand of the queen, which she did several times. She then presented to her the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, who accompanied her, and four hundred pretended ladies of her suite. They were for the most part German maid-servants, who united the offices of attendant ladies, or women of the bedchamber, of cooks and of washerwomen. Almost all of these

creatures carried in their arms a child in rich clothing; and when they were asked if they were their own, they answered, with many reverences after the manner of the Russians: "The czar has done me the honor to beget this child for me." The queen would not salute these creatures. The czarina in return treated the princesses of the blood with a great deal of haughtiness and it was with much difficulty that the king persuaded her to salute them.

The queen gave her hand to the czarina and, putting her on her right, conducted her to the audience chamber. The king and the czar followed them. As soon as the latter prince saw me he recognized me, having seen me five years before. He took me in his arms and hurt my face by kissing me. I gave him boxes on the ears and fought him as much as I was able, telling him that I did not like these familiarities and that he dishonored me. He laughed much at this idea and conversed with me for a considerable time.—WILHELMINA.

The embassy dallied at Koenigsberg, waiting on events. Peter seized the opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, his impatience to acquire knowledge—both of them as keen as ever. Certain of these curiosities of his were more than singular, as when he insisted on seeing a criminal broken on the wheel, which instrument of torture he apparently dreamed of introducing, as a matter of variety, into the criminal procedure of his own country. The authorities demurred on the score of the non-existence of a criminal deserving such punishment. The czar was astounded. "What, all this fuss about killing a man! Why not take one of the servants of my own suite?"—WALISZEWSKI, citing Poellnitz.

When he went out to walk the streets of Koenigsberg as a simple tourist, every one took to his heels to avoid meeting him, for he had a fertile fancy for jokes of a far from agreeable order. Meeting a lady of the court one day, he stopped her with a sudden gesture, shouting, "Halt!" in a voice of thunder. Then taking hold of the watch, which hung at her waist, he looked at the hour and departed.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Posselt, Theiner and Herrmann.

The Czar Peter when he took up his quarters at the old house [at Leipzig] gave utterance to a fancy of his that the salute fired in his honor was not sufficiently audible, whereupon the governor, determined to satisfy the imperial mind, if possible, immediately moved twelve of the biggest guns at his disposal into the market square, planted them opposite Peter's lodging and blazed away with them from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, breaking all the windows of the square, but accomplishing his object of gratifying the czar. Indeed, the compliment seems to have been entirely to Peter's taste; and as an earnest that his acknowledgments were not in empty phrases, he condescended to get imperially drunk and let everybody see how happy he had been made.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, May, 1876.

One night, as he sat at supper with the elector, in a low room floored with marble, one of the servants dropped a plate. In a moment Peter had bounded to his feet, with haggard eyes and features working; he drew his sword and thrust in all directions, fortunately without wounding any one. When he calmed down he imperiously demanded that punishment should be inflicted on the guilty serving man. The difficulty was got over by having some poor devil, already sentenced for a different peccadillo, whipped before his eyes.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Poellnitz.

In England

Peter the Great had a strong aversion to being looked at in public, a peculiarity which when visiting this country kept him almost entirely aloof from the gaieties of the court. On the birthday of the Princess Anne, when a grand ball was given by William III. at Kensington, curiosity so far prevailed over his diffidence as to induce him to express a wish to be present. But he contented himself with occupying a small apartment where, without being seen himself, he could be a spectator of the festive scene. On another occasion, writes Lord Dartmouth, Peter had a mind to see the king in Parliament, "in order to which he was placed in a gutter upon the housetop, to peep in at the window, where he made such a ridiculous figure that neither king nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to return sooner than he intended." It was probably from what was styled "the lantern" in the roof of the old House of Commons that the czar witnessed the proceedings below.—THISELTON-DYER.

Peter seems to have dined frequently at Kensington and it has been wondered how the two sovereigns got on so well together. But they held several predilections in common; among which were unpolished manners, a dislike (in consequence) of being seen in society, and a love of Dutch habits, particu-

larly gin and brandy drinking, the gin being chiefly on the king's side, and the brandy, as the greater stimulus, on the side of the czar. Sometimes he put pepper into it. William took him one day from Kensington to the House of Lords, where the uncouth Russian, always shy of being seen, particularly by "lords and gentlemen," made the lords and the king himself laugh by peeping strangely at them out of a window in the roof. He got the same kind of a sight at the House of Commons; and even at a ball at Kensington, on the Princess Anne's birthday, he contrived to be invisibly present in a closet prepared for him on purpose, where he could see without being seen. This was the man who, when abroad, worked only in dockyards, and when in his own country paraded himself on every possible occasion, serious or farcical.—HUNT.

The barbarian was so averse to crowds and the curiosity of the mob that he generally drove out to Kensington in a hackney coach and was admitted by a private door to the king's apartments.—*Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1898.

There is no uncertainty about the residence occupied by Peter at Deptford. Its identity has been further established by witnesses before a court of justice. When the owner, John Evelyn, re-took possession of his dwelling, which he had given up temporarily for the use of the Russian sovereign, he found it in a condition which would have suggested the idea that Baty-Han himself had been there. Doors and windows had been torn out and burned, hangings dragged down and soiled, valuable pictures utterly ruined and their frames smashed to pieces. Evelyn claimed and received reimbursement of his loss from the public treasury.—WALISZEWSKI, citing Schoubinski.

In the commencement of the year 1698 Buelow underlet the house together with all its furniture to the czar, but he soon had to regret the accommodation he had afforded to his majesty, for in the month of May of that year we find him petitioning the Lords of the Treasury that compensation be made to him for the damage the czar had done to his house, garden and furniture. . . . On the 6th of May this petition was sent to Sir Christopher Wren, who . . . estimated the total damages at three hundred and fifty pounds, nine shillings and sixpence. . . . By treasury warrant, dated June 21, 1698, the money was ordered paid.—HART, *Notes and Queries*, May 10, 1856.

Peter the Great sought to unbend himself by being wheeled over the flowerbeds and neat parterres of his host's gardens in a wheelbarrow, as poor Sir William Temple found to his cost.—*The Globe*, 1877.

He admires English beef which has been ten or twelve months in salt, and makes his courtiers believe that the water in ships, briny from a long voyage (when it stinks), is universal water and makes them drink it. He drove one day about thirty or forty of the top of his nobility, old and young, into a deep pond, where he put two live seahorses to them and went in and swam and dived after them himself; the company was sadly frightened, but they hurt nobody. None of them can complain of his frolics, since himself is always the first man.—*Athenæum*, April 25, 1891, quoting the Hale family manuscripts in the British Museum.

The late renowned czar, Peter the Great, being in England in term time and seeing a multitude of people swarming about the great hall wherein are held the superior courts of judicature, is reported to have asked some about him, "Who all these busy people were and what they were about?" Being answered, "They are lawyers, sir." "Lawyers!" returned he with great signs of astonishment, "why, I have but two in my whole dominion and I design to hang one of them the moment I get home."—*Fog's Journal*, May 21, 1737.

The czar, Peter the Great, emperor of Russia, had at this time already begun his voyage; he was in Holland, learning shipbuilding. Although incognito, he wished to be recognized, but after his own fashion, and was annoyed that, being so near to England, no embassy was sent to him from that country, which he wished to ally himself with for commercial reasons. At last an embassy arrived; he delayed for some time to give it an audience, but in the end fixed the day and hour when he would see it. The reception, however, was to take place on board a large Dutch vessel that he was going to examine. There were two ambassadors; they thought the meeting place rather an odd one, but were obliged to go there. When they arrived on board the czar sent word that he was in the "top" and that it was there he would see them. The ambassadors, whose feet were unaccustomed to rope ladders, tried to excuse themselves from mounting; but it was all in vain. The czar would receive them in the "top" or not at all. At last they were compelled to ascend and the meeting took place in the nar-

row place high up in the air. The czar received them there with as much majesty as though he had been upon the throne, listended to their harangue, replied very graciously, and then laughed at the fear painted upon their faces, and good-humoredly gave them to understand that he had punished them for arriving so late.—SAINT-SIMON.

In France

What he ate and drank at his two regular meals is inconceivable, without reckoning the beer, lemonade and other drinks he swallowed between these repasts, his suite following his example; a bottle or two of beer, as many more of wine, and, occasionally, liquors afterwards; at the end of the meal strong drinks, such as brandy, as much sometimes as a quart. This was about the usual quantity at each meal. His suite at his table drank more and ate in proportion, at eleven o'clock in the morning and at eight at night. There was a chaplain, who ate at the table of the czar, who consumed half as much again as the rest, and with whom the monarch, who was fond of him, much amused himself.

The czar entered the city in one of Tesse's coaches, with three of his suite with him, but not Tesse himself. The *maréchal* followed in another coach. The czar alighted at nine o'clock in the evening at the Louvre and walked all through the apartments of the queen mother. He considered them to be too magnificently hung and lighted, jumped into his coach again and went to the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, where he wished to lodge. He thought the apartment destined for him too fine also and had his camp bed immediately spread out in a wardrobe.—SAINT-SIMON.

The czar Peter had a countenance as rigid and icy as the climate of his kingdom; he had a colossal frame, admirably proportioned, in spite of its leanness; his face was terrible, with its savage gaze, his piercing eyes, thick lips, his oiled black locks and tawny skin. Excessive indulgence in strong liquors had given him a nervous affection, which was perpetually contorting his physiognomy. His movements were abrupt, his carriage haughty, and it was all of a piece. His voice had ever the tone of anger and the majesty he affected took a savage and uncouth character. I know no man more anxious to learn, or endowed with greater intelligence. It was sufficient for him to see to understand and I have known him to correct explanations given him by artists and men of science. Wit he possessed, but it was steeped in the snows of his Russia. Bitter, sparing of speech, he only spoke to question, and without too much sacrilege against the French tongue.

The Sorbonnists, foxy brothers if there are any, imagined they would make use of the czar's visit in the interest of the Jesuits and the pope; they drew up a memorial imploring him to reunite the Greek church with the Roman. Peter took the petition humbly presented to him by the doctors; nor did he lose his countenance when he handed it to his fool, contenting himself with saying to him in Russian: "Sotof, this is your affair."—DUBOIS.

PETER III., 1728-1762. Czar of Russia.

For Latin, in particular, he conceived such an enduring hatred that years afterwards when, as emperor of Russia, he set about collecting a really fine library, he absolutely refused to allow a single Latin book a place on his shelves.—R. NISBET BAIN, "Peter III."

Madame Krause procured for the grand duke playthings—puppets and such like childish toys, of which he was passionately fond. During the day they were concealed in or under my bed; the grand duke retired immediately after supper and, as soon as we were in bed, Madame Krause locked the door and then the grand duke played with his puppets till one or two o'clock in the morning. Willing or unwilling, I was obliged to share in this interesting amusement and so was Madame Krause. I often laughed, but more frequently felt annoyed or even inconvenienced; the whole bed was covered and filled with playthings, some of which were rather heavy.

The principal plaything of the grand duke, while in town, consisted of an immense number of little dolls, representing soldiers, formed of wood, lead, pith and wax. These he arranged on very narrow tables, which took up an entire room, leaving scarcely space enough to pass between them. Along these tables he had nailed narrow bands of brass, to which strings were attached, and when he pulled these strings the brass bands made a noise, which, according to him, resembled the roll of musketry.

To procure for himself more amusement during the winter, the duke had five or six hounds brought from the country and placed them behind a wooden partition which separated the alcove of my bedroom from a large vestibule behind our apartments. As the alcove was separated only by boards, the

odor of the kennel penetrated into it and in the midst of this disgusting smell we both slept. When I complained to him of the inconvenience, he told me it was impossible to help it. The kennel being a great secret, I put up with this nuisance, rather than betray his imperial highness.

On Wednesday evening I was to take a bath at the house of Madame Tchoglokoff, but on Tuesday evening she came to my room and told the grand duke, who was with me, that it was her majesty's pleasure that he also should take a bath. Now the baths, and all other Russian customs and habits, were not simply disagreeable to the duke; he had a mortal hatred of them. He therefore unceremoniously declared that he would do nothing of the kind. She, who was equally obstinate, and had no kind of reserve or ceremony in her speech, told him that it was an act of disobedience to her imperial majesty. He maintained that he ought not to be required to do what was repugnant to his nature; that he knew that the bath, in which he had never been, was unsuitable to his constitution; that he did not want to die; that life was the thing he held most dear, and that her majesty would never compel him to go into a bath. Madame Tchoglokoff replied that her majesty would know how to punish his disobedience. At this he became very angry and exclaimed passionately: "I should like to see what she can do; I am not a child." Madame Tchoglokoff threatened that the empress would send him to the fortress. At this he cried bitterly; and they went on answering each other in the most outrageous terms that passion could dictate; in fact, they both acted as if they did not have a grain of common sense between them. At last Madame Tchoglokoff departed, saying that she would report the conversation to her imperial majesty word for word. I know not what she did in the matter, but she returned presently with an entirely different theme, for she came to inform us that her imperial majesty was angry because we had no children, and wished to know which of us was in fault; that she would therefore send a midwife to me and a physician to the grand duke.

One day when I went into the apartments of his imperial highness, I beheld a great rat, which he had hanged—with all the paraphernalia of an execution—in the middle of the cabinet, formed by means of a partition. I asked him what all this meant. He told me that this rat had committed a crime; one which, according to the laws of war, was deserving of capital punishment: it had climbed over the ramparts of a fortress of cardboard which he had on the table in the cabinet, and had eaten two sentinels, made of pith, who were on duty at the bastions. He had had the criminal tried by martial law, his setter having caught him, and he was immediately hanged, as I saw, and was to remain there exposed to the public gaze for three days, as an example.—CATHERINE II., "Memoirs."

Marshal Razoumoffsky was called on one day to maneuver his regiment before the emperor in pursuance of a general order which required every commander to make a similar exhibition of his skill. After the review, during which the marshal, though not much of a military character, had acquitted himself to his majesty's satisfaction, as the emperor was retiring with his suite to dinner, in the highest good humor possible, he happened to see his favorite negro (Narcissus, I believe, he was named) at a distance furiously engaged with some person and fighting with hands and feet. The emperor was at first very much entertained, but when he perceived the negro's antagonist to be the scavenger of his regiment, his countenance suddenly changed and he exclaimed with an expression of consternation: "Narcissus is lost to me forever!" What he could mean was quite unintelligible until Razoumoffsky inquired the cause of his distress. "What!" said the emperor, "don't you feel, as a military man, how impossible it is that I should ever have him in my company again, after such a stain and disgrace as having come into contact with a scavenger?" The marshal affecting to enter into the emperor's feelings, with a face of as much solemnity as he could assume, proposed that the honor of Narcissus should be retrieved by covering him with the banners of the regiment. This idea, which was like the resurrection of a favorite, was not without delight to the emperor, who, after embracing Razoumoffsky, summoned Narcissus before him. "Dost thou not know," said he to the negro, "that thou art covered with infamy and forever lost to our society by the foul disgrace of that scavenger's touch?" The poor fellow, still foaming with rage, and not comprehending a word of this language, began to defend his conduct, protesting that as a brave man he thought it right to punish the rascal who had attacked him first. But when by the emperor's order they proceeded to pass him three times under the banners of the regiment, Narcissus resisted the operation so stoutly that four men were

obliged to hold him before they could accomplish this work of purification. This, however, was not enough, for the emperor, insisting that some drops of blood from the negro's body were still required to wash away the stain on his honor, was not satisfied until the point of a banner was for that purpose applied to his head. The poor negro's shrieks and outcries against his master and the extreme absurdity of the whole scene put all the officers to the torture in suppressing their provocation to outright laughter, rendered almost irresistible by the extraordinary solemnity of the emperor, who seemed to contemplate the work in hand as no less indispensable to the redemption of his favorite than the luster of his own imperial glory.—PRINCESS DASHKOW, "Memoirs."

Von Brummer, the prince's governor, was a rough, choleric, quarrelsome martinet, who treated his sovereign like a dog, brutally misusing him on the slightest provocation. His favorite method of punishment was to make the child kneel for hours on hard peas, till his little legs were red and swollen. As the prince grew older, Von Brummer used to chastise him frequently with a horsewhip, occasionally alternating the discipline by placing him in a doorway with a fool's cap on his head, for the amusement of his own gentlemen-in-waiting as they sat at dinner.—BAIN.

PETERBOROUGH, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, 1658-1735. English statesman and soldier.

Lord Peterborough, when a young man and about the time of the revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds; she had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee house near Charing Cross, and entreated him to get it for her; the owner was a widow and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused; finding there was no other way of coming at the bird he determined to change it; and, getting one of the same color, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, went to the house; the mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access; contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose and upon her return took his leave. He continued to frequent the house in order to avert suspicion, but forbore to say anything about the bird until about two years after; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman: "I would have bought that bird of you but you refused my money for it. I dare say you are by this time sorry for it." "Indeed, sir," answered the woman, "I am not, nor would I now take any sum for it, for, would you believe it, from the time our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note?"—JOHN HAWKINS, "History of Music."

PHILIP III., 1578-1621. King of Spain.

Philip III. when seated by the fireside was once nearly suffocated with heat from the large quantity of wood that the fire-maker had kindled; but "his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair, and the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against etiquette. At length the Marquis of Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Ussada ought to be called on, as it was his business. The duke was gone out, the fire burned fiercer and the king actually endured it rather than derogate from his dignity." But, it is said, his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by violent fever, carried him off in the twenty-fourth year of his reign.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew that the king's sister was in her apartment and must inevitably in a few minutes be consumed by flames, rushed in at the risk of his life and brought her out. But Spanish etiquette was wofully broken, and the loyal soldier was brought to trial and condemned to death. The Spanish princess, however, in consideration of the circumstances, condescended to pardon the soldier and saved his life.—T. F. THISELTON-DYER, "Royalty in All Ages," quoting Disraeli.

PHILIP IV., 1605-1665. King of Spain.

In 1651 a daughter was born to Philip and Mariana and christened with the usual extravagant pomp. Flores relates that at this sumptuous christening the little infanta Maria Teresa was godmother and in drawing off her glove she dropped a very precious bracelet of brilliants. A lady in the crowd picked it up and offered it to the infanta, who even thus early had learned the haughty traditions of her house, to take nothing from the hands of any one but certain officials, made a sign that the lady was to keep the bracelet.—MARTIN HUME, "Court of Philip IV."

In future it was ordered that no fictitious plots should be represented but only scenes from the Scriptures and from history. No actors, made or female, were to dress in gold

cloth; and no unmarried woman or widow was to appear on any stage, only married women, whilst gentlemen were not permitted to visit an actress more than twice. New plays were not allowed to be produced more than once a week and plays in private houses were forbidden, whilst managers were forbidden to receive in their companies any actors but those known to be decent and well-behaved.—HUME, quoting Valladeres Newsletter, March, 1644.

The most severe orders were given against the wearing of ruffs and the using of starch for any purpose. Pillory, confiscation and exile were to be the fate of any person who wore pleated or goffered linen in any shape, and the broad, flat Walloon collar, which fell upon the shoulders, was alone to be allowed. *Alguaciles* were provided with shears and at a given signal raided the fashionable promenades, cutting the fine lace ruffs which the fops still insisted on wearing, seizing and burning the stocks of them in the shops, lopping hat brims to the requisite narrowness, confiscating jewels and even snipping off the love-locks before the ears which were the mark of the exquisite. The ladies, too, were no better treated, and many a brazen-faced madam was hauled out of her trundling coach and put to shame, or had portions of her forbidden finery profaned by the coarse hands of catchpoles.—HUME.

PIERCE, Franklin, 1804-1869. President of the United States.

President Pierce was so fond of his wife that at thirty-six years of age he resigned his seat in the United States Senate because Washington City did not agree with her health and, four years later, he declined the attorney-generalship in the cabinet of President Polk for the same reason.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1886.

He stuck his hands into his pockets as he passed up and down. Mrs. Pierce cast an appealing look at the recusant hands, to which the president answered: "No; I won't take them out of my pockets, Jennie; I am in the country and I like to feel the comfort of it."—MRS. VARINA DAVIS, "Jefferson Davis."

His first case was a failure and perhaps a somewhat marked one. . . . To a friend, an older practitioner, who addressed him with some expressions of condolence and encouragement, Pierce replied—and it was a kind of self-assertion which no triumph would have drawn out—"I do not need that. I will try nine hundred and ninety-nine cases, if clients will continue to trust me, and, if I fail just as I have to-day, I will try the thousandth. I shall live to argue cases in this court house in a manner that will mortify neither myself nor my friends."—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, "Life of Franklin Pierce."

PINKNEY, William, 1764-1822. American statesman.

One anecdote he used to relate of himself, as a ruse, which might be pardoned in youth. There was a debating club at Annapolis, of which Pinkney was a member. A question had been assigned for discussion on a certain evening, when all the polite company of the town was expected to attend; and our young orator repaired to a secluded spot in the vicinity, to prepare himself in solitude for the coming contest. His antagonist in the debate, who was ever his chief competitor in the club, was there, however, before him; and our aspirant took the benefit of some friendly screen to overhear his preparatory declamation unobserved. "The result," said he, "was brilliant. In the evening my antagonist's speech, which was well enough seasoned with rhetoric, was received with acclamation. But when I came to make my 'extemporaneous' reply, which I had very earnestly prepared during the day, I was at home, as you may guess, on every point. The night was mine and therefore I was king of the club."

During his first residence in England some question of classical literature was discussed at table in a social party where he was present, and the guests, in turn, gave their opinion on it. Mr. Pinkney being silent for some time, an appeal was made to him for his opinion, when he had the mortification of being compelled to acknowledge that he was unacquainted with the subject. In consequence of this incident he was induced to resume his classical studies and actually put himself under the care of an instructor for the purpose of reviewing and extending his acquaintance with ancient literature.—HENRY WHEATON, "Sparks's Biographies."

He used to bathe every day and after bathing throw a thin gauze over himself and had two body servants throw fine salt at him. He had heard, he said, that salt would preserve the skin.

When I was in Russia I and another attaché were sitting in his parlor, waiting for him to come to dinner. He came in after a long while, black and dirty as any man. Without saying a word, he walked up to the sofa, jerked off his hat, threw it and

his sword down. At last Mrs. Pinkney returned and asked, "What is the matter?" "Matter? I have been insulted, madam; that's what's the matter." At this, our narrator says, my sword and that of my friend leaped from their scabbards to avenge the insult. I ventured to ask "How?" Turning to me he said, "Sir, is not a man of my name, my position, my country, insulted when he is to get up at eight o'clock to pay homage to a little girl?" (A Russian princess.) I ventured to suggest that we were invited at eleven. "Can a gentleman dress in less than three hours?"—PROFESSOR PARSONS, of Harvard Law School, *Albany Law Journal*, August 20, 1870.

PITT, William, 1759-1806. English statesman.

He had inherited from his father that confidence which made Chatham once say, "I am sure that I can save this country and that nobody else can," which made himself say later, "I place much dependence on my new colleagues; I place still more dependence on myself."—LORD ROSEBERY, "Pitt."

Mr. Pitt was remarkable for never answering a letter and generally for writing as seldom and little as possible.—GEORGIANA, Lady Dowager de Ros, *Murray's Magazine*, January, 1889.

Mr. Gibbon took the conversation in his own hands and very brilliant and pleasant he was during dinner and for some time afterwards. He had just concluded, however, one of his best foreign anecdotes, in which he had introduced some of the fashionable levities of political doctrine then prevalent, and, with the customary tap on the lid of his snuff-box, was looking around to receive our tribute of applause, when a deep-toned but clear voice was heard from the bottom of the table, very calmly and civilly impugning the correctness of the narrative and the propriety of the doctrines of which it had been made the vehicle. The historian, turning a disdainful glance toward the quarter whence the voice proceeded, saw for the first time a tall, thin and rather ungainly looking young man, who now sat quietly and silently eating some fruit. There was nothing very prepossessing or formidable in his exterior, but, as the few words he had uttered appeared to have made a considerable impression upon the company, Mr. Gibbon, I suppose, found himself bound to maintain his honor, by suppressing such an attempt to dispute his supremacy. He accordingly undertook the defense of the proposition in question and a very animated debate took place between him and his youthful antagonist, Mr. Pitt, and for some time was conducted with great talent and brilliancy on both sides. At length the genius of the young man prevailed over that of his senior, who, finding himself driven into a corner from which there was no escape, made some excuse for rising from the table and walked out of the room. I followed him and, finding that he was looking for his hat, I tried to persuade him to return to his seat. "By no means," said he, "that young gentleman, I have no doubt, is extremely ingenious and agreeable, but I must acknowledge that his style of conversation is not exactly what I am accustomed to, so you must positively excuse me." And away he went in high dudgeon, notwithstanding that his friends had come to his assistance. When we returned to the dining room we found Mr. Pitt proceeding very tranquilly with the illustration of the subject from which his opponent had fled, and which he discussed with such ability, strength of argument and eloquence that his hearers were filled with profound admiration.—JAMES BLAND BURGES, "Letters and Correspondence."

On the night of his [Erskine's] first speech, Pitt, evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand, prepared to catch the argument of his formidable adversary. He wrote a word or two; Erskine proceeded; but with every additional sentence Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed; his look became more careless and he obviously began to think the orator less and less worthy of his attention. At length, when every eye in the House was fixed upon him, he, with a contemptuous smile, dashed the pen through the paper and flung them on the floor. Erskine never recovered from this expression of disdain; his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame.—GEORGE CROLY, "Life of George IV."

In the same month I met Mr. Pitt at the lord mayor's dinner; he did not seem ill. On that occasion I remember he returned thanks in one of the best and neatest speeches I ever heard in my life. It was in a very few words. The lord mayor had proposed his health as one who had been the savior of England and would be the savior of the rest of Europe. Mr. Pitt then got up, disclaimed the compliment as applied to himself, and added, "England has saved herself by her exertions and the rest of Europe will be saved by her example." That was all; he was

scarcely up two minutes; yet nothing could be more perfect. I remember another curious thing at that dinner. Erskine was there. Now, Mr. Pitt had always over Erskine a great ascendency—the ascendency of terror. Sometimes, in the House of Commons he could keep Erskine in check by merely putting out his hand or making a note. At this dinner, Erskine's health having been drunk and Erskine rising to return thanks, Pitt held up his finger and said to him across the table, "Erskine, remember that they are drinking your health as a distinguished colonel of volunteers." Erskine, who had intended, as we heard, to go off upon the rights of juries, the state trials and other political points, was quite put out; he was awed like a schoolboy at school and in his speech kept very strictly within the limits enjoined him.—LORD STANHOPE, "Life of the Right Honorable William Pitt," quoting the Duke of Wellington.

People thought Mr. Pitt did not care about women and knew nothing about them, but they were very much mistaken. Mrs. B——, of Devonshire, when she was Miss W——, was so pretty that Mr. Pitt drank out of her shoe. Nobody understood shape and beauty and dress better than he did; with a glance of his eye he saw it all at once. But the world was ignorant of much respecting him. Who ever thought that there was not a better judge of women in London than he? And not only of women as they present themselves to the eye, but that his knowledge was so critical that he could analyze their features and persons in the most masterful way. Not a defect, not a blemish, escaped him; he would detect a shoulder too high, a limp in the gait, where nobody else would have seen it; and his beauties were real, natural beauties. In dress, too, his taste was equally refined. I shall never forget, when I had arranged the folds and drapery of a beautiful dress which I wore one evening, how he said to me: "Really, Hester, you are bent on conquest to-night, but would it be too bold in me if I were to suggest that that particular fold—and he pointed to a triangular fall which I had given to one part —were looped up so?" And, would you believe it, it was exactly what was wanting to complete the classical form of my dress? He was so in everything.—LADY HESTER STANHOPE, "Memoirs."

He liked practical fun and used to riot with Lady Hester, Charles and James Stanhope and myself; and one instance is worth noticing: We were resolved to blacken his face with burnt cork, which he most strenuously resisted; but at the beginning of the fray a servant announced that Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool desired to see him on business. "Let them wait in the other room," was the answer; and the great minister instantly returned to the battle, catching up a cushion and belaboring us with it in glorious fun. We were, however, too many and too strong for him, and after at least ten minutes' fight we got him down and were actually daubing his face, when, with a look of pretended confidence in his powers, he said, "Stop! This will do. I could beat you all, but we must not keep these grandees waiting any longer." His defeat was, however, palpable, and we were obliged to get a towel and basin of water to wash him clean before he could receive the grandees. Being thus put in order, the basin was hid behind the sofa and the two lords were ushered in. Then a new phase of Mr. Pitt's manner appeared, to my great surprise and admiration. Lord Liverpool's look and manner are well known—melancholy, bending, nervous. Lord Castlereagh I had known from my childhood, had often been engaged with him in athletic sports, pitching the stone or bar, and looked upon him as—what indeed he was—a model of quiet grace and strength combined. What was my surprise to see both him and Lord Liverpool bending like spaniels on approaching the man we had just been maltreating with such successful insolence of fun. But instantly Mr. Pitt's change of manner and look entirely fixed my attention. His tall, ungainly, bony figure seemed to grow to the ceiling; his head was thrown back, his eyes fixed immovably in one position, as if reading the heavens, and totally regardless of the bending figures near him. For some time they spoke; he made now and then some short observation and finally, with an abrupt, stiff inclination of the body, but without casting his eyes down, dismissed them; then, turning to us with a laugh, caught up his cushion and renewed our fight. Another phase of his countenance I had yet to learn. Some time after my visit, which was twice renewed at Putney, I was walking across the parade of the Horse Guards, when I saw Mr. Pitt talking to several gentlemen, evidently upon business which interested him. I caught his eye while some forty yards from him; he gave a smile and a nod of recognition and I was advancing to greet him. Instantly his countenance changed with a commanding fierceness of expression difficult to describe, but it emphatically spoke even at that distance. "Pass on, this is no

place for fooling," was the meaning and not to be mistaken.—H. A. BRUCE, editor of "Life of Sir William Napier."

Dignum himself told me the story, that Mr. Pitt, curious to hear the popular vocalist, invited him to dinner and, when the cloth was removed, thus spoke: "Mr. Dignum, I have asked you here that I might have the pleasure of hearing you sing, but, as among gentlemen it would be improper to call upon any one to do what you would not do yourself, I will set you the example"; and he chanted, "Billy Pitt, the Tory," as Mr. Dignum protested in fine style.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1860.

During the first French revolution, shortly after Marie Antoinette's execution, an *emigré* called on Pitt in Downing street. The talk was naturally on the horrors witnessed recently in Paris. The visitor, overcome by his thoughts and melted into tears, sobbed out: "Ah, Monsieur Pitt, *la pauvre reine, la pauvre reine.*" The Frenchman was still weeping when a new idea seemed to possess him "Nevertheless, Mr. Pitt, you must see my little dog dance; Fanchon," he called out, "*dansez! dansez!*" The man himself set the example and further encouraged the animal with a little fiddle. The hilarity involved so much noise that a treasury messenger, half suspecting that the stranger had assaulted the statesman, rushed into the room. What he saw was the minister struggling in convulsions of merriment.—T. H. S. ESCOTT, "Society in the Country House."

Lord Holland said that, when Pitt fought Tierney, Lord Harrowby said, "Pitt, take care of your pistol; it is a hair trigger." Pitt held it up and said, "I do not see the hair." Such was his learning as to small arms.—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections."

I was to be best man [at the wedding of George Canning and Joan Scott] and Mr. Leigh (Canning's cousin, who was to read the service) dined with me. We had a coach to church and as we went down a narrow street a fellow drew up against the wall to avoid being run over and, peering into the coach, recognized Mr. Pitt and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, "What! Billy Pitt, and with a parson too!" Frere, ever ready with his joke, said to Pitt, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately," but the Olympian was too absorbed either to be angry or to answer. So nervous was Pitt during the ceremony that he forgot to sign among the witnesses.—GABRIELLE FESTING, "Hookham Frere and his Friends," quoting Frere.

A by-election was impending in Yorkshire and Pitt, paying a social visit to the famous Mrs. B——, one of the Whig queens of the West Riding, said, banteringly, "Well, the election is all right for us. Ten thousand guineas for the use of our side go down to Yorkshire by a sure hand." "The devil they do," responded Mrs. B——, and that night the bearer of the precious burden was stopped by a highwayman on the Great North road and the ten thousand guineas were used to procure the return of the Whig candidate.—GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, "Recollections."

Mr. Pitt did not find two bottles of port wine too large a quantity to take with his dinner.—H. TAINE, "Notes on England."

Lord Sidmouth observed that Pitt liked a glass of port wine very well and a bottle still better; but that he never knew him to take too much if he had anything to do, except upon one occasion, when he was unexpectedly called upon to answer a personal attack made upon him by the father of the late Lord Durham. He had left the House with Mr. Dundas in the hour between two election ballots, for the purpose of dining; and when on his return he replied to Mr. Lambton, it was evident to his friends that he had taken too much wine. The next morning Mr. Lay, the clerk assistant to the House of Commons, told the speaker that he had felt quite ill ever since Mr. Pitt's exhibition of the preceding evening. "It gave me," he added, "a violent headache." On this being repeated to Mr. Pitt, he said he thought it was an excellent arrangement that he should have the wine and the clerk the headache.—GEORGE PELLEW, "Life and Correspondence of Viscount Sidmouth."

In the morning, while awaiting breakfast, Wilberforce took Ryder, afterwards Lord Harrowby, round the garden. The early-rising Pitt had been before them. In a flower bed they detected something which was not a flower. "It proved," said Wilberforce, "to be a portion of Ryder's very old opera hat which Pitt had planted in the soil near the geraniums."—ESCOTT.

Pitt was induced by Sir John Sinclair to constitute a board of agriculture towards the end of the eighteenth century and make him the president. Having enjoyed his office for a few years Sinclair began to desire promotion in the social scale. "Dear Mr. Pitt," he wrote to the prime minister, "don't you think the president of the board of agriculture

should be a peer?" "Dear Sir John Sinclair," replied Pitt, "I entirely agree with you. I have therefore appointed Lord Somerville to succeed you as president of the board of agriculture." Sir John Sinclair went about wringing his hands and exclaiming, "Dear me, dear me. It was such a wilful misunderstanding."—MICHAEL MACDONAGH, *The Fortnightly Review*, August 1, 1902.

Croker too came in for two nights—arriving luckily for our harmony on the same day Rogers set off. The conversation turning on the yeomanry, he told us that once a body of volunteers in London had sent an offer to Mr. Pitt to enlist and embody themselves, but clogging their offer with many difficulties and exceptions. At length they came to a clause that they should never be required to leave the kingdom. Mr. Pitt took up his pen and added in the margin, "except in the case of actual invasion." I think I never remember a bitterer nor a better jest.—LORD STANHOPE, "Conversations with Lord Wellington."

It was also known, perhaps, that his neglect of his private affairs had involved him in some debts, which he trusted to discharge by industrious application of his talents at the bar. At this very time, however, there was held, by public advertisement, a meeting of the principal bankers and moneyed men of London, anxious to tender him on his retirement from office a substantial mark of their esteem. The sum of fifty thousand pounds was at first proposed, but so great was the enthusiasm that in the space of forty-eight hours this sum was doubled and Mr. George Ross, as his Secretary of the Treasury, was requested to press upon him, in the manner most likely to be acceptable, a free gift of a hundred thousand pounds. But Mr. Pitt answered his friend as follows: "No consideration upon earth shall ever induce me to accept it."—STANHOPE, "Life of Pitt."

Pitt's last exclamation, "Oh, my country, how I leave my country!" is printed in the work before us [Earl of Stanhope's "Life of Pitt"], "how I love my country!" But we understand that since the publication of his work, Lord Stanhope has discovered an earlier copy from the blotted and blurred manuscript, in which "leave" and not "love" is the reading. As far as internal evidence goes, there cannot be a doubt. The one is slightly melodramatic, and by no means natural in a man who carried the repression of feeling to an excess; the other sums up with eloquent conciseness the circumstances which cast a gloom, deeper than the gloom of death, over the dying statesman's thoughts.—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1862.

Mr. Disraeli, in the more genial and less majestic days before 1874, used to tell a sardonic story of his time. When he first entered Parliament, he used often to dine at the House of Commons, where he was generally served by a grim, old waiter of prehistoric reputation, who was supposed to possess a secret treasure of political tradition. The young member sought by every gracious art to win his confidence and partake of these stores. One day the venerable domestic relented. "You hear many lies told as history, sir," said he; "do you know what Mr. Pitt's last words were?" "Of course," said Mr. Disraeli, "they are well known; 'O my country, how I love my country!'" for that was then the authorized version. "Nonsense," said the old man. "I'll tell how it was. Late one night I was called out of bed by a messenger in a post chaise, shouting to me outside the window. 'What is it?' I said. 'You're to get up and dress and bring some of your pork pies to Mr. Pitt at Putney.' So I went; and as we drove along he told me that Mr. Pitt had not been able to take any food, but had suddenly said, 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies.' And so I was sent for post haste. When we arrived Mr. Pitt was dead. Them was his last words, 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies.'"—ROSEBERY.

The premier [Beaconsfield] continued: "Did you ever hear of Nicholls? He was a very respectable man—an old servant of the House, who attended to the members when they dined; and, as I had few friends when I entered Parliament, I was glad of an occasional chat with him. So I said to him one day: 'You must have known in your long service some great ministers and remarkable members.' To which he answered, 'God bless you, sir; don't you know what Mr. Pitt's last words were?—"I think I could eat one of Nicholls's weal pies."' Now here was the difference between truth and history. Stanhope says the last words were, 'O my poor country!' But there are only two things of which a dying man can think, his body or his soul—not his country; and I told Lord Stanhope so. Austerlitz killed Pitt and as he lay dying at Wimbledon, his attendants urged the necessity of his eating something, when he said, 'I think I could eat one of Nicholls's veal pies.' A post chaise was at once despatched to London and Nicholls came back with it with some veal pies in a napkin; but the minister was gone when they arrived."

The life and force of Lord Beaconsfield's narration are of course lost in my relation; but the story is his and he laid comic stress on the cockney word "weal."—ALFRED GATTY, D.D., *Notes and Queries*, July 9, 1887.

PIUS IX., Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, 1792-1878. Pope.

The future Cardinal Mastai, afterwards Pope Pius IX., was as yet only bishop of Imola, but he was already known for the innovating tendency of his ideas. Gregory XVI. had noticed him with his indulgent smile, "In Mastai's house even the cat is liberal."—COUNT DE FALLOUX, "Memoirs."

After a long conversation with Cardinal Gizzi one evening, upon the subject of the reforms he contemplated, he asked for some lemonade. His valet retired to give the necessary orders and in the course of a few minutes the servants entered bearing two splendid gilt trays, laden with refreshments of every description and prepared as if by enchantment. "I asked only for some lemonade," said the sovereign pontiff. "It is true, most holy father," they replied, "but we have only conformed to the prescribed ceremonial and according to custom have to offer your highness these various refreshments." "Very well," replied the pope; "be good enough to bring me a lemon." It was brought immediately. "Now give me the sugar and a glass of water." Then, having made the lemonade, he added, "Take away these dishes; distribute the refreshments they contain to the first poor persons you find upon the Place de Monte Cavallo; give each of them ten baiocci and for the future never offer me anything beyond that for which I ask."

"Eminences," he said to them; "God has inspired me with a new reform, useful to the well-being of my people, which I shall reveal to you, persuaded that, judging its utility with me, you will be desirous to adopt it." The cardinals of the opposition to a man rejected the proposition as one of a dangerous tendency—twenty black balls were found in the urn. Pius IX., nothing disconcerted, with majestic dignity took the white cap from off his head and, placing it upon the urn, said, "Now, gentlemen, they are all white; the reform is adopted."—C. A. DE GODDES DE LIANCOURT and JAMES A. MANNING, "Pius the Ninth."

It had been arranged that Pope Pius IX. was to be godfather of the expected babe [child of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie]. An amusing story was circulated respecting that sponsorship. Although a very sumptuous layette had been ordered in Paris, his holiness thought it his duty to provide one; but when the question of the articles it ought to include and their cost was mooted at the Vatican, neither the pope nor any of the cardinals who were called into council was able to give an opinion. Had they been married men they would soon have been extricated from their difficulty by their wives, but they had none, and when it was suggested that a certain monsignore should make inquiries at a Roman baby-linen house, the poor man nearly succumbed to an attack of apoplexy in his alarm as to what might be thought of him if he were to carry the suggestion into effect. Eventually one of their eminences remembered that he had a married sister, whose services were duly requisitioned.—E. A. VIZETELLY (Le Petit Homme Rouge), "Court Life Under the Second Empire."

PLAYFAIR, Baron Lyon, 1818-1898. English scientist and Member of Parliament.

I do not like to part with my recollections of Chicago without referring in grateful terms to the hospitality I received there. . . . An absurd mistake of nationality caused much amusement at the time. My traveling companion, Colonel Holmes, M. P. for Paisley, was surprised that we never saw a typical American—typical in the sense of the John Bull caricatures and of the Brother Jonathan in American illustrated papers. At Chicago, however, my Scotch friend found his typical American outside the hotel. He was tall, lank, lantern-jawed, had a straw hat, and a semicircle of tobacco-juice around him. I was immediately fetched to inspect this true type. We asked him how many generations his ancestors had been in America and in what Western state he had been born. The reply astonished the two Scotch M. P.'s. "Hoot, mon, I'm no American. I came from Paisley laist year." After this experience we discontinued our researches for American types.

One of my days was spent in the great lunatic asylum near the city [Washington], and I received a rebuke to my supposed knowledge which has rendered me less confident ever since. I have always been interested in lunacy and constantly visit asylums, so that I believed that I could detect a lunatic by outward signs and especially by the expressional character of the hands of a patient. Left alone for some time in the female ward, as the physician was called away, I noticed a young lady sitting at a window, working at needle-work, both her

face and hands being in full expression with her work, so I presumed she was an attendant and not a lunatic. She pushed aside her work and came quietly to me, remarking, "You, sir, are an English gentleman; will you represent my case to the English minister? For I am not insane and am kept here from interested motives by my relatives." I assured her that I would cause an inquiry to be made, if she were an English subject. She replied, "I am an American lady." I then explained that it was impossible for me, under these circumstances, to interest the English minister, but I promised not to leave Washington without mentioning her case to Secretary Schurz. The lady courtesied in a dignified way and declined my interference. A few minutes afterwards she again approached me and said, "I have been studying your face and there is kindness in it; will you sit beside me till I state how badly I have been used? To make my case clear to you I must first explain that all the telegraph wires in the United States center in my body and I am subject to perpetual electric shocks." I had become so thoroughly convinced of her sanity that I had no reply ready, so I merely said, "Why, you are an electrical phenomenon." "Yes," said the poor lady, "those two words exactly represent my condition." I left the asylum an humbler but a wiser man.—LORD PLAYFAIR, "Autobiography."

PLUNKET, William Conyngham, Baron, 1764-1854. Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The treasurer of a party returning from a dinner at the Pigeon house on the Liffey found that he had got a bad shilling and said he would throw it as far as possible into the water and put it beyond the possibility of circulation. "Stop," cried Plunket, "give it to Toler"—Lord Norbury was remarkable for his penuriousness—"he can make a shilling go farther than any one."

On Lord Essex saying that he had seen a brother of Sir John Leech—whom he almost mistook for Sir John himself—so much did the manner run in the family—Plunket remarked, "I should as soon have thought of a wooden leg running in the family."—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1871.

The travels were published early in January, 1827, under the following title: "Personal Narrative of Travels in Babylonia, Assyria, Media and Scythia, in the year 1824, by Captain the Honorable George F. Keppel, F.S.A. In two volumes." . . . That same evening Lord Plunket, recently appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, dined at the lodge. The viceroy renewed the attack on my malaprop adjective. "One of his aides-de-camp," said he, "has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, Chief Justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My lord," replied Plunket, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real."—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1876.

The father of the lord chancellor—afterwards Lord Plunket—was a very simple-minded man. Kindly and unsuspicious, he was often imposed upon, and the chancellor used to tell endless stories of his parent's guileless nature. One morning Mr. Plunket, taking an early walk, was overtaken by two respectable-looking men, carpenters apparently by trade, each carrying the implements of his work. "Good morning, my friends," said the old gentleman; "you are early afoot. Going on a job, eh?" "Good morrow, kindly sir; yes, we are; and a quare job too. The quarest and most out-of-the-way you ever heard of, I'll be bound, though you've lived long in the world and heard and read of many a thing. Oh, you'll never guess it, your honor, so I may as well tell at once. We're going to cut the legs off a dead man." "What!" cried his hearer aghast. "You don't mean——" "Yes, indeed; 'tis true for me; and here's how it come about. Poor Mary Neil's husband—a carpenter like ourselves and an old comrade—has been sick all the winter and departed life last Tuesday. What with the grief and being left in the wide world with her five orphans, and no one to earn a bit or sup for them, the craythur is fairly out of her mind—stupid from the crying and the fret; for what does she do, poor woman, but send the wrong measure for the coffin; and when it came home it was ever so much too short. Barney Neil was a tall man; nigh six feet, we reckoned him. He couldn't be got into it, do what they would; and the poor craythur hadn't what would buy another. Where should she get it, after the long sickness himself had, and with five children to feed and clothe? So, your honor, all there's in it is to cut the legs off him. Me and my comrade here is going to do it for the desolate woman. We'll just take them off at the knee joints and lay them alongside him in the coffin. I think, sir, now I've told you our job, you'll say it's the quarest you ever heard of." "Oh," cried the old gentleman, "such a thing must not be done. It's impossible. How much will a new coffin cost?" The carpenter named the sum, which was immediately produced and bestowed on him with injunction to invest forthwith in

the necessary purchase. The business, however, took quite an unexpected turn. Mr. Plunket on his return home narrated his matutinal adventure to his family at breakfast, the future chancellor, then a young man, being at the table. Before the meal was ended, the carpenters made their appearance and with many apologies tendered back the coin they had received. He who had been spokesman in the morning explained that on seeing the gentleman in advance of them in the road, he had for a lark made a bet with his companion that he could obtain the money; which, having won his wager, he now refunded. Genuine Irish this!—*Chambers's Journal*, March 30, 1878.

POLK, Leonidas, 1806-1864. American bishop and general.

On one occasion, having been up the Red river, where an Episcopal clergyman was seldom seen, he was called on to baptize a sturdy five-year-old youngster who defiantly resisted the sacrament unless his black *fidus Achates*, Jim, should receive it at the same time. "Well," said the bishop, "bring in Jim and I will make a Christian of him too." Accordingly Jim, duly instructed by his mistress, was brought into the parlor; the pair went through the ceremony with perfect propriety and were dismissed to their play. Meanwhile, the friends and neighbors who had called in to assist at the baptism and pay their respects to the bishop sat in solemn state awaiting the announcement to dinner. Smallpox had been lurking in the country. Every one was excited on the subject of vaccination and discussions as to whether it had taken on this or that subject had been the order of the day for more than a week. Suddenly the circle was astounded by the reappearance of Jim, who exclaimed, almost breathless with excitement, "Mistis, mistis, you must have Marse Tom baptized over again. It never tuck that ar time. He's out yander cussing the steers worse than ever and he says he ain't gwine to stop for nobody." The ice melted at once and the stiffness of the circle vanished as the bishop turned to the hostess and said, "A commentary on the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, madam."—W. M. POLK, "Leonidas Polk."

While the present Major-General Polk in the Southern army was in his more appropriate calling as bishop of Louisiana, he was traveling and had to put up for the night in a tavern near the river. The landlord told him that all the beds had been engaged for a number of boatmen who would come down during the night. Wearied with his journey the preacher said that he would sleep until they came and turned in. His nap was short. A rough fellow, feeling along in the dark, laid hands suddenly on the bishop and sang out, "I say, stranger, this is my bed and if you get it you must fight for it." This was not very alarming to the bishop, who had had a military education and, now waking up to the sense of the situation, replied, "Before you strike in the dark feel my arm here and my chest." And the boatman did as he was told, growing more and more nervous as he pursued his examination, till he became satisfied that there was a formidable foe on hand and excused himself by saying, "I rather think, stranger, you can have this bed."—*Harper's Magazine*, 1862.

Well, sir, it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening, in fact it was almost dark, when Liddell's brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival I observed a body of men whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade and firing obliquely at the newly arrived troops. I said, "Dear me, this is very sad and must be stopped"; so I turned around, but could find none of my young men, who were absent on different messages; so I determined to ride myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment that was firing, I asked him in angry tones what he meant by shooting his own friends, and I desired him to cease doing so at once. He answered with surprise, "I don't think there can be any mistake about it; I am sure they are the enemy." "Enemy," I said, "why I have just left them myself. Cease firing, sir. What is your name?" "My name is Colonel ——, of the —— Indiana; and, pray, sir, who are you?" Then for the first time I saw, to my astonishment, that he was a Yankee and that I was in the rear of a regiment of Yankees. Well, sir, I saw there was no hope but to brazen it out; my dark blouse and the increasing obscurity befriended me, so I approached quite close to him and shook my fist in his face, saying, "I'll soon show you who I am, sir. Cease firing, sir, at once." I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Yankees to cease firing; at the same time I experienced a disagreeable sensation, like screwing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would be between my shoulders every moment. I was afraid to increase my pace until I got to a small copse, when I put the

spurs in and galloped back to my men. I immediately went up to the nearest colonel and said to him: "Colonel, I have reconnoitered those fellows pretty closely—and I find there is no mistake who they are; you may get up and go at them."—COLONEL ARTHUR JAMES FREMANTLE of the Coldstream Guards, "Three Months in the Southern States," quoting General Polk.

At the battle of Perryville when General Cleburne saw the critical moment to advance arrive, turning his horse's head towards the point of attack, he rose in his stirrups and, shaking his clenched fist in the direction of the enemy, he shouted with his stentorian voice, "Come on and give them ——, boys; give them ——." This went straight to the hearts of the dare-devils he led and in an instant his whole division was following him on the double quick. Just then the bishop-general, Polk, rode up and, wishing to encourage the men and yet not daring to swear, he roared, "Go on, boys, and give them what Pat Cleburne says."—*Harper's Magazine*, 1871.

On Sunday morning he rode with his staff into the village of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, from which the people had been frightened at the news of the approach of the troops. The church was empty, but the door was open. Polk dismounted, laid aside his sword and entered. One by one his staff followed him and found him kneeling with his head bowed on the chancel rail. They kneeled beside him and around him and in broken sentences the man of God poured out his soul in prayers for peace and blessings to both friend and foe. Polk's military service was always a hard burden to him, grievous and heavy to be borne. He was always yearning for his diocese; always eager for relief. Again and again he asked it and it was refused.—"Perry's History of the American Episcopal Church."

PRINCE OF WALES.

In the thirteenth century a king's son did not form a member of a special royal caste. He had no distinctive title and was brought up very much like other young men of high birth. The old English word "Aetheling" had ceased to be used as the appropriate designation of the son of a crowned and anointed king. The vaguer modern term of "prince" did not come into use for many centuries later. The eldest son of the English king had no higher title than the vague appellation of "lord," which he shared with a whole host of feudal chieftains, great and small, with the bishops, abbots, judges and even the masters and doctors of the universities. . . . During Edward's [I.'s] long sojourn in Wales two of his children were born. One of these, Edward, soon became by his brother Alfonso's death his father's heir. His Welsh birth had already endeared him to Edward's new subjects, and he had a Welsh nurse and Welsh attendants to keep up his interest in the land of his birth. The story that Edward presented him on his birth to the Welsh as their future prince has no more authority than the local tradition which points out as his birthplace a room in Carnarvon Castle, which is manifestly of later date. At last, in 1301, Edward created Edward Prince of Wales, thus keeping the principality separate from the crown, though retaining it in the royal family, and using it, as in his father's own time, as a means of training the heir in the work of government.—T. F. TOUT, "Edward I."

PUTNAM, Israel, 1718-1790. American general.

There is a story of his climbing so far into a tree one day when he was hunting birds' nests that the bough broke. A lower branch caught him as he fell and he hung by his clothes, head downwards, his hands wildly beating the air for something to grasp and his feet vainly struggling for a resting place. His companions saw no way to help him and continued to stand looking up at him from the foot of the tree, but Israel shouted to one of them, who had a gun, to break the branch by sending a bullet into it. The boy hesitated from lack of confidence in his own skill as a marksman, but Israel persisted in taking the risk of being hit rather than to remain longer in his predicament. So the gun was fired with the happy result of freeing him from his mid-air position. Down he came and luckily none of his bones were broken by the fall. The next day, notwithstanding his bruises, he ventured again into the tree and succeeded in getting the coveted nest.—W. F. LIVINGSTON, "Israel Putnam." (This anecdote is also told by William Cutter, "Life of Israel Putnam" [1847], with a wealth of detail, especially as to conversation.)

Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat and having a long rope fastened around his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost with the blazing torch in his hands. The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running

horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone and the entrance in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width. Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent; which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sudden growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buckshot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes and snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and in the act of springing at him. At the critical instant he leveled and fired at her head. Stunned by the shock and suffocated by the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But, having refreshed himself and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose and, perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears and kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above him with no small exultation dragged them both out together.—DAVID HUMPHREYS, "Life of Israel Putnam" (1788).

The general gave me a great many anecdotes of the war in which he had been engaged before the revolution, tracing the remarkable events upon a map. He was once taken by the Indians and tied to a tree to be put to death according to their fashion. They threw their tomahawks into the tree beside his head and, after amusing themselves in that way for some time, they lighted up a fire and danced and yelled around him. When they were thus engaged, one of the tribe, a chief who had once been a prisoner of Putnam and kindly treated by him, arrived at the spot and, recognizing his friend in their intended victim, immediately released him from impending slaughter. General Putnam said that their gestures in the dance were so inexpressibly ridiculous that he could not forbear laughing. I expressed some surprise that he could laugh under the circumstances, to which he mildly replied that his composure had no merit, that it was constitutional, and said that he had never felt any bodily fear.—WILLIAM F. LIVINGSTON, *New England Magazine*, October, 1897, quoting letter written in 1834 by Judge Samuel Putnam to Colonel Perley Putnam.

To dueling, that worst and most heartless species of legalized murder, he was always and utterly opposed. . . . It once happened that, without intending an insult, he grossly offended a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little excited, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight, and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time the officer went to the ground, armed with swords and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity and at a distance of thirty rods, leveled his musket and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun. "What are you about?" exclaimed he; "is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?" "What am I about?" exclaimed the general, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to ask a man whom you intended to murder; I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it would take Old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog"; at the same time returning his ramrod to his place and throwing the breech of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder. This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood and the valorous duelist turned and fled for dear life.

An English officer, who was a prisoner on parole, being offended at some remarks of General Putnam, in which he had reflected with some severity upon the character of the British, demanded satisfaction, as for a personal insult. Putnam accepted the challenge and, having his choice of weapons, agreed to meet his antagonist the next morning at a certain place which he named, prepared with arms for both parties. On the arrival of the Englishman at the appointed place, he found Putnam seated by the side of what appeared to be a barrel of powder, smoking his pipe—a common match being inserted into the opening in the top of the barrel. Requesting the Englishman to sit down on the other side of the cask, he set fire to the match with his pipe and, coolly remarking that there was an equal chance for both of them, went on with his smoking. The Englishman watched the match for a moment as the fire crept slowly towards the powder and then, starting hastily up, made a precipitate retreat. "You are just as brave a man as I took you to be," said Putnam; "this is nothing but a barrel of onions, with a few grains of powder on the head, to try you by. But you don't like the smell."—WILLIAM CUTTER, "Life of Israel Putnam" (1847). (W. F. Livingston, "Israel Putnam," says that the family annals show that Putnam in his old age was fond of recounting these incidents.)

Our brave little company, reduced to forty in number, had proceeded along the bank of the creek about an hour's march, when Major Putnam, being in front, was fired on by a party at hand. He, rightly appreciating the advantage often obtained by a bold countenance on a critical occasion, in a stentorophonic tone ordered his men to rush on the enemy, and promised that they should soon give a good account of them. It proved to be a scout of Provincials, who conceived they were firing upon the French; but the commanding officer, knowing Putnam's voice, cried out that they "were all friends." Upon which the major told him abruptly that, "friends or enemies, they all deserved to be hanged for not killing more when they had so fair a shot." In fact, but one man was mortally wounded.—HUMPHREYS.

A person by the name of Palmer, who was a lieutenant in the tory new levies, was detected in the camp at Peekskill. Governor Tryon, who commanded the new levies, reclaimed him as a British officer, represented the heinous crime of condemning a man commissioned by his majesty, and threatened vengeance in case he should be executed. General Putnam wrote the following pithy reply: "Sir—Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your king's service, was taken in my camp as a spy—he was tried as a spy—he was condemned as a spy—and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a spy. I have the honor to be, etc., Israel Putnam. His Excellency Governor Tryon. P. S.—Afternoon. He is hanged."—HUMPHREYS.

Q

QUEENSBERRY, William Douglas, Earl of March, last Duke of Queensberry, 1725-1810.

He made a bet with an Irish gentleman that he would drive a carriage nineteen miles an hour. The Irish gentleman, we are told, "was usually known by the appellation of Count O'Taafe," in which, considering that he had no other name, there was nothing unusual. The wager arose out of a discussion at a sporting meeting and the question was thrown out as a sort of speculation by his lordship. As, however, he was considered one of the most knowing persons on the turf, and placed no reliance whatever on jockeys but trusted all to himself, it was probable that this was in the nature of a "put up thing." Preparations were accordingly made. Mr. Wright, "that ingenious coachmaker" of Longacre, was employed to construct a vehicle of extraordinary lightness; this he secured by making it of wood and whalebone. The harness was formed of silk, instead of leather. The noble bettor practised for long before, four blood horses being driven at this terrific speed, and during the process no fewer than seven horses fell victims to the severity of the training. During practise, however, his lordship had the satisfaction of discovering that the feat was to be done. On the 29th of August, 1750, the "event" came off and having secured what was considered difficult enough in those days—two grooms who would not play booty—this curious match against time was run and won.

Another of his wagers, which led to a suit at law, is often quoted in the courts. He had made a bet of five hundred guineas with a gentleman as to whether Mr. Pigot or Mr. Codrington would die first. One of the lives having expired on the very morning of the wager, a nice point arose, which

came before the courts and was regularly tried. His opponent was a Mr. Pigot, probably the son or nephew of the subject of the wager, for these were the days when gentlemen of *ton* were "really obliged to cut their own fathers." Counsel for one side urged that, if it were a case of two horses, the death of one of the animals before the event vitiated the transaction. But the court and jury decided for Lord March.

An old Lord Essex used to tell a story of his coming home betimes from a ball with the duke—both arrayed in their stars and decorations—and some of the rustics bursting into a sort of a horse laugh at the sight. The duke said simply to his friend, at the same time tapping his stars, "What! Have they found out this humbug at last?"

A physician enjoyed an annuity of five hundred a year for the duke's life, with the understanding that nothing was to be expected after death—a truly artful arrangement.

The drollest thing in the world is that this proper nobleman should have kept a chaplain, who ventured to attack Mr. Wilkes for his irregularities; but, as might be expected, drew on himself a very rough but natural retort: "Many of the darts shot at the black gown of the priest glanced against the ermined robes of his noble patron."—*All the Year Round*, March, 1876.

It is said that he bathed daily in milk and that he adopted the practise so long in vogue in the Chinese empire—that of paying his physicians so much a week for keeping him alive and in good health. His grace, however, did not always carry on this game fairly, for he continually neglected their advice and played all sorts of tricks with his constitution, which he had enfeebled by a long course of dissipation; though it is probable that he would have lived on much longer than he did had he not persisted in devouring a quantity of peaches and nectarines, which killed him in a few hours in his eighty-sixth year, in December, 1810.—E. WALFORD, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1890.

R

RALEIGH, Sir Walter, 1552-1618. English admiral and statesman.

Even in that age of display no man perhaps was so gorgeous in his attire as Raleigh. Jewels, big pearls especially, were beloved by him, and wonderful stories were current in the court as to the fabulous value of the adornments he wore, one writer asserting that the gems upon his shoes alone were worth sixty-six hundred gold pieces.—MARTIN HUME, "Sir Walter Raleigh."

Before he went, having conference with some great lords, his friends, who told him that they doubted he would be prizing, if he could do it handsomely, "Yes," saith he, "if I can light right on the plate fleet you would think I were mad should I refuse it." To whom they answering, "Why, then you will be a pirate." "Tush," quoth he, "my lord, did you ever hear of any that was counted a pirate for taking millions?"—I. A. TAYLOR, "Sir Walter Raleigh," quoting "Domestic State Papers, James I."

As Elizabeth had fits of niggardliness, he occasionally provoked her by demands of this kind, so that one day, in a pettish mood, she exclaimed, "Raleigh, when will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your majesty," he replied in his courtliest tone, "ceases to be a benefactor."—J. A. ST. JOHN, "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh."

The well-known story that Raleigh first won the queen's favor by placing his cloak over a muddy pool in her path is not traceable to any earlier writer than Fuller, who, in his "Worthies," first published in 1662, wrote: "Captain Raleigh, coming out of Ireland to the English court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate), found the queen walking, till, meeting with a plashy place, she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground; whereon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a foot cloth. Thus an advantageous admission into the first notice of a prince is more than half a degree of preferment."—SIDNEY LEE, "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century."

The trick of spreading the cloak was always a favorite one amongst Spanish gallants, and, of course, was well known in France, although apparently it was never acclimatized in England. It was just the thing to confirm the vain queen in the good impression which Raleigh's eloquence and ability had already produced upon her, and, even on Fuller's authority, we may accept the story for its verisimilitude.

The deserting colonists from Virginia [1586] arrived at Plymouth in Drake's fleet at the end of July, and brought with them into England, probably for the first time, the habit of smoking tobacco, which Raleigh himself subsequently made fashionable at court. . . . Howell tells the story that Raleigh was descanting to the queen upon the virtues of the new herb—the use of which had been strongly encouraged in France by her rival queen, Catherine of Medici—when he assured her majesty that he had so well experienced the nature of it, that he could tell her what weight even the smoke would be in any quantity proposed to be consumed. "Her majesty, fixing her thoughts upon the most impracticable part of the experiment, that of bounding the smoke in the balance, suspected that he put the traveler upon her and would needs lay him a wager that he could not solve the doubt; so he procured the quantity agreed upon, to be thoroughly smoked, then went to weighing, but it was of the ashes, and in conclusion what was wanting in the prime weight of the tobacco her majesty did not deny to have been evaporated in smoke, and further said that many laborers in the fire, she had heard of, who turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh was the first who turned smoke into gold."—HUME.

Sitting one day, in deep meditation with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small ale; the fellow coming into the room threw all the liquor into his master's face and, running downstairs, bawled out, "Fire! Help! Sir Walter has studied until his head is on fire and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1731, quoting *Applebee's Journal*, September 18, 1731.

Though the practise of smoking was not initiated by him it was he who made it the fashion of the court. In these halcyon days it is said that Elizabeth would sit beside him while he smoked his silver pipe; and to his fidelity to the habit witness is borne by Aubrey when he mentions—doubtless at least repeating common report—that on his day of execution Raleigh "took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formal persons were scandalized at."—TAYLOR.

Sir Walter Raleigh, we are told, had just completed the last sentence of his "History of the World," the composition of which had beguiled the weary hours of his imprisonment, when he rose from his seat to recreate himself after his labor with the pen with gazing on the busy scene below. Before long he saw two young gallants approaching from opposite quarters, one of whom, in passing the other, inadvertently or of malice prepense, jostled and bespattered him with mud. The injured person on the instant drew his sword and, running the other through the body, without more delay he took himself to his heels. A hue and cry was raised but Sir Walter's position necessarily prevented him from seeing the result. The turmoil in the street had scarcely subsided, when a friend came to visit the imprisoned historian. No sooner had salutations been exchanged than Raleigh eagerly inquired whether the homicide was taken. "What homicide?" inquired the friend. Raleigh narrated the incident which had just occurred. "You must be dreaming, Raleigh," said the visitor, "or want of air and exercise has turned your brain. I have been sitting in the cutler's booth for the last half hour and have seen no disturbance of any kind, though from my position nothing that occurred in the street could have escaped me." Raleigh expostulated with him, but in vain; he persisted in maintaining his assertion. At last in despair the historian took up the work on which he had expended years of labor and anxiety and cast it into the fire that was blazing on the hearth. "If you and I," exclaimed he, "cannot agree as to an incident which took place before our very eyes within the last ten minutes, how futile is it in me to suppose I can narrate with any certainty events that occurred thousands of years ago in countries thousands of leagues from hence." The manuscripts thus destroyed are said to have contained the second and third books of his history, which he promised his readers in the closing words of his first book, and thus it is that his promise has remained unfulfilled. —*The Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1854.

Meeting on his way from Westminster [on the day before his execution] to the Gate House an old acquaintance, Sir Hugh Beeston, he gave him a cheerful greeting. "You will come to-morrow morning?" he asked, inviting him to the last pageant in which he himself would take part; adding, "I do not know what you will do for a place. For my own part I am sure of one. You must make what shift you can."—TAYLOR.

RANDOLPH, John, of Roanoke, 1773-1833. American statesman.

When the erratic John Randolph of Roanoke was a member of Congress there were no railroads nor telegraphs and it was his

fashion to ride in a gorgeous coach and four, with liveried postilions and footmen, between his Virginia home and Washington. His horses were all blooded and his domestics coal-black negroes. While traveling towards Washington, to be present at the opening of one of the sessions, he drew up his coach in front of one of the taverns in Spottsylvania county and hailed the tavernkeeper for the latest papers received from the capitol. The papers were brought out, when Randolph seized them and immediately began to skim their contents hurriedly. The tavernkeeper, who was a great news gossip, but had not looked at the papers, made so bold as to ask him, "What's the news from Washington?" With his squeaking voice Randolph replied, "I don't propose to be catechized by you, sir," and turned his back, still seated, deliberately read the papers during a solid hour, without uttering a word, when he returned them to the tavernkeeper and shouted to the postilions, "Drive on." When the coach was out of sight, the tavernkeeper, who was well acquainted with the genius's fiery ways, remarked, "If I had known he was going to keep 'em that long, he should never have seen 'em."

As a gentleman and his wife were proceeding in a buggy along a country road in Virginia he espied John Randolph of Roanoke, mounted on a blooded steed, his faithful body servant Jubal, also well-mounted, considerably in the rear. Knowing Randolph would never yield the road and wishing to avoid a collision on account of his wife, he turned aside and left the track clear for the horsemen. Afterwards, narrating the occurrence, he said that if he had had a gun in his buggy he certainly would have shot him. Randolph kept on his way, passing like a flash, and soon came in view of a ferry-boat on the point of leaving the shore of a stream he was compelled to cross. Putting spurs to his horse, he made a desperate leap and landed the animal in the middle of the ferry-boat after it had started. A gentleman and some ladies, who had been to church, were in the boat and Randolph's sudden advent caused a terrible commotion. The man mumbled something about his rudeness, when Randolph cut his eye round toward him and, ripping out an oath, shouted, "This is no time nor place for ladies; they ought to be at home." While outwardly courteous to ladies, he had the reputation of harboring a secret spite against the sex.

A young man who was a relative of John Randolph of Roanoke once stayed in the house where both were visiting in Richmond during an entire week without being introduced or speaking to him. This was due to the fear the young man harbored that Randolph would say something unbearably cutting or insulting. Randolph, however, was not to be balked so easily, for at the close of the week, just as the young man was seated by the side of the lady of the house and taking his leave, he placed himself on the opposite side of the lady and, looking unconcernedly up to the ceiling, squeaked out: "I understand there are some of my own kith and kin who have been staying in this house for the last week and studiously avoided saying a word to me. Well, well, this is what old Virginia is coming to."—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1883.

Mr. Randolph would never permit even a switch to be cut near his house. Without being aware of such an interdiction I one day committed a serious trespass. Tudor and I were one day roving in the woods near the house, when I observed a neat hickory plant, about an inch thick, which I felled. Tudor expressed his regret after seeing what I had done, saying he was afraid his uncle would be angry. I went immediately to Mr. Randolph and informed him what I had ignorantly done and expressed regret for it. He took the stick, looked at it pensively for some seconds, as if commiserating its fate. Then looking at me more in sorrow than in anger he said: "Sir, I would not have had it done for fifty Spanish milled dollars." I had seventy-five cents in my pockets, at that time called four and sixpence, and had some idea of offering it to the owner of the premises as an equivalent for the damage I had done, but when I heard about the fifty Spanish milled dollars I was afraid of insulting him by offering the meager atonement of seventy-five cents. I wished very much to get away from him but thought it rude to withdraw abruptly without knowing whether he was done with me. "Did you want this for a cane?" "No, sir." "No; you are not old enough to need a cane. Did you want it for any particular purpose?" "No, sir; I only saw it was a pretty stick and thought I'd cut it." "We can be justified in taking animal life only in order to furnish us food or to remove some hurtful object out of the way. We cannot be justified in taking even vegetable life without having some useful object in view." He then quoted the following lines from Cowper: "I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility,

the man, Who needlessly set foot upon a worm." "Now, God Almighty planted this thing and you have killed it without any adequate object. It would have grown to a large nut tree, in whose boughs numerous squirrels would have gamboled and feasted on its fruit. Those squirrels in their turn might have furnished food for some human beings." Here he made a pause, and looked as if he had something more to say, yet only added: "I hope and believe, sir, you will never do the like again." "Never, sir, never"; he got up and put the stick in a corner and I made my escape to Tudor in an adjoining room, where he had remained an invisible but sympathetic auditor of this protracted rebuke. It was some time before I could cut a switch or a fishing rod without feeling that I was doing some sort of violence to the economy of the vegetable kingdom.—POWHATAN BOULDIN, "Home Reminiscences of John Randolph," quoting WILLIAM H. ELLIOTT'S "Schoolboy Reminiscences of John Randolph."

One day I was passing down the street when Mr. Randolph hailed me in a louder voice than usual. The first question he asked was whether I knew of a good ship in the James river in which he could get passage for England. He said he had been sick of remittent and intermittent fever for forty days and his physician said he must go to England. I told him there were no ships here fit for his accommodation and that he had better go to New York and sail from that port. "Do you think," said he, "that I would give my money to those who are ready to make my negroes cut my throat? If I cannot go to England from a Southern port I will not go at all." I then endeavored to think of the best course for him to take and told him there was a ship in the river. He asked me the name of the ship. I told him it was the Henry Clay. He threw up his arms and exclaimed: "Henry Clay! No, sir! I will never step on the planks of a ship of that name."—HUGH A. GARLAND, "Life of John Randolph of Roanoke," quoting Mr. Anderson, cashier of the United States Branch Bank at Richmond.

I observed one morning, says Mr. Jacob Harvey, of New York, to whom we are indebted for the incidents of this voyage, that Mr. Randolph was examining a very large box of books, containing enough to keep him busy reading during a voyage around the world. I asked him why he had brought so many with him. "I want to have them bound in England, sir," he replied. "Bound in England!" exclaimed I, laughing; "why did you not send them to New York or Boston, where you can get them done cheaper?" "What, sir," replied he sharply, "patronize some of our Yankee taskmasters; those patriotic gentry who have caused such a heavy duty to be imposed upon foreign books? Never, sir, never; I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my tobacco crop will enable me to get supplies from old England, and I shall employ John Bull to bind my books until the time arrives when they can be done properly below Mason and Dixon's line."—GARLAND.

In 1829 I dined at a public table and immediately opposite me sat Mr. Randolph. No one of us happened to be acquainted with him. Having finished his dinner he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and commenced reading. We had all heard of his surprising memory, particularly of dates. One of the company commenced conversation on history and managed to introduce a great number of dates, in each case intentionally making an error of one or two years in each date of each transaction quoted. Randolph stood these errors for a few minutes and, although the conversation was not addressed to him, he could not forego leaning across the table and saying: "Pardon me, sir; not 1667; it was October 15th, 1659," and in this way as each error occurred he corrected it until their frequency disgusted him. He then jumped from the table, evidently irritated, crammed his newspaper into his pocket and, very much in the style of Calvin Edson, the living skeleton, rushed out of the room.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1852.

The reason why he left Russia was this: While he was there and before he had been presented to the emperor, some one undertook to teach him the presentation etiquette of that court. The minister was to enter the door and bow, at the middle of the room bow again and the emperor would meet him and enter into conversation. He was indignant at the idea of any one attempting to teach him and said: "Don't you think I know how without your showing me?" The day for his presentation approached. He entered the room and bowed very low, came to the middle of the room, stopped and again bowed; he then came nearer, took off one gauntlet and threw it on one side of the emperor, and then the other on the other side of the emperor, then he pitched his hat off in front, threw off his mantlet, threw off his sword and fell on his knees. The emperor was perfectly astonished, but, being a well educated man, knew

how to act under the circumstances. So he approached, lifted him up and conversed with him. His reception did not come up to his ideas, so, being disgusted with Russia, he left in a month.—PROFESSOR PARSONS, of Harvard Law School, *Albany Law Journal*, August 20, 1870.

In some of his peculiarities he seems to have taken pride. One which he cultivated with care was an exaggerated precision of pronunciation. This led him to correct without hesitation whatever he considered a blunder in that respect. In one of his irritable moods at Roanoke he grew very impatient for his cup of coffee and testily asked the woman who was waiting on him: "Why don't you make that coffee?" "I wuz a makin' it," she replied. "You wuz making it," retorted the sick man; "who ever said 'wuz' but you and the chief justice?"

After one of his voyages to England he made his appearance unexpectedly in Richmond at an evening party. Miss Coalter was singing when her uncle entered the room. As soon as she saw him she rose from the piano and advanced to meet him, exclaiming: "Dear Uncle John, I had not hyerd you had come." Knowing his fondness for his niece, the persons near Mr. Randolph stepped aside to give space for his meeting her. As if to disappoint both them and the young lady, Randolph replied to her greeting, "Herd, herd, my dear," and turning on his heel left her rebuffed and mortified in the middle of the room.—*The Green Bag*, July, 1898.

After the first discharge Mr. Randolph by firing into the air showed his disinclination to continue the fight. He immediately walked up to Mr. Clay, who was still standing in his place, and, parting the folds of his gown, pointed to a hole where the bullet of the former had pierced his coat, and, in the shrillest tones of his squeaking voice, exclaimed: "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat; you owe me a coat," to which he replied in a voice of slow and solemn emphasis, at the same time pointing directly to Mr. Randolph's heart: "Mr. Randolph, I thank God that I am no deeper in your debt."—DANIEL MALLORY, "Life and Speeches of Henry Clay."

In one of Mr. Randolph's orations he made a violent attack on the army of the United States, in which he did not spare that of the revolution, but was as severe on it as on the existing army. A Lieutenant Knight, an officer of the latter, feeling for the honor of the corps to which he belonged, determined to try the metal of his assailant. Singling him out in a box in the Chestnut Street Theater, he sought an opportunity to tread heavily on his toes, expecting to be immediately challenged for the offense. But in this expectation he was disappointed. Instead of sending a challenge Randolph wrote a strong expostulatory letter to John Adams, the then president of the United States, complaining of the insolence of his myrmidons in endeavoring to intimidate and browbeat members of Congress. Whether the president took any notice of the affair, and, if any, what, I cannot recollect.—*Knickerbocker Magazine*, November, 1834.

The following is copied from a memorandum in Mr. Randolph's own words: "Pocahontas (whose true name was Matoaca), baptized by the name of Rebecca, married John Rolfe, Esq., and left an only son Thomas, whose only daughter married Robert Bolling, of Bolling Hall, West Riding, of York, who left a son, John Bolling, one of whose daughters married Richard Randolph, of Curles, whose youngest son, John Randolph of Roanoke, married Frances Bland. Your humble servant is one of the only surviving issue of that marriage, and sixth in descent from Pocahontas."—BOULDIN.

There is no doubt but that he was descended from Pocahontas. He was most proud of this. No stranger could be in his company one hour and remain ignorant of it. He was sure to bring it in conversation some way. He felt that old Powhatan was lord of all Virginia and when he died he left his regal rights to his daughter and when she died they descended to him and that he was king of the whole land. There was a "screw loose" somewhere in his mental composition. So long ago as when the first steamboat was put upon the Hudson, there was not business enough to keep it employed every day, so frequently it would take excursion parties up the river. On one occasion quite a large party were on board, among them Randolph and a Mr. Schuyler, who was a very modest, shy man, respected by all. While the boat was going on its way Randolph started up, went a few paces from a party of ladies and shouted out: "Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Schuyler, will you do me the favor to come here?" Mr. Schuyler left the party and approached him. "Mr. Schuyler, look here," placing his hand upon his ear, "what do you see?" "Nothing," replied Mr. Schuyler. "Look at that ear; what do you see?" "Simply an ear." "Don't you see Pocahontas there?" In order for Schuyler to get away he finally said: "I think I do see a little of it." Mr.

Schuyler related this to Parsons. It was believed that the aboriginal descendants of the country left a peculiar mark upon the lobe of the ear, which always marked such persons.—PROFESSOR PARSONS, of Harvard Law School, *The Albany Law Journal*, August 20, 1870.

He attended the session of Congress in Philadelphia the December following [1800] and on appearing at the speaker's table, when the roll was called, to take the oath of office, the speaker, Mr. Sedgwick, surprised at his youthful appearance, asked him if he was old enough to be eligible. "Ask my constituents," replied Mr. Randolph, which was all the satisfaction the speaker got or required. —LEMUEL SAWYER, "Biography of John Randolph."

"The Democratic party has seven principles—five loaves and two fishes."—*Magazine of American History*, March, 1877, quoting Randolph.

While a member of Congress, Randolph boarded in Georgetown, and generally rode over to the capitol, although he sometimes walked. On a keen, frosty morning, while walking across the Rock Creek bridge, he was seen by Mr. B——, who was walking on the opposite side of the bridge in the same direction. Mr. B——, having a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Randolph, crossed over to walk with him. Mr. Randolph had very long legs and even in his ordinary gait was a fast walker. With some difficulty Mr. B—— came up and saluted him with, "Good morning, Mr. Randolph; you are walking fast this morning." "Yes, sir," squeaked Randolph, "and I can walk still faster," which he at once did, leaving Mr. B—— far behind to ruminate on the politeness of statesmen.—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1876.

He was traveling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted; he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine gentleman, and, no doubt, one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows: "Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?" "Sir?" said Mr. Randolph with a look of displeasure. "I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you traveling?" "Have I paid you my bill?" "Yes." "Do I owe you anything more?" "No." "Well, I am just going where I please; do you understand?" "Yes." The landlord by this time got somewhat excited and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise in a few minutes he sent one of his servants to inquire which one of the forks of the road he should take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath: "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent; just take which road you please." It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1853.

I remember an anecdote which ex-President Van Buren once told me of John Randolph. Somebody was speaking to him in a complimentary vein in reference to a debate in the House of Representatives and told him that a speech of his had not been answered. "Answered, sir," said he; "it was not made to be answered."—JOHN BIGELOW, "The Life of Samuel J. Tilden."

Familiar to many, it may be, will be found this reply to a gentleman who rather forced himself upon Mr. Randolph's notice, while engaged in conversation with others, at a hotel in Virginia: "I have had the pleasure, Mr. Randolph, recently of passing your house." "I am glad of it," said Mr. Randolph, "I hope you will always do it, sir."

He said to a waiter, at the same time handing him his cup and saucer: "Take that away—change it." "What do you want, Mr. Randolph?" asked the waiter respectfully; "do you want coffee or tea?" "If that stuff is tea," said he, "bring me coffee; if it's coffee, bring me tea. I want a change."—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1852.

He described Delaware as a state having three counties at low tide and four at high tide.—*The Green Bag*, April, 1900.

He now made his preparations to die. Between him and his faithful servant there appeared to be a perfect understanding. He directed John to bring him his father's breast button, which was immediately produced. He then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the buttonhole of the shirt bosom, but to fit it completely required a hole on the opposite side. When this was announced to his master, he quickly said: "Get a knife and cut one." I handed my penknife to John, who

cut a hole and fixed the valued relic to the satisfaction of the dying patient. A napkin was also called for and was placed by John upon the breast of the patient. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, his eyes were closed and I concluded that he was disposed to sleep. He suddenly roused from this state with the words: "Remorse! Remorse!" It was twice repeated; at the last time, at the top of his voice, evidently with great agitation, he cried out: "Let me see the word." No reply followed: having learned enough of the character of my patient to ascertain, when I did not know exactly what to say, it was best to say nothing. He then exclaimed: "Get a dictionary—let me see the word." I cast my eyes around and told him I believed there was none in the room. "Write it down then—let me see the word." I picked up one of his cards from the table, "Randolph of Roanoke," and inquired whether I should write on that. "Yes; nothing more proper." Then with my pencil I wrote "Remorse." He took the card in his hands in a hurried manner and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed. I did so and handed it to him again. He was excessively agitated at this period—he repeated, "Remorse! You have no idea what it is—you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ and hope I have obtained pardon." He then said: "Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done. I inquired what was to be done with the card; he replied: "Put it into your pocket and take care of it; when I am dead look at it."—JOSEPH PARRISH, deposition, *Littell's Living Age*, October 23, 1847.

REED, Thomas Brackett, 1839-1902. American statesman.

He went to California. Judge Wallace, afterwards chief justice of California, examined Reed for admission to the bar. It was in 1863, during the Civil War, when the legal tender act was much discussed in California, where a gold basis was still maintained, that Wallace, whose offices adjoined the one where Reed was studying, happened in one day and said: "Mr. Reed, I understand you want to be admitted to the bar. Have you studied law?" "Yes, sir; I studied law in Maine while teaching." "Well," said Wallace, "I have one question to ask: Is the legal tender act constitutional?" "Yes," said Reed. "You shall be admitted to the bar," said Wallace; "Tom Bodley [a deputy sheriff, who had legal aspirations] was asked the same question and he said, 'No.' We will admit you both, for anybody who can answer offhand a question like that ought to practise law in this country."—ROBERT P. PORTER, *McClure's Magazine*, October, 1893.

When his daughter Katherine, or Kitty, as he called her, was a little girl she had a cat to which she was very much devoted. One day the kitten was sleeping in Reed's chair when he was about to sit down. His daughter in horror gave the chair a sudden pull to save the cat from annihilation and as a result Reed sat down heavily upon the floor. It was rather a serious happening for a man of his size and even a lesser man might easily have lost his temper. But the only notice he took of the affair was to say gravely, after he had got on his feet: "Kitty, remember that it is easier to get another cat than another father."—SAMUEL W. MCCALL, "Life of Thomas B. Reed."

An anecdote is told of Reed which gives an idea of his pugnacity. It seems that upon one occasion, when he was a young lawyer in Portland, he had been engaged in an important case. The verdict went against his client. The opposing counsel, in passing from the bar, smiled patronizingly on Reed and as he went by the court stenographer smoothed down the man's hair, ruffled in the nervous struggle to keep pace with the young lawyer's rapid tongue. Reed instantly arose and, stretching himself to his great height, walked boldly over to the stenographer and rubbed his hair back into its former position, looking down upon his opponent with a contemptuous smile.—FRANK A. MUNSEY, *Munsey's Magazine*, April, 1893.

Once the House was making an effort to secure a quorum and, as is usually done in such cases, telegrams were sent to members who were absent. One man, who was delayed by a flood on the railroad, telegraphed Reed, saying: "Wash-out on line; can't come." Reed telegraphed back: "Buy another shirt and come on next train."—MCCALL.

William M. Springer, of Illinois, in the course of a discussion when Reed was Speaker, quoted the well-known epigram of Clay—"I would rather be right than be President." *Sotto voce* Reed's inimitable drawl could be heard: "The gentleman need not worry, for he will never be either." This sally clung to Springer until his death and very likely cost him the Speakership at the

time Crisp was elected.—H. B. FULLER, *McClure's Magazine*, June, 1911.

As we sat talking a Southern member of Congress suddenly burst into the room, his face aflame with excitement, a newspaper in his hand. Planting the paper on the table before the Speaker, he demanded in an excited voice whether a civilized nation would permit such things as were there described within ninety miles of its borders. Slowly adjusting his glasses the Speaker cast his eyes over the paper. At the top, in large headlines, was the story of the suffering of the *reconcentrados*. But about half way down the page, in smaller lines, was an account of an assault on a negro postmaster in one of the Southern states. Instead of reading the top lines, the Speaker read in a drawling voice the lower set of headlines: "The Postmaster at —— Shot—His Wife Ill-Treated—His House Burned." "Why, my friend," said he in the same drawling tone, "that can't be down South; that must be over in Cuba. If we had a civilization like that we would not want to spread it over Cuba anyhow, would we?" By that time the would-be savior of Cuba was well on his way out of the room.—HENRY S. PRITCHETT, *The North American Review*, March, 1909.

On one of his [Joseph H. Choate's] visits to Washington he was a guest of Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, as was also the late Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives. The conversation turned upon what some would consider vices, and other frailties, of mankind, and Mr. Choate remarked: "I never smoked a cigar, never played a game of poker, and never attended a horse race in my life." Senator Wolcott looked pathetically at Speaker Reed and said: "I wish I could say that." Mr. Reed's characteristic and witty response was: "You can; Choate did."—THEBON C. STRONG, "Joseph H. Choate."

RHODES, Cecil John, 1853-1902. South African statesman.

"Why did I come to Africa?" he once replied to a friend. "Well, they will tell you that I came on account of my health, or from a love of adventure—and to some extent that may be true; but the real fact is that I could no longer stand their eternal cold mutton."—GORDON LE SUEUR, "Cecil Rhodes."

I remember in the impetuosity of my youth, I was talking to a man advanced in years who was planting—what do you think?—he was planting oak trees, and I said to him very gently that the planting of oak trees by a man advanced in years seemed to me rather imaginative. He seized the point at once and said to me: "You feel that I shall never enjoy the shade." I said, "Yes," and he replied, "I have the imagination and I know what that shade will be and, at any rate, no one will ever alter those lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines. I know that I cannot expect to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rest the conception, and the shade, and the glory."—EDWARD DICEY, *The Fortnightly Review*, March 1, 1897, quoting Cecil Rhodes.

He hailed me as a castaway hails a sail and I must sit down with him to dessert. With a sudden movement he threw out his right arm, pulling up his sleeve as he did so, and resting the hand, palm upward, on the table. "Look there," he said. There was nothing to look at in Mr. Rhodes's hands; they were like a schoolboy's; but what I was looking at was the wrist. Where a doctor feels one's pulse, there stood out as it were a knot, and as the artery pumped and labored one could count the throbs by the eye, without laying a finger there. "Look! You never saw a man with a pulse like that; no, no"; he brushed aside some commonplace reassuring remark of mine—"not like that. Do you know what you see there? You see the heart." And he fell into a vaguely gloomy train, from which I was glad to lead him off to the subject of my call. Not long before, walking up on the lofty plateau of Mashonaland, he had fainted and lay as one dead for a day and a night.—F. E. GARRETT, *The Contemporary Review*, June, 1902.

He very rarely personally interviewed female applicants for relief, not that he was afraid that he might be convinced contrary to his better judgment to give them assistance, but because he knew that he would be affected by the sight of distress, and he was too proud to show it. He seemed to think it a weakness in a man to be overcome by his feelings. I remember on one occasion a poor woman, whose husband was a habitual drunkard, coming to him for assistance. She had two little children with her, pale-faced and famished, with their clothes in rags. She saw me first and unfolded a pitiful tale of their sufferings. I left her with the children in my office and went to him outside on the step, where he was reading a newspaper. I repeated her story to him. He came with me into my office and looked at them for just a second; their condition seemed to upset him very much and, without saying a word, he went to my desk, seized his check-book and,

handing me a check, said almost inaudibly, and with a lump in his throat: "Poor woman! Give her that." Then without looking at her he turned his back so that his face should not be seen and left the room hurriedly by a side door. That was Rhodes's true nature, which unfortunately he always studiously tried to conceal.—PHILIP JOURDAN, "Cecil Rhodes."

In some publication, of the *Truth* or *Modern Society* type, I happened to see a particularly malevolent . . . paragraph about Rhodes, which referred to an incident within my knowledge. I wrote to Dr. Jameson —it was never any use writing to Rhodes —asking him whether I should contradict it. To this letter I received the following characteristic reply, dictated to Dr. Jameson by Rhodes: "Tell Ivan-Müller that we colonists are not so soft-skinned as you people at home. When we are hit we don't whine and cry, and when we are praised we don't pat our stomachs and say what fine fellows we are."

Mr. Rhodes's tailors and my own are one and the same, and for the same reason. They had been our tailors when we were undergraduates and we have been their customers ever since. Needing to replenish my own wardrobe I went to the shop and, seeing an autograph letter of Mr. Rhodes on the wall, I remarked incidentally that I had left him only three weeks ago. "Then," said the manager, "you can perhaps best tell me what clothes he wants, for we have received an order for six suits of clothes without any instructions as to material or as to whether they are for summer or for winter use." "Well," I replied, "you had better send him a new dress suit, for I imagine he wants one, and as for the rest I should divide them as equally as possible between winter and summer, for they have only two seasons." "He is an unsatisfactory customer," said the manager, "for even when he is in England he won't allow us to try on his clothes. The only exception he made was when he had a frock coat built because he was about to pay a visit to the queen and then he would give us only five minutes and was awfully cross the whole time."—E. B. IVAN-MÜLLER, *The Fortnightly Review*, May 1, 1902.

He had one curious habit: he would never light his cigarette with a match. When he wanted a cigarette, and I was not smoking, he would say to me: "Take a cigarette." I would take one and light it and then he would reach over and say: "Now give me a light," and light his cigarette at mine.—LE SUEUR.

Although his income amounted to very nearly a quarter of a million per annum, his banking account was as a rule overdrawn for nine months every year and he had to pay to the Standard Bank as interest on his overdrafts as much as five thousand pounds per annum.—JOURDAN.

He never would carry money with him and on more than one occasion he suffered for the want of it. During the Kimberley Industrial Exposition in 1892, in the promotion of which he took a prominent part, he was refused admission to the grounds on one occasion because he had neither a ticket nor money to pay for one. He told the attendant at the entrance gate who he was, but that official, after having looked him up and down suspiciously, refused to believe him and would not admit him, saying that it was not likely that a wealthy man such as Cecil Rhodes would go about in an indifferent suit with neither money nor a watch; and he was obliged to wait outside the grounds until he was able to borrow some cash from a friend. He appreciated the man's strict adherence to duty so much that he afterwards sent him a handsome present.—JOURDAN.

Rhodes was on terms of great intimacy with General Charles Gordon (Chinese Gordon), who wished him to accompany him to the Soudan. Rhodes, however, refused, saying that his work lay in the South. Gordon is said to have told him the story of his having been offered a roomful of silver in China which he had refused, and to have asked Rhodes what he would have done. "Why, taken it, to be sure," said Rhodes, "and as much more as they would have liked to give me; for what is the earthly use of having ideas if you haven't the money to carry them out?"—LE SUEUR.

There are some who cannot for one moment overlook the gift of ten thousand pounds which he once paid to Parnell.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, March, 1902.

"Pure philanthropy," he once remarked, "is all very well, but philanthropy plus five per cent. is a good deal better."—JOHN BRISBEN WALKER, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, June, 1902.

Once in old Kimberley days Rhodes looked up an old bachelor acquaintance for a chat. The acquaintance, assistant manager of something or other, was making a

list of his washing, "Wait a moment, Rhodes —six collars—m'm—three shirts——" "Do you know," Rhodes interrupted him solemnly, "you will never be anything more than an assistant manager." And he never was.—GARRETT.

I was up in Victoria in 1893. The Matabele impis were close to the town and kept attacking and killing our Mashona workmen. I remonstrated with them and ordered them off in vain. I was besieged with complaints from the settlers, who threatened to trek out of the country if these marauders were not promptly brought to reason. I sent Lendy to drive them off if they would not go quietly. They fired on him and he charged and broke them, inflicting considerable loss. Thereupon other impis advanced and threatened Victoria. Rhodes was down at the House at Cape Town. I wired him from Victoria the exact situation and said that it was an absolute necessity to assume the offensive and strike at Bulawayo at once. Rhodes, who does not waste words, wired back briefly: "Read Luke fourteen thirty-one." . . . I asked for a Bible, looked up the passage and read: "Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" Of course I understood at once what Mr. Rhodes meant. The Matabeles had an army of many thousands. I had nine hundred settlers available for action. Could I, after careful consideration, venture to face such unequal odds? I decided at once in the affirmative and immediately telegraphed back to Mr. Rhodes at Cape Town: "All right. Have read Luke fourteen thirty-one." —L. S. JAMESON, "Personal Reminiscences of Mr. Rhodes."

The "irresistible impulse," as Mr. Rhodes explained it to a friend, which made him throw himself into beleaguered Kimberley by the last train that got through the closing Boer lines, and share the hardships and dangers of the siege with his workmen; turning the DeBeers workshops into a skilful modern arsenal and astonishing the Boer besiegers with the grim pleasantry, stamped on all the shells there manufactured: "With C. J. Rhodes's Compliments."—GARRETT.

RICHARD III., 1452-1485. King of England.

It must then be allowed that the popular conception of Richard as a hunchback finds no support in history and it is not so much as hinted at by the most malicious of his contemporaries. It was the fabrication of a later age, but the idle tradition holds its ground.—LEGGE, "The Unpopular King." He was not in truth, as one hath of late full slanderously described him, "little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right and hard-favored of visage" [SIR THOMAS MORE, "Life of Richard III."]; none of these was he; for though his person were not of the tallest, it was well up to the middle stature of men; and albeit one of his shoulders might be somewhat higher than its fellow, yet he had a shrewd eye who did discover it and a passing malicious wit who reported it to be a great deformity.—WILLIAM HAZELTINE, "The Last of the Plantagenets," whose narrative purports to be in the words of a document penned by "the last of the Plantagenets," supposed to have been discovered at Eastwell.—*Notes and Queries*, October 16, 1886.

In "Old England" there are four portraits of Richard. All, I think, contradict the popular notion of his person.—*Notes and Queries*, November 20, 1886.

RICHELIEU, Armand Jean Duplessis, 1585-1642. French statesman.

There is no foundation whatever for the story, told in later years by Richelieu's detractors, that he deceived the pope as to his age by producing a false certificate of birth, and that when he afterwards confessed the fraud Paul V. declared that "that young man will be a great rogue." Equally unfounded is the counterbalancing story that the pope was so impressed with Richelieu's store of theological learning that he exclaimed: "It is only fair that one whose knowledge is above his age should be ordained under age."—RICHARD LODGE, "Richelieu."

A trait of the cardinal's that looks like weakness to-day must be understood in relation to the time. He believed in alchemy, sorcery, visions and other medieval superstitions. It does not appear that he had much faith in astrology, which was decidedly in fashion, though a few uncertain stories are told of his belief in it. Alchemy was still credible enough and he more than once promoted experiments. A certain Dubois made some experiments in his presence at Vincennes. The cardinal followed carefully, and, when he saw gold appear in the crucible, entrusted the man with a large sum for further production. Dubois decamped with it.

He had put the gold in the crucible with the hollow rod used for stirring it. The long arm of the cardinal reached the charlatan in his retirement, and, after a brief experience of the terrible Laffemas, he was hanged for magical practises. A more honest alchemist nervously tried to make gold before Louis and Richelieu at the Louvre. He failed and was sent to trial for sorcery and coining.—JOSEPH MCCABE, "The Iron Cardinal."

Exercise was likewise necessary for the body as well as the mind; and it was his custom, when much confined, to jump after dinner across the chamber he might be in and mark his jumps against the wall. But he had a particular dislike to be found engaged in such amusements. One day M. de Grammont, who seems to have been as good a courtier as his namesake who made *les délices* of the court of our Charles II., and who was at home in the cardinal's palace, being a relation by marriage, came upon him unexpectedly while employed in this exercise. Richelieu looked a little confused at being caught in his doublet and hose, but the practised courtier was not for a moment at a loss. "Does your eminence call that jumping?" cried de Grammont; "why, I can jump half as far again." To jumping they went, Grammont not supporting his boast, but allowing the powerful minister to beat him each jump a little.—WILLIAM ROBSON, "Life of Richelieu."

The cardinal, who justly holds a high rank among the statesmen of Europe, seems to have thought that he could carry into poetry the same process that he employed in politics. As in the accomplishment of his political designs he left all the trouble of execution to his agents, civil and military, while he reserved to himself all the glory of success, he seems to have supposed that by ordering plays to be written and acted in his name he should be justly entitled to the reputation of a dramatic poet. He accordingly appointed a committee of five poets, corresponding in number to the acts necessary for a perfect play, and when he wanted to write a tragedy he issued his orders and each of his poets produced an act. Corneille was one of this committee. . . . The cardinal, who was aware no doubt that a piece, in order to produce any reputation for its author, must not only contain the five necessary acts, but must be applauded by the public, after providing for the first of these conditions in the way just mentioned, instituted a commission of forty, whose business it was to praise the pieces published in his name and condemn all others. This body was called the French Academy. It seems to have been considered a point of honor with the five poets not to produce anything in their own names, at least nothing better than what they published under that of the cardinal's. Hence, when Corneille published his famous "Cid," the earliest good tragedy in the French language, it was regarded by the cardinal as an act of petty treason and, although one of the privileged poets, the author was immediately delivered over to the forty judges to be tried and punished in the ordinary way.—*The North American Review*, April, 1820, citing Goeffrey on Dramatic Literature.

"Do you know," he once said to Desmarets, "what is the occupation in which I take the most delight?" "I suppose," made answer the courtly poet, "that your eminence prefers of all things to work out the happiness of France." "Not at all," was the cardinal's reply; "it is writing verses." . . . No wonder that "Mirame" never saw the light again for two hundred years. Though mentioned in every work that treats of Richelieu, whether history or fiction, it was so little known that no copy of it exists in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the description of its first performance given by Alfred de Vigny in his "Cinq-Mars" simply proved that he could never have read the play and drew on his imagination for all the details respecting it. But a few weeks ago a solitary performance of "Mirame" was given at one of the literary matinées of the Troisième Théâtre-Français. That second representation in no wise reversed the decision of the first. The audience was moved to irreverent hilarity by the language and incidents of the fifth act, with its series of sudden resurrections, and the play came to an end amid shouts of laughter. Nobody imitated the Mauprat of Bulwer's "Richelieu" and "applauded at the proper place." "Mirame" is not, however, as has been generally supposed, the only specimen of dramatic writings of Richelieu that still survives. There exists also a tragedy from his pen called "Merope." This work, when completed, he read aloud to his secretary, and flatterer, Boisrobert. It was so very bad that when he asked Boisrobert what he thought of it the candid reply was that it was only fit to be destroyed. The cardinal tore up his tragedy in a pet and went to bed. But in the middle of the night, stung with remorse for having destroyed such a masterpiece, he arose, called his attendants, caused the scattered frag-

ments to be picked up and pasted together with infinite trouble, and "Merope" now figures among the collected works of Desmarets. We believe it was never played.—LUCY H. HOOPER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, May, 1879.

During the endless rejoicings over the birth of a dauphin Richelieu gave Scudery's tragi-comedy "L'Amour Tyrannique" in his theater at the palace. It was played by children and Richelieu was particularly pleased with a beautiful young girl of thirteen who took the chief part. She was brought to him and recited verses that had been prepared for her. Richelieu took her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. In the middle of his caresses she managed to tell him that her father was in exile and pleaded for his return. Richelieu did not relax his friendliness for a moment. The father must come back and bring her to see him. Some time later he was told that the man had come to see him, but had not brought the children. The cardinal sent him back for them and was much struck with them. "I will make something great of them," he said to the father, assuring him that an office would be found for him. "Something great" was made of them, for the boy (then fifteen years old) was Blaise Pascal and the little actress was his sister Jacqueline.—MCCABE.

It was to check this stream of foreign importation that Richelieu's edicts, enjoining the adoption of a simpler mode, were mainly directed; and the character of the dress thus described may be seen in pictures by Abraham Bosse, a contemporary artist. According to these, the already retreating farthingale was altogether banished and the hitherto tucked-up skirts were ordered to hang straightly down. The ruff was robbed of its lace edging and turned flat over the shoulders in the form of a wide, plain collar; and the skirted jacket, or *hongreline*, so called by its being worn by the Hungarian soldiers, took the place of the stiffened and embroidered bodice. The dress was well suited to the requirements of the lower *bourgeoisie*, by whom it was readily adopted; and it survives to this day in all its integrity among the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, whose habit was especially chosen by their founder, to render them inconspicuous. Its pattern was much too plain, however, to find favor with the upper classes; and the court ladies, though adhering to it in outline, succeeded in so far altering its details as to produce the stately garb which Vandyke has immortalized and whose most characteristic features were repeated in male costumes as well.—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1892.

The cardinal was desperately in love, and made no secret of it, with a great princess [Anne of Austria] whom the respect I owe to her memory prevents me from naming here. The princess and her confidante [the Duchess de Chevreuse] were in those days quite as much inclined to amusements as to intrigue. One day they were walking together and laughing at the amorous cardinal. "He's desperately in love," said the confidante, "and I do not know anything he would not do to please your majesty. Shall I send him one evening into your room dressed as a mountebank and oblige him to dance the saraband? If you wish it he will come." "Folly," replied the princess, but she was a woman, young, high-spirited and full of fun. The idea of such a sight struck her as entertaining. She took her friend at her word, who at once went to the cardinal. The great minister, although he had all the affairs of Europe in his head, still had his heart full of love. He accepted the strange assignation, already thinking himself assured of his conquest. But it happened otherwise. Boccau [a famous musician], who played the violin, was sent for. He was told to keep the secret—but are such secrets ever kept?—and it was through him that the circumstances became known. Richelieu was attired in green velvet pantaloons, with garters ornamented with silver bells; he held castanets in his hand and danced the saraband, which was played by Boccau—the lady spectators and Boccau hidden behind a screen, from which the movements of the dancer were seen. They laughed immoderately. How could they do otherwise? as I, in my fiftieth year, am still laughing at it. Boccau gone, the cardinal went through all the stages of a declaration. But the princess treated it all as buffoonery, and her contempt, seasoned with jests, so maddened the haughty prelate that his love turned to hate. The princess paid only too dearly for the pleasure she derived from seeing the cardinal dance.—COMTE DE BRIENNE, "Memoirs."

The ambassadors of the seventeenth century . . . threw their whole souls into the question of paying and returning visits and were ready to break off the most important negotiations if they were received at the head of the staircase instead of the foot. The articles of marriage treaty between Prince Charles and Princess Henrietta could not be discussed until it was ascertained how Cardinal Richelieu would receive the

ambassadors and how far he would accompany them out of the room when the interview was over. It was found impossible to come to an agreement on these points and the marriage might never have taken place if some one had not suggested to the cardinal the expedient of illness. Richelieu obligingly took to his bed and the English envoys were enabled to visit him without danger of risking their dignity.—GEORGINA HILL, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1901.

Grim humor is found in many of the stories told about him. When Cardinal de la Valette died, Richelieu decided to reward the count d'Harcourt with his command. Harcourt was of the Lorraine family and had little hope of advancing under Richelieu, but the cardinal had noted his merit and now summoned him. "The king directs that you must leave the kingdom," said he to the young noble. Harcourt turned pale and bowed in silence. "Because," Richelieu immediately went on, "he has made you general of the army in Italy as a reward for your fidelity." —MCCABE.

Canon Mulot, the cardinal's confessor, had no onerous position. He had rendered service to Richelieu at Avignon and was not forgotten. He was a good drinker and, apparently, a favorite butt for jokes. One day Richelieu put thorns under the saddle of his horse, before he mounted. When he found his feet again he rushed to the cardinal, it is said, crying: "You are a bad man." "Be quiet," said the cardinal, "or I'll have you hanged for revealing the secrets of the confessional."—MCCABE.

Richelieu died in December, 1642, prematurely aged and broken. He was at the height of his power and glory. As the end came he felt a premonition and asked the doctor: "Shall I recover?" He was answered: "We must hope so; God will surely spare a life so precious to France." "Speak," said he, "as a friend and not as a mere physician. Have I long to live?" "In twenty-four hours you will be cured or be at rest." "That is speaking to the purpose. Child [to his niece], you have been tender and good; obey me in one thing—leave the room. God's hand may be heavy upon me; you must not be by." To the confessor who asked him to forgive his enemies, he answered: "I have no enemies but the enemies of the state." They were practically his last words.—JOHN F. TAYLOR, *The Fortnightly Review*, October 1, 1898.

Asked whether he pardoned his enemies, he replied: "Absolutely, and I pray God to condemn me if I have had any other aim than the welfare of God and of the state." This sentence, like the death-bed utterances of many other eminent men, has been corrupted by tradition into a more epigrammatic form. According to Madame de Motteville, Richelieu replied: "I have had no enemies except those of the state."—LODGE.

The surgeons dissected Richelieu's brain after his death and reported that the organs of hearing were duplicated, if not triplicated. What real peculiarity there was we shall never know, but the legend of the crude anatomists suited the myth-makers.—MCCABE.

RICHELIEU, Louis François Armand Duplessis, Duke of, 1696-1788. Marshal of France.

I know a lady who became infatuated with him from merely having seen a back view of him.—CARDINAL DUBOIS, "Memoirs."

In a moment of petulance at a supper the king had given him a slap. This, it will be seen at once, was "being driven into a corner." To return it was impossible, to rest under it a disgrace, and, indeed, any serious dealing with the matter must, at the best, have led to retirement from the court—a self-inflicted punishment which would have been ridiculous where no offense had been given. Without a moment's pause the nobleman turned to his neighbor and slapped his face, saying: "The king wishes you to pass that on." Thus it passed into the regions of jest.—*London Graphic*, July 1875. (A similar anecdote is told of George IV.)

The Marshal de Richelieu became in his old age inconveniently deaf, but no one knew better how to turn the infirmity to account. As First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the three principal theaters in Paris were under his direction; and the old marshal was extremely indulgent in sanctioning engagements with young artists of merit or actresses of promise. One day, having been apprized that the directors of the Opéra Comique had determined to dismiss a young female singer, recommended to his good offices, he summoned Grétry and the two *semainiers* (members of the company required by weekly rotation to decide on the engagement of débutantes). "I sent for you, my dear Grétry," said he, "to inform these gentlemen of your opinion of Mademoiselle R." "My opinion, Monsieur le Maréchal, is that there is no hope for her," replied the composer. "You hear, gentlemen," said the marshal, turning gravely to the other two, who stood at a

respectful distance, "Monsieur Grétry, the best of judges, says he had great hopes of her." "The fact is," said Grétry, "that Mademoiselle R. has no ear." "You hear, gentlemen, Monsieur Grétry observes that the young lady has an excellent ear. Make out, therefore, an agreement for three years. I have the honor to wish you a good morning."—*The Eclectic Magazine*, February, 1854.

ROBERTS, Frederick Sleigh, Baron Roberts of Kandahar, Viscount St. Pierre, Earl Roberts, 1832-1914. English field marshal.

A Territorial captain—his brother, an officer in the regular army, told me the story—was taking part in a field day with his battalion in Berkshire. His instructions were that he was at all costs to hold a certain line of country. It so happened that the attack developed in a direction which made it necessary for him hurriedly to advance his men to a flank and away from his reserves. . . . When his superior officer, finding himself hard pressed, signaled for the reserves, there was no reply. Unfortunately there was neither galloper nor cyclist at hand to carry a message. "If I don't get my reserves here in half an hour," the officer said, "I shall lose the position and the loss of the position may mean, probably will mean, victory for the enemy all along the line. It shan't be so if I can help it. Now what can I do?" Hurriedly but keenly he scanned the rolling Berkshire down around him. On the whity-brown high road that curved outward in a huge half circle from the point where he was standing, he saw a cloud of dust. "A motor and coming this way!" he exclaimed. "Follow me, Brown." (This to a non-commissioned officer.) Stooping low, so as not to offer a target to the enemy, he sprinted in a line which intersected the high road at the nearest point which the on-coming car must pass. The motor was almost on him as he reached the road and, leaping into the center, held up his hand. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he to the occupant, "but I am in command of troops holding this position. We're attacked in force and my reserves are at some distance away in a copse, along the road in the direction you have come. I've signaled for reenforcements, but they have not kept up their communications. I have neither a galloper nor a cyclist. If I get my reenforcements here in half an hour, I can hold the position. If I don't, I lose it, and losing it means everything to the enemy. I wonder if you'd be so very good as to lend me your car for a few minutes to carry a message?" "With the greatest pleasure," said the occupant. Turning to the chauffeur he said: "You are entirely at this officer's disposal. I shall walk on and you can pick me up when he has done with you." As he spoke he got out of the car and as he lifted his cap in response to the young officer's salute and hasty words of thanks the latter recognized Field Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C.—COULSON KERNAHAN, *The National Review*, November, 1915.

I have only heard to-day that there are women and children in your laager. If this is the case, I will be happy to accord them a safe conduct through my lines to any place they may select. I must express my regret to you that these women and children were exposed to our fire during the late attacks. We did not know of their presence with your troops. I have also heard that you are in want of surgeons and medicines. If you require them it will afford me great pleasure to send you either the one or the other.—Lord Roberts to General Cronje, February 21, 1900, quoted by GEORGE FORREST, "The Life of Lord Roberts." (Cronje declined the safe conduct but accepted the offer of surgeons and medicines on condition that the surgeons would remain with him until he changed the location of his camp. Lord Roberts replied that he could not spare his surgeons for so indefinite a period. Cronje almost immediately afterwards surrendered.)

ROBESPIERRE, François Maximilien Joseph Isidore, 1758-1794. French statesman.

Robespierre did not hold his office long. Every one has heard the striking story, how the young judge whose name was within half a dozen years to take a place in the popular mind of France and Europe with the bloodiest monsters of myth and history, resigned his post in a fit of remorse after condemning a murderer to be executed. "He is a criminal, no doubt," Robespierre kept groaning reply to the consolations of his sister, for women are more positive creatures than men: "a criminal no doubt, but to put a man to death!" Many a man thus begins the great voyage with queasy sensibilities and ends it a cannibal.—JOHN MORLEY, *The Fortnightly Review*, August 1, 1876.

The province of Artois was not the last to adopt the discovery [lightning rods]; but there, as elsewhere, the spirit of ignorance and superstition set every wheel at work to baffle the enlightened friends of humanity. The credulous inhabitants of the country

were persuaded that such an invention could only be the work of a demon, and that it would be an outrage on God's justice thus to take precautions to ward off the effects of His thunder which was the most impossible manifestation of His power. To these religious terrors was added the language of private interest, always listened to with favor. It was unblushingly alleged that thunderbolts oftener fell on houses which had conductors than on those which had not; and, even if the houses having them escaped, the consequence only was to divert the ravages of the fluid upon the adjacent country. These perfidious reasonings took extremely well with the multitude, from whom the discovery encountered a fierce opposition. It was in the teeth of this prejudice that M. de Vissery, a wealthy proprietor at St. Omer (whose love of the physical sciences had induced him to make experiments to try the utility of conductors), undertook, after satisfying himself of their efficacy, to erect one upon his property. The neighbors got alarmed, inveighed furiously against M. de Vissery and demanded from the municipal authorities of St. Omer the demolition of the obnoxious conductors. After some discussion, the worthy magistrate, who knew nothing of the question, decided it in a manner worthy of the fifteenth century; that is to say, by ordering the demolition. M. de Vissery, indignant at this barbarous judgment, consulted Robespierre, by whom he was advised to appeal against it, and to whom accordingly he entrusted the case to be reargued before the Superior Council. The question being one which much interested the learned world, Robespierre was determined to give it all the publicity possible, with a view to procure a favorable hearing for his client on the one hand, and to cure a deplorable prejudice on the other. Before the trial came on he published a paper on the subject, which he had profusely circulated both at Arras and at Paris. In that paper he examined the case both as a question of law and a question of physical science and (what must have been then a curiosity as well as an innovation in provincial practise) he proved that a right understanding of the scientific part was essential to a right understanding of the legal part. The effect was irresistible. Robespierre's memorial was relished by the public, admired by the profession and responded to by flattering letters from several distinguished men of science. The court was equally captivated and M. de Vissery gained his cause. By a decree of the 31st of May, 1783, the court quashed the judgment of the magistrate of St. Omer and permitted M. de Vissery to reerect his conductors.—J. B. O'Brien, "Life of Robespierre."

There is now—1849—living in Paris a certain M. Legrand, who boasts of his acquaintance with Robespierre, whom he regards as the "best abused man" of his acquaintance. To him Robespierre was a "very amiable man in society." He only thinks of him in that light. The Reign of Terror is a sort of nightmare—he no longer thinks of it. The "incorruptible" to him is no fierce demagogue hounding on the passions of an excited nation—no vain pedagogue striving by words of reason to calm those passions—but a pleasant, amiable, gentlemanly fellow enough, whom he delights to remember. There is one story he always tells and I regret that I must spoil it in telling, wherein so much depends on the gesture and the quiet senile tone of voice, but such as it is I think it will amuse the reader: "I remember that when once I was at the house of the family of Lebas, where he went quite often, I heard some noise at the stairway. 'Hold,' said I to myself. 'I bet that is the joker Robespierre'—because he was very jolly—in society. (This by name of joker is quite peculiar!) In fact, it was he. He enters the parlor—I approach him and say to him, 'Citizen, thou knowest—or thou shouldst know—that M. Legrand, a relation of mine, well, he is convicted and to-morrow morning, —(here a very significant gesture imitative of the guillotine completes the sentence)—'a man, a citizen, whose innocence has been proven to me! For him I stand, as for myself!—and the life of an innocent citizen is some affair—what?' Then he replied, 'Let me see; let me see, your affair!' (for he was very amiable in society—M. de Robespierre!) I tell him the case. Then he asks, 'At what hour is your friend to die?'—(Oh, he was very amiable in society—M. de Robespierre!) —'Citizen,' I reply to him; 'it is at nine o'clock sharp.' 'At nine o'clock; but that is unfortunate, for thou knowest that I work late, so, as I go to bed late, I get up late. I fear that I shall not be up in time to save your friend—but we will see—will see—' (for he was very amiable in society, M. de Robespierre)." After a short pause he continues: "It seems to me—that M. de Robespierre had worked very hard that night, because my poor friend—" (here again the guillotine gesture), "well, it is immaterial, I am sure, that, had he not worked so hard, he would have saved my poor friend—because he was very amiable

in society, M. de Robespierre."—G. H. LEWES, "Life of Robespierre."

ROCHEFORT, Henri, Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay, 1831-1913. French journalist and legislator.

The toy lamb was the attraction. A tube was attached to it and at the end of the tube was a bulb which, when pressed, made the lamb leap. Again and again, Rochefort, the Lurid, set the lamb leaping. I, too, lost my heart to the lamb—and made it frisk. Amidst all this irresponsibility my host was pleased to pronounce me "sympathetic" and "charming"—not like the "traditional" Englishman with the bulldog, the aggressive side-whiskers, and long, glistening teeth. Rochefort saw me to the garden door; Rochefort actually plucked me a rose; Rochefort's parting words were a cordial invitation to visit him and his lamb soon. So was I amazed to find myself described in his very next article as "a sinister brigand, in the pay of the Jews; in fact, one of those diabolical bandits who are devastating our beloved France." . . . A week later I approached him and mildly protested, as he was sitting on the terrace of the Palais de la Paix, drinking milk and Vichy water, sucking his eternal lozenges and still playing with the lamb. "Bah, that was only print," came the reply; "let us resume our game with the lamb." As he made it leap deftly on the marble-topped table, passersby, recognizing his Luridness, stopped, stared and smiled at the spectacle. "That's the great Rochefort," said the maître d'hôtel to an American tourist—and stupefaction of the States. Rising at last and stuffing the lamb into his pocket, Rochefort remarked, "I must go off and do my article—but you shan't be the brigand. I feel amiable to-night and shall write something pleasant." Next morning appeared the notorious, atrocious article demanding that walnut-shells—containing long, hairy spiders—should be strapped to the eyes of Captain Dreyfus.—JOHN T. MACDONALD, *The Contemporary Review*, August, 1913.

"In the searches that have been made in your apartment in the rue de Chateaudun proofs have been discovered of your connection with bands of cosmopolitan revolutionists." "I am not very clear what you mean," I said. "Well, in one of your drawers were found two photographs of Garibaldi and Mazzini with their autographs." "Yes; it is true that those two great patriots sent me their photos." "But," added the ignorant brute, "that's not all. There were also several portraits of Henri Rochefort seized." I had an idea that he was giving way to the temptation to make a flattering if not witty joke; so, to pay him back in his own money, I said, "But I thought I was Henri Rochefort." "I don't deny that," he replied. "Still it is none the less astonishing that you should have so many portraits of that socialist in your house." I doubt whether judicial annals have ever contained anything so clownish.

One day I advocated in the columns of the *Intransigeant* the abolition of the death penalty in France except in the case of parents who left their offspring alone with matches or near open windows. The public probably regarded this savage *projet de loi* as a freak of fancy. It was written in all sincerity. The act of leaving a baby uncared for or unwatched appeared to me every bit as criminal as the most revolting murder committed with mercenary ends in view.

I was born a children's nurse, as my friends found amusement in reminding me in later life. When only eight years of age I implored my mother to take me to the Foundling's Home and allow me to choose a child, which should be my very own, for my New Year's present, and which I might wash and dress myself. My poor mother replied that she had already four children to bring up, that the labor attendant upon this was exhausting her and destroyed her eyesight and that she had no particular desire to see the size of the household increased. Having constantly had children in my arms, even when I was quite young myself, I don't suppose there is anybody who knows better how to swaddle a newborn babe and how to make a youngster swallow its gruel without soiling its bib. Until my daughter was some months old, I nursed her day and night and indoors and out. When I hadn't her with me, I rounded my arm whilst walking exactly as though I were carrying a child. The peculiarity was so notable that Jules Valles, whom I knew very early in my literary career, scarcely ever met me without exclaiming, "We can tell you from a distance; you always look as if you were carrying the youngster."—HENRI ROCHEFORT, "The Adventures of my Life."

ROSSE, Richard, Earl of, 1686-1741. Member of the Irish Parliament.

Richard, first Earl of Rosse, who died in 1741, was a humorist who delighted in practical jokes and on his death-bed could not resist in indulging in his favorite pleasantry. As his life had not been sufficiently edifying to suit the evangelical notions of the dean of

Kilmore, that pious divine wrote him a very strong-worded epistle reminding him "of the fearful account he would have to render of his blasphemy, obscenity and other iniquities unless he forthwith repented." This letter was despatched to the house of the dying peer, next door to whom lived a very different nobleman, the God-fearing and home-loving Earl of Kildare. The thought of how indignant his virtuous neighbor would be on reading such a letter, which bore no special address save on the envelope, instantly flashed into the frolicsome mind of Lord Rosse, so, carefully refolding the letter, he put it into a new envelope and, carefully imitating the dean's writing, directed and sent it by the dean's servant to the Earl of Kildare. The earl, having read it with equal surprise and indignation, showed it to the countess, saying, "he feared the dean had lost his senses." She read the letter again and, considering the style for a lunatic, advised her husband to take it to the archbishop of Dublin. The earl accordingly went to his grace and said, "Pray, my lord, did you ever hear that I was a profane blasphemer, a profligate liver, a habitual gambler, a rioter—in short, everything that is base and vile?" "You, my lord," replied the archbishop, "every one knows you as a pattern of humility, godliness and virtue." "Well then, my lord, what satisfaction can I have of a reverend divine who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?" "Surely, no man in his senses, who knows your lordship, would presume to do it and, if a clergyman had been guilty of such an offense, your lordship would have satisfaction in the Spiritual court." The earl then produced the letter, saying it had been left at his house that morning by the dean's servant. The archbishop immediately sent for the dean to demand an explanation of his writing this uncalled-for letter and, on his obeying the summons, the archbishop placed the earl in an adjoining room while he conversed with the dean. On the entrance of the latter his grace produced the letter and reproached him for having written it. The dean said he was much surprised at his grace's remarks, for in writing it he conceived that he "was doing no more than his duty in trying to rescue a soul from perdition." The archbishop said, "there was nothing to justify such a letter" as he held in his hand and hinted at unpleasant consequences. The dean, quite taken aback, said, "I have done what was my duty and am quite ready to abide any result." He then retired and the earl consulted the chancellor, who advised him to institute proceedings in the Ecclesiastical court. Next day the archbishop again met the dean and told him the consequences of writing such a letter might be ruinous and urged him as a friend to ask the earl's pardon. "Pardon, my lord," echoed the dean, "why, the earl is dead." "Dead?" exclaimed the archbishop, "Lord Kildare dead?" "No; Lord Rosse." "Whom did you write the letter to?" inquired the archbishop. "The unhappy Lord Rosse." The mystery was thus explained to Lord Kildare's satisfaction.—J. R. O'FLANAGAN, "Lord Chancellors of Ireland."

RUSSELL, Lord Charles, of Killowen, 1832-1900. Chief Justice of England.

One day in court the lay client in a case turned round and made some suggestion to Russell. "Who is that unpleasant-looking man who spoke to me?" said Russell with a frown to the solicitor, who happened to be sitting by the side of the client. "That's your client," said the solicitor. "Then I must trouble you," said Russell, "to have him go to some other part of the court where I cannot see him." The solicitor conveyed the request in diplomatic language to the client. The client, however, did not quite see why he should change his place and said so. "Tell him," said Russell, "that if he does not go at once where I can't see him, I won't go on with the case." The client immediately disappeared.—R. BARRY O'BRIEN, "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen."

A Manchester solicitor, gold-chained, jeweled, and wearing a magnificent fur coat, came into his chambers one day. "What do you mean by coming here in a coat like that? Take it off at once, sir," Russell cried savagely. Everybody present was dismayed, but as soon as the coat was removed he plunged into the case which the solicitor had brought as if nothing unusual had happened.—WILLIAM H. RIDEING, "Many Celebrities and a Few Others."

Russell attended to the smallest details of a case; he forgot nothing; he overlooked nothing. Once he was engaged in a breach of promise action. "The case," says his devil, "was a simple one and practically the question was the amount of damages which the plaintiff would get. Directly his junior and solicitor had seated themselves in his room for consultation, he turned to the latter and asked, 'What is your client going to wear at the trial?' The solicitor replied that he had not the faintest idea. Russell then said, 'Take her to-morrow to the dressmakers and order a perfectly plain dress of soft gray

color, fitting closely to the figure, without any trimming, and a big black hat also as simple as possible.' The consultation was very short and the case itself was practically not discussed—indeed there was little to discuss in it. Russell's client got a verdict for ten thousand pounds." In divorce cases he thought ladies ought to be dressed in black. He used to say that at least they ought to pretend to be sorry.

He had been retained as a junior by the London & Northwestern railroad company in a county court action at some out-of-the-way place on the line. When the business was over he wanted to get back quickly to London. But no train stopped that evening to take up passengers at the place in question. The night mail did, however, stop to take in water. Russell got a letter from the stationmaster authorizing him to travel by that train. The train stopped for a few minutes. Russell arrived at the station just in time to catch it. He rushed for the door. A burly porter intervened and said, "No; you don't get into this train; it don't take no passengers." Russell tried to explain. The porter would not listen. The whistle blew; there was no time for parleying, so Russell knocked the porter down and jumped into the carriage. When he reached London he explained the circumstances to the secretary and sent the man a sovereign.

He was traveling by train from Newmarket to London. A powerful-looking man —clearly a betting man—got into the same carriage. As the train moved away from the station, the man opened a bag and took out a pair of slippers. He then proceeded to take off his boots. "What are you going to do?" said Russell. "To take off my boots," said the man, "and put on these slippers." "I object strongly to your doing anything of the kind," said Russell; "it's a most offensive proceeding." "I presume I can do as I like with my own boots," said the man. "Not in a public conveyance," said Russell; "you have to consider the feelings of other people." "Well, I'm going to take off my boots," said the man, "and put on these slippers." "And if you take them off," said Russell, "I'll fling them through the window." The man laughed and took off his boots; but they were through the window before he had time to get into his slippers. He was furious, but he had to grin and bear it, telling Russell that he "would take the law to him." After an hour's run the train stopped, the man got out to have refreshment, and when Russell saw him walking on the platform in his slippers he was suddenly stricken with compassion. "Sir," said he, when the man came back to the carriage, "I apologize for what I did; it was very wrong and I am sorry for the inconvenience I have caused you." "Sir," said the man, "you cannot do more than apologize. We shall forget the incident," and then they chatted away as if nothing "untoward" had happened until the train reached London.—R. BARRY O'BRIEN, "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen."

In his young days in "silk," when the late Mr. Justice Denman was going the Northern Circuit, some very high words were flung from the bar to the bench, in a tone and with a vehemence which caused the learned judge to say that he would not trust himself to reprove them in his then condition of sorrow and resentment, but would take the night to consider what he ought to do. In considerable commotion the court broke up and on the following day it was crowded. On taking his seat the judge commenced the business of the day by saying, "Mr. Russell, since the court adjourned last evening, I have had the advantage of considering with my brother judge the painful incident—" Upon which Russell quickly broke in with, "My lord, I beg you will not say a word more upon the subject, for I can honestly assure you that I have entirely and forever dismissed it from my memory," a turning of the tables which evoked such a roar of laughter in the court that even the learned judge himself could not but join in it.

Once, while addressing a political meeting at Balham, he said: "If the government coercion bill is carried no man in Ireland will be able to speak upon politics unless he is born deaf and dumb." The fact that nobody laughed is eloquent testimony of Lord Russell's powers as an orator. His audience was already spellbound.—*American Law Review*, September-October, 1900, quoting the *London Sun*.

In the autumn of 1897 Lord Russell had finished the assizes at Hereford and, being a keen horseman, he took the idea of riding to Shrewsbury through the lovely Stretton hills and thence taking a train to London. He arrived at Church Stretton very tired and asked at the hotel for a private room where he could rest for a few hours before resuming his ride to Shrewsbury, thirteen miles farther on. The manageress declared that the hotel was full to overflowing and that she could not give him a private room, though she would gladly provide him and his horse with whatever refreshment they needed. He

declined the offer and, on being informed that the next village, Leebottom, was only three miles away and boasted of a good inn, he decided to proceed there. Arriving there, tired, dusty and in by no means a good temper, Russell called the landlady, an independent, democratic Welshwoman, told her that he was the Lord Chief Justice of England, and that he required bait for his horse, food for himself and a private room where he might sleep undisturbed for a few hours. Now Church Stretton, in addition to its natural beauties, possesses two large private asylums for males and females respectively. The landlady was reminded of this on beholding an angry, dirt-stained, untidy man, who called himself the Lord Chief Justice of England. She probably considered that if he were the personage he represented himself to be, he should travel in a coach with outriders and wear a full-bottomed wig and ermine-trimmed robes. So she took him to be a fugitive from Stretton House and proceeded to treat him accordingly. She told him he could have some tea and fresh-boiled eggs for refreshment. "I see a nice ham there," said Lord Russell. "That's not for the likes of you," replied the hostess; "that's for to-night's lodge"—an allusion to the local lodge of a friendly society which met at her inn. Lord Russell could not succeed in getting even one slice of the ham; so, having eaten his eggs and drunk his tea, he laid himself down to rest in her parlor. His lordship was just dozing to sleep when the landlady remembered that certain family treasures lay unguarded within the stranger's reach. So she bustled into the room, rummaged among drawers and retreated triumphantly with some silver spoons, her marriage lines and the first cuttings of her boys' hair. Lord Russell bore the intrusion meekly enough for him and, when she had left, resumed his sleep. But not for long. The landlady suddenly felt misgivings about her presentation clock (from the lodge to her husband) which ticked placidly on the mantel shelf. She burst in on his slumbers once more and carried off the clock with as much haste and dignity as its weight would allow. This was more than Lord Russell could bear. He jumped up, rated her soundly for her disturbance and ill-treatment, called for his horse and stated that on reaching Shrewsbury he would report her to Captain William Freeman. Now Captain William Freeman is (or was then) Chief Constable of Shropshire, and the mention of his name was not without effect on the license-holder. "I told you that I am the Lord Chief Justice of England and there is my name for you to remember," thundered Lord Russell, handing her his card. She looked at it and said, "Well, you ought to have come here as a lord and not as a dusty tramp." Lord Russell rode on to Shrewsbury and I suppose the humor of the situation dawned on him, because the landlady suffered no annoyance from the chief constable.—*The Green Bag*, February, 1902, quoting *The Westminster Gazette*.

Lord Russell of Killowen (when Sir Charles Russell) was once examining a witness. The question was as to the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness honestly, "it was just an ordinary hoof." Then Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.—*Green Bag*, June, 1900.

RUSSELL, Earl John, 1792-1878. Prime Minister of England.

His youth had been of that exemplary type that develops into priggishness and begets a confidence in self that remains unshared by others. How far this quality impressed his contemporaries may be judged from a saying of Sydney Smith, that Lord Russell would perform an operation, build St. Paul's, or assume—with or without ten minutes' notice—the command of the channel fleet, "and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the church tumbled down and the channel fleet had been knocked to atoms."

The circumstances of his wooing were characteristic of the individual. While visiting Conversation Sharp at Torquay, he continually called, in company with a friend, Miss Kinnaird, on a visitor who was staying at the hotel there, Lady Ribblesdale, widow of the second earl of that title, and mother of four children. One bright morning he paid his customary visit with Miss Kinnaird, to whom on his way back he suddenly said, "I left my umbrella at the hotel"; to which with a twinkle in her eye she replied, "Then I advise you to go back immediately, for it may rain." "Certainly," said solemn Lord John. On returning to the hotel he found his umbrella and a wife. . . . After the manner of small men, Lord John selected a tall wife; and from that time he became known among his friends as "the widow's mite."—FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "Victoria Regina."

He had no memory for faces and was painfully apt to ignore his political followers when he met them beyond the walls of Parliament. Once, staying in a Scotch country house, he found himself thrown with young Lord D——, now Earl of S——. He liked the young man's conversation and was pleased to find that he was a Whig. When the party broke up, Lord John conquered his shyness sufficiently to say to his new friend, "Well, Lord D——, I am very glad to have made your acquaintance and now you must come into the House of Commons and support me there." "I have been doing that for the last ten years, Lord John," was the reply of the gratified follower.—GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, "Recollections."

Lord John Russell took the Duchess of Inverness in to dinner. When he got to his place he looked behind him and walked around to the other side of the table and sat down next to the Duchess of St. Albans. Lady John said to him afterwards, "What on earth made you leave the Duchess of Inverness and go across to the Duchess of St. Albans?" "Well," he replied, "I should have been sick if I had sat where I was put with my back to the fire." "But I hope," said his wife, "that you explained it to the Duchess of Inverness." "No, I didn't," he said, "but I did to the Duchess of St. Albans."—ALGERNON WEST, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, October, 1896.

On one occasion Disraeli was carrying the House of Commons with him. Mr. K. H., now Lord B——, at that time a Whig, was seated behind Lord John Russell, of course, on the opposite side of the House to the orator. Roused to involuntary enthusiasm by Disraeli's eloquence, he cheered. Lord John Russell leaned back and said to his supporter in a very dry voice, "Don't do that." After Disraeli had finished his speech Mr. K. H. said to Lord John, "I could not help cheering; I admire his power so much." Lord John replied, "No reason why you should let him know it."—WILLIAM FRASER, "Disraeli and his Day."

Yet, though Lord John worked hard and late, nature, which had so freely endowed him with many qualities, had not given him the steady hand and quick eye which make a good shot. A Scotch gillie—Lord Lansdowne is responsible for the story—said of him, "Forbye it hadn't pleased the Lord to make him a sportsman, he was a very decent body."—SPENCER WALPOLE, "Life of Lord John Russell."

Of William and John Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, Lord Russell used to tell with infinite zest a story which he declared to be highly characteristic of the methods by which they made their fortunes and positions. When they were young men at the bar, having had a stroke of professional luck, they determined to celebrate the occasion by having a dinner at a tavern and going to a play. When it was time to call for the reckoning, William Scott dropped a guinea. He and his brother searched for it in vain and came to the conclusion that it had fallen between the boards of the uncarpeted floor. "This is a bad job," said William; "we must give up the play." "Stop a bit," said John; "I know a trick worth two of that," and he called the waitress. "Betty," said he, "we've dropped two guineas. See if you can find them." Betty went down on her hands and knees and found the one guinea which had rolled under the fender. "That's a very good girl," said John Scott, pocketing the coin; "and when you find the other you can keep it for your trouble." And the prudent brothers went with a light heart to the play and so eventually to the bench and the woolsack.—GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, "Recollections."

Between 1865 and 1878, not far from the entrance into Richmond Park, there might be seen, sitting under the verandah of the first house one reaches, a little, shrunken, old man, sometimes reading or talking, but more often, as it seemed, intently studying a scientific instrument that, standing at his side, indicated not only the quarter but the exact force of any breeze which happened to be blowing. The student of this wind-gauge, then living at Pembroke, was the Earl of Russell of that day, the famous Lord John of an earlier epoch.—H. T. S. ESCOTT, "Society in the Country House."

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ST. LEONARDS, Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, 1781-1875. Lord Chancellor of England.

It is a singular circumstance that two of the most eminent lawyers of the present century, Lord St. Leonards and the late Chief Justice Abbott (Lord Tenterden), were the sons of operative barbers. We do not understand that the late chief justice ever practised, in the shop at least; but certainly the ex-lord chancellor spent part of his boyhood in the parental shaving shop, in Duke street, St. James's. We have heard, in our young days, one of the first counsel at the bar mention that on one occasion he had called at the shop of the elder Sugden, when the latter, in the course of some familiar small talk of which barbers are so fond, remarked, "I have sent my boy to be a lawyer; I hope no offense, but I've tried him at my profession, but he hadn't the genius for it." —*Littell's Living Age*, January 29, 1859, quoting *The English Court Journal.*

A ridiculous thing happened the other day in the vice-chancellor's court. Sugden had taken a brief on each side of the case without knowing it. Horne, who opened on one side and was followed by another lawyer, was to be answered by Sugden; but he, having got hold of the wrong brief, spoke the same way as Horne. The vice-chancellor said coolly, "Mr. Sugden is with you?" "Sir," said Horne, "his argument is with us, but he is engaged on the other side." Feeling himself in a scrape, he said it was true he held a brief for the other party, but for no client would he ever argue against what he knew to be the clear rule of law. However, the court decided against them all.—C. F. C. GREVILLE, "Memoirs."

Lord St. Leonards, when Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was fond of visiting lunatic asylums. The lord chancellor made arrangements with Sir Philip Crampton, the surgeon-general, to visit without any previous intimation a private lunatic asylum at Finglas, near Dublin. Some wag wrote to the asylum that a patient would be sent there that day, "a smart, little man who thought himself one of the judges or some great person of that sort," and he was to be detained by them. The doctor was out when the lord chancellor arrived. He was very talkative, but the keepers humored him and answered all his questions. He inquired if the surgeon-general had come. The keeper replied, "No, but he is expected immediately." "Then I shall inspect some of the rooms until he arrives." "Oh," said the man, "we could not permit that at all." "Well then, I will walk awhile in the garden." "We cannot let you do that either," said the keeper. "What," said he, "don't you know that I am the lord chancellor?" "We have four more chancellors here already," was the reply. He got enraged and they were thinking of a straight waistcoat for him, when luckily Sir Philip Crampton arrived. "Has the lord chancellor come yet?" he inquired. The man burst out laughing and said, "Yes, sir; we have him safe; but he is by far the most violent patient in the house."—*The Green Bag*, February, 1902, quoting *The Law Times.*

SAXE, Hermann Maurice, Comte de, 1696-1750. French marshal.

It is well known that Marshal Saxe, along with much dignity and pride, had also a great inclination for coarse mirth. From taste, as well as system, he wished his armies to be merry; saying that the French never fought so well as when they were led on gaily, and that, in going to war, the thing they dreaded most was *ennui.* He always kept an *opéra comique* in his camp; and it was there that he gave the order for battle. In those days the principal actress used to come forward and say, "Gentlemen, there will be no play to-morrow because the marshal gives battle; on the day after that the 'Village Cock,' the 'Merry Intrigues,' etc." Two performers belonging to this theater, called Chantilly and Beaumenard, were his favorites; and he declared that their rivalry and caprices plagued him more than the queen of Hungary's hussars. I have read these words in one of his letters.—MARMONTEL, "Memoirs."

In 1724 Maurice paid a flying visit to London and rendered himself an aspirant for a place in Boxiana by throwing a scavenger who had insulted him into his own cart.—*Temple Bar*, March, 1864.

SCOTT, Winfield, 1786-1866. American general.

A brief anecdote will illustrate the strictness of his discipline. While on duty he always required officers to be dressed according to their rank in the minutest particular. The general's headquarters in Mexico comprised two rooms, one opening into the other. In the rear room General Scott slept. One

night after the general had retired a member of the staff wanted some water. The evening was warm and the hour late, being past midnight. The officer rose to go in his shirt sleeves. He was cautioned against the experiment as a dangerous one, for if Scott caught him in his quarters with his coat off he would punish him. The officer said he would risk it—that the general was asleep and he would make no noise. He opened the door softly and went on tiptoe for the water pitcher. He had no time to drink before he heard the tinkle of the bell and the sentinel outside the door entered. "Take this man to the guard house," was the brief order, and the coatless captain spent the night on a hard plank under guard.—GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT, "General Scott," quoting Wilson's "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers."

He was excessively vain of his accomplishments as a cook and specially prided himself upon the knowledge how to make good bread. He spent several days in instructing the cook at Cozzens's Hotel, West Point, in this art, and did not desist until the bread was made according to his standard. —WRIGHT.

After the Mexican war I met General Scott in Gelston's jewelry store, then occupying the Vesey street corner of the Astor House. Advancing toward him, I inquired, with a bow, "General Scott, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "I had the honor, sir, of designing and executing the instructions of the state of Louisiana in getting up the sword of honor presented through their legislature, and would be gratified to know how the design met your views as a work of art." The general, assuming his majestic bearing, replied, "Admirable, sir, admirable, er-h-er-h! There was a slight mistake, sir, a slight mistake, sir." "Ah, and wherein, general?" "The inscription, sir; the inscription should have been on the blade, sir. On the blade, not on the scabbard, sir. The scabbard may be taken from us, the blade—never." The sword cost five hundred dollars, the chief expenditure being on the scabbard.—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1861.

I reported daily and was ordered to dine with General Scott and listened to his special grievances and his estimate of the men who had composed the army which conquered peace with Mexico. On one occasion I ventured the expression, "Of all your great feats in war, General, the one that arrests my attention is the one by which you made a hero of Martin Burke." "Yes," he replied, "Martin Burke! Martin Burke! Every army ought to have one Martin Burke, but only one, sir. I recall me," he continued, "it was at Contreras that the enemy occupied the crest of a plateau to our left. I detached Riley with one brigade to march that night to the left rear of the enemy by circuit, and Persifer Smith with another brigade to the right by another circuit to fall upon and dislodge this force; and then Major Burke was ordered to move straight forward with his battalion of artillery through a cornfield as a feint. Everything resulted as planned. The enemy was driven by the rear attacks down the face of the declivity to a road leading towards Cherubusco, along which all the army followed, the result being the next day the battle of Cherubusco—a victory to our arms. When at night the rolls were called all were present or accounted for except the artillery battery of Martin Burke; and where was Martin Burke? Why, sir, he was back in that cornfield and would be there to-day had I not sent orders for him to come forward."—Last speech of General Sherman, June, 1891.

On the general's invitation they sat down to his dinner table, and he went on to explain his idea how the war would progress from year to year. While he was talking, Mr. Seward seemed to be somewhat impatient and put in several little interruptions, but finally subsided and allowed General Scott to proceed. The general gave an outline of a war lasting probably from three and a half to four years, but resulting in favor of the Union. On the general's announcement of his opinion that the Union would triumph, Mr. Seward, rubbing his hands, inquired, "Well, general, then the troubles of the federal government will be at an end?" To which General Scott replied, "No, gentlemen; for a long time thereafter it will require the exercise of the full powers of the federal government to restrain the fury of the non-combatants."—WRIGHT, quoting Rosecrans.

The last words which he spoke were to his coachman: "Peter, take good care of my horse."—WRIGHT.

SEWARD, William Henry, 1801-1872. American statesman.

I relate the following anecdote as I recall it when falling from Mr. Seward's lips, soon after the event. He had won distinction by his presidency over the Young Men's State convention, and there was a general desire in the Adams party for his advancement. A

member of Congress was to be chosen in the Cayuga district, but Seward did not aspire to the position. He was then twenty-seven years old. The party in Cayuga relied on his facile pen to draft the addresses to their conventions, which then filled the place of a long string of resolutions at a later period. The Adams leaders in Auburn had fixed on the nomination of an old and popular citizen, not dreaming that the approaching convention would fail to accept him. Taking it for granted that he would be the candidate, young Seward wrote an address describing the nominee as an aged inhabitant of Cayuga, who had long dwelt in the county, had filled important offices during an honorable career and was revered for his years, solid attainments and many virtues. Having prepared the address Mr. Seward left Auburn for a distant county to try a case in court. The convention got into a snarl, and, after a long contest, rejected the foreshadowed candidate and, as a last resort, compromised on Seward. In the dusk of the evening they adopted Seward's address without having read it, and sent the record of the proceedings to the printer of the weekly newspaper, with verbal directions to insert Seward's name in the address. It was put in type and soon appeared. Judge of Seward's surprise and chagrin when he arrived home to find himself not only nominated for Congress, but presented to the voters of Cayuga as an aged inhabitant, who had long dwelt in the county, and was revered for his years and virtues, and so on, in the glowing phrases of his own address. He emerged from the ridiculous position in which the convention placed him by peremptorily declining the nomination—H. B. STANTON, "Random Recollections."

I said something of Elliott's whole length of him painted at the same period. "My experience with Elliott," he rejoined, "who was then in the beginning of his career, was a very different affair. He seemed to me like Governor Crittenden's hen." Laughing at the recollection, he lighted a cigar and continued: "One day the governor was engaged with his council, when his little boy, of five or six years, came into the chamber and said, 'Father, the black hen is setting.' 'Go away, my son,' returned the governor, 'I am very busy.' The child disappeared but soon returned and, putting his head in at the door, repeated the information. 'Well, well,' replied the governor, 'you must not bother me now; let her set.' The door was shut, but soon after cautiously opened, in the midst of a profound discussion, and the words rang out, 'But, father, she is setting on one egg.' The governor turned round and, looking into the dilated eyes of the little fellow, replied, dryly, 'Well, my son, I think we will let her set. Her time is not very precious.'"—F. B. CARPENTER, "Six Months in the White House."

Foote was the most persistent and insulting of Seward's political enemies. It was notorious at the time that, after one of the Mississippian's most inexcusable attacks, Seward invited him to dinner. After a senator had made an important speech it was customary for him to pass around a paper to ascertain just how many copies his colleagues desired to send out. Such a paper in regard to a recent speech by Foote, in which Seward had been criticized with especial venom, was accidentally handed to the New York senator, who promptly subscribed for more than anybody else. Foote's surprise and curiosity were hardly satisfied with Seward's explanation that he wanted copies for distribution in New York.—FREDERIC BANCROFT, "Life of William H. Seward."

Among the ready, eloquent and pungent orators in the Senate stood Judah P. Benjamin. One day, at the close of a set speech on the Kansas imbroglio, he made an impassioned and bitter attack on Seward. As Benjamin resumed his seat, Seward rose, and, turning to his assailant, said in a calm and indifferent tone, "Benjamin, give me a cigar and when your speech is printed send me a copy." Seward then retired to the cloak room and smoked Benjamin's cigar.—STANTON.

In 1860 he visited Minnesota in company with Charles Francis Adams and Senator James W. Nye. The citizens of St. Anthony, wishing to receive the distinguished gentleman in a becoming manner, appointed a committee to meet them at Cheever Hill and escort them to the Windsor House. The committee repaired to the hill and, after waiting for some time, learned that the party had reached the Windsor by another route. They at once returned to the hotel and were introduced to Mr. Seward. The spokesman, a lawyer of the place, after a few brief remarks, said, "Mr. Seward, we are very sorry, indeed, that we did not have the opportunity of escorting you into town, but we beg to assure you that we shall take great pleasure in escorting you out of it."—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1871.

This is the remark Seward is said to have made in reply to Douglas, who had been indulging on the floor of the Senate in a tirade against "nigger-worshipers." After the debate and walking home with him from the capitol, Mr. Seward having in view Mr. Douglas's notorious expectation of a nomination from the Democratic party for the presidency, said, "Douglas, no man will ever be president of the United States who spells negro with two g's."—JOHN BIGELOW, "Retrospections of an Active Life."

Seward knew the political importance of terrapin and champagne. I was told that once on hearing that some compromisers were coming on a certain evening to coax him in behalf of some measure, he had a fine supper prepared and, after listening to them, threw open the dining room and said to the congressmen, "Gentlemen, let us table your motion for the present."—MONCURE D. CONWAY, "Autobiography and Memoirs."

Charles A. Dana related to the author the following incident, which occurred some time after Seward had retired from public life. Dana and Seward, in the accustomed room at the Astor House, were enjoying their reminiscences over a bottle of brandy when the card of Archbishop Hughes was brought up. Seward checked the conversation, ordered the servant to remove the brandy and place a pitcher of ice water in its stead; then to his guest he said, "Dana, good-by," and to the servant, "Let his grace enter."

Perhaps his best and most characteristic witticism was the reply to a lady who, noticing his silence during a discussion as to the probable purpose of a secret movement of troops, had asked, "Governor Seward, what do you think of it? Which way is the army going?" "Madam, if I did not know, I would tell you," he answered with a smile.—BANCROFT.

SHAFTESBURY, Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of, 1621-1683. Lord Chancellor of England.

This puts me in mind of what I was told by a near relation of the old Lord Shaftesbury. The latter, conferring one day with Major Wildman about the many sects of religion in the world, they came to this conclusion at last: that, notwithstanding those infinite divisions caused by the interests of the priests and the ignorance of the people, all wise men are of the same religion: whereupon a lady in the room, who seemed to mind her needle more than their discourse, demanded with some concern what that religion was. To whom the Lord Shaftesbury strait reply'd, "Madam, wise men never tell."—JOHN TOLAND, "History of Materialism."

"People differ in their discourse and professions about these matters, but men of sense are really of but one religion." Thereupon, the lady coming forward, said, "Pray, my lord, what religion is that in which all men of sense are agreed?" "Madam," says the earl, "men of sense never tell it."—BISHOP BURNET, "History of my Own Times."

But, eager for reputation as a man of gallantry, he modestly yielded the palm to his master. Charles [II.] having said to him one day, "Shaftesbury, you are the most profligate man in my dominions," he coolly replied, "Of a subject, sire, I believe I am."—LORD JOHN CAMPBELL, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," "Shaftesbury."

To a country curate, who, mistaking his home for that of the Bishop of London, inquired for my lord and begged his blessing, he showed suavity, if not consideration. "I give it to you as the Earl of Shaftesbury and I hope it may do you as much good as my Lord of London's, but he lives over the way." The tory victim fled with uncouth precipitancy from the arch-whig, who was to him anathema, whose dressing gown had alone deceived him by its ecclesiastical air.—F. H. FRESHFIELD, *The Westminster Review*, March, 1902.

SHERIDAN, Philip Henry, 1831-1888. American general.

The work was both tedious and laborious, but in time perseverance surmounted all obstacles and the road was finished, though the grades were very steep. As soon as it was completed I wished to demonstrate its value practically, so I started a government wagon over it loaded with about fifteen hundred pounds of freight drawn by six yoke of oxen, and escorted by a small detachment of soldiers. When it had gone about seven miles the sergeant in charge came back to the post and reported his inability to get any farther. Going out to the scene of the difficulty I found the wagon was at the base of a steep hill, stalled. Taking up a whip myself, I directed them to lay on their gads, for each man had supplied himself with a flexible hickory withe in the early stages of the trip, to start the team, but this course did not move the wagon nor have much effect on the demoralized oxen; but, following as a last resort an example I had heard of on a former occasion, that brought into use the

rough language of the country, I induced the oxen to move with alacrity, and the wagon and contents were speedily carried to the summit. The whole trouble was at once revealed; the oxen had been broken and trained by a man who, when they were in a pinch, had encouraged them by his frontier vocabulary, and they could not realize what was expected of them under extraordinary conditions until they heard familiar and possibly profanely urgent phrases.—P. H. SHERIDAN, "Memoirs."

In 1863, while Sheridan was encamped at Bridgeport, Alabama, he invited General George H. Thomas, then encamped at Deckerd, Tennessee, to examine the works erected at Bridgeport and the preparations going on for rebuilding the bridge. The writer, then at Deckerd, was invited to accompany the party to Bridgeport and did so. At one of the way stations the train halted for an unusually long time and Sheridan, on asking the conductor, a great, burly six-footer, the reason, met with a somewhat gruff reply. Sheridan contented himself with reproving his manner and ordered him to proceed with the train. The conductor did not reply and failed to obey. After waiting for a time Sheridan sent for the conductor and demanded to know why he had not obeyed. The fellow answered, in a gruff manner, that he received his orders from the military superintendent only. Without giving him time to finish the insulting reply, Sheridan struck him two or three rapid blows, kicked him from the car and into the hands of a guard, and then ordered the train forward, acting as conductor on the down and return trip. After starting the train he returned to General Thomas and, without referring to the subject, resumed his conversation with that imperturbable dignitary.—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1865.

General Sheridan bagged two-thirds of his enemy's force and most of the enemy's artillery. In the previous summer I remember that, as General Early kept losing gun after gun, great efforts were made to re-supply his losses by sending up fresh guns from Richmond. Upon one of these guns some wag of a Confederate soldier had chalked, "General Sheridan, care of General Early."—FRANCIS LAWLESS, *The Fortnightly Review*, August 15, 1865.

He, an old campaigner, had marked a likely house [at Gravelotte], whither Bismarck and he went. The ground was packed with wounded soldiers and the old crone who owned the place protested with vehement emphasis that her cottage had no upstairs. Sheridan was too polite to call the old lady a liar, but he mildly asked her, if there were no upstairs, where, then, did that staircase lead to? Sheridan had attended a class of practical logic during four years of unremitting campaigning. At the top of the staircase there was a little attic room with three beds in it. Sheridan, as the finder of the prize, claimed the bed with the cleanest sheets; Bismarck and his cousin slept in the second bed and the Duke of Mecklenburg and his aide-de-camp occupied the third. All, perforce, went supperless to bed, except Sheridan, who gnawed a crust of black bread, which Prince Albert, the king's brother, had given him as a polite attention to a distinguished foreigner and guest. Next morning Sheridan was up early, prospecting around, and presently came back with a couple of eggs which he had coaxed the old woman out of; at least, this was how he said he got them, and looked sublimely innocent when Bismarck picked a stray feather off the sleeve of his coat. Bismarck went across and borrowed a little coffee from the king and he and Sheridan made a feeble pretense of breakfast off the two eggs and the coffee. —ARCHIBALD FORBES, "William of Germany."

SHERIDAN, Richard Brinsley, 1751-1816. English author and statesman.

In illustration of what has been said, that the Brinsley of twenty was the same Brinsley of forty years later, the following story used to be related by Mr. Taylor, the journalist, who had it from Woodfall: A letter on this subject, containing severe reflections on Mr. Sheridan, appeared in the *Bath Chronicle*, or some other Bath journal. In consequence of this letter Mr. Sheridan waited upon Mr. W. Woodfall, then the proprietor and conductor of the *Morning Chronicle*, of which he was the founder, and requested that Mr. Woodfall would copy the letter from the Bath paper into his own journal. Mr. Woodfall expressed his surprise that Mr. Sheridan should wish to give wider circulation to so bitter an attack upon him. "That is the very reason," said Mr. Sheridan, "for, as I can refute every part of that letter, I wish the attack and the answer to be spread over the kingdom instead of being confined to a provincial paper." Mr. Sheridan added that, on the morning after the latter appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* he would bring the refutation. Accordingly, the letter was published in the *Morning Chronicle*, but Mr. Sheridan, though

applied to for the refutation, never wrote a syllable on the subject; and from mere negligence or contempt thus disseminated a calumny against himself. Mr. Woodfall said that when people came to him with complaints against Sheridan for inattention, he used to narrate this anecdote to them, and ask how they could expect more attention from one who was so negligent in matters that so nearly affected his own reputation.

His majesty [George III.], the queen and all the princes being at Drury Lane, to see the play, "She Would and She Wouldn't," the king was in the act of bowing to the audience, when a man in the pit, Hatfield, stood up and fired a horse pistol at the king, an incident perhaps unique in stage history. Nothing could exceed the courage of the king, who advanced to the front of the box and bowed to the shouts of the audience. He insisted on remaining for the whole of the entertainment. The assassin, who proved to be insane, was dragged into a room behind the scenes, where he was examined in the presence of Sheridan and the princes. The versatile manager, as usual, gave a pleasant, original turn to the opportunity now put in his way. In a few moments he had penciled an apropos verse for "God Save the King" about to be sung as the curtain rose, and put it into Kelly's hands, who gave it forth to the delight of the audience: "From every latent foe; From the assassin's blow, God save the King. O'er him Thine arm extend, For Britain's sake defend, Our father, prince and friend, God save the king." So popular was this extempore that it was published and republished in various editions.—PERCY FITZGERALD, "The Sheridans."

It was said that he never kept a receipt nor a key.—GEORGE CROLY, "Life of George IV."

If other officials were courageous enough to brave public opinion, many would copy his example, and order the notice to be affixed to the doors of their offices which was placed on that of him: "No applications can be received here on Sundays, nor any business done here during the remainder of the week."—W. F. RAE, *The Fortnightly Review*, September 1, 1867.

So with the oft-quoted illustrations to "resorting to memory for jokes," which he showed so exquisite an instinct in refining. "He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollection for his wit," is an idea expanded into, "When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a commonplace book. So forth it came at the expense of Michael Kelly, who, having been a composer of music, became a wine merchant. "You will," said the ready wit, "import your music and compose your wine." Nor was this service exacted from an old idea thought sufficient. In the House of Commons an easy and apparently offhand parenthesis was thus filled at the expense of Mr. Dundas, "who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes and to his imagination for his facts."—FITZGERALD.

The neatly turned and pithy sentence in which he once disposed of a couple of hours' eloquence from the ministerial benches—"The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts"—was a happy adaptation, in a light and quotable form, of a sentence which he had jotted down and elaborated for one of his comedies and then abandoned. Here is the sentence as it stands in his manuscript: "He certainly has a great deal of fancy, and a very good memory; but, with a perverse ingenuity, he employs those qualities as no other person does, for he employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollection for his wit; when he makes his jokes, you applaud the accuracy of his memory; and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." This was turned off and altered and condensed time after time, and then thrown aside, like so many others of the same kind, as too elaborate for light and sparkling dialogue; and then brought forth years after in the form in which it lives now in every one's recollection.—*Chambers's Journal*, March 26, 1870.

He appeared to his friends as a brilliant wit and writer, producing *bon mot*, speech or play without effort. But when Moore published his manuscripts after his death, it was discovered that all was the product of toil and elaboration. The wit he had been conning over in the morning, he would wait patiently to introduce in such manner that it appeared an inspiration; and his speeches were often written several times over and committed to memory.—*Chambers's Journal*, January 9, 1875.

A most ludicrous account is given of the consternation caused by the appearance, at

one of Lady Bessbrough's suppers after the theater, of the learned Madame de Staël; the picture reminds one of a number of schoolboys afraid to approach the headmaster. "On Madame de Staël entering the room," it is said, "and her name being announced, all the gentlemen assembled retired to the farthest end of the room. . . . Not a creature could be prevailed upon to go and offer to lead madame into the supper room, each gentleman excusing himself awkwardly, skulking one behind the other. . . . At last, Lord Townshend boldly advanced and gave her his arm. . . . At supper matters were rather worse, for on Madame de Staël being seated, the gentlemen drew themselves quietly to the bottom of the table, fearful to be addressed by her. . . . Sheridan was present . . . and when his name was mentioned and himself pointed out, Madame de Staël exclaimed, turning to him, 'Ah! *Voila le grand Sheridan!*' who, however, did not appear to be inclined to go up to her, until Lord Holland actually pushed him towards her. She then addressed him with several flattering compliments, to which Sheridan replied by observing that he knew not one word of French."—*Chambers's Journal*, January 9, 1875, quoting Dr. Granville's Autobiography.

His Famous Repartees

Told me one day at Sheridan's house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant passing threw the plate warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously at the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "And how many plates have you broke?" "Oh, not one, sir," answers the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself. "And, you fool," said Sheridan, "have you made all that noise for nothing?"—THOMAS MOORE, "Memoir of the Life of the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan."

Adair was fond of telling how Sheridan once said, on entering a room, "By the silence that prevails, I conclude that Louderdale has been cutting a joke." On another occasion he is supposed to have answered the earl's request for permission to repeat one of his stories with, "I must be careful of what I say, for a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."—LLOYD SANDERS'S "Holland House Circle."

"I leave," said Pitt at the conclusion of an attack, "what he likes so well, a woman's privilege—the last word." Sheridan started up: "I am perfectly sensible," said he, "of the favor the right honorable gentleman means, in according me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word; I am content with having the last argument."—CROLY.

Many family jests are repeated, such as that of his [Tom Sheridan's] wishing to go down a coal mine for the satisfaction of being able to say that he had done so. "Then can't you say so without going?" was his father's reply.—FITZGERALD.

Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in the little room off the hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable.—MOORE.

There occurred one of the usual interchanges of jests between the father and the son. The two Sheridans, says Kelly, were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament. "I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead in legible characters, 'To be Let.'" "And under it, Tom," said his father, "write 'Unfurnished.'"

On the night of February 24, 1809, a motion on the Spanish war was before the House, when suddenly the windows were lit up with a blaze of light and it was soon known that Drury Lane theater was on fire. Mr. Elliot and Lord Temple moved to adjourn, but Mr. Sheridan said with much calmness that "whatever might be the extent of private calamity, he hoped it would not interfere with the public business of the country." He then left the House and, proceeding to Drury Lane, witnessed, with a fortitude which strongly interested all who observed him, the entire destruction of his property. It is said that, as he sat at the Piazza coffee house, during the fire, taking some refreshment, a friend of his having remarked on the philosophic calmness with which he bore his misfortune, Sheridan answered, "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside."—FITZGERALD.

Charles Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary, it had

cleared up. "Yes," said Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two."—MOORE.

Madame d'Arblay writes that Mrs. Cholmondeley was making much sport by wishing for an acrostic on her name. "An acrostic on your name," said Sheridan, "would be a formidable task; it must be so long that I think it should be divided into cantos."—W. F. RAE, "Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox."

The Prince of Wales was one night at Brooks's, talking a great deal of nonsense about Darwin's [Erasmus] theory that a woman's bosom is thought beautiful by us because in our infancy we derive pleasure from its warmth, sustenance and repose. "Therefore," said Sheridan acutely, "people who have been brought up by hand grow rapturous in after life at the very sight of a wooden spoon." Fox and the prince both decided that Sherry had admirably upset Darwin's fantastic theory.—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1868.

There is no doubt that for several years before his [George IV.'s] death, whether from early indulgence in luxury or from a malady inherent in his family, his mind would occasionally wander and many anecdotes are current about the unfortunate impressions under which he labored. After the glorious termination of the long Continental war in 1815 by the battle of Waterloo, it would not perhaps be unpardonable vanity in him to have thought that the English nation had mainly contributed to the great event; but he certainly at times arrogated to himself personally the glory of subduing Napoleon's power and giving peace to the world. It was upon one of these assumptions being reported to the sarcastic Sheridan that he archly remarked, "That is all well enough, but what he particularly piques himself upon is the last productive harvest."—THOMAS RAIKES, *Journal*, November 4, 1836.

Dean Ogle died in January, 1804, aged seventy-eight, when Mrs. Sheridan inherited some addition to her fortune, connected with which is a pleasant story told by Creevy to Sydney Smith. "When dining with Sheridan, after the ladies had departed, he drew the chair to the fire, and confided to Creevy that they had just had a fortune left to them. 'Mrs. Sheridan and I,' said he, 'have made a solemn vow to each other to mention it to no one, and nothing induces me to confide it to you but the absolute conviction that Mrs. Sheridan is at this moment confiding it to Mrs. Creevy upstairs."—FITZGERALD.

Moore quotes Gibbon's words on page 510 of the first volume of his "Memoirs of Sheridan" and adds on page 511 the following words which have been often repeated: "On being asked by some honest brother Whig, at the conclusion of the speech, how he came to compliment Gibbon with the epithet 'luminous,' Sheridan answered in a half whisper, 'I said voluminous.'" Need I say that Sheridan never uttered these words? Gibbon was seated next to Dudley Long and asked him to repeat what Sheridan actually said about him. "Oh," replied Dudley Long, "he said something about your voluminous pages." Lord Russell was told this by Dudley Long himself.—SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, "Life and Letters." It is improbable that Gibbon did not see the joke, or would have recorded with satisfaction a compliment which he had neither heard nor understood.—RAE.

His complaint was understood to have originally risen from a tumor, for which an operation was advised that might have saved his life, but to which he refused to submit, observing that he had suffered two operations in his time and would not submit to a third. On being asked what they were, as they had not been heard of before, he replied that he had had his "hair cut and sat for a picture." —WILLIAM JERDAN, "Autobiography."

Nor did his fine sense of humor desert him even when he lay dying. In the bare hall to which bailiffs laid siege and where duns hid in ambush, he ordered a placard to be placed with this inscription, "I know your necessities before you state them and your ignorance in asking."—WALTER SICHEL, "Sheridan."

His Practical Jokes

He was more of an original in practical jokes than in anything else, although these, too, were often coarse and often cruel. Witness his drawing his friend Tickell into a dark room, which Sheridan had previously filled with crockery, and getting him to stumble, and cut himself in various places—Tickell, indeed, "consoling himself by remembering, while lying in bed covered with patches, that the trick was so well done."—GEORGE GILFILLAN, *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1854.

O'Byrne [bishop of Meath] was with me at Heston. It was on a Saturday and we asked him to preach the next day. To this he consented on condition that I write the sermon. I agreed and, after the party broke up, sat down to my task. My sermon was in praise of liberality; and, opening the New

Testament, I selected such passages as recommended that virtue; but I confess that, where the texts did not appear to me quite strong or applicable enough, I took a liberty with the Apostles and slightly bent them to my purpose. The next morning O'Byrne received the sermon and took it to church. The Childs of Osterley were there and O'Byrne directed his discourse to their pew. It so happened that old Mr. Childs was at that time exceedingly unpopular on account of prosecuting some poor parishioners for carrying away garden stuff that had been thrown over the wall. Of this neither I nor O'Byrne knew anything; but as our parson, out of politeness, kept his eye fixed upon the great man, he and his family were convinced that the lecture against parsimony was intended for the owner of Osterley. Accordingly, the incumbent called upon O'Byrne and told him his patron would never forgive him, adding that if O'Byrne had quoted the Apostles fairly he might have been justified; but he had garbled them in order to apply their reproaches to Mr. Child. O'Byrne, looking into his Bible, found out the trick and complained of it to Mr. Fox, who said, "I wish to heaven you fellows would mind what you are about instead of quizzing one another."—LORD BROUGHTON, "Recollections," quoting Sheridan.

Mr. Sheridan, coming up to town in one of the public coaches, for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Mr. Paull was his opponent, found himself in company with two electors. In the course of conversation one of them asked the other to whom he meant to give his vote. When his friend replied, "To Paull, certainly; for though I think him but a shabby sort of fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan." "Do you know Sheridan?" asked the stranger. "No, sir," answered the gentleman, "nor should I wish to know him." The conversation dropped here, but when the party alighted for breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other gentleman and said, "Pray, who is that very agreeable friend of yours? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with and I should be glad to know his name." "His name is Mr. T., and he is an eminent lawyer and resides at Lincoln's Inn Fields." Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; soon after which Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. "It is," said he, "a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the state; and it gives vast scope to the display of talent; many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals also have been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of the greatest is one T., who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields." "I am Mr. T.," said the gentleman. "And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply. The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands and instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.—*New Monthly Magazine*, October, 1817.

Mr. Wilberforce, not given to reporting gossip or scandal, records the following: Michael Angelo Taylor was left a good fortune by his father, who was a builder, and he got on by having a good cook and giving excellent dinners. I remember Sheridan playing off on him one of his amusing tricks. He did not know where to go for dinner, so, sitting down by Michael Angelo, he said, "There is a law question to arise presently, on which, from your legal knowledge, you will be wanted to reply to Pitt; so I hope you will not think of leaving the House." Michael sat still with no little pleasure, while Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house and ordered up dinner, saying to the servants, "Your master is not coming home this evening." He made an excellent dinner, came back to the House, and, seeing Michael looking expectant, went to release him, saying: "I am sorry to have kept you, for after all I believe this matter will not come on to-night." Michael immediately walked home and heard, to his no little consternation, when he rang for dinner: "Mr. Sheridan had it, sir, about two hours ago."—FITZGERALD.

In Financial Straits

Even in his boyhood days his debts, as he assured his father, were "contracted to get rid of former obligations," and he adds characteristically, "there is no inconvenience of a debt which I have felt more than the necessity of sometimes adding to it."

"Thank God, that's settled," he is reported to have said as he pushed over an I O U.

A long-suffering creditor importuned him to name a date for payment. "Certainly; the day of judgment; but no, stay, that is a busy day—make it the day after."—SICHEL.

The duke said that at one time, when Sheridan rented a house in Bruton street, I believe, the owner found that he could get

neither his rent nor induce Sheridan by any means to go. At length, as his only recourse, he unroofed the house. "This," said the duke, "I had from Mrs. Sheridan."—LORD STANHOPE, "Conversations with Wellington."

One night he was stopped by footpads, in company with Challie, the wine merchant. "My friend can accommodate you," said he to the fellows; "and, as for myself, I will tell you what I can do. I can give you my note of hand."—H. B. BAKER, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1878.

Lord John [Russell] told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said: "You are really too bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you," and accordingly got down and left him. "Ah, you're beat, you're beat," Richardson roared triumphantly after him. Nor was it until the heat of his victory had cooled that he found that he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.—MOORE.

Kelly and Sheridan were crossing the road along the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which then led from King street to Henrietta street, when up rode Holloway, the lawyer, furious at having been denied admittance. Sheridan immediately began to admire the horse, for a judgment in horseflesh was Holloway's weakness. When the flattered attorney asked whether Mrs. Sheridan would not like such a mount, Sheridan replied that he might stretch a point if Holloway would show him the animal's paces. Off trotted Holloway, as proud as a peacock, and away ambled Sheridan, as pleased as Punch.—SICHEL, citing Kelly's reminiscences.

Shaw, the band conductor, whom Sheridan had often helped, once demanded the return of five hundred pounds. Sheridan retaliated by requesting twenty-five pounds for an important errand and met his friend's anger with: "My dear fellow, hear reason. The sum you ask me for is a very considerable one, whereas I only ask you to lend me twenty-five pounds."—MOORE.

Frequently he disarmed those who approached him with savageness and a determined resolution to insult him. He had purchased an estate (Polesden) in Surrey, of Sir William Geary, and neglected to pay for it. Sir William mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Butler; and the English language has not an expression of abuse or opprobrium, which Sir William did not apply to Sheridan. He then marched off in a passion; but had not walked ten paces before he met Mr. Sheridan. Mr. Butler expected a furious onset, but nothing like this took place. In ten minutes Sir William returned, exclaiming: "Mr. Sheridan is the finest fellow I ever met with; I will tease him no more for money."—JOHN TIMBS, "Century of Anecdotes."

Arbuthnot told us how, when Sheridan was concerned in the management of a theater and owed Mrs. Siddons a great deal of money, she went to him one morning with a friend and entered the house, leaving this gentleman to walk up and down the street, and telling him that she had quite made up her mind not to leave the house without her money. After a long interval she came out again quite *rayonnant*. "Well," said her friend, "I hope you have succeeded." "Yes, indeed I have." "Well, how was it?" "Why, you see we had a great deal of conversation together—he showed me that he is under great difficulties; however, he has positively undertaken to pay me the whole debt next week, provided in the meantime I advance him fifty pounds. This I have done; so you see I have attained my object." Such were Sheridan's powers of persuasion.—STANHOPE.

A friend of his told me that one morning, while waiting for him in his study, he cast his eyes over the heap of unopened letters that lay on the table, and, seeing one or two with coronets on their seals, said to Mr. Westley, the treasurer, who was present: "I see we are all treated alike." Mr. Westley then informed him that he had once found, on looking over this table, a letter which he had himself sent a few weeks before to Mr. Sheridan, enclosing a ten-pound note, to release him from some inn, but which Sheridan, having raised the supplies in some other way, had never thought of opening. The prudent treasurer took away the letter and reserved the enclosure for some future exigency.—MOORE.

He resided during several years in Bruton street, Berkley Square, where the house was frequently so beset with duns and bailiffs that even the provisions requisite for the family were introduced over the iron railing down the area. In the course of the year

1786, while living there, he entertained at dinner a number of the opposition leaders, though he labored at that time under almost insurmountable financial embarrassments. All his plate, as well as his books, were lodged in pawn. Having, nevertheless, procured from the pawnbroker an assurance of the liberation of his plate for that day, he applied to Beckett, the celebrated bookseller in Pall Mall, to fill his empty bookcases. Beckett not only agreed to the proposition, but promised to ornament the vacant shelves with some of the most expensive and splendid productions of the British press, provided that two men, expressly sent for the purpose by himself, should be present to superintend their immediate restoration. It was settled finally that these librarians of Beckett's appointment should put on liveries for the occasion and wait on the table. The company having assembled, were shown into an apartment, where, the bookcases being opened for the purpose, they had leisure before dinner was served to admire the elegance of Sheridan's literary taste and the magnificence of his collection. But, as all machinery is liable to accidents, so in this instance a failure had nearly taken place, which must have proved fatal to the entertainment. When everything was ready for serving the dinner, it happened, either from the pawnbroker's distrust or from some unforeseen delay on his part, the spoons and forks had not arrived. Repeated messages were despatched to hasten them and they at last made their appearance; but so critically and so late, that there not being time left to clean them, they were thrown into hot water and instantly laid on the table. The evening passed in the most joyous and festive manner. Beckett himself related these circumstances to Sir John Macpherson.—N. W. WRAXALL, "Memoirs."

Every one has heard the story about Sheridan's dinner party, at which the sheriff's officers acted as waiters. On its being mentioned as apocryphal at Brockett, "Not at all," exclaimed Lord Palmerston, "I was at it. Sheridan, Canning, Frere and some others, including myself, had agreed to form a society (projected, you may remember, by Swift) for the improvement of the English language. We were to give dinners in turn; Sheridan gave the first and my attention was attracted to the peculiarity of the attendance by the frequent appeals on the part of the improvised servants to 'Mr. Sheridan.'"—*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1865.

SHERMAN, John, 1823-1900. American statesman.

He used occasionally to ask me to go to ride with him. One hot summer afternoon Mr. Sherman said: "Let us go over and see the new electric railroad," to which I agreed. That was then a great curiosity. It was perhaps the first street railroad, certainly the first in Washington, which had electricity for its motive power. Mr. Sherman told his driver to be careful. He said the horses were very much terrified by the electric cars. I said: "I suppose they are like the labor reformers. They see contrivances for doing without their labor and they get very angry and manifest their displeasure." Mr. Sherman pondered for a moment or two and then said with great seriousness: "Mr. Hoar, the horse is a very intelligent animal, but it really does not seem to me that he can reason as far as that." I told the general of it afterwards, who was full of fun, and asked him if he really believed his brother thought I made that remark seriously, to which he replied that he had no doubt of it; that John never had the slightest conception of a jest.—GEORGE F. HOAR, "Autobiography."

SHERMAN, William Tecumseh, 1820-1891. American general.

After his graduation from West Point, cadets not being in immediate demand, William T. Sherman took up the study of the law and, after being admitted to practise, was taken into partnership by his cousin, General Thomas Ewing, the first chief justice of Kansas, who is now practising law in New York. This was at Leavenworth, Kansas. Soon after the formation of the new law firm, a little case in a justice's court came into the office and Sherman was sent out to try it. The trial was before a justice of the peace. Sherman's opponent was a pettifogger of the lowest type, with but little knowledge of law or justice, but with a ready tongue and an adept in the quips and technicalities of the police court practise. The result was that Sherman was badly beaten, when the facts and law were all in his favor. Unspeakable disgust took possession of the young counselor and, returning to the law office, he left the following note on his partner's desk: "Thomas Ewing, Dear Sir—The law firm of Ewing & Sherman is this day dissolved. I am going into some other business. W. T. Sherman."—*Albany Law Journal*, June 27, 1891, quoting *The New York Mail and Express*.

The morning he left [1860, when he was president of the Louisiana State Seminary and Military Academy] he had the battalion formed. Stepping out in front of them, he made them a short talk and, then passing along the line, right to left, bade each and every officer and man—not a dry eye among them—an affectionate farewell. Then, approaching our sad group of professors, he silently shook our hands, attempted to speak, broke down and, with tears trickling down his cheeks, with another effort, he could only lay his hand on his heart and say: "You are all here." Then, turning quickly on his heel, he left us, to be forever in our hearts.—D. F. BOYD, *The American College*, April, 1910.

Sherman is an inveterate smoker. He smokes as he does everything else, with an energy which it would be supposed would deprive him of all the pleasure of smoking. . . . Sherman smokes furiously, as if his cigars were of the worst character of "penny grabs" and would not draw. He snatches it frequently, and one might say furiously, from his mouth, brushing the ashes off with his forefinger. He continually paces the floor while smoking, generally deep in thought on important matters, doubtless; but a looker-on would imagine that he was endeavoring to solve the question of how to draw smoke through his cigar. He seldom or never finishes it, leaving at least of it a stump. When he used to frequent the Associated Press rooms in Louisville in 1861, he would often accumulate and leave upon the agent's table as many as eight or ten of these stumps, which the porter of the rooms used to call "Sherman's Old Soldiers."—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1865.

The circumstances which form the groundwork for some of Whittier's finest verses are thus related, in an official despatch to the secretary of war, dated August 8th, 1863: I take the liberty of asking through you that something be done for a young lad named Orion P. Howe, of Waukegan, Illinois, who belongs to the Fifty-fifth Illinois, but is at present at his home wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman. When the assault on Vicksburg was at its height, on the 19th of May, and I was on foot near the road which formed the line of attack, this young lad came up to me wounded and bleeding, with a good healthy boy's cry: "General Sherman, send some cartridges to Colonel Walmbourg; the men are all out." "What is the matter with my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, but I can go to the hospital; send the cartridges right away." Even where we stood the shot fell thick and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges, and off he limped. Just before he disappeared over the hill he turned and called as loud as he could: "Caliber 54." I have not seen the boy since, and his colonel, Walmbourg, on inquiry, gives me his address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fine preliminary education. What arrested my attention then was—and what renews my memory of the fact now is—that one so young, carrying a musketball wound through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part, even, of the caliber of the musket, which you know is an unusual one. —BOWMAN & IRWIN, "Sherman and his Campaigns."

Early one morning a regiment of troops passed Sherman's quarters or bivouac, near Kenesaw mountain, and saw him lying under a tree near the roadside. One of the men, not knowing the general, and supposing him to be drunk, remarked aloud: "That is the way we are commanded, officered by drunken major-generals." Sherman heard the remark and instantly arose. "Not drunk, my boy," he said good-humoredly, "but I was up all night and am very tired and sleepy."

He had a pleasant way of rising up in full sight of the enemy's batteries accompanied by his staff. Here he held us while he criticized the manner in which the enemy got his guns ready to open on us. Presently a shell would whizz over our heads, followed by another somewhat nearer. Sherman would then quietly remark: "They are getting the range now; you had better scatter." As a rule we did not wait for a second order.—COLONEL HOFFMAN, "Camp, Court and Siege."

The idea generally prevails that commanding generals are very didactic on the battle-field and give their orders in precise language and stentorian voice. A little familiarity with actual warfare will soon dispel this false impression in any one who sees Sherman on the battle-field. At Chattanooga he gave his orders for his advance to his brother-in-law, General Ewing, in the words, uttered between two puffs of a bad cigar: "I guess, Ewing, if you are ready, you might as well go ahead." Ewing asked a few questions in regard to retaining the echelon formation of his command as then marshaled

for advance. Sherman replied: "I want you to keep the left well to the creek [the Chickamauga] and keep up the formation, for hundred yards distance, until you get to the foot of the hill." "And shall we keep it after that?" asked Ewing. "Oh, you may go up the hill as you like—if you can," and then he added hastily, as he pushed Ewing away: "I say, don't ask for help unless you actually need it."—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1865.

While endeavoring to fill up his depots at Chattanooga and Knoxville, preparatory to the campaign against Atlanta, Sherman was asked by members of the United States Christian Commission for transportation for their delegates, books, tracts, etc., for the army. His reply was very characteristic of the man. "Certainly not," he wrote, "crackers and oats are more necessary to my army than any moral or religious agency."—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1865.

Dining one day, in 1864, with General Veitch and General Chetlain, army stories were in order, whereupon thus spake General Sherman: While at Bowling Green the rebel women bothered us to death. It was always the same old complaint—"The soldiers have milked our cows, or stolen our chickens, or busted into the smoke house." At Chattanooga we were bored to death by these women. One morning they besieged my headquarters, when, raising myself to my most solemn posture, I said to the foremost woman: "Madam, the integrity of the republic and the solidity of the constitution must be maintained, if it takes every chicken in Tennessee."—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1871.

Sherman himself once narrated an interesting story about a prominent citizen of Savannah, who came to his headquarters after he had captured that city. The gentleman was in great trepidation and informed the general that he had some valuable pictures in his house. The general said they were entirely safe. He also said that he had a collection of family plate of great intrinsic value and, on account of its association, very precious to him and his family. The general told him he would put a guard about his house, if necessary. Then, in a burst of confidence produced by this generous response to his fears, he revealed to General Sherman that he had buried in his back yard a large quantity of priceless Madeira, of the oldest and rarest vintages, and estimated to be worth about forty thousand dollars before the war. The general responded at once: "That is medicine and confiscated to the hospital." What the hospital did not need he distributed among the troops.—W. F. JOHNSON, "Life of William T. Sherman."

General Hickenlooper, of Ohio, tells a story illustrating Sherman's dry wit, rather at the expense of General Corse. In the fight at Altoona a rifle ball took Corse alongside the head, making a slight wound that at the time was thought to be more dangerous than it really was. When the word reached Sherman it had been greatly magnified and he was informed that Corse's ear and cheek were gone but that he would still hold his position and fight it out. Meanwhile Corse had tied up his head and gone on with the business he had been sent there to do. As soon as possible Sherman hurried over, full of anxiety as to the amount of damage done to his officer. Nothing would do but that the bandage must come off, so that he might judge of the damage himself. The surgeon carefully took off the cloths and revealed a slight gash across the face and a hole through the ear. Sherman looked for a moment and then drily said: "Why, Corse, they came damned near missing you."

Perhaps Sherman never forgot a great practical joke which Howard unconsciously played upon him in the days when the Union army was resting upon its arms at Goldsborough. Sherman paid a visit to Howard's tent, where neither wine nor anything more invigorating than cold water was kept. As luck would have it, Dr. John Moore, the medical director, dropped into Howard's tent. Here was a man Sherman could depend upon in an emergency like this. Sherman gave Moore a wink when Howard's back was turned and said: "Doctor, have you a Seidlitz powder in your quarters? I don't feel just right and I know one would do me good." Moore had not supplemented a liberal college education with several years in the army in vain. He was equal to any drug clerk in New York in his knowledge of the meaning of a wink. "A Seidlitz powder, general? Certainly. Come right over to my quarters and I can fix you out immediately." General Howard sprang to his feet. "That won't be necessary, doctor," said he. "I have plenty of powders here and good ones, too. I will get the general one." Sherman had little desire and less need for a Seidlitz just then and he followed Howard to his feet. "Never mind," said he; "I can get along very well without it." "No trouble at all," Howard answered, as he began to get the powder and the glasses ready. Sher-

man turned to Moore for relief, but that gentleman was busy in examining the landscape as an aid to keep his face straight. When that was accomplished, he turned about and gravely said: "By the way, general, I don't believe I have one about the premises and you had better take the one Howard has prepared." Moore was something of a joker himself and knew a joke when he saw one. Sherman was a soldier to the backbone and would not stand retreat in the face of an enemy. When Howard came up with the glasses he bravely took them and swallowed the foaming stuff. But he never again complained of needing medicine when in Howard's tent.—THOMAS C. FLETCHER, "Life and Reminiscences of General William T. Sherman."

During the Indian war in 1882 General Sherman paid a visit to Camp Apache, in Arizona. While there a huge redskin, who was captain of the scouts, followed the general wherever he went and repeatedly begged as a present one of the small cannon standing on the parade ground. Finally the general turned impatiently to the Indian, exclaiming: "What do you want of the cannon anyway? Do you want to kill my soldiers with it?" "No," replied the Indian in his guttural voice, "want to kill cowboys with it; kill soldiers with a club."—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1883.

He once took great offense at having his manners, and particularly his habit of gruffness, compared to the manners of a Pawnee Indian and expressed his contempt for the author of the slur in a public manner. He was much chagrined shortly after to find that the correspondent who had been guilty of the offensive comparison had heard of his contemptuous criticism and had amended it by publicly apologizing to the whole race of Pawnees.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1865.

Once I remember he asked my opinion about something. I gave it and then began to give my reasons, when he stopped me with this remark: "I only wanted your opinion; I didn't ask for your reasons and, remember, never give reasons for what you think or do until you must. Maybe, after a while a better reason will pop into your head."—BOYD.

I arrived in Dublin late one night and, as I hoped, unknown. I was tired out and made for the first hotel in sight. The next morning I awoke rather late, but with the pleasant feeling that, as nobody knew of my coming, I could pass the day as I pleased, writing letters, etc. I rang for my breakfast and after the remnants of my repast were cleared away I seated myself at a table with the writing desk I always carry with me and began to answer a score or more of letters. In the midst of my writing I heard a brass band coming down the street. I listened. Yes; it was that old air, "Marching Through Georgia." Here was an end to my quietness. It was evident that some one had found me out. I got up, put on an old uniform and sat down and waited. The band came nearer and it was all I could do to keep my feet still. I waited for the band to stop. They neared the hotel—and what? Well, they went prancing past the house and down the street, the music fading away in the distance. There was something wrong here evidently. I took off my uniform, put on another suit of clothes and went down to interview the proprietor. I found him sitting in solitary magnificence in an inside room. He looked at me without rising. "Good morning," I said. "Good morning," he returned. A pause. "I heard a band on the streets a few minutes ago. Anything of special importance going on here to-day?" "A band? Oh, yes; they're bound for the picnic." "A picnic? What, in this rain?" I forgot to say it was raining and did during most of my stay in Ireland. "Oh, that's nothing," said the landlord. "It rains here most of the time." "Do you remember what they were playing? The air sounded familiar." "Yes." "It sounded like an American march." "An American march! Humph! It was an old Irish air. I first heard it when a boy. All the bands in Dublin play it as a march nowadays." I returned to my room and finished my letters.—FLETCHER, quoting Sherman.

SIÉYÈS, Emmanuel Joseph, Count of, 1748-1836. French statesman.

M. Mignot relates of him that, on being asked what he did during the Reign of Terror, he made answer, "I lived."—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1861.

The prince [Talleyrand] was fond of telling a story apropos of Siéyès, illustrating the theory of great results from little causes. He was one day walking with him through the Tuileries, when, just opposite to the gate in the Place de la Concorde, a little beggar girl, leading an old woman on crutches, came up to solicit alms. Siéyès gave her a sou, which, in her hurry to seize, she let fall and the coin rolled under the hoofs of a charger mounted by a *garde du*

corps at the gate. The child pressed forward to pick it up, but each time that she stooped, almost at the risk of her life, the soldier, apparently glad to divert the ennui of sentry by an event of this kind, spurred the animal to one side, and the wretched little girl, to avoid being crushed to death, was compelled to withdraw, to renew her endeavors again as soon as the beast stood still, but each time with as little success as before. The whole scene—the terror of the child—the overboiling wrath of the old cripple and the insolent and cruel mirth of the *garde du corps*—presented altogether a most exciting spectacle, and, combined with the angry passions of the crowd, who were not slow to take the part of the child, formed a picture not easily forgotten. Siéyès, finding that the people were growing angry, thought it best to put an end to the scene at once; so, giving the girl a double sou, he bade her begone, which injunction she immediately obeyed, and the crowd forthwith dispersed. But Siéyès remained thoughtful and preoccupied during the whole evening; and, when he parted with his friend, said: "I have been thinking over the occurrence we witnessed together this morning. Something must be done for the people. When they have an army of their own, they will not run the risk of being insulted by hired mercenaries." This was the very first idea which had ever entered a human brain respecting the formation of a national guard. Once started, the idea found favor with all the disaffected. Siéyès himself planned and invented the project and by dint of perseverance got it accepted some long time afterwards. Little did the proud Garde Nationale, when they marched to the frontier—when they dictated laws to the country—when they barricaded Paris—dream that they owed their existence and creation to a half-penny which a starving beggar wench found it hard to pick out of the gutter.—M. COLMACHE, "Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand."

SKOBOLEFF, Michael Dimitrivich, 1841-1882. Russian general.

An illustration of the discipline of his corps occurs to me. I had been talking with him about military breechloaders and discussing the merits of various systems. Taking a Berdan, with which the troops were latterly armed, from a soldier he undid the breech and lock and explained the mechanism with the precision of a locksmith. Returning the rifle to the soldier he turned and, walking up to a sentry a few paces distant, he said, "Let me see your rifle"—extending his hand as he spoke. The man saluted and replied, "I cannot, your excellency." "But I want to see if it is clean," persisted the general. "I cannot, your excellency," again said the sentry, as firm as a rock. Skoboleff smiled, pulled his ears and walked on. I asked an explanation, whereupon he said that a rule of war with him was that no sentry on duty was on any account to give up possession of his arms—not even to the czar himself. "But," I said, "suppose the sentry had handed you his rifle when you were seemingly so serious in asking it. What then?" "He would have been shot," quietly replied the general, "for disobedience of orders in time of war."—W. KINNAIRD ROSE, *The Fortnightly Review*, July, 1882.

He was reconnoitering the Turkish position while the shots were thundering at his ears. "Why do you expose yourself thus wantonly?" an officer asked him reproachfully. "I must let my men see, you know, that the Turks do not know how to fire."

The commanding officers of companies and battalions were expected to look after the provisioning of the men. "But they may embezzle," a partizan of the commissariat department once suggested. "Who—the commanding officer? that is no business of mine." "But how no business of yours?" "Of course not. If my men get as much bread and meat, tea and brandy as they want; if there are no complaints lodged against my officers; if the inhabitants of the district are satisfied—let them embezzle—what do I care?"—V. I. NEMIROVITCH DANTCHENKO, "Personal Reminiscences of Skoboleff."

SOULT, Jean de Dieu Nicolas, Duke of Dalmatia, 1769-1851. French marshal.

In a battle where a strong position was to be carried by some of his troops, who had been repulsed several times and were hesitating about obeying a new order to attack, Soult went to the front and called out to the soldiers: "You are afraid. What have you to lose? You can only win. You are nothing and have nothing. I am a marshal of France; I have two hundred thousand francs a year; I can gain nothing, but may lose all—yet I am not afraid. Forward, follow me." And he led the way and won the battle.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, August, 1878.

The whole nation, with and without taste, fêted and applauded Marshal Soult as if he had possessed the genius to paint his Murillos, or at least had come by them honestly. . . . I cannot but admire the ingenuity

with which one connoisseur worked off disgust at the transaction and turned it into gratification. "I always," said he, "look at those pictures with extraordinary pleasure, because they saved some lives." "Saved some lives?" said a friend to this philanthropist. "Yes; it was known that they were concealed—the monks had ropes about their necks—were on the point of being hanged —the pictures were discovered and the lives were saved."—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1852.

He was once breakfasting with Berthier and the latter's aide-de-camp—a grave young man who did not utter a word during the meal. Afterwards, while coffee was being taken, a discussion arose between the marshals as to the color of the facings in a certain regiment during the consulate. Berthier pointed to his aide-de-camp: "There's Garaud can tell us; he served in that very regiment," and the officer thus appealed to pronounced against Soult by the one word "red." Years later Garaud's name was mentioned before Soult, upon which the veteran remarked coolly: "Ah, I remember Garaud; he's a chatterbox."—*Temple Bar*, August, 1883.

STANTON, Edwin McMasters, 1814-1869. American statesman.

"While gathering his natural history museum Eddie Stanton learned how to train snakes," says Louis Anderson, of Steubenville; "in fact, he became a snake charmer, and many children were afraid of him. Once he came into our house with a couple of large snakes wound about his neck. Mother screamed and the children fled. Father rushed in to see what had happened and, finding Ed with the horrible snakes squirming about him, hustled him out into the street."—FRANK A. FLOWER, *National Magazine*, December, 1900.

In speaking of this peculiarity of the man a few years ago, a gentleman informed me that while Mr. Stanton made his home in Steubenville and practised law in Pittsburg, passing backward and forward by steamboat, he had known him one evening, when he came on board at Steubenville, to find a poor Irishman who had fallen through a hatchway and broken his leg, lying in the forecastle without any one to take care of him. He asked the captain what it meant and was informed that the Irishman lived in Pittsburg and that when he got there he would have his broken leg attended to. Without more ado he went to the carpenter's chest and borrowed a saw and an ax, took a stick of cordwood, split and cut it up, sat down on the capstan and with his pocketknife shaved out a set of splints, went to his stateroom and, without saying "by your leave," took the sheet from his bed, tore it up into bandages and rollers, ordered a few sturdy sailors into the service to extend the limb, reduced the broken bone and applied the splints and bandages, then went to the cook room and ordered a jug of vinegar and water to steep the broken limb, sat down beside the sufferer, watched him and bathed the limb till the boat arrived at Pittsburg, a distance of ninety miles, and then hired a hack to convey him home. —WILLIAM JOHNSTON, address before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, January 3, 1870.

Valentine Owesney, a provision merchant of Steubenville, was robbed of about five hundred dollars in cash. A certain character was suspected, arrested and put upon trial. He was defended by Stanton and acquitted and immediately afterwards disappeared. Shortly after his disappearance Stanton walked into Owesney's store, and, throwing down three hundred dollars in cash, observed that now he had paid what he had been owing. Owesney, an honest German, was nonplussed, for Stanton owed him nothing, and inquired the meaning of the performance. Stanton explained that the man arrested for robbing the store and acquitted was really guilty. "I cleared him," said he, "got back the money and sent him out of the country. I gave him fifty dollars to travel on; about one hundred dollars was used in the expenses of the trial; I have kept fifty dollars as my fee and here is the remainder, which is your share."

Dr. B. Mears, a physician of Steubenville, reported that he had delivered Rectina McKinley, spinster, of a child. Stanton, in her behalf, brought suit against the doctor for slander, recovering one thousand dollars damages. Shortly after the money was due on execution, but previous to its payment, William Ralston, a thrifty bachelor, married Miss McKinley. After the marriage Ralston called on Stanton. "Well, Bill," said Stanton, who knew him well, "you married Rectina and you have a good wife." "Yes, I believe I have; and I am calling to see if you have collected the Mears claim." "Yes, Billy, it is all paid in. You now have a good wife. I have proved to all the world that she is without a blemish. I charged only one thousand dollars for sending her

out of court with a good character. A judgment for one thousand dollars as a bait to catch a good husband, such as I believe you to be, is cheap, cheap as dirt." So he kept the one thousand dollars.—FRANK A. FLOWER, "Edwin McMasters Stanton."

The only relaxation Stanton indulged in while secretary was characteristic of the amiability of his nature. Every morning he appeared on the street with a basket on his arm, intent upon doing his own marketing. On this important occasion he was wont to throw aside the cares of his official position. He walked slowly and, if ever when out of doors, he indulged in a moment of gossip, or gave expression to the language of courtesy, it was on this journey to and from market. Having selected his dealer, he gave the man his patronage and this person was probably the only man in Washington who had no hesitation in saying what he pleased to Mr. Stanton, with the certainty of being patiently listened to and getting a kind answer in return.—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1872.

When in the winter of 1863 the faithless legislature of Indiana was dissolved, no appropriation had been made to carry on the state government or aid in putting soldiers in the field, and General Morton was obliged, without the authority of law, to raise more than a million and a quarter of dollars. In his need he looked to Washington for assistance. President Lincoln wished to aid him, but saw no way to do it, as no money could be taken from the treasury without appropriation. He was referred to Mr. Stanton. The secretary saw at a glance the critical situation in which the patriotic governor, who had shown vigor in raising and organizing troops, had been placed. A quarter of a million dollars were needed and Stanton took upon himself the responsibility and drew his warrant upon the treasury for that amount, to be paid from an unexpended appropriation made nearly two years before for raising troops in states in insurrection. As he placed this warrant in Governor Morton's hands, the latter remarked: "If the cause fails you and I will be covered with prosecutions and probably imprisoned and driven from the country." Mr. Stanton replied: "If the cause fails, I do not wish to live." The money thus advanced to the governor of Indiana was accounted for by the state in its final settlement with the government.—HENRY WILSON, "Edwin M. Stanton."

A friend said to him near the close of the war: "How was it that you succeeded in supplying this vast army throughout this great extent of country, whether in the camp or in the field, with all that they needed for comfort and support?" "Sir," said Stanton, "I will tell you how I managed in one instance and you can infer the rest. A day or two after I was installed in office a telegram came from Harper's Ferry urging that several large guns be sent there that day. I at once sent an order to the arsenal for the guns. Being busied in my office all day, I went after office hours to the arsenal to see whether the order had been filled. I found the arsenal closed and nobody in attendance. Looking up a subordinate, I found that no guns had been sent. After having tried in vain to find the keys, I had the door broken open, helped drag the guns out, accompanied them to the railway, saw them put on the train, had an engine fired up and those guns went that night to Harper's Ferry." The next morning the incumbent, not knowing of this action, went into the war office and said: "It was not convenient, Mr. Secretary, to despatch those guns yesterday, but if you think it is at all urgent, I will attend to it at once this morning." Said Stanton: "The guns are now at Harper's Ferry, and you, sir, are no longer in the service of the United States government."—REV. DR. THOMPSON, address at Union League Club, New York City, December 30, 1869.

The Secretary of the Interior, looking over to where the Secretary of War sat, said he had a young friend whom he wished to have appointed a paymaster in the army. "How old is he?" asked Stanton gruffly. "About twenty-one," answered the Secretary of the Interior; "he is of good family and an excellent character." "Usher," was the reply, "I wouldn't appoint the Angel Gabriel a paymaster, if he were only twenty-one."—F. B. CARPENTER, "Six Months in the White House."

A subordinate, to deal comfortably with the War Secretary, had to be a mere cipher, so dictatorial and despotic was he. I remember when summoned before him as Judge Advocate of the commission called to investigate the conduct of General Don Carlos Buell in Tennessee, I ventured to say: "That is all very well, Mr. Secretary, but I'd like to know where you find a law to sanction such a court as this." "My noble Captain," replied the secretary, his short upper lip slightly curling, and with that gleam of his white teeth and dark eyes making an ex-

pression anything but comfortable, "you are commissioned to obey orders and not to study law, for it is rather late in life for you to begin that. When I need a legal adviser it is not likely that I will call on Judge Piatt. If I am to be met here with the quibble of a country court lawyer I will find some other officer." The sarcasm stung, for I had been placed on the bench at twenty-five, as Salmon P. Chase said, that I might have an opportunity to learn something of my profession.—DON PIATT, *The North American Review*, May, 1886.

On the day when Johnson appointed Adjutant General Thomas to be secretary of war ad interim, he directed the latter to demand and take possession of the office. General Thomas, when he started on this mission, requested a young officer on duty in the office, Lieutenant Gage, who had served through the war, to accompany him. Gage was in full accord with the policy of Congress, but could not well decline to go with his chief. He (now General Gage) has been a resident of Nebraska a long time and was adjutant general of the state till a year or two ago. He was an eye-witness to what transpired between the secretary and the adjutant general and described the scene to me a few days ago. General Thomas entered the office and inquired for Mr. Stanton, who was in his private apartment. The messenger took his card in and Mr. Stanton replied: "Let him come." The messenger then said to him: "Walk in." But as General Thomas opened the door the secretary at once confronted him and stayed his further entrance. Standing a moment, awaiting an invitation to a seat, which did not come, Thomas offered a paper to the secretary and was saying: "The president has directed me to take possession of—" when Stanton, with electrical quickness, clapped a hand upon each shoulder of the invader and whirled him around so suddenly that he might have supposed a catapult had struck him; then with a strong push he sent him through the open door. The only words uttered by the secretary were: "Get out of here." General Thomas did not stand upon the order of his going but went at once. That was the last effort he made to secure possession of the war department. He retreated ingloriously to his own office. When the impeachment proceedings ended, Stanton retired and was succeeded by General Schofield as secretary.—GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER, *McClure's Magazine*, March, 1897.

STEPHENS, Alexander Hamilton, 1812-1883. American statesman.

His second "court" after his admission to the bar was in Washington, Georgia. There were then no railroads nor stages between those two towns. He had no horse and was too proud to try and borrow one where he lived. The whole distance was beyond his strength, should he undertake it on foot. He walked to his uncle's, which was about ten miles, or half the distance, and a little out of the way, carrying his saddlebags with a change of clothes on his shoulders. He walked at night in order to avoid the July sun and rested on wayside stones. The uncle loaned him a horse and he proceeded the next morning. The change of clothes consisted of a pair of thin, white cotton "pants," of cheap material, suitable to the season and starched into the appearance of linen. That he might enter the town and court room as decent as possible he dismounted near the suburbs and, doffing the somewhat worn unmentionables with which he had set out, put on the white ones instead and so attended the court in white "pants." They were taken off with equal care when he again rode out of town. Such were the early straits of the Confederate vice-president—Stephens.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1869.

After one of his speeches in the congressional campaign of 1843, according to his own account, an old man bluntly remarked to him: "Well, if I had been put in this road to shoot a smart man, you would have passed safe, sure." Another old man, after a bystander had pointed out Stephens to him, lifted up his hands in astonishment, exclaiming: "Good Lord!" A strange lady addressed him as "buddy" and urged him to go and hear the speech of "that smart man, Stephens." . . . To be mistaken for a boy was almost a daily occurrence, but before the campaign was over the "boy" of thirty-one was known as the best-informed man in the Georgia Whig party.—LOUIS PENDLETON, "Alexander H. Stephens."

Being fatigued on his arrival at the hotel, Mr. Stephens availed himself of a comfortable sofa or lounge and made the situation as easy as possible. His two traveling companions were Mr. Thomas Chafin and Dr. John M. Anthony, merchants, who had been frequenters of the house. The good lady of the house came in just then and found the two last-named gentlemen still standing and what she took for some country boy occupying the easy lounge. Her

manner was perfectly kind and somewhat patronizing, as she said to him: "My son, let the gentlemen have this seat." The gentlemen were amused and the kind landlady much annoyed when she afterwards found out that her "son" was the important personage of the house and very soon the lion of the whole city.—HENRY CLEVELAND, "Alexander H. Stephens."

Many of the readers of the *Monthly* have heard of the wit and tact of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, especially when on the stump. During the last contest for president, Little Alec (as he is familiarly known in Georgia) had an occasion to speak with Rance Wright. Wright's turn for speaking came and by way of a tale he said that Mr. Stephens had said that he could eat Ben Hill for breakfast, Rance Wright for dinner and Bob Trippe for supper. Mr. Stephens possessing very little storage room, of course this brought out a shout. Mr. Stephens rose and, after denying having made any such statement, said, if he had contemplated such a feast, he would surely have changed the order; he would have taken Ben Hill for breakfast, Bob Trippe for dinner and, remembering the advice of his mother, always to eat a light supper, he would have tipped off with his friend, Colonel Wright. After this the laughter was on the other side.—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1861.

The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens was always a church-goer. On a certain Sunday he had attended twice. He said that he was much pleased with the sermon from Dr. S—— and not at all with one from D——, whom he thought neither eloquent nor orthodox. "His prayer was the coolest thing of the kind I ever heard. Some fellow said that he prayed as if in his address to the Deity he did not intend to compromise his self-respect."—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1880.

STEUBEN, Frederick William Augustus, Baron von, 1730-1794. American Revolutionary general.

Once at a review near Morristown, he ordered a Lieutenant Gibbons to be arrested on the spot for a supposed error and sent to the rear. The latter was, however, innocent and felt the disgrace keenly. The colonel of the regiment saw that he had been wronged and, waiting until the baron's wrath had subsided, advanced and told him that the young officer was not in fault and was suffering keenly from the mortification inflicted upon him. "Ask Lieutenant Gibbons to come to the front, colonel," said the old veteran. He was brought forward, when Steuben said aloud before the whole regiment: "Sir, the fault which was made by throwing the line into confusion might have been fatal in the presence of an enemy. I arrested you as its supposed author, but I have reason to believe that I was mistaken and that you were blameless. I ask your pardon; return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any, much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable." All this passed with the baron's hat off, the rain pouring on his venerable head. —J. T. HEADLEY, "Washington and his Generals," citing Thatcher's Military Journal as authority.

Dining with him shortly after the resignation of Mr. Robert Morris as financier of the United States, the cause of which appeared inexplicable to the company present, "To me," said Baron Steuben, "there appears no mystery. I will illustrate my sentiments by a simple narrative. When I was about to quit Paris to embark for the United States, the better to insure comfort while in camp, I judged it important to engage in my service a cook of celebrity. The American army was posted at Valley Forge when I joined it. Arrived at my quarters, a wagoner presented himself, saying that he was directed to attach himself to my train and obey my orders. Commissaries arriving, furnished a supply of beef and bread, and retired. My cook looked around him for utensils indispensable in his opinion for preparing a meal and, finding none, in an agony of despair, applied to the wagoner for advice. 'We cook our meat,' replied he, 'by hanging it up with a string and turning it before a good fire until sufficiently roasted.' The next day, and still another, passed without material change. The commissary made his deposit. My cook showed the strongest indication of uneasiness by shrugs and heavy sighing; but, with the exception of a few oaths, spoke not a word of complaint. His patience, however, was completely exhausted; he requested an audience and demanded his dismissal. 'Under happier circumstances, *mon général*,' said he, 'it would be my ambition to serve you, but I have no chance of showing my talents and I think myself obliged in honor to save you expense, since your wagoner is just as able to turn the string as I am.' Believe me, gentlemen," continued the baron, "the treasury of America is at present just as empty as my kitchen was at Valley Forge and Mr. Morris wisely retires, thinking it of little

consequence who turns the string."—ALEXANDER GARDEN, "Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America."

A shell, thrown from the enemy, fell near them. The baron threw himself in a trench. Wayne, in the jeopardy and hurry of the moment, fell on him. The baron, turning his eyes, saw that it was his brigadier. "I always knew you were brave, General," said he, "but I did not know that you were so perfect in every point of duty; you cover your general's retreat in the best manner possible."—WILLIAM NORTH, Aide-de-camp of Baron Steuben.

Calling on Colonel Stewart and informing him of his intention to entertain the British commander-in-chief [after the surrender at Yorktown] he requested that he would advance him a sum of money as the price of his favorite charger. "'Tis a good beast," said the baron, "and has proved a faithful servant through all the dangers of the war; but, though painful to my heart, we must part." Colonel Stewart, to prevent a step which he knew must be attended with great loss and still greater inconvenience, immediately tendered his purse, recommending, should the sum it contained prove insufficient, the sale or pledge of his watch. "My dear friend," said the baron, "'tis already sold. Poor N—— was sick and wanted necessaries. He is a brave fellow and possesses the best of hearts. The trifle it brought is set apart for his use. My horse must go; so no more I beseech you to turn me from my purpose. I am a major-general in the service of the United States and my private convenience must not be put in the scale with the duty which my rank calls on me imperiously to perform."—GARDEN.

On one occasion, after the treason, the baron was on parade at roll-call, when the detested name of Arnold was heard in one of the infantry companies of the Connecticut line. The baron immediately called the unfortunate possessor to the front of the company. He was a perfect model for his profession; clothes, arms and equipment in the most perfect order. The practised eye of the baron soon scanned the soldier, and: "Call at my marquee, after you are dismissed, brother soldier," was his only remark. After Arnold was dismissed from parade he called at the baron's quarters as directed. The baron said to him: "You are too fine a soldier to bear the name of a traitor—change it at once; change it at once." "But what name shall I take?" replied Arnold. "Any that you please; any that you please; take mine if you cannot suit yourself better. Mine is at your service." Arnold at once agreed to the proposition and immediately repaired to his orderly and Jonathan Steuben forthwith graced the company roll in lieu of the disgraced name of him who had plotted treason to his country. After the United States had conquered their independence, our hero returned to Connecticut and on his petition the general court legalized the change of name.—POMROY JONES, "Annals and Recollections of Oneida County" (1851). (Mr. Jones publishes in full the order of the court legalizing the change of name and says that a farm was given to Steuben's [Arnold's] son by Colonel Walker, executor of the estate of Baron Steuben, in pursuance of a letter written by the baron a few years before his death.)

Judge Peters, who has been made a doctor of laws lately, told me that when Lafayette was in America during the Revolutionary war, some university in New England created him a doctor of laws. Old Baron Steuben did not like this. He thought it derogatory to the military character to be dubbed a doctor. Shortly afterwards, the baron, at the head of a troop of dragoons, was obliged to pass through the town in which the university was that had elected Lafayette. He halted his troop at the entrance of the town and addressed it thus: "You shall spur de horse vell and ride troo the town like de debbil, for if dey catch you dey make one doctor of you."—SAMUEL BRECK, "Recollections."

STEVENS, Thaddeus, 1792-1868. American statesman.

A member of the Lancaster bar still living vouches for the following incident: While riding home from the trial of a cause in a neighboring county, Stevens and his companion found a sheriff's sale going on and a deserving widow about to lose her farm on an execution. Stevens took a hand with the crowd in bidding for the farm, which was finally struck off to him for sixteen hundred dollars, the actual debt due. He wrote out his check for the money, ordered the sheriff to make out the deed to the poor widow and proceeded on his journey.

When he removed to Lancaster some complained that the young men of the period were apt to linger long over the wine when it was red at his house. He was then a member of Congress. As soon as the gossip reached his ears he ordered a half barrel

of whiskey in his cellar to be emptied into the street. When questioned by his neighbor about this waste of raw material, he good-naturedly explained: "Well, it is said about town that Russell, MacPherson and myself drink too much at our symposiums and I reckon I can afford to make this oblation to the gods." The local Mrs. Grundy having been thus appeased, there was never any further occasion to charge him with endangering the morals of the youth of Lancaster.—JAMES M. SCOVEL, *Lippincott's Magazine*, April, 1898.

A good-natured Irish friend challenged Stevens one night to a game of poker. Stevens accepted and before they arose from the table he had won the Irishman's five hundred dollars—the whole sum he had so laboriously saved for his wedding which was to come off the following week. Fitz had promised the bride-elect a wedding trip. He was now disconsolate but necessity drove him to inform his intended of his losses at gambling and that he could not take her upon the extended trip they had been so fondly anticipating. "Well," said the girl, "don't be downcast or discouraged; we'll get married and take the trip anyhow, for I have money to pay the bills." On the wedding journey, but not till then as she had been enjoined, she told the happy bridegroom where she got the money for the journey—that Stevens had brought it to her the day after Fitz had lost it and pressed it upon her, saying he wished her to join him in teaching Fitz a lesson.—JAMES A. WOODBURN, "Life of Thaddeus Stevens."

There were no clubs in Washington in 1856-60 except the gaming houses. Stevens was never a heavy player, although I have seen him win fourteen hundred dollars on a twenty-dollar gold piece as his only stake. On one occasion he had been playing in what he called hard luck. Mr. Martin, from Ohio, the reading clerk of the House, always at his elbow, and ready for a "sleeper" or a stake, repeatedly urged Stevens to "put a stack on the ace," which had lost three times. "I will stake my reputation," said Martin, "that the ace wins." With a doubting glance at Martin, Stevens shoved a stack of blue chips, worth fifty dollars, over to the ace, playing it to win, on Martin's judgment. The ace lost. Without the semblance of a smile the old statesman said: "Martin, you owe me a quarter." This was the value he put on Martin's reputation.—SCOVEL.

When Thad. Stevens was a young lawyer he once had a case before a bad-tempered judge of an obscure Pennsylvania court. Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling it was decided against him; whereupon he threw down his books and picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, scattering imprecations all around him. The judge straightened himself up to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty, asked Thad. if he meant to express his "contempt for this court?" Thad. turned to him very deferentially, made a respectful bow and feigned amazement. "Express my contempt for this court? No, sir; I am trying to conceal it, your honor," adding as he turned to leave, "but I find it damned hard to do it."—*Albany Law Journal*, August 20, 1870.

There is a well authenticated story of Thaddeus Stevens, that going into the room of the Committee on Elections, of which he was a member, he found a hearing going on. He asked one of his Republican colleagues what was the point in the case. "There isn't much point to it," was the answer. "They are both damned scoundrels." "Well," said Stevens, "which is the Republican damned scoundrel? I want to go for the Republican damned scoundrel."—GEORGE F. HOAR, "Autobiography."

On one occasion Judge Olin of New York was speaking and in his excitement he walked up and down the aisle passing Stevens' seat. At length Stevens said: "Olin, do you expect to get mileage for that speech?"—GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, "Sixty Years in Public Affairs."

On one occasion a member, who seemed to have no convictions on any questions and who often confessed that he seldom investigated a subject without finding himself a neutral, asked for a leave of absence and a pair. "Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor for he can easily pair off with himself."—WOODBURN.

He said of Henry J. Raymond, who was accustomed to make a speech on one side of a question and then vote on the other, that he had the advantage of other members of the House in the matter of pairing, as he could always pair with himself.—T. W. LLOYD, *The Green Bag*, July, 1904.

"Sir, such things in a pettifogger would be detestable, but in a member of this House they are respectable." (Much laughter.) Mr. Blair thereupon asked: "What was the gentleman's remark? I did not hear it." Stevens: "I said that in a member of the

House they were respectable, and I hope the gentleman takes no offense at that." (Laughter.)—*Congressional Globe*, April 21, 1862.

His two strong, stalwart, colored servants were carrying him up the stairs of the capitol in his chair, as their custom was, during the last weeks of his attendance at the House. It had been apparent for some time to those about him that he had but a short time to live. One of the servants thought Stevens seemed unusually sad one morning and ventured to ask the reason for his depression. "Oh," said Stevens, "I was thinking of your great kindness and wondering who will carry me up these steps when you two men are gone."—JOHN W. FORNEY, "Anecdotes of Public Men."

During his last illness a number of Pennsylvania politicians called upon Mr. Stevens to pay their respects and in the course of conversation one of them remarked on his appearance. "Ah, gentlemen," he said, "it is not my appearance that I am concerned about just now, but my disappearance."—LLOYD.

STUART, James Ewell Brown, 1833-1864. American general.

I was told by a friend who served on his staff that he would frequently take one of his aides and ride away otherwise unattended into the enemy's lines; and oddly enough this was one of his ways of making friends with any officer to whom his rough boyish ways had given offense. He would take the officer with him and when they were alone would throw his arms around his companion and say: "My dear fellow, you mustn't be angry with me—you know I love you." His boyishness was always apparent and the affectionate nature of the man was hardly less so, even in public. He was especially fond of children and I remember seeing him in the crowded waiting room of the railroad station at Gordonsville with a babe on each arm; a great, bearded warrior, with his plumed hat, and with golden spurs clanking at his heels, engaged in a mad frolic with all the little people in the room, charging them right and left with the pair of babies which he had captured from unknown mothers.

"Attention!" he cried; "now I want to talk to you men. You are brave fellows, and patriotic ones, too, but you are ignorant of this kind of work and I am teaching you. I want you to observe that a good man on a good horse can never be caught. Another thing: cavalry can trot away from anything, and a gallop is a gait unbecoming a soldier, unless he is going towards the enemy. Remember that. We gallop towards the enemy, and trot away, always. Steady now! Don't break ranks!" As the words left his lips a shell from a battery half a mile to our rear hissed over our heads. "There," he resumed, "I've been waiting for that, and watching those fellows. I knew they'd shoot too high and I wanted you to learn how shells sound."

"General," I cried presently, "there's a Federal picket post on the road just ahead of us. Had we not better oblique into the woods?" "Oh, no; they won't expect us from this direction and we can ride over them before they make up their minds who we are." Three minutes afterwards we rode at full speed through the corporal's guard on picket and were a hundred yards or more away before they could level a gun at us. Then half a dozen bullets whistled about our ears, but the cavalier paid no attention to them. "Did you ever time this horse for half a mile?" was all he had to say.

After capturing a large number of horses and mules on one of his raids, he seized a telegraph station and sent a despatch to General Meigs, then Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, complaining that he could not afford to come after animals of so poor a quality and urging that officer to provide better ones for capture in future.—G. C. EGGLESTON, "A Rebel's Recollections."

"You're about my size, Cooke" [John Esten], Stuart said, "but you're not so broad in the chest." "Yes, I am," answered Cooke. "Let's see if you are," said Stuart, taking off his coat as if stripping for a boxing match; "try that on." Cooke donned the coat with its three stars on the collar and found it a fit. "Cut off two of the stars," commanded Stuart, "and wear the coat to Richmond. Tell the people in the war department to make you a major and send you back to me in a hurry. I'll need you to-morrow." When I visited him years afterwards at the Briars, his home in the Shenandoah valley, that coat, which had once been Stuart's, hung upon the wall as the centerpiece of a collection of war relics. —G. C. EGGLESTON, "Recollections of a Varied Life."

Captain Perkins, of the regular army, commanding a battery of light artillery, was also riding carelessly about half a mile in advance of his battery. He was suddenly accosted by three officers, one of whom ex-

claimed in a familiar voice and manner: "Hello, Perk, I am glad to see you; what are you doing here?" The captain, recognizing in the speaker his old West Point chum, J. E. B. Stuart, returned the salute heartily, recalling his college sobriquet: "Why, Beauty, how are you? I didn't know you were with us." "Nor I didn't know you were on our side," replied Stuart. "What command have you?" "There's my command coming over the hill," replied Perkins, pointing complaisantly to the well-equipped battery that was approaching with Union colors displayed. "Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Stuart, wheeling suddenly and plunging into the forest, "Good-by, Perk." As Colonel Stuart was accompanied by two aides and Captain Perkins was alone and unguarded, and out of reach of timely assistance, he expressed surprise that he was not called on to surrender. He does not know whether to attribute Stuart's forbearance to his sudden surprise in discovering his real position or to a generous sentiment which forbade his taking advantage of an old comrade's inadvertency.—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1866.

SUFFOLK, William, Prime Minister of England, Earl of Suffolk, 1396-1450.

In 1429 the Maid of Orleans took Jargeau by storm. Suffolk was the governor of the town and when a great part of the garrison was slain, being hard pressed to surrender by William Renaud, the following colloquy passed between them in the breach: "Are you a gentleman?" demanded Suffolk, finding it impossible to escape. "I am," replied Renaud. "But are you a knight?" rejoined the earl. "I am not," answered Renaud. "Kneel, then," said Suffolk, "that I may make you one, for I cannot otherwise yield to you." This was accordingly done and affords a rich characteristic of the age of chivalry.—AGNES STRICKLAND, "Queens of England."

SUMNER, Charles, 1811-1874. American statesman.

W. W. Story has preserved an amusing instance of the young law student's absorption in the pursuit of knowledge and his preference for the society of men to that of women. "Of all the men I ever knew of his age," says Mr. Story, "he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. Men he liked best and with them he preferred to talk. It was in vain for the loveliest and liveliest girl to seek to absorb his attention. He would at once desert the most blooming beauty to talk to the plainest of men. This was a constant source of amusement to us and we used to lay wagers with the pretty girls, that with all their art they could not keep him at their side for a quarter of an hour. Nor do I think we ever lost one of those bets. I remember particularly one dinner at my father's house, when it fell to his lot to take out a charming woman, so handsome and so full of *esprit* that any one at the table might well have envied him his position. She had determined to hold him captive and win her bet against us. But her efforts were all in vain. Unfortunately, on his other side, was a dry, old savant, packed with information; and within five minutes Sumner had completely turned his back upon his fair companion and engaged in a discussion with the other, which lasted the whole dinner. We all laughed. She cast up her eyes deprecatingly, acknowledged herself vanquished and paid the bet."—ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE, "Life of Charles Sumner."

It was hardly safe for him to examine a dictionary for himself; for, if he once got started, especially in Johnson's, he would read on by the page.

He has been known to write the long night through, to be surprised by daylight at his desk and to resume work immediately after his bath and breakfast. He has said that when he could change his clothing completely, retaining no article he had worn the preceding day, not even a necktie, he felt sufficiently refreshed to go on with his labors, even though he sat up all night at his desk.—ARNOLD BURGES JOHNSON, *Scribner's Monthly*, August, 1874.

The senator's frequent remarks on the representation of lace in engravings has excited some comment. He was learned in lace to such an extent as to make his advice sought for by his fair friends in making their purchases. An anecdote is told of the surprise of a lady, curious in lace, who, when meeting him coming home from his last trip to Europe, attempted to puzzle him by asking about the quality of her recent purchases. He took her queries in good faith and simply answered her questions, when she found to her surprise that some of her specimens were vastly rarer, older and more valuable than she was aware. He fixed the age, the kind, the quality and the name by reference to certain pictures, such as some of those above-mentioned, and he identified them with the picture by their peculiar mesh. The lady, in speaking of the encounter, said she attempted to play the teacher and found her-

self a scholar.—ARNOLD BURGES JOHNSON, *Scribner's Monthly*, November, 1874.

He had a child-like love for sweets and often bought chocolate creams and the like. Indeed, I rather came to look for the share he often poured upon my desk from a cone of confectionery purchased on his way home from the Senate. He seemed somewhat sensitive as to his taste, if one might judge from the pains he sometimes took to defend it. He hoped he would never outgrow his sweet tooth, for so long as it remained he was sure of his digestion. But that was his only dissipation. He did not smoke. . . . At dinner, when cigars came on with the wine, he would light up with the others rather than be a spoilsport, but I doubt if he ever smoked a whole cigar.—ARNOLD B. JOHNSON, *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, August, 1887.

I was curious to notice the way of dogs near him. After circling round him they would lie down at his feet. Once, when sitting alone, reading, on the piazza of Professor Longfellow's cottage at Nahant, there were four dogs, each from neighboring places, posted around him. One shaggy water dog had laid his head on the senator's knee. Yet he had been in the place less than twenty-four hours, had never called them or noticed them; but somehow they seemed to notice that he took pleasure in their presence. When in the country he always had a dog or two at his heels.

He used to say that he omitted the prayer against sudden death from his readings of the litany. His physicians, who were constantly protesting against any such effort on his part as a public speech, could not prevail with him by saying that death would follow such exertion. But when they threatened him with paralysis, or with loss of mind, he was more amenable to reason.—JOHNSON, *Scribner's Monthly*, August, 1874.

In like manner, at an earlier date, Dr. Howe and Charles Sumner joined a singing class, but both evincing the same defect (having no ear for music) were dismissed as hopeless cases.—JULIA WARD HOWE, "Reminiscences."

Dr. Holmes is reported to have said that "a pleasantry which would have set a company laughing bewildered and distressed him."—HENRY G. SPAULDING, "Charles Sumner."

Mr. Longfellow, who was devoted to Sumner but entirely conscious of his deficiency in humor, told me, as I have already said, that when the "Bigelow Papers" first appeared Sumner was staying at his house. It was a rainy afternoon and Mr. Longfellow was obliged to go out, leaving Sumner stretched on the sofa reading Lowell's volume. When he returned he asked Sumner how he liked the poems and Sumner replied: "They are admirable, very good indeed, but why does he spell his words so badly?" Longfellow said that he attempted to explain that the poems were purposely written in the New England dialect, but Sumner could not understand. . . . One summer at Nahant I dined at Mr. Longfellow's with Mr. Sumner and some others. Sumner was a collector of china, about which he knew a great deal, as he did about many other things. He told us a story about going to see Lord Exmouth's collection and how fine it was. When he was taking his leave Lord Exmouth gave him two rare plates and offered to send them to his lodgings, but Sumner would not be parted from his prize and insisted on taking them with him in his cab. When he had concluded his story, which was interesting but long in narration, "Tom" Appleton, Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, who was present, said: "A pleasing tale, illustrated with two plates." Everybody laughed and Sumner, looking about most good-naturedly, said: "What are you laughing at? I suppose Appleton is up to some mischief, but my story is quite true."—HENRY CABOT LODGE, *Scribner's Magazine*, June, 1913.

During reconstruction times a senator spoke of Governor Walker of Virginia as a pillar of the state. "Yes, a cater-pillar," growled Sumner in a tone loud enough to be heard in the immediate vicinity.—JOHNSON, *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, October, 1887.

"I don't know what kind of a dinner they will give us," said Sumner, "but you shall have a bottle of Château Lafitte of 1847 and the rest will matter less."—GEORGE W. SMALLEY, "Anglo-American Memories."

It was noticed that the senator immediately upon coming into the library lifted his hat and remained uncovered while in the room. On being asked whether the presence of a few women who were passing through required an act of politeness so dangerous to him in his feeble state, he replied: "No; I didn't think of the ladies; I took off my hat to the books."—JOHNSON, *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, September, 1887.

We have heard a story, *si non vero, ben trovato*, that he was in his younger days

taken dangerously sick so suddenly that he could not be carried home and lay in great agony on a couch in his office. The friend who was with him thought it his duty to intimate to him the danger of his condition, and asked him if he wished to do anything in the way of preparation. "I am prepared to die," whispered Sumner, in a voice feeble from suffering, "I have read through Calvin's Institutes in the original."—GEORGE F. HOAR, *The North American Review*, January, 1878.

The late Senator Sumner was a discriminating man and precise in his manner of statement. At the sale of his personal effects in Boston ninety-five dollars was paid for an old Roman lamp, bearing the inscription: "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep," to which Mr. Sumner had added, "of all colors."—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1874.

In the account, first published in the *New York Tribune*, of my first meeting with Bismarck, in 1866, I said that I had heard much from Bismarck which I could not repeat. On my return I saw Sumner. Almost instantly he asked me what it was that Bismarck had told me which I could not repeat in print. The question was embarrassing enough and I answered slowly: "Mr. Sumner, much of what Count Bismarck said that seemed to me confidential related to diplomatic and international matters and you are chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. It would not have been said to you." Sumner reflected a moment, then answered: "I suppose you are right. I won't ask you about anything which you think you ought not to repeat. But you must consider that, notwithstanding all that Bismarck has accomplished, he is still an unknown force. My own belief is that the future of Germany lies in his hands. . . . I have never met him, probably never will meet him. But it is important to me to know all I can about him. Violate no confidence, but tell me what you can. I will make no use of it except to inform my own mind. When I have to deal with Count Bismarck I want to be able to picture to myself what manner of man he is. In diplomacy a knowledge of men is half the battle."—SMALLEY.

Charles Sumner was an aristocrat. He was my father's ideal. After I had got back from Kansas and visited my father's home in Wisconsin, father said to me: "James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to speak at R——. We must hear him." So we arranged to go. We walked nine miles to hear him speak. My father never spoke of him without giving him his title. He had enjoyed that speech immensely. I do not know whether I did or not. Father occupied a front seat with the intention of rushing up to the platform and greeting him by the hand when he had finished, but the Honorable Charles Sumner was too quick for him. He disappeared, got to his hotel and nobody saw him. Father said: "The Honorable Charles Sumner is going to Milwaukee to-morrow morning, and we can ride with him part of the way." We were on the train early the next morning and so was the Honorable Charles Sumner. He was sitting reading in the drawing-room car. Father stepped up and said: "The Honorable Charles Sumner? I have read all your speeches. I feel it the duty of every American to take you by the hand. This is my son. He has just returned from the Kansas conflict." Honorable Charles Sumner did not see father nor his son, but he saw the porter and said: "Can you get me a place where I will be undisturbed?"—J. B. POND, "Eccentricities of Genius."

Charles Sumner was grossly insulted by a lot of "unsalted" students when he lectured at Ann Arbor. The venerable senator was lecturing on the Franco-Prussian war and his address was unconscionably long, besides which he had a severe cold and was very hoarse. Toward the end of his lecture he remarked: "A few more words and I am done," upon which a tremendous outburst of applause ensued. Sumner turned ghastly pale and it was a few moments before he could control his voice sufficiently to speak; then in trembling tones he stated that he would close his address. Loud demands from the respectable portion of his audience induced him to continue, but the lecture committee had trouble making him accept his fee.—*Albany Law Journal*, January 27, 1894.

When the moxa was about to be applied to his spine, Dr. Charcot proposed to give him an anesthetic. "But," said Sumner, "does not the effect you seek to produce—the counter irritation—depend more or less on the pain the patient could endure without the anesthetic?" "Yes," Charcot admitted reluctantly, "it probably does." "Then let us go ahead without ether," said Sumner, and they did. I understand that the treatment consisted of laying along the spine cotton wool soaked with oil and setting fire to it. When, after two or three days, the burn is partly healed, the operation is renewed, and the pain, of course, more severe. But no

ether was administered. After his first attack of angina pectoris, "the pain," said Sumner, "which I endured in a single second from one of those spasms was more than I ever suffered from all the applications of the moxa."—SMALLEY.

At Paris he finally placed himself under the care of Dr. Brown-Sequard, who, as to Mr. Sumner's inquiry as to the remedy, replied with laconic brevity: "Fire." Sumner's resolution was instantly taken. "When can you apply it?" he asked. "To-morrow, if you please," the doctor answered. "Why not this afternoon?" was the patient's next question. And that afternoon, without anesthetics of any kind, he submitted himself to the treatment by fire, the torture of the moxa, which Brown-Sequard has pronounced "the greatest suffering that can be inflicted on mortal man," indeed, not once, but seven times did he submit himself to its agonies.—GRIMKE

SUWARROW, Count Alexander Vassielivitch Suwarrow Rymnikski, 1729-1800. Russian general.

Suwarrow had received an excellent education; he spoke and wrote seven languages correctly. He possessed immense historical information; he read and studied much; and, when he had taken an early dinner and gave out that he slept in order not to be interrupted, he was always deeply engaged amongst his books and papers. During the first part of his career and up to the very meridian age, his manners differed not from those of others. But Catherine II., having said one day in his presence that a first quality to make a fortune at court was to be distinguished from the mass by some striking singularity of manners, Suwarrow immediately assumed an odd peakish humor, under the guise of which he was permitted to say and do all that came into his head. At this period a multitude of priggish officers and half-instructed persons occupied all the high ranks and obstructed all the avenues of fortune. Suwarrow took upon himself to render them ridiculous, and for this purpose pretended a contempt of science, on which they plumed themselves without possessing it. He was far from being sincere in this, for he neglected no opportunity of informing and cultivating his mind; but he wished to pass at once for capable and ignorant, professing that his success should be attributed rather to sudden inspiration than to calculation or to the effects of labor and study. And this plan of conduct was, as it appears, more powerful at that time to maintain an influence over the Russian soldier than any other. Suwarrow used to play his pranks before the empress as well as before others. When she began to speak of affairs to him, he would reply at first by some buffooneries, but as soon as the sovereign said: "Enough, enough; let us have no more fooleries," he would at once become serious. The principal object of his harlequin humor was to mock and insult the courtiers whom he detested.—MARSHAL MARMONT, "Tour in Hungary, Southern Russia, etc."

He spoke no fewer than seven languages; he was a good historian; and, in short, was a highly educated and enlightened man. Yet, from thoroughly understanding the feelings and inclinations of those around him, which were the very opposite of his own, and from knowing the character of the Russian soldier, he thought it prudent to appear anything but what he really was and to ascribe the successful issue of his various enterprises to inspirations rather than to the result of deep reflection and military skill.—MARSHAL MARMONT, "The Present State of the Turkish Empire."

Suwarrow has been judged severely by foreigners; he appeared to them ridiculous, eccentric and savage. He had nevertheless been carefully educated; he knew many foreign languages, though he disdained to speak them. He detested all kinds of etiquette, forms and conventions. He was at home with his soldiers, spoke to them in their own language and sometimes addressed them in verse. Many of his proclamations and reports written in rhyme may to the critical eye appear ridiculous, but they had at the time a great effect upon the troops.—H. S. EDWARDS, "The Romanoffs," quoting Adam Mickiewicz.

His servant had instructions to nudge him and mildly expostulate if he perceived that his master was exceeding the limits of moderation in meat, drink or even conversation. When thus exhorted to abstinence he would demand: "By whose orders?" and on the set reply: "Suwarrow's," would ejaculate with a sigh: "Well, he must be obeyed."—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SPALDING, "Suwarrow."

When Segur asked him if he never took off his clothes at night, he replied: "No; when I get lazy and want to have a comfortable sleep I generally take off one spur."—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1852.

Suwarrow left a very rich inheritance to his family. His patrimonial estate, not

very considerable, had been prodigiously augmented by the generosity of Catherine. Notwithstanding the services he daily rendered and the value he set upon the favors of the empress, he refused to accept of estates until he had children.

In his love for simplicity it was not that he feared expense, for he had the most sovereign contempt for money, so much so that he would never carry any about him or have any concern with it. His son, his relations, friends and the officers of his suite profited by and enjoyed his fortune, which was very large. He himself valued only his diamonds, and in these he was immensely rich. They were chiefly the fruits of the munificence of Catherine and it was doubtless on this account that he particularly valued them. He had them always carried with him.

The daughter of Suwarrow, married to Count Nicholas Zouloff, brother of the last favorite of Catherine, was a woman of very distinguished merit. Her father loved her tenderly and testified it in his peculiar manner. He would gaze upon her with admiration and for hours would kiss her hands, and run about the apartment, leaping and rejoicing that Heaven had given him such a treasure.—L. M. P. DE LAVERNE, "Life of Field Marshal Suwarrow."

After the campaign in Italy, in the year 1799, when Suwarrow returned to St. Petersburg, Paul did not display much feeling of propriety in sending Kutassaioff to compliment the illustrious general upon his safe arrival. The witty and sharp warrior said to him: "Excuse, my dear count, an old man, whose memory slackens. I recollect nothing about your illustrious family, or perhaps you got your title of count from some great victory?" "I never was a soldier, prince," replied the ex-valet. "Oh, then, you no doubt have been an ambassador?" "No." "Minister?" "Neither." "What important post did you occupy?" "I had the honor to serve his majesty in the capacity of butler." In this instant he rang the bell for his own butler and addressed him in the following strain: "I say, Troschka, I have told you repeatedly, every day, that you must give up drinking and thieving, and you do not listen to me. Now, look at that gentleman. He has been a butler like yourself but, being neither drunkard nor thief, you see him now a great equerry-in-waiting to his majesty, a knight of all the Russian orders and count of the empire. You must follow his example."—PRINCE DOLGOROUKY, "Handbook of the Principal Families in Russia."

The singularity of his manner is as striking as the eccentricity of his mind. He retires to rest at six in the evening and rises at two in the morning, when he bathes himself in cold water or causes pails of water to be thrown over his naked body. He dines at eight and his dinner, like his breakfast, consists of the coarsest and commonest food of the soldier, and brandy: a man trembles to be invited to such a repast. Often, in the middle of the entertainment, one of his aides-de-camp rises and, approaching him, forbids him to eat any more. "By whose orders am I forbidden?" demands Suwarrow himself. "By the orders of Marshal Suwarrow," answers the aide-de-camp. Suwarrow, rising, then says: "He must be obeyed." In the same manner he causes himself to be commanded in his own name to walk or to do any other necessary thing.—CHARLES F. P. MASSON, "Secret Memoirs of the Court of St. Petersburg."

I had not seen General Suwarrow on my last visit to Kinbourn [1788] and did not know him. The prospect of presenting myself to him made me feel a little agitated, and I was entirely absorbed in the thought of it when my tent was unceremoniously entered by a man dressed in his shirt only, who asked me who I was. I told him and added that I was waiting for General Suwarrow to awake, as I had a letter to give him from the Prince of Nassau, who had sent me to be under his orders. "I am delighted," he said, "to introduce him to you. I am he. As you see, he is not a very ceremonious individual." His manners and costume alike seemed to me rather surprising. Seeing that I was embarrassed by the fantastic apparition, he said: "Pray be calm and do not let me disturb you." . . . He dismissed me, saying that he would give me orders the next day, that he warned me that his invariable dinner hour was six o'clock and that he did not wish me to dine anywhere but with him. At precisely six o'clock, therefore, on that same evening, I arrived at his quarters for dinner. "You have surely made a mistake, monsieur," said his senior adjutant; "it is six o'clock in the morning that his excellency dines, and he is now in bed." And he showed me a straw hut on the seashore, the general's one and only room. . . . At precisely six o'clock the following morning I was at the general's door. He received me with a series of leaps and embraces that disquieted me a good deal; made me swallow a glass of liquor that set fire to my throat and stomach; and drank some of the liquid

himself with grimaces. . . . He then led me to a table which was laid for fifteen or twenty persons and bade me sit beside him. The soup that reigned alone amid the guests was made of cucumbers; spring onions, common onions, chives, herbs and veal and chicken bones were swimming in the great tin basin, and presented a most horrible prospect to my senses. This was the only time in my life that I saw any justification for the silly doctrine of several teachers: When you go to the front you will see many worse things than fighting. Nevertheless, I ate some of everything, lest I should seem to despise the food, which would doubtless have displeased the general. I was secretly hoping that a piece of beef would come to compensate me for my sacrifice, but I felt that my last hour had arrived when a dish of gudgeon appeared, cooked in water and white as they were in life. They were followed by some tiny little sea fish cooked in the same sauce. The third course, which consisted of apples and wild fruit, seemed to indicate the end of the repast; and, true enough, the general arose, turned towards a picture and crossed himself repeatedly, making a number of rapid genuflections. I must own that I felt myself dispensed from saying grace. When I omit to do so, it is generally from inadvertence, but God is just, and this time I owed Him nothing; He had done nothing for me, for I was hungrier than when I sat down.—ROGER DE DAMAS, "Memoirs."

Suwarrow's manner and behavior were disconcerting in their strangeness. As at Kontchanskoie, he dined at eight o'clock in the morning and remained three hours at table. He then at once went to bed and did not rise until four in the afternoon. This curious practise was in itself sufficient to prevent him from taking part seriously in the military operations which it was his duty to direct. In fact, according to the report of Wickham, the British agent in Switzerland, Suwarrow never took the trouble to visit a post or reconnoiter a position. "All the plans for attacks and marches were made by the Austrian staff officers. . . . The marshal was rarely present at the execution of them and remained for the most part invisible to the army." . . . Half-naked and strangely accoutered he used to harangue them in a German which was as unintelligible to them as his French. He entered all the convents and covered himself with scapularies and relics, stopped at every wayside shrine to mutter prayers, and in terms alternately pathetic and grotesque he begged for the benedictions and prayers of every priest and monk he met. When he arrived at the capital on March 15, 1799, he cried out: "Vive Joseph!" at the top of his voice, and when he was checked and reminded that the name of the reigning sovereign was Francis he displayed the greatest astonishment. "God is my witness that I did not know." He would not stay at the embassy until all the mirrors, pictures, bronzes and other objects of comfort and luxury had been removed from the apartments which had been prepared for him and then he slept in a bare room on a truss of hay.—K. WALISZEWSKI, "Paul the First."

At present we are reduced to about sixteen persons, and our society is somewhat select and pleasant. Among them is Marshal Suwarrow, the hero of Ismail. He is a most extraordinary character. He dines every morning about nine o'clock. He sleeps almost naked. He affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Réaumur is ten degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humors. I dined with him this morning—or rather witnessed his dinner; he cried to me across the table, "Tweddell!"—he generally addresses by surname without any additions—"the French have taken Portsmouth. I have just received a courier from England. The king is in the tower and Sheridan Protector." A great deal of this whimsical manner is affected. He finds that it suits his troops and the people he has to deal with. I asked him if, after the massacre at Ismail, he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day? He said he went home and wept in his tent.—JOHN TWEDDELL, "Life and Remains."

January 3, 1800.—He is the most perfect Bedlamite that was ever allowed to be at large. I never saw anything so stark mad and, as it appears to me, so contemptible in every respect. To give you some notion of his manners, I went, by appointment, to pay my first visit, which I was told would be only one of ceremony. I was fully dressed, of course, and, although I did not expect him to be so, I was not prepared for what I saw. After waiting a good while in the antechamber with some aides-de-camp, a door opened and a little, old, shriveled creature, in a pair of red breeches and his shirt for all clothing, bustled up to me, took me in his arms and, embracing me with his shirt-

sleeves, made me a string of high-flown flummery compliments, which concluded by kissing me on both cheeks and I am told that I was in luck that my mouth escaped. . . . January 6.—Before dinner Frere and Casamajor were presented to him. The latter being extremely tall and Suwarrow very short, he jumped upon a chair to get on Casamajor's neck and kiss him.—LORD MINTO, "Letters to Lady Minto."

An avowed enemy to luxury, he made those about him remove from an apartment destined to his own use every article of sumptuous furniture and all that was not of strict necessity; and, sometimes, when by chance a looking-glass had been left, he broke it in pieces with his hand as a piece of furniture useless or disgraceful to a soldier.—LAVERNE.

Snuff-boxes were then the common currency of courteous exchanges. Snuff, indeed, was one of Suwarrow's weaknesses: and he was very particular as to its quality. He seems to have a curious fancy about the box. "Be sure and see," he wrote to his steward, "that the boxes have a gilt ass's head inside." Probably this was a trademark or was it a joke against himself?—MAURICE CHURCH, *Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1905.

At the Royal Court of Russia

Catherine, after reviewing Suwarrow's division and scattering rewards broadcast, asked him if he required anything. "Well, mother, pay the hire of my lodgings." And Catherine, hastening to remove the stigma, may well have been disgusted when he put it at three and a half roubles.—CHURCH.

At court he is sometimes seen running from lady to lady and kissing the portrait of Catherine which they wear at the breast, crossing himself and bowing. Catherine one day told him to behave himself more decently.—MASSON.

In his old age he would often be seen running and frolicking in the streets of St. Petersburg, bawling at the top of his voice, "I am Suwarrow, I am Suwarrow," followed by a crowd of urchins, among whom he threw apples to be scrambled and fought for. At court he persisted in kissing the portrait of the empress Catherine, which every lady wore on her breast, to the dismay of the wearers, who shuddered when the snuffy nose, innocent of handkerchiefs, came near their rich silks and white bosoms.—*Temple Bar*, June, 1881.

In the second year of his banishment and the sixty-ninth of his age the menacing condition of Europe, overrun with French armies, rendered it necessary to enlist his services once more. Accordingly, while Suwarrow was leading an almost patriarchal life on his retired estate, attending to agricultural matters, arranging the disputes and not infrequently the love affairs of his peasantry, and acquiring the art of church-bell ringing, an official despatch, addressed to "Field Marshal Suwarrow," was put into his hands. "This is not for me," he said; "a field marshal is at the head of armies: I am nothing but an old soldier called Suwarrow" and he returned the letter. Some days later, a similar packet, addressed, "To my faithful subject, Suwarrow," was presented to him, in which, on opening it, he read, "I have resolved to send you into Italy, to the assistance of his Majesty, the emperor and king, my brother and ally," etc. . . . Suwarrow hurried onward to Vienna, where he was received with distinguished honors by the emperor Francis and the Austrian troops. During the interview the emperor asked him what was his plan of operations. "I never make any, your majesty," he replied; "time, place and circumstances decide me." "You must have some plan," continued Francis; "I wish to know it." Suwarrow smiled and said, "If I had, sire, I should not tell it; your majesty's council would know it this evening and the enemy to-morrow." To this point the veteran adhered so rigidly that the emperor was compelled to yield his assent, much to the annoyance of the war council.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1854.

He [Paul] ordered the Austrian costume to be adopted [in his army]. Nothing could equal the general indignation. The hair must be powdered, curled and pomatumed, a practise which the Russian, who washed his locks every day, naturally abhorred. The long tail made him the laugh of his countrymen. His boots, to which he had been accustomed from infancy, and which form a distinctive part of the national costume, were to be taken off and be substituted by the tight German spatterdash and the shoe, the one pinching the leg and the other perpetually falling off the foot, whenever the march happened to be in the wet. . . . Suwarrow was then in Italy with his army. One morning a large packet was brought to him by an imperial courier. To his astonishment and the amusement of his staff, it was but models of tails and curls. Suwarrow gave vent to a sneer, a much more fatal thing than a sarcasm, in

some Russian verses amounting to: "Hair-powder is not gunpowder; curls are not cannon; tails are not bayonets." The general's rough poetry was instantly popular; it spread through the army; it traveled back to Russia; it reached the imperial ear; the czar was stung by the burlesque and Suwarrow was recalled.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, February, 1846.

The exigencies of state, however, compelled Paul to capitulate to his victim and to invite him again to lead the armies of Russia. Suwarrow made his appearance at court in civilian costume, without sword or decorative orders. The emperor was annoyed at this daring breach of etiquette. Suwarrow threw himself down on his breast and abdomen and began to crawl over the floor to the foot of the throne. "What is this, marshal?" said the emperor; "come, my son, this will not do; are you mad? Get up." "No, no, sire; I wish to make my way too in this court and I know it is only by crawling that one can get into your majesty's good graces."—*Temple Bar*, June, 1881.

Suwarrow was good for nothing except war, and the scientifically balanced but too short step with which they drilled the soldiers with whom he was accustomed to rush to victory excited his disgust. "It is an excellent way," he grumbled, "to do thirty versts instead of forty when you are marching on the enemy." Sulking, railing and scoffing, he retired to his estate of Kobryn in Volhynia and ended by asking to be allowed to resign. By order of the emperor, Rastotpchine replied that the marshal's desire had been anticipated and on February 6, 1797, the following note was published after parade, "Field Marshal Count Suwarrow, having said that in the absence of war there is nothing for him to do, is excluded from service for these words." This involved the loss of the right to wear a uniform and Paul saw no reason for making an exception. Being thus taken at his word, Suwarrow did many foolish things. He solemnly buried his uniform and decorations, and refused to receive a letter from the emperor because it was addressed to Field Marshal Suwarrow, "who was no more."—WALISZEWSKI.

Upon the return of the two grand dukes, the emperor, foreseeing perhaps the reproach which history would cast upon him for his injustice and ingratitude to Suwarrow, sent an officer to inform him that his imperial word was pledged to grant any favor he should demand. At these words the old warrior struggled with death for an instant. Collecting his strength, he enumerated the benefits and marks of honor he had received from Catherine. "I was," cried he, "but a simple soldier; she saw the zeal I had to serve her. I owe her more than life; she gave me the means to make myself illustrious. Tell her son that I accept his imperial pledge. Look at this portrait of Catherine; it has never quitted me. The favor I demand is that it may be buried with me in the tomb and remain forever on my heart." Having said this he soon after expired.—LAVERNE.

As Commander in the Field

Suwarrow had marched against Oginski in flat disobedience of his superior's orders. "The match to the gun, Suwarrow to the field," he is reported to have said when forbidden to march. Weimarn promptly court-martialed him. An appeal to Catherine only resulted in Bibikoff, a personal friend of Suwarrow, succeeding Weimarn. It was necessary to appoint a chief who would act with this irrepressible subordinate.—CHURCH, *Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1905.

It has generally been considered as a mark of a great mind in a soldier successfully to attempt hazardous things on his own responsibility; that is, without orders, or contrary to their spirit. Suwarrow did more, for he dared to violate the positive orders of his commander, and staked his life on the issue of an enterprise, not only expressly forbidden, but extremely perilous and seemingly desperate. While yet a major he commanded an outpost in sight of the enemy who was daily growing stronger, and he requested permission to attack him, going so far as to pledge himself for the success. The commander-in-chief, thinking it rash and impracticable on account of the enemy's great superiority, forbade the attempt on the pain of death; and made the chagrin of Suwarrow, who was conscious of his own better judgment, quite insupportable. Foreseeing that the enemy's numerical superiority, constantly increasing, would soon deprive him of the opportunity of striking the meditated blow, he invited his brother officers to a supper, and by flattering them with a certain prospect of glory, while the deadly prohibition was confined to his own breast, that he alone might suffer in case of failure, he prevailed on them to join in the attack, and they mustered a force of a thousand strong from the junction of different outposts under the command of Suwarrow. Justly calculating that the enemy, being five times stronger, had too much confidence to expect or to be

prepared for an attack from so weak a body, Suwarrow fell upon him at night, defeated him with great slaughter, obtaining a decisive victory, which he thus reported: "As a soldier I deserve death for disobeying my orders; as a Russian I have done my duty; the enemy is no more." The commander-in-chief was thunderstruck at reading this despatch, yet so pleased with the boldness of Suwarrow's genius and the brilliant result of his conduct, that, not knowing how to decide himself, he stated the whole to the empress and sent her the original despatch. Her majesty immediately returned the following answer, addressed to Suwarrow: "As a soldier, I leave you to the mercy of the commander-in-chief; as a Russian, I congratulate you as my lieutenant-colonel." From this time Suwarrow's rise was regular and progressive, and the impression he made upon the empress never effaced.—W. A. CLOUSTON, "Choice Anecdotes."

When General Suwarrow commanded under the prince of Coburg, on the frontiers of Turkey, he had an army of 22,000 men. Coburg himself had 37,000, and the Turks only 28,000. Prince Coburg's army, which had taken a good position on rising ground, about nine miles distant from Suwarrow, was attacked and obliged to fall back. Coburg then wrote to Suwarrow: "My dear Suwarrow: I was attacked this morning by the Turks; I have lost my position and artillery. I send you no instructions what to do. Use your own judgment, only let me know what you have done, as soon as you can." Suwarrow immediately sent the following answer: "My General: I shall attack the Turks to-morrow morning, drive them from your position and retake your cannon." Before three o'clock in the afternoon, Suwarrow had kept his word and Coburg's army had their cannon and their old position back before night.—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

Even his personal habits, much as they shocked good judges, were not, as was supposed, incompatible with the duties of a commander-in-chief. On the contrary, they had much to do with the remarkable results which he achieved. Suwarrow's soldiers, eating and sleeping at the same hours as he, were capable of extremely long and rapid marches. At midnight the marshal despatched the men who looked after the cooking. Three hours later their comrades started, taking an hour to rest between each stage of seven versts; and at eight in the morning they found their repast ready for them. After eating it, they slept, like their general, and started again in the same manner at 4 P.M., reaching their camp, which was entirely ready beforehand to receive them, at eight or ten in the evening.—WALISZEWSKI.

The Duke de Guiche, who when young had served under Suwarrow, mentioned yesterday evening the following anecdote of that extraordinary character: During the Turkish war in 1795 the Russian army commenced the siege of the fortress of Kamieneek, which, seated on a spiral rock, was considered impregnable. Suwarrow first attempted to reduce it by famine, but the garrison had been so abundantly supplied with provisions that after some time the impatient general, despairing of success by this tedious process, determined to attempt the capture by assault. The attempt was immediately put into execution, but, notwithstanding the impetuosity of the attack, the Russian troops were driven back into their intrenchments with much loss. In a few days afterwards a second attempt was made with equal bravery but with the same unfortunate result. The hope of success was now deemed impossible, the troops were disheartened and the general in despair. At last Suwarrow presented himself in front of his army and, calling from the ranks a party of six sappers, ordered them to dig a hole in the ground before him. This being accomplished, he first threw in his hat; he next broke his sword and thrust it likewise into the chasm; he then jumped in himself and called on the bystanders to cover him with earth and bury him alive that he might not bear witness to the degeneracy of the Russian army. This extraordinary act operated like an electric shock upon the troops; a general hurrah pervaded all the ranks and with one common accord they demanded again to be led to the assault with the assurance that they were determined to conquer or die. The assault took place and, after a tremendous carnage, in which the flower of their army was destroyed, the Russians at length became masters of Kamieneek.—THOMAS RAIKES, *Journal*, January 26, 1835.

Years of peace followed, uneventful but for one or two characteristic anecdotes that have come down to us. Passing a monastery one day, the whim seized him to attack it. The troops formed in column, advanced on the double and stormed the place to the confusion of the inmates. The superior complained. "Never mind Suwarrow," said Catherine; "I understand him." There was something like madness in the act, but it

was madness of genius. The man lived for his work and he could not help practising it and knew practise was essential to the men who were, so to speak, his tools.—CHURCH.

When a French general was made prisoner he would have him fumigated before brought into his presence, in order to disinfect him of the revolutionary spirit.—EDWARDS.

Figures of straw and clay were put up in every quarter and Suwarrow's smile rewarded him whose saber cut the deepest. In the bayonet practise his personal feelings were oddly shown. At the words, "Charge on the Poles," the recruit advanced and gave a thrust; at "Charge on the Prussians," the recruit stabbed twice (Suwarrow hated the military foppery and pretensions of that people); at "Charge on the French" (the "light-skipping, God-forgetting French," he called them), the recruit stabbed twice horizontally and once downward into the ground. When the victim was supposed to be a Turk, the soldier was cautioned in addition to shake him from the bayonet; "he must be very dead," Suwarrow used to say, "when he does not try a sweeping cut." All his drill was applicable to actual warfare, where the men had to conquer or die. It was their interest to kill fast and they were taught what was at once best for themselves and "for the honor and safety of their sovereign and his dominions."—MAJOR EDWARD NEVIL MACREADY, "A Sketch of Suwarrow and his Last Campaign."

The general was prowling at night among the outposts, looking out for a chance to play one of his usual tricks. According to custom, he was very lightly clad, although it was a bitterly cold night in midwinter; for the old warrior was very proud of his power of enduring cold (which was superior to that of any man in the army), and he never lost a chance of displaying it. Suddenly he came upon a sentinel and called out to him, "Hello, brother, how many stars are there in the sky?" The soldier knew the marshal's voice at once, but, pretending not to recognize him, he replied, "Just wait a bit and I'll count 'em for you," and began deliberately, "one, two, three, four," and so on. To the sentry, wrapped in his thick frieze coat, this was a good joke enough; but the thinly clad general soon found it much colder than he liked and when the soldier had gone up to one hundred and was still counting away as if he would never leave off, Suwarrow stopped him short, having taken his name, made off as fast as his half-frozen feet would carry him. But the next morning the shrewd sentry was made a corporal for having been "too smart for the general."—DAVID KER, *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1890.

Suwarrow had such intense aversion to any person saying "I don't know" in answer to his questions, that he became almost frantic with passion. His officers and soldiers were so well aware of this singularity that they would hazard any reply instantly, accurate or not, rather than venture to incur his displeasure by professing ignorance. [Extract from his instructions:] Have a dread of the hospital. German physic stinks from afar and is good for nothing. For the healthy: drink, air and food; for the sick: food, air and drink. For him who neglects his men: if an officer, arrest; if a sub-officer, lashes, and, for the private who neglects himself, more lashes. Brothers, the enemy trembles at you. But there is another enemy greater than the hospital—the damned "I don't know." From the half-confessing, the guessing, lying, deceitful, the palavering equivocation, squeamishness and nonsense of "don't know" many disasters originate.—J. W. COLE, "Russia and the Russians."

At the siege of Ismail he summoned his soldiers and staff and, instead of reading an eloquent order of the day, uttered these simple words: "Soldiers, at midnight you will see me get up and you will do the same; then I shall say my prayers and you will do the same. Then I shall wash myself, and you will not do the same as you will not have time. Then you will see me sit down on the ground and crow like a cock three times [here he imitated the crowing of a cock] and this will be the signal for the assault."—EDWARDS.

Lest he should slumber too long he always carried a dung-hill cock with him with which he shared his bedroom and whose shrill clarion sounding at his ear always summoned the warrior in good time for the duties of the day. "I hate idleness," he said, "and that bird," pointing to the cock, "is very punctual in awakening me." So highly did he appreciate the services of the bird that in emulation of its virtues he would go to the door of his tent and, instead of ordering the drum to beat, or the bugle to sound, imitate its cries as the signal that the camp was to awake.—*Temple Bar*, January, 1881.

Frequently he rides through his camp naked to his shirt on the bare back of a Cossack horse and at daybreak, instead of

causing the drums to beat the reveille, he comes out of his tent and crows three times like a cock, which is the signal for the army to rise, sometimes to march, or even to go to battle.

Sometimes he visits the hospitals of the camp, calling himself a physician. Those whom he finds extremely ill he obliges to take rhubarb or salts and on those who are but slightly indisposed he bestows blows. Often he drives all of the sick from the hospital, saying, "It is not permitted to the soldiers of Suwarrow to be sick."—MASSON.

He once had his arm raised to strike a soldier when an officer boldly exclaimed, "The field marshal has commanded that no one give way to passion," he desisted, saying, "What the field marshal orders Suwarrow obeys."—MACREADY.

On receiving the marshal's baton he ordered a Te Deum and commanded a number of chairs to be placed in the center of the church, one for each officer his senior. He appeared in the sacred edifice arrayed in his pyjamas, or something less than their equivalent, and proceeded to vault over these files of chairs, taking each in due succession. It was not until the conclusion of this gymnastic feat that he donned the new uniform and desired the horror-stricken clergy to proceed with the office.—W. KNOX JOHNSON, *The Fortnightly Review*, November 1, 1896, citing Waliszewski.

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TALLEYRAND, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince de Bénévent, 1754-1838. French statesman.

It is said that in 1767, when he was yet scarcely thirteen years of age, he had become at the same time the pride and shame of the school, being publicly reprimanded for unpardonable irregularities and, almost in the same breath, rewarded with the first prize for merit and value.—CHARLES MAURICE CATHERINET VILLEMAREST (M'lle d'Avrillon), "Life of Talleyrand."

He was throughout life lame of one foot and it is uncertain whether his lameness was of natural origin or was the result of a fall while he was at nurse. One account, professing to have been taken from Talleyrand's own lips, states that he was left under a hedge by his nurse and that his leg was badly bitten by pigs and suffered permanent injury. In any case, his own mother could not endure the sight of her lame offspring; so that he was left with his foster mother at a country village for three or four years. His uncle, the bailli de Périgord, a naval officer, wishing to see what his little nephew was like, went to find him at the village where he was left, almost forgotten. He found the child running about dirty and ragged in the fields in company with a little foster brother as ragged as himself. The bailli de Périgord took his little nephew just as he was and planted him down in the center of his mother's Parisian salon as she was receiving some great lady visitors. "My sister," said the bailli, "this is the descendant in a direct line of the princes of Chalais —he bears arms, three lions or, armed and crowned, a field gules, a prince's crown on escutcheon, and a ducal crown on his mantle; and his motto is *Re que Diou*, which means 'Nothing but God Above Us.' Go, monseigneur, my nephew, kiss that fine lady; she is your mother."—WILLIAM STIGAND, *Belgravia*, February, 1876.

Although few men were more disgraced by nature than himself he was occasionally coquettish in his dress and wore a coat which a dandy, for its tightness, would have chosen for the display of his shape. From parsimony, however, he was always desirous of seeing his servants in roomy clothing; for, in the event of change, the livery would serve the successor. I was waiting one day at his house in Hanover Square, whilst the Portuguese ambassador was closeted with him, when the tailor brought home one of those gaudy liveries which were to be worn on the occasion of the approaching visit of the Duke of Orleans. One of the footmen having put it on, he was sent by the chamberlain to ask what I thought of the new livery. "Why, my good fellow," I said, "it is not a coat you have got; it is a sack." "Yes, sir," replied the man; "I know that, but it is done purposely. If it were not to fit loosely, the prince would refuse all the liveries, so the tailor has made it very loose to please him; but, when he shall have seen me in it, and confirmed the order, the tailor would trick him by taking it in."—*Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1839.

Talleyrand spent part of his time at New York. Being on a visit to that city myself when he was there, he invited me to breakfast with him. He was then about to

set out on a visit to the Western country, and such was the wild state of that region in those days that he thought it necessary to equip himself like a hunter; for which purpose he had caused a rifleman's suit to be made, and after breakfast he went up to his room to put it on. When he was fully dressed in the costume of a backwoodsman of the last century, he called me up to look at him. The metamorphosis from the bishop's lawn and purple to this savage garment was sufficiently ridiculous, but he did not think so, for he displayed it with pride and delight. His companion, Baumais, had a similar habit.—SAMUEL BRECK, "Recollections."

Nobody had a cooler manner to his creditors than Talleyrand. Once, when he was going down to his coach, he was stopped by a man who humbly told him that he did not ask for his money, but only begged to know at what time hereafter it would be convenient for his excellency to pay him. "It seems to me, monsieur, you are very curious," said Talleyrand, and he coolly passed on, leaving the poor man quite rebuffed.—LORD STANHOPE, "Conversations with Wellington."

During Talleyrand's last embassy complaint was made to the Foreign Secretary (Lord Palmerston) that between thirty and forty hogsheads of claret, far more than the French embassy could consume, were annually imported for their use duty free. Lord Palmerston mentioned the matter to Talleyrand, who, after time taken for inquiry, explained that the admitted abuse of the privilege had been traced to his *maître d'hôtel*. There were circumstances justifying a suspicion that the *maître d'hôtel* and the ambassador went shares.—*The Quarterly Review*, October, 1867.

Every one had heard of Talleyrand's grand precept, "Never do for yourself what you can get some one to do for you."—*The Quarterly Review*, March, 1853.

"Doctor, an odd notion strikes me. I wish to give you a pension. Yes, I am serious—for instance, a pension of six thousand francs. . . . It will not be for your life, no, no—it will be for mine; then you see it will be your affair, it will be your business, to keep me alive, as well as your pension; I shall give myself no further trouble about my health. So it is a settled thing; say no more about it."—VILLEMAREST. (A similar pension was given by Lord Queensberry, but both apparently copied it from an old Chinese custom.)

He sent for the clerk whom he suspected of having committed the theft. "You may as well confess everything," said M. de Talleyrand, "for all denial will be useless. You are the only person employed in that room, and consequently you alone—" The unhappy man burst into tears. "Compose yourself," said the minister; "you can no longer remain here, but I do not wish to ruin you, because I know you have a wife and family. What is the amount of your salary?" "Three thousand six hundred francs." "Very well; now, I will tell you what I can do for you, but you must promise me that you will keep my secret as I promise to keep yours. I will procure a mission for you, which you must fail in fulfilling; you will consequently be discharged for neglect and by way of indemnity your wife shall receive half your salary for three years. Now you may go." —VILLEMAREST.

He said that when he was minister for foreign affairs Colonel Burr came to Paris and sent his card to him. He returned the card with the message that he had the portrait of General Hamilton hanging up in his parlor.—JAMES BUCHANAN, "Diary," September 23, 1833.

One day, as he was relating some infamous trait of one of his colleagues, his hearers interrupted him, exclaiming, "The man who can commit an act of that kind is capable of assassinating." "Assassinating, no," coolly replied M. de Talleyrand, "but of poisoning, yes."—VILLEMAREST.

Talleyrand was the great player of the day and his *mot*, "You do not know whist, young man? What a sad old age you are preparing for yourself!" is a standing quotation in all whist books.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1871.

He said that "diplomatists ought to take snuff as it afforded a pretext for delaying a reply with which one might not be ready." —EMILY HILL, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1900.

One of these scenes was formed by a practical joke played successfully by Talleyrand on the Abbé de Pradt, then Archbishop of Malines. He got the clever but tricky and flighty archbishop to go in full dress on the streets, waving a white handkerchief and shouting "*Vive le roi!*" assuring him he would create a sensation. As was to be expected, Pradt, at first received favorably by some royalists, was soon set on by Bonapartists, hustled and sent back in a very disheveled

state. M. de Talleyrand coolly heard him out and answered, "It is just as I told you; so dressed you could not fail to make a wonderful effect."—COUNT BEUGNOT, "Memoirs."

Every history of the two French restorations in 1814 and 1815 relates that the Duke d'Artois, afterwards King Charles X., in making his entrée into Paris, pronounced the words, "Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more." Happy words in the mouth of a prince returning from exile, and happy the Bourbons if they had always kept these words in mind. But here again we must declare that this promising sentence was never uttered. The famous Talleyrand, of cunning memory, had in the evening of that rather eventful day a select party assembled at his hotel and asked the company, as a matter of course, "What did the prince say?" The general answer was, "Nothing at all." "But," exclaimed the sly diplomatist, "he must have said something," and, addressing a well-known political writer, he continued, "B——, you are a wit; go into the closet and make a *mot*." B—— went and came back three times; his wit was at fault and his ideas did not satisfy the company. At last he returned a fourth time and pronounced with triumphant emphasis the above patriotic words, "Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more." Talleyrand applauded; the Duke d'Artois had found his *mot* and the next day the papers made it known to the world and, as an old French author says, "In this way history is written."—*Chambers's Journal*, December, 1855.

Talleyrand's health was proposed. Before the applause had subsided he got up, made a mumbling as if speaking, but spoke nothing, made a bow and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though those immediately about him knew he had never uttered a word.—*The Leisure Hour*, February, 1889.

The oysters, according to the conditions agreed upon, were to be furnished for twelve persons; moreover, the winner was to have the right of naming the other guests. Did M. de Talleyrand act in this case as everybody else would have done, invite ten of his friends? No such thing; this was very far from his intention. He made very careful inquiries for ten of the greatest oyster-eaters in Paris; these he chose for his guests, so that the Duke of Laval had to pay for five hundred dozen.—VILLEMAREST.

Prompt at Repartee

It was by a *bon mot* uttered in the presence of his friend and patroness, Madame Du Barry, that he first achieved promotion; for, being one day rallied by her as to his silence while in her society, "*Hélas!* Madame," he sighed, "a sad thought has just occurred to me: Paris is a city where it is easier to have women than abbés."—CLEMENTINA DAVIES, "Recollections of Society in England and France."

At a soirée, where Talleyrand was of the party, the conversation for a few individuals, knotted in a corner of the room, turned on the pictures brought from Spain by Soult and Wellington; and it was discussed which of the two had the most valuable collection, on which the witty Prince of Périgord, with the usual twinkle of his eye and dry manner, remarked that, important as these treasures were, the most extraordinary circumstance of the whole affair was that the Duke of Wellington had paid money for his acquisitions.

Talleyrand, speaking of the members of the French Academy, observed: "After all, it is possible, they may some day or other do something remarkable. A flock of geese once saved the capitol of Rome."—WILLIAM JERDAN, "Autobiography."

"Monseigneur," once said a lady to him, "do you think Voltaire is in the infernal regions?" "No, madame," replied Talleyrand, "I do not. If the Lord wanted to punish him He would have placed him where he could behold the choirs of angels—I knew the old rascal. He would have him bursting with envy all through eternity."—SIMON BOUBÉE, *Supplement Littéraire de Figaro*, February, 1889.

General de Girardin squinted shockingly and once, upon asking the Prince de Talleyrand, "How are affairs going?" he received the answer, "All crooked, as you see."—COUNT DE FALLOUX, "Memoirs."

"Do you not really think that Madame de Marimier's petticoats are much too short?" "Why?" he replied; "yes; I think they are rather short to wear when taking an oath of fidelity."—VILLEMAREST.

He is the author of the *bon mot* quoted somewhere by Champfort, where Bulhiere said: "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never committed, in the whole course of my life, but one act of wickedness." The bishop of Autun, who had not previously taken part in the conversation, immediately exclaimed with his sonorous voice and signifi-

cant tone: "But when will this act be at an end?"—ETIENNE DUMONT, "Reminiscences of Mirabeau."

Talleyrand was asked if he did not see a resemblance between Metternich and Mazarin. The bishop of Autun replied: "Yes! Mazarin never told lies but always deceived you; now Metternich always tells lies and never deceives you."—WILLIAM FRASER, "Disraeli and his Day."

As Madame de Staël was one day playing with a party of friends at a game called The Boat, she asked M. de Talleyrand whether he would save her or Madame de Grand. This was an embarrassing question, for it happened to be put at the very time when Talleyrand's attachment for the former lady was on the decline, and he was beginning to conceive a passion for the latter, who was a very different person. "You, madame, possess so much talent," he replied, "that you can extricate yourself from any danger; therefore, I should save Madame de Grand." —GEORGETTE DUCREST, "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."

Shortly after the affair of Pichegru and Moreau a banker who had been introduced to Talleyrand, and admitted to the honor of several conferences with him, wrote to his excellency to solicit an audience, which was granted. Talleyrand was at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs. The report of the death of George III. had just obtained circulation through Paris and was naturally suspected of producing a great sensation in the stock exchange. The banker, who, like many of his financial brethren, wished to make a good hit, thought the present a good opportunity, had the indiscretion to reveal to the minister the real object of his visit. Talleyrand listened to him without moving a muscle of his phlegmatic visage, and at length replied in a solemn tone: "Some say that the king of England is dead; others say that he is not dead: but do you wish to know my opinion?" "Most anxiously, prince." "Well, then, I believe neither. I mention this in confidence to you; but I rely on your discretion: the slightest imprudence on your part would compromise me most seriously."—JERDAN.

Bourdois-Lamothe, a clever doctor as well as a man of wit and learning, was Talleyrand's medical adviser for over thirty years. Talleyrand appreciated the brilliancy of his intellect, but rated his professional skill very low. One morning Bourdois came, as usual, to visit his sarcastic patient. "Tell the doctor I am very sorry not to be able to see him this morning," was the prince's message; "I am ill." "Ah, indeed," rejoined Bourdois, not to be outdone; "I should not have come had I known that. Please tell his excellency that I shall not come back until I hear he is quite well again."—POUMIES DE LA SIBOUTIE, "Recollections of a Parisian."

"Ah, I feel the torments of hell," said a person in great agony, whose life had been supposed to have been somewhat of the loosest. "Already?" was the inquiry supposed to have been suggested by Talleyrand. (Certainly it came natural to him; it is, however, not original. The Cardinal de Retz's physician is said to have made a similar exclamation on a like occasion.)—LORD BROUGHAM, "Talleyrand." (LABOUSSE, "Grand Dictionnaire Universel"; HENRY WIKOFF, "Reminiscences of an Idler," and LOUIS BLANC, "History of the First Ten Years of the Reign of Louis Philippe," attribute this remark to Louis Philippe, when Talleyrand lay dying, Blanc adding that the dying man "immediately revenged himself by giving to one of the persons about him secret and formidable indications." LORD JOHN RUSSELL, "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," attributes the remark to Talleyrand.)

M. Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was "L'Improvisateur Français," a compilation of anecdotes and *bon mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it, among others: "This is the beginning of the end."—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1861.

"Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts," M. Harel really invented, but, according to his custom, started in the world under Talleyrand's name, in the *Naine Jaune*, and which then never afterwards he could succeed in reclaiming. But Voltaire was the first to express the idea.—J. A. FARRER, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1889.

The saying that language was given to men to conceal their thoughts is generally fathered on Talleyrand at present. I did not know it was in Goldsmith, but the real author of it is Fontenelle.—*Notes and Queries*, March 22, 1851.

Napoleon and Talleyrand

M. de Champagny, a clever but narrow-minded man, was transferred from the Min-

istry of the Interior to that of Foreign Affairs, and M. de Talleyrand, on presenting to him the various persons who were to be under his authority, said: "Here, sir, are many highly commendable persons. They will give you every satisfaction. You will find them capable, punctual, exact and trustworthy, but, thanks to my training, not at all zealous." At these words M. de Champagny expressed some surprise. "Yes," continued M. de Talleyrand, affecting the utmost seriousness, "with the exception of a few despatching clerks, who fold up their covers with undue precipitation, every one here observes the greatest calmness, and all are totally unused to haste. When you have had to transact the business of the interests of Europe with the emperor for a little while, you will see how important it is not to be in any hurry to seal and send off his decisions." M. de Talleyrand amused the emperor by relating this incident and describing the crestfallen and astonished air with which his successor received the useful hint.

A treaty of peace between England and France was being arranged at Amiens in the spring of 1810. Certain difficulties which had arisen between the plenipotentiaries were giving rise to some little uneasiness and Bonaparte was anxiously expecting despatches. A courier arrived and brought to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the much desired signature. M. de Talleyrand put it into his pocket and went to the First Consul. He appeared before him with that immovable countenance which he wears on every occasion. For a whole hour he remained with Bonaparte, transacting a number of important matters of business, and, when all was done, "Now," said he smiling, "I am going to give you a great pleasure; the treaty is signed and here it is." Bonaparte was astounded at this fashion of announcing the matter. "Why did you not tell me at once?" he demanded. "Ah," replied M. de Talleyrand, "because then you would not have listened to me on any other subject. When you are pleased, you are not always pleasant." The self-control displayed in this reticence struck the Consul, "and," added M. de Talleyrand, "did not make him angry, because he saw immediately how far it might be made useful to himself."—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, "Memoirs."

One morning, after the campaign of Dresden, Napoleon observed Prince Talleyrand at his levee and bade him remain, as he wished to talk privately with him. After the company had gone he went up to Talleyrand and bawled: "What have you come here for? To show your ingratitude? You give the people to believe that you belong to the party in opposition. You think, I dare say, that were I to die, you would be president of the council of the regency. Now, mark my words. Were I so much as dangerously ill, the first thing I should do would be to have you shot." Prince Talleyrand, with the grace and quiet of a courtier who had just received new favors, bowed low and respectfully as he replied: "I did not require such a warning, sir, to address most fervent prayers to heaven to vouchsafe health and long life to your majesty."—"Private Recollections of the Prince de Talleyrand, Paris, 1870."

One day the emperor had the comedians of some of the smaller theaters come and play before him. Whatever the occasion may have been, he permitted and even desired more of the gaiety than was customary in these court performances. M. de Talleyrand, as grand chamberlain, signified, with his most solemn visage, his master's august desire: "Gentlemen, the emperor earnestly requests you to be amused."—SAINT-BEUVE, "Causeries du Lundi."

The empress, who was restless, idle and tired, at Mayence, wrote continually, begging to be allowed to go to Berlin. The emperor was on the point of yielding to her and I learned from M. de Rémusat with fresh sorrow that in all probability his absence would be prolonged. But the arrival of the Russians, and the obligation he was under of marching into Poland, made Bonaparte change his mind. Moreover, he was informed that Paris was dull and that the tradespeople were complaining of the harm done them by the general uneasiness. He sent orders to his wife to return to the Tuileries, there to keep up the accustomed splendor of the court, and we all received commands to amuse ourselves ostentatiously. On this occasion M. de Talleyrand said: "Ladies, this is no laughing matter; the emperor insists on your amusing yourselves."

It was under the Directory that he made the acquaintance of Madame Grand. Although she was no longer in her first youth, this lady, who was born in the East Indies, was still remarkable for her beauty. She wished to go to England, where her husband resided, and she applied to M. de Talleyrand for a passport. Her beauty and her visit produced apparently such an effect upon

him that either the passport was not given or it remained unused. Madame Grand remained in Paris; shortly afterwards she was observed to frequent the Hotel of External Relations, and after a while she took up her abode there. . . . Persons who were obliged by their position to frequent M. de Talleyrand's society accepted the presence of Madame Grand, who did the honors of his table and his salon with a good grace. . . . When, however, the ambassadresses were in question, difficulties arose, as some of them would not consent to be received at the Hotel of External Relations by Madame Grand. She complained and these protests on both sides came to the ears of the First Consul. He immediately had a decisive interview with Talleyrand on this subject and informed his minister that he must banish Madame Grand from his house. No sooner had Madame Grand been apprized of this decision, than she went to Madame Bonaparte, whom she induced, by means of tears and supplications, to procure for her an interview with Bonaparte. She was admitted to his presence, fell on her knees and entreated him to revoke a decree which reduced her to despair. Bonaparte allowed himself to be moved by the tears and sobs of this fair personage, and, after having quieted her, he said: "I see only one way of managing this: let Talleyrand marry you and all will be arranged; but you must bear his name, or you cannot appear in his house." Madame Grand was much pleased with this decision; the Consul repeated it to Talleyrand and gave him twenty-four hours in which to make up his mind. . . . Two days afterwards we were informed that Madame Grand had become Madame Talleyrand and the difficulties of the Corps Diplomatique were at an end. It appears that M. Grand, who lived in England, although little desirous of recovering a wife from whom he had long been parted, contrived to get himself largely paid for withholding his protest against this marriage, with which he repeatedly menaced the newly married couple.—MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, "Memoirs."

Madame Grand threw herself twice upon her knees before me in order to obtain permission to marry him, which I refused; but through the entreaties of Josephine she succeeded on the second application. I afterwards forbade her the court.—BARRY E. O'MEARA, "Napoleon in Exile," quoting Napoleon.

When surprise was expressed at his choice of a wife, Talleyrand replied: "A clever wife often compromises her husband; a stupid one only compromises herself."—*Temple Bar*, December, 1872.

Madame Grand, though extremely beautiful, had no idea of the superiority of the man she had charmed. M. de Talleyrand on being asked how he could converse with one so uninformed, replied: "It is a relief to me."—DUCREST.

It has never been clearly understood what motives monseigneur the ex-bishop can have had for contracting such a marriage. . . . On one occasion a friend of his addressed to him a question on the subject, expressing his surprise how he could have given his hand to so silly a woman. M. de Talleyrand answered: "Had I known any one sillier still she should have been my choice."—BARON WESSENBERG, "Souvenirs and Thoughts."

One day M. Talleyrand, on leaving to attend to his ministerial duties, informed his wife that he should bring back M. Denon with him to dinner. He wished the distinguished traveler to be treated with the utmost attention, and he told Madame de Talleyrand that the best thing she could do would be to look over his work, so that she might be enabled to pay some handsome compliment to the author, at the same time informing her in what particular part of the library the book was to be found. Madame de Talleyrand set about her task—she found the book exceedingly interesting and was delighted at the thought of being speedily introduced to the hero. No sooner were the company seated at table, than she informed M. Denon, whom she had taken care to place beside her, that she had been reading his work and that she had been very much pleased with it. M. Denon bowed and the lady proceeded to remark on the singular countries he had visited, and the hardships he had endured, at the same time taking pains to assure him how deeply she sympathized in his troubles. M. Denon bowed again, and all went on well until Madame de Talleyrand, addressing herself to M. Denon, said how very much delighted she had been when his faithful Friday came back to share his solitude. "Have you him still?" she asked. On hearing this M. Denon started and, turning to the person who sat on his other hand, he said: "Is it possible that she can take me for Robinson Crusoe?" The fact is, or I should more properly say, the story goes, poor Madame de Talleyrand had been reading the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, instead

of Denon's travels in Egypt. The emperor laughed heartily and afterwards several times related the anecdote himself.—COUNT DE LAS CASES, "Memoirs of Napoleon."

After the marriage of Prince Eugène I was obliged to turn him out of office, on account of complaints made against him by the Kings of Bavaria and Wurttemberg. Nothing was to be got, no treaty to be made, or arrangements for commerce, without first having bribed him. There were some commercial treaties on foot at the time to conclude which he demanded enormous sums.—O'MEARA, quoting Napoleon.

TAYLOR, Zachary, 1784-1850. American general and statesman.

General Taylor once called a council of war in face of the Mexicans, who were much his superiors in men and artillery. When a unanimous opinion had been given against fighting, the general quietly remarked: "I dismiss this council until after the battle," which he won.—S. ARTHUR BENT, *The North American Review*, September, 1892.

The Drawer is favored with this anecdote of General Zachary Taylor from one who belonged to the Mississippi volunteers and took part in the battle of Buena Vista. Just after the battle the general happened to see a group of ten or twelve Mexicans some distance off, apparently in consultation. Turning to Captain Bragg, he said: "Captain Bragg, d'ye see that bunch of men over there?" Captain Bragg said that he did. "Well, drive them away from there." Bragg aimed a cannon and fired. All of the Mexicans fell, ponies and all, except two, who put spurs to their nags and galloped away. When General Taylor saw the result of the shot he took off his cap and, clapping it on his knee, exclaimed: "Good hit, Captain Bragg, by jingo! Set 'em up again."—*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1880.

A planter wrote Old Zack saying: "I have worked hard all my life and the net product is a plantation with one hundred negroes—slaves. Before I vote, I want to know how you stand on the slavery question." The general at once responded: "Sir, I, too, have worked faithfully these many years and the net product remaining to me is a plantation with three hundred negroes. Yours truly."—HORACE GREELEY, "Recollections of a Busy Life."

As we stood and looked at the great portrait at the Baton Rouge capitol, an old resident told a strange story about it, to wit: "Why, that is Zachary Taylor's head and body with another's man's legs." "How so, my friend?" "Oh, the old gentleman would not sit as a model. When he was little thinking of it the artist sketched the head and body; but, as the general declared that he could not afford the time for further operations, the poor artist was obliged to finish with another man."

There is one of those traditionary tales located at Newmansville and vicinity which probably had some foundation in fact. With all his virtues it is often stated that Colonel Taylor, though a good disciplinarian, in other regards was a little careless concerning the uniforms of his officers and men, and especially so with his own. In fact, he never wore a complete regulation suit except when imperative duty, like that of a formal inspection, demanded it. He often had on some homespun material, wearing a loose sack-coat, and in the warm climate a broad-brimmed hat. The night after his arrival at Newmansville, so the story is told, he was sitting in some such old garb in the tavern office which had, as in the old inns, a bar at hand. With him were Lieutenant-Colonel Ichabod B. Crane, Colonel Croghan Ker and Captain D. D. Tompkins, all veterans of the prairies and frontier, and about as roughly dressed as Colonel Taylor himself. Suddenly, on the arrival of the Eastern stage, there appeared on the scene a sprightly young officer recently from the military academy, rather fine in attire for a traveler, and not a little confident in the manner of his address. His linen duster but poorly concealed the bright buttons beneath. He was an army officer and meant that it should be so known. He at first took but slight notice of the farmer-looking men who sat there talking, smoking or reading a chance paper. Then observing the oldest in appearance, he probed him for some information. "Well, old man, how are the Indians now?" "I believe, sir, they are giving considerable trouble." "Oh, they are, are they? Well, we'll fix matters soon. I'm an officer and on the way to take a hand in the war. How are the crops?" "Very fair, sir, I understand, where the Indians can keep quiet." And so on with pert questions from the youth and respectful answers from Taylor, who studiedly kept up the imputed character without betrayal. At last the young man grew generous. "Come now, old codger, you and your neighbors take something—some beer with me." "Oh, certainly." They rose and solemnly pledged the bold young warrior. About this time, the

stage being ready, the veterans proceeded on their journey, while the young officer stayed back for a brief good time before reporting to his command. A few days later he arrived at Fort Drane, and at the first inspection of his command, the senior commander present, what was his astonishment and mortification to see dressed in the full uniform of a colonel the old farmer of the tavern and coming straight toward him. Colonel Taylor smiled when near him and said reflectively: "Come now, old codger." The young man, after this mortifying interview, asked some experienced officers, with no little trepidation, what he should do. They laughingly said: "Oh, with the colonel, nothing." After a day or two the colonel called him up and, as the young man tried to apologize for his rudeness, said: "Never judge a stranger by his clothes." The incident was never alluded to again by Colonel Taylor.—GENERAL OLIVER OTIS HOWARD, "General Taylor."

An anecdote is told of the general while stationed at this fort [Bassinger, Florida] that is as amusing as it is characteristic. He had a favorite horse, which he named Claybank, a very fine animal and much attached to his master. But he did not fancy the musty corn often furnished the troops. The general used to partake of the same fare as his soldiers, and so did Claybank, so far as the corn was concerned, and they were both equally dainty. The general was very fond of hominy, and musty corn made anything but a pleasant diet. He would subject himself to the suspicion of "picking," to the prejudice of the soldiers, rather than to eat it, when not compelled to. Finding that Claybank understood the business better than he did, he would quietly let him loose among the sacks of corn. After smelling very carefully, the sagacious animal would commence gnawing a hole in one that pleased him. The general would very patiently watch the maneuver until he saw that Claybank had made a choice, then calling his servants, he would direct them to have Claybank stabled immediately, for fear he might do mischief; "but," he would say, "as the animal has eaten a hole in that bag, take a quart or so of the corn and make a dish of hominy." The trick was played for some time, but at last it became known that whenever Claybank gnawed into a sack sweet corn was to be found there, and the incident became a standing joke and it was enjoyed by none more heartily than by the subject of it himself.

Nothing, it is said, annoys General Taylor more than to have Mexicans come to him and address him in Spanish. During the year he has been in the country he has learned but one word of Spanish and that is *vamos*, the imperative plural of "go"—"begone." One day, when encamped at Saltillo, being very busy in his tent, a Mexican came up and commenced uttering a long complaint in Spanish. The old general turned to Major Bliss and asked: "What in heaven's name does the man want?" Major Bliss explained that the Mississippians appeared to be taking wood from his house. Now, the Mississippi regiment was a favorite with the general, and, as they had always conducted themselves well, he was in an unfortunate mood to hear complaints against them. So, waving his hands towards the Mexican, he told him to *"huevos, huevos, huevos"* ("eggs, eggs, eggs"). He had heard some one use the word a minute before and he took it for his favorite word *vamos*. When General Taylor in January last arrived here from Monterey, he encamped near town, but was not pleased with the location for an encampment. So, speaking on the subject with a number of officers, who had called to pay their respects to him, he told them that in a few days he should move the whole army to *aguardiente* (the Mexican for "brandy"). He meant Agua Nueva.—H. MONTGOMERY, "Life of Zachary Taylor."

TENNYSON, Alfred, Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, 1809-1892. English poet and peer.

The laureateship, offered to Rogers in May, remained vacant five months, during which time Lord John Russell as prime minister wrote to him to make inquiries of the character and position of Alfred Tennyson, of whose poems he seems to have known little. The author of "In Memoriam" must naturally have suspected that the honor would fall upon himself. After a lapse of time he declared that he was not thinking of the subject when he dreamed that Prince Albert came to him and kissed him on the cheek, when he remarked to himself, "Very kind, but very German." He had not quite awakened from the sleep in which this dream presented itself when a letter was brought to his bedside, dated Windsor, November 5, 1850, from the prince offering him the laureateship. Never a man of impulse, he spent the day in considering it, and occupied himself in part in writing two letters—probably an epistolary exercise—one accepting and the other refusing the proposal. One of his first

ideas regarding it seems to have been that it was worth merely one hundred a year and that the first year's income would have to be spent in paying for a patent and buying a court suit. A consultation with friends followed and he accepted their advice. In the biography written by his son we are told that the poet would joke over the subject and say: "In the end I accepted the honor because during dinner Venables told me that if I became poet laureate I should always when I dined out be offered the liver wing of a fowl." He was spared the expense of purchasing a court suit, for on making his appearance at court to kiss his sovereign's hand on his appointment, he wore that which Samuel Rogers had lent for a similar occasion to Wordsworth.—FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "Victoria Regina."

It is interesting to know that when Tennyson was presented to the queen he wore the identical clothes, buckles, stockings and sword which Wordsworth had worn years before when he was presented on a similar occasion. B. R. Hayden says that Moxon, the publisher, had hard work to make the dress fit the author of "The Excursion." "It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling we got him in." We are not told how it fared with Tennyson, who is himself by no means a small-sized man.—JULIUS H. WARD, *The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1879.

Peel expressed his regret that he was unable to make any permanent provision for Tennyson, "every shilling of the miserable pittance granted to the crown for civil list pensions" being appropriated; but offered to contribute two hundred pounds to relieve the embarrassments in which the poet was involved. This was declined. Six months later, September, 1845, the prime minister wrote to Arthur Hallam's father, who had also interested himself in striving to obtain an annuity for Tennyson, to say that a pension of two hundred a year would be granted to the poet. In acknowledging this Tennyson wrote to Peel: "I accept your offer and, believe me (though I am not one who says much), am deeply sensible of your kindness, and not ungrateful for that delicacy which doubles an obligation in conferring it." Though he subsequently became a man of considerable means, it is characteristic of the poet that he never resigned the pension which brought him between the year 1845 and that of his death in 1892 nearly ten thousand pounds.—MOLLOY.

"The poet's work is in his life and no one has the right to ask for more," he would always say; reaching once even the barbarity, as I could not help calling it, that if Horace had left an autobiography, and the single manuscript were in his hands, he would throw it into the fire. And, consistently, he would never read such lives.

It was also his way that when he had entered on some scene of special beauty or grandeur, after enjoying it together, he would always withdraw wholly from sight and study the view as it were in a little artificial solitude. Unless he worshiped thus "in the temple's inner shrine" the spirit of the scene could not fully reveal itself.—F. T. PALGRAVE, "Lord Tennyson, A Memoir by his Son."

He was full of compunction at once having shown a poor man what he thought an inconsistency in the gospel, lest he should have weakened his faith in the Bible.—FATHER HORNEYTHWAITE, "Lord Tennyson, A Memoir by his Son."

He was quite indignant with me when, in writing about Byron's slovenly versification and comparing it with Tennyson's exquisite polish of phrase, I added that after all Byron had a far higher intellectual power. —FREDERIC HARRISON, "Autobiographical Memoirs."

Lord Houghton I knew very well and it was he who took me to see Tennyson. Indirectly I was the means of preventing that poet from being in a way imprisoned in his own house, which, with the characteristic insouciance of genius, he had built on a hill at Haslemere, and from which there was no direct communication by carriage road with the surrounding neighborhood. Under these sad circumstances I approached the Lord Egmont of the day, a great friend of mine, to whom the property in the immediate vicinity belonged, and he accorded his permission for the desired road to be made up to the poet's domain. Had this not been done, the unfortunate bard would have had to go six miles around in order to reach the outer world.—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Reminiscences."

My father was dining one night at the Oxford and Cambridge Club with George Venables, Frank Lushington, Tennyson and two or three others. After dinner the poet insisted on putting his feet on the table, tilting back his chair, *more Americano*. There were strangers in the room and he was expostulated with for his uncouthness, but in vain. "Do put your feet down," pleaded his

host. "Why should I?" retorted Tennyson; "I am very comfortable as I am." "Every one is staring at you," said another. "Let them stare," replied the poet placidly. "Alfred," said my father, "people will think you are Longfellow." Down went the feet.—Rev. Charles H. E. Brookfield, "Random Reminiscences."

Reading his Own Poems

He had just received from the printer some proof sheets of his "Idylls of the King" and then and there he chanted the story of Enid and Elaine: chanted is the true word to apply to his recitations. He had a theory that poetry should always be given out with the rhythm accentuated and the music of the verse strongly emphasized and he did it with a power that was marvelous.—Annie Fields, *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1893.

He read as a poet—and a lyric, not a dramatic, poet—with a marked emphasis on the meter rather than on the sense, with a sonorous monotone, unvaried by those changes, breaks and modulations of voice which are generally considered beauties in the reading of every-day life. . . . Another peculiarity of Tennyson's reading was the open pronunciation of closed vowels, by which he sounded "a" in "black" like "a" in "father" and so on with other vowels. . . . I was fortunate enough on one occasion to hear him read "Maud" nor shall I soon forget how the heroine's name boomed in my ears for hours after and thundered at intervals through my dreams.—Alice Meynell, *The Irish Monthly*, October, 1903.

In the course of our conversation something cropped up which suggested a line in one of his poems, "The Golden Year," and I quoted it. "Go on," said Tennyson, who seemed to like to know that any one quoting him knew more than the bare quotation. I happened to know that poem and went on to the end of the lyrical portion. Then I stopped. "Go on," he said again; so I spoke the narrative bit to the end, supposed to be spoken by the writer: "He spoke and high above, I heard them blast the steep slate quarry and the great echo flap and buffet round the hills, from bluff to bluff." Tennyson listened attentively. When I spoke the last line he shook his head and said, "No." "Surely that is correct?" I said. "No." There was in this something I did not understand, for I was certain I had given the words correctly. So I ventured to say: "Of course, one must not contradict an author about his own work, but I am certain those are the words in my edition of the poem." He answered quickly: "Oh, the words are all right—quite correct." "Then what is wrong?" For answer he said: "Have you ever been on a Welsh mountain?" "Yes; on Snowdon." "Did you hear them blast a slate quarry?" "Yes; in Wales, and also on Coniston in Cumberland." "And did you notice the sound?" I was altogether at fault and said: "Won't you tell me—explain to me? I really want to understand." He spoke the last line and further explanation was unnecessary. The whole gist was in the pronunciation of the word "bluff," twice repeated. He spoke the word with a sort of quick propulsive effort as though throwing the word from his mouth. "I thought any one would understand that," he added. It was the exact muffled sound which the explosion charge makes in the curves of the steep valleys. This is a good instance of Tennyson's wonderful power of onomatopœia.—Bram Stoker, "Personal Recollections of Henry Irving."

There in the stern of the boat sat the laureate in his familiar black slouched hat and his long black cloak about him, the rain pouring and the wind whistling through the darkness, while he recited his poems to the rough old fisherman.—C. K. Tuckerman, "Personal Recollections of Notable People."

One of the pleasantest things which has happened to us here is the coming down on us of the laureate, who, being in London for three or four days from the Isle of Wight, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opening his heart to us (and the second bottle of port), and ended by reading "Maud" through from end to end and going away at half past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness and unexampled naïveté. Think of his stopping "Maud" every now and then: "There's a beautiful touch! That's very tender! How beautiful that is!"—Evan J. Cuthbertson, "Tennyson," quoting a letter from Mrs. Browning.

At luncheon in a few words Mr. Gladstone proposed the health of the king and queen of Denmark, the king thanking him in English; he then proposed the health of the czar and czarina, the emperor returning thanks in French. I kept in the background, but the Princess of Wales spoke to me and introduced me to the king of Greece. After luncheon it was proposed that Tennyson should read something, and on his saying

that "one man could lead a horse to water, but ten could not make him drink," the Princess of Wales said: "Oh, but I can," and led him up the little room, where, surrounded by all these crowned heads, with his great wide-awake on his head, he read "The Grandmother."

Mr. Tennyson, who had given one the impression of being somewhat *farouche* and rough at first, had soon softened down. We had many pleasant conversations together and he had begun reading to our small party, at the instigation of Miss Tennant, in the smoking room in the mornings and evenings. He was very much offended on one occasion by detecting Mr. Gladstone apparently asleep during his reading. Oddly enough, he preferred his dramas to his other poems, though he was fond of reading "Maud" and "The Grandmother."—ALGERNON WEST, "Recollections."

One night, after he had been reading aloud several of his poems, all of them short, he passed one of them to me and said: "What is the matter with that poem?" I read it and answered: "I see nothing to complain of." He laid his finger on two stanzas of it, the third and the fifth, and said: "Read it again." After doing so I said: "It has now more completeness and totality about it; but the two stanzas you cover are among its best." "No matter," he said, "they make the poem too long-backed and they must go at any sacrifice." "Every short poem," he remarked, "should have a definite shape, like a curve, sometimes a single, sometimes a double one, assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor."—AUBREY DE VERE, "Reception of Tennyson's Early Poems."

The Annoying Visitor

No house is besieged as this house, Faringford. Tennyson has been obliged to build a high wall about it, with locked gates, to keep curious people away. The locked-out crowd prowl outside and look over. When Tennyson comes out to walk in his garden the crowd rushes frantically to the side where he is. Photographers stand ready at all angles to catch pictures of him. Some of them have made holes in the wall and inserted the tubes of their cameras therein, where they remain stationary, their owners hoping and watching for a chance to take the poet's picture. When he is discovered and the cameras put in readiness and the photographers take aim, happy if they can secure a glimpse of the corner of his cloak or a rear view of him bending to smell a violet in its bed, he looks despairingly at the heads; he frowns at them in vain. They stare, they make audible comments about him. "Why does he stand there like a post?" says one. "Like a Stoughton bottle," says another. "What queer buttons he has!" "And where could he have found that cloak?" they say. They bring their dinners and lie in wait for him. The land around is trampled, the grass is killed and the earth strewn with dinner papers, crusts and empty beer bottles. A path lies about the walls, trodden hard as adamant. Most of these tourists are Americans.—*Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1879.

Among other things he told of the people who waylaid him, the incidents being sometimes amusing. Two men, for example, having got into his garden separately, one climbed a tree at the approach of the other. The other, seeing him, cried out softly: "I twig," and immediately climbed another tree. And yet he declared that no man was more accessible to any one who had reason to see him.—MONCURE D. CONWAY, "Autobiography and Memories."

He was an ardent admirer of Tennyson's poetry and knew many of his poems by heart. So anxious was he to make the laureate's personal acquaintance that the American publisher of the poet's works strained a point in giving the enthusiastic young man a warm letter of introduction, which he believed would ensure him a kindly reception. The letter was presented to Tennyson at his home in Freshwater, Isle of Wight, but the bearer was greatly disappointed at the cold, almost inhospitable greeting which he first received. Tennyson's manner was not uncivil, but it clearly indicated that the visitor was regarded by him as one of those innumerable bores who intrude upon the retirement of literary men for the sole purpose of gratifying a morbid and idle curiosity. My cousin felt that under the circumstances the shorter he made his visit the better, but he was determined to let Tennyson know that he was an ardent admirer of his poetry and that he had come to see him as a pilgrim comes to a shrine where his heart and sympathies may find expression. He, therefore, in a few words, thanked the great man for the privilege of meeting one who had so largely contributed to his intellectual enjoyment. Tennyson scanned the features of his guest, as if searching to know how much sincerity there might be in his avowal and, to test the matter, asked which of his poems he preferred

and what particular passages he chanced to remember. My cousin could not have desired a more gratifying question and thereupon referred to his favorites and quoted line upon line and then longer passages with such unfeigned enthusiasm that it was evident the poet had before him a pure and unadulterated disciple. Tennyson's tone and manner exhibited a magical transformation. His face relaxed its inquisitorial severity; he settled himself in his chair as if desirous of further acquaintance with the young American and fell into a free and easy conversation on matters and things in general. When his guest rose to leave, Tennyson would not listen to it, but insisted upon his remaining to dinner and passing the night. . . . After dinner the poet armed himself with smoking pipes and a bottle of spirits and conducted his guest upstairs to his study, where he threw himself at full length upon the rug before the fire, and the two passed the evening, well into the night, discussing poetry—principally the laureate's own poems—which he recited with sonorous unction.—TUCKERMAN.

The poet expressly desired me not to make a sketch of himself. . . . The prohibition did not extend to his favorite dog. . . . Tennyson, in fact, wished me to sketch his canine friend, an operation which I performed with some difficulty, as the dog was not a patient sitter and had to be restrained by two ladies of the house while I attempted to secure his portrait.—F. G. KITTON, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1895.

Some Prompt Replies

On one occasion the laureate was in the rooms of an eminent astronomer, possessor of a fine telescope. Through this the laureate was able to divide the Milky Way into the separate systems of which it is composed. In characteristic silence Tennyson gazed his fill, then, turning away, lighted his pipe and sat down, observing simply: "I don't think much of our English country families."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1892.

As an illustration of his delightful simplicity, it may be recorded that when the conversation turned upon the House of Lords he suddenly exclaimed: "I was just going to say what I would do if I were a lord, and then I remembered that I am one."—HERBERT PAUL, *The New Review*, November, 1892.

About that time the newspapers contained a story of some one who had fallen heir to a fortune on condition of his assuming the "name and arms of Smith." Tennyson raged about it. Why didn't some one leave him fifty thousand pounds on condition of his taking the name and arms of Smith? He would do so at once. "No; you wouldn't," I put in. "I would do it and never write another line."—*The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1897.

She observed that Dr. Johnson "often stirred his lemonade with his finger and that often dirty." My father was very angry with her for relating such a story about a great man and said: "The dirt is in her own heart."—LORD TENNYSON, "Memoir by his Son."

Among the men whom Tennyson knew best and liked best was Lord Houghton, the "Milnes" and the "Dickey Milnes" of some of his letters and of all his early life. . . . This oddly assorted pair, on a certain evening, now many years ago, were dining together at the house of a common friend, and Houghton betook himself to his favorite amusement. He sat directly opposite Tennyson, and at the moment either of them spoke everybody else became silent. "Tennyson," said Houghton in his easy way, for no Englishman was ever lighter in hand, "I have got a number of your earlier unpublished poems in your own handwriting, and as soon as you are dead I shall print them." Tennyson stared grimly at his tormentor and, after a pause which fixed everybody's attention, answered: "You beast." It was said half-humorously, half-angrily, but it silenced Houghton as if it had been a blow.—GEORGE W. SMALLEY, "Studies of Men."

He pointed out with pride a bed of *Lobelia cardinalis* and *Salvia patens*. Speaking of the latter I called it "salvia pātens," pronouncing the "a" long. "What's that?" he asked. "Salvia pātens," I replied. "Oh, 'salvia pătens'; if you had said that at first I should have understood you." . . . "How do you pronounce the name of that flower?" he asked on the same occasion. "Clemātis," I answered. "I am glad of it," he said. "Some people——" it is impossible to convey the significance with which he uttered the words, "some people call it 'clemătis.'"—ALFRED AUSTIN, *The National Review*, January, 1893.

He was scornfully indifferent to superficial appearances, especially as to his personal appearance. On one occasion, when William Allingham was visiting him and they were holding a candle over some books and pictures, Tennyson's hair caught fire and Allingham attempted to put it out. "Oh, never mind," said the poet, "it depends on

chance burnings."—WILLIAM H. RIDEING, *The North American Review*, December, 1897.

Lack of Civility

Tennyson's dislike to intrusions upon his solitude showed itself at times in an entire disregard of conventionalities. He allowed himself to indulge in what in anybody else would be called downright rudeness. One of his neighbors, with whom he was on good terms, once asked leave to bring to Aldworth a lady who was visiting him—a lady well known in society, as her husband is well known in a world much wider than society. She had, it was carefully explained, a great desire to see the poet, for whose writings her admiration was great. Tennyson assented with amiability, telling his friend to bring her to luncheon on a day named in the following week. When they arrived the poet had forgotten all about it, and, by ill luck, was in one of his solitary moods. The lady was introduced; the poet bowed. Luncheon was announced and they went in; she sat next her host, who uttered not a word during the meal; at the end of which he arose and retired in silence to his own room. She left the house, to which she had made this pilgrimage in a spirit of hope and reverence, not having heard so much as the sound of the poet's voice.—SMALLEY.

From this they wandered to Tennyson, who, it appears, became a gourmet with advancing years, and latterly always had his own wine and his own dish, which nobody else was offered. Mr. Gladstone admitted having observed this with true pain. Tennyson once came unexpectedly to luncheon with a professor at Oxford, and, on seeing cutlets and a chicken on the table, remarked that it was the sort of a luncheon one would get at a wayside inn. He was given the liver wing of the chicken, upon which he remarked: "The liver wing is the only privilege which a poet laureate gets."—CHARLOTTE RIBBLESDALE, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, April, 1904.

Some time ago he was ill and the queen hearing of it called upon her chosen laureate and made kind inquiries concerning his health. This no sooner got noised abroad than the sycophants of the aristocracy, who do as she does as far as they can follow her, in great numbers imitated her example, and called to inquire about the health of the laureate, leaving their cards in token of their interest and condescension. Tennyson, it is said, just put the precious cards into envelopes and returned them per post to their respective owners.—*The Eclectic Magazine*, September, 1854.

To him truth was a simple thing; it was to be exact. Irving told me of an incident illustrating this which happened to himself. He had heard a story that not long before Tennyson had been lunching with friends of his in his own neighborhood not far from Haslemere. His hostess, who was a most gracious and charming woman whom later I had the honor to know, said to him as they went into the dining room: "I have made a dish especially for you myself; I hope you will try it and tell me exactly what you think of it." "Of course, I shall," he answered. After lunch she asked him what he thought of it and he answered at once: "If you really wish to know, I thought it was like an old shoe." When they met Irving asked him whether the story were true. "No," he answered at once; "I didn't say that. I said something, but it wasn't that it was like an old shoe." "What did you say?" "I said it was like an old boot." With him ethical truth was not enough; exactness was a part of the whole.—STOKER.

At a party one evening he saw a certain great lady, of whom he had heard, but whom he did not know. He desired to be introduced to her, or perhaps—for his ways were sometimes regal—desired that she might be presented to him. In whichever way it was, the ceremony was transacted and Tennyson's second remark was this question: "Oh, Lady ——, do I know Lord ——?" The person about whom he thus inquired was a peer who, though young, had won much distinction in public life and was widely known in private. His wife, as it happened, was devoted to him, and jealous of any word which sounded like a disparagement of his position or indifference to his renown. She looked Tennyson in the face and answered, with perfect composure of manner: "I am sure, Lord Tennyson, I cannot say. I never heard him mention your name in my life."—SMALLEY.

With Pipe and Bottle

When his morning's work is done he is glad to see his friends, sends for them indeed, or announces by a little bell his readiness to receive them. As soon as they enter pipes are lighted. Of these pipes he has a great store, mostly presents from admirers and friends. The visitor has his choice, be it a hookah, nargileh, meerschaum or dhudeen. Tennyson is familiar with all grades of smoking tobacco, and the guest may select at will Latakia, Connecticut leaf, Perique,

Lone Jack, Michigan, Killikinnick, Highlander, what not. The poet himself follows the good old plan of his forefathers from Raleigh downward. At his feet is a box of white clay pipes. Filling one of these, he smokes until it is empty, breaks it in twain and throws the fragments into another box prepared for their reception. Then he pulls another pipe from its straw or wood enclosure, fills it, lights it and destroys it as before. He will not smoke a pipe a second time.—*Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1872.

I have read many anecdotes of his spending the whole evening alone with some honored guest, and of the host and guest smoking in silence, each finding companionship enough in the presence of the other and the interchanging clouds of smoke, without needing any spoken utterances to express their sense of goodfellowship. One such anecdote is told of Tennyson and Carlyle.—JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Portraits of the Sixties."

As he talked he drank and not noticing his friend's empty glass filled his own until the decanter was drained. Then he said, "That was a very good bottle of port, don't you think? Shall we have another?" And, the guest assenting, the butler brought in a second decanter which went through just the same experience as the first; Mr. M——, having one glass from the bottle and Tennyson, entirely engrossed in talk as before, consuming all the rest. Early next morning his guest awoke to find Tennyson standing by his bed and regarding him with a sort of friendly solicitude. "How are you this morning?" was the host's query. "All right; thanks." "Sure you are all right?" "Quite sure." "Ah, but pray, Mr. M——, do you always drink two bottles of port after dinner?"—SMALLEY.

The mention of port calls to my mind how greatly the poet amused my father once, the first time he saw the new house at Aldworth, by decanting a bottle of port for dinner and putting into the decanter a glass of water, saying to my father, "I do that for two reasons: first, it makes it more wholesome; and, secondly, it gives me one glass more." He did everything in a large way. The tobacco-jar by his fireside held quite a gallon, and at his early breakfast, at eight o'clock, he would take his own tea in a bowl, saying, "A teacup is such a niggardly allowance."—W. F. RAWNSLEY, in Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's "Memories of the Tennysons."

An eminent man of science once despatched to him a small parcel of the vintage of '47. When next they met the poet remarked, "That port of yours was filthy stuff; it was all muddy." The eminent man of science mildly suggested that he had perhaps not given it time enough to rest after its journey. "Rest? There wasn't enough of it to put away. You sent me only half a dozen."—SMALLEY.

It had been a stormy evening and the night was of pitchy darkness when I started out, against invitations to remain, to go to the Albion. Tennyson insisted on showing me a nearer way, but in the darkness got off his bearings. Bidding me walk close behind him, we went forward through the mud, when suddenly I found myself precipitated six or seven feet downward. Sitting in the mud, I called on the poet to pause, but it was too late; he was speedily seated beside me. This was seeing the laureate of England in a new light, or rather, hearing him under a novel darkness. Covered with mud, groping about, he improved the odd occasion with such a run of witticisms that I had to conclude that he had reached a situation which had discovered in him unexpected resources. His deep bass voice came through the congenial darkness like mirthful thunder, while he groped until he found a path. "This should have happened after dinner," he exclaimed; "do not mention this to the temperance folk."—CONWAY.

Stories He Was Fond Of

As he was reminiscent that night his anecdotes were mostly personal. Another was of a man of the lower class in the Isle of Wight, who spoke of him in early days, "He, a great man? Why, 'e only keeps one manservant—and 'e don't sleep in the 'ouse."—STOKER.

There is a good story current in a town in Normandy this year, much frequented by tourists. An Englishman lost his purse from his bedroom, while staying at the hotel, and applied to the landlord for redress; the landlord explained to him that every one in the house was a paragon of honesty; that they would sooner perish on the scaffold than touch a sou belonging to any one else. There were two strangers in the hotel, Englishmen, concerning whose character he knew nothing, either good or bad. "Monsieur might interrogate them himself." Monsieur did so and found them to be Alfred Tennyson and Dean Stanley.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1877.

Carlyle pointed out the poet with, "There he sits upon a dung heap surrounded by innumerable dead dogs," by which unsavory

metaphor he alluded to the Greek poems, "Osnone," "The Lotus Eaters," etc. "I was told of this," related Tennyson himself, "and afterwards repeated it to Carlyle. 'I am told that is what you say of me.' He gave a kind of guffaw. 'Eh, that wasn't a very luminous description of you,' he answered."—KATHERINE TYNAN, *The Irish Monthly*, March, 1893.

He then told some anecdotes of a visit to Scotland. After he had left an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked, "Did he know whom he had staying in his house; it was the poet Tennyson." He replied, "Lor', to think of that! And sure I thoucht he was a shentleman." Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of a hotel where he had stayed. "Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?" "Naa, but he was a pleesant shentleman." "It was Tennyson, the poet." "An' wha may he be?" "Oh, he is a writer of verses, sich as ye see i' the papers." "Noo! to think o' that! jeest a public writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom."—WILLIAM KNIGHT, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, August, 1897.

He told me he had often thought of making a collection of the hundred best stories. "Tell me some of them," I asked. Whereupon he told me quite a number, all excellent. Such as the following: A noble of the court of Louis XIV. was extremely like the king, who, on its being pointed out to him, sent for him and asked him, "Was your mother ever at court?" Bowing low, he replied, "No, sir; but my father was." Again: Colonel Jack Towers was a great crony of the Prince Regent. He was with his regiment at Portsmouth on one occasion and was in command of the guard of honor when the prince was crossing the Isle of Wight. The prince had not thought of his being there and was surprised when he saw him. After his usual manner he began to banter: "Why, Jack, they tell me you are the biggest blackguard in Portsmouth," to which the other replied, "I trust your royal highness has not come here to take away my character." Again: Silly Billy, the sobriquet of the Duke of Gloucester, said to a friend, "You are as near a fool as you can be." He too bowed as he answered, "Far be it from me to contradict your royal highness."—STOKER. (The first mentioned of the above stories affords an excellent exemplification of the way anecdotes of great similarity travel along through centuries. According to Hamilton, Grammont replied, "Nor my father either." Philip H. Sergeant, "Little Jennings and Fighting Dick Talbot," says: "Perhaps to this period, if to any period at all, for it is probably an invention—is to be assigned a story of Louis XIV. and Tyrconnel. The French king, struck by the Irishman's resemblance to himself, pleasantly inquired whether his mother ever had been at court, 'the court of the king, our father.' 'No, sire,' answered Tyrconnel, 'but my father was.' A likeness can be seen between some portraits of Tyrconnel and of Louis XIV." A writer in *Notes and Queries*, February 21, 1863, says: "Lord Stair was one day in company with Louis, who, in a bantering way, said to him that it had been remarked that Lord Stair resembled him in person. The innuendo could not be mistaken, but it signally failed and the retort was beyond the power of any rejoinder. 'That may well be, your majesty, as my father was very intimate at the court of Louis XIII.' (his father)." A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1861, says: "Thus the current story is, or was, that Bandesson, mayor of St. Dizier, was so like Henry IV., that the royal guards saluted him as he passed. 'Why, friend,' said Henry, 'your mother must have visited Bearn.' 'No,' replied the mayor; 'it was my father who occasionally resided there.' This story, which is also told of Louis XIV., is related by Macrobius of Augustus." Students of the classics may find what is perhaps the origin of this story in "Valerius Maximus," IX., c. 14: "Proconsule enim dicente, mirare se quapropter suit tam similis esset, cum pater suus in eam provinciam nunquam accessessit: At meus, inquit, Roman frequenter accessit.")

THIERS, Louis Adolphe, 1797-1877. French statesman and historian.

A prize was offered for competition in 1814, the subject of which was a eulogy of Vauvernarges, by the Academy of Aix. Thiers determined that he would compete for this honor and accordingly sent in his manuscript in the customary manner, accompanied by a sealed packet containing the name of the author, not to be opened except the composition was declared successful. It had, however, transpired that the author of the piece, which was beyond comparison the best of those tendered, was the turbulent little Jacobin, who had excited to such a degree the fears and hostility of the professors, who were chiefly royalists. It was consequently declared that the prize would not be granted to any of the pieces, but would be postponed to the following year. When the next year arrived the piece of Thiers was again offered as before, but, to the infinite delight of the superiors, a composition had been trans-

mitted from Paris, incontestably superior, to which the prize was awarded; but, in order to compensate Thiers for the decision of the preceding year, they granted him an *accessit*, which is an official acknowledgment of his piece having held the second place of merit. On opening the packet containing the name of the candidate to whom the prize itself was awarded, the astonishment and mortification of the professors may be conceived at finding that the individual on whom they must confer the honor was M. Thiers himself. In fact, he had caused the second essay to be transcribed by hand and, more completely to blind the judges, had sent it to Paris, from whence it had been forwarded to them.—*Dublin University Magazine*, November, 1846.

M. Thiers often sustained against Guizot, who was a thorough schoolmaster, that young children are better employed birdsnesting and thrashing each other out of doors than locked up in ugly, close rooms, poring over lessons which they should be allowed only to glance at.—EMILY CRAWFORD, *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1877.

So long as a German soldier remained on French soil he used paper with a deep black border.—*Temple Bar*, May, 1884.

The Orleanists have always been rather backward in taking active steps to establish their claims, and the Comte de Paris, though personally a man of high courage, was no exception, though from time to time he made energetic declarations. At a meeting of the adherents in London in 1858 he was especially vehement, saying, "Better to die sword in hand on French soil than languish with disappointment and disease in exile." The only comment made by Thiers on the speech was, "We must get this fine lad out of the atmosphere of resignation and submission to Providence which surrounds him at Claremont—it will ruin his spirit."—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Under Five Reigns."

One day a young *chargé d'affaires* is summoned to the presidency to hear from the mouth of M. Thiers the instructions which he needs for a mission which he is to fulfil at Rome to Pius IX. The hour of audience is seven o'clock in the morning. After a moment's waiting the young diplomat is introduced; he expects a solemn interview, he finds the head of the executive coming from his matutinal visit to his stables, dressed in trousers with feet to them, a plaid and wearing a round hat. M. Thiers remains standing, walks up and down, gets animated, excited, then quiets down, takes a seat and at last dictates instructions full of wisdom, precision and sagacity.—GABRIEL HANOTAUX, "Contemporary France," citing "Souvenirs de Carriere," by Baron de Michels.

Even some of the larger cities knew little of men famous in the political world. This is well shown by a story of M. Thiers, stopping at Luxemburg while on a journey. The burgomaster came forward to do him honor and, by way of complimenting him, mentioned that an old man, a Marseillaise, had performed the functions of schoolmaster in the town for about twenty years. The ex-minister desired to be introduced to him, when the following dialogue ensued: Thiers commencing, "Do you know me?" "No, sir." "You don't remember little Adolphe Thiers, one of your scholars at Marseilles?" "Wait, wait, yes; I do recollect such a name; a sly little monkey who used to play such pranks." "Just so." "Ah, it is you; I am very glad to see you. Have you succeeded? Have you made your fortune?" "Sufficiently so, I thank you." "So much the better—so much the better. Pardon my curiosity; I should like to know what you have been doing. Are you a notary, banker, merchant?" "I have retired from business; I have been a minister." "Protestant?" asked the old man. "And this is glory," said Thiers. He had never heard of Thiers, Minister of the Interior—Thiers, Minister of Commerce—Thiers, Minister of Foreign Affairs—or of Thiers, author of the "History of the Consulate and Empire."—NEVILL.

Of all his whimsies there was none that had a stronger hold on him than his desire to get his universal competence recognized by everybody. He said of an applicant for the post of director at the Sèvres manufactory, "He is no more made for that post than I am for——," and then he stopped. "Ah, ah, M. Thiers," said his interlocutor, "you find it very hard to say what you could not do." "That's the truth, that's the truth," said he gaily. And the author of the story recalls another anecdote on the same subject. M. Thiers was saying one day, of a man raised to a high function, "He is no more suited to that office than I am to be a druggist; and yet," he added, catching himself up, "I do know chemistry."—HANOTAUX.

Hatzfeld then said that Thiers had been very charming but that he had lost none of his old vanity and self-satisfiedness. He told him, for instance, how he had met a countryman some days ago, whom he asked whether

he wished for peace. "Yes, indeed; badly." Whether he knew who he was. "No." Well, he was Monsieur Thiers; did he know about him? The man said "No" to that too. Then a neighbor came up and the old countryman asked him who might M. Thiers be, and was told that he must be one of them "from the chamber." Hatzfeld said that Thiers was obviously vexed that they knew no more than that about him.—MORITZ BUSCH, "Bismarck in the Franco-Prussian War."

In 1833 M. Thiers made a ten days' journey in England and pledged himself to Louis Philippe to learn in that time all that was worth knowing about the politics, commerce, revenues, religion, arts, sciences and social economy of the nation. While here he wrote to a gentleman connected with the Treasury the following note: "My dear Sir —Would you give me a short quarter of an hour to explain to me the financial system of your country? Always yours, T."—JOHN TIMBS, "Century of Anecdote."

Just before Louis Napoleon was elected president of the French nation, two eminent statesmen, M. Mole and M. Thiers, invited the prince to visit them at the house of M. Thiers, in order that they might make known to him the elements and tendencies of modern society in France. "The fundamental principle of modern society," said M. Thiers, "is the civil power. The military spirit is dead and cannot be revived. You appear to have a chance of being nominated for president of the French republic, and it seems desirable to us that you should prepare yourself for that eminent position—by cutting off your mustachios. If M. Mole or myself were to be nominated president, neither of us would wear mustachios. It therefore seems to us necessary that you shave off yours." The prince declined and the result is known to the world.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1857.

He informed us that Madame Thiers and her sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, invariably returned to Paris on the morrow of a reception in order to lunch off the remains of the dinner or supper of the previous night. "The journey costs them nothing," the commissary continued, "for they travel at the expense of the state and, when they have lunched, they carry all the food which remains uneaten to Versailles. Oh, that is quite correct—judge for yourselves." On looking into the courtyard from the window we saw several of the palace servants loading Madame Thiers's brougham with baskets and parcels. "Ah," said the commissary with a sigh, "there go all the *pâtés*, the cold fowls, the pastry, the fruit and everything else that was not consumed last night."—E. A. VIZETELLY, "Republican France."

It was always very touching to see the care with which M. Thiers's wife and sister-in-law ministered to him. The story has often been told how M. Thiers, having been forbidden by his doctors to eat his favorite Provençal dish of *brandade* (fish cooked with garlic), M. Mignet, the historian, used to smuggle some of this mess enclosed in a tin box into his friend's study, and what a pretty scene there was one day when Madame Thiers detected the two *frères Provençeaux* enjoying the contraband dainty together.—*Temple Bar*, May, 1884.

He used to mix oil liberally with his food and I remember, at a dinner at the Duchess Gallieras, a fair-sized bottle of oil was especially placed next his plate and he consumed it all.—ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, *Cornhill Magazine*, January, 1903.

M. Thiers, on entering one of the bureaux of the National Assembly recently, was followed by a large dog, which jumped up barking into the president's face. An officious clerk immediately jumped up from his desk and dealt the animal such a terrific blow on the head with a ruler that he rolled back howling on the mat. The clerk, triumphant in the deed, exclaimed, "No dog shall harm our valued president while I am by." To which the president replied in a furious tone as he rushed toward the animal, "But, fool, dolt, idiot, the dog is mine!"—*Every Saturday*, February, 1872.

THOMAS, George Henry, 1816-1870. American general.

Returning from Cleveland on the train from the dedication of the Garfield memorial, in May, 1890, Mrs. James and myself found ourselves in company with General Sherman as a fellow traveler. During the journey General Sherman conversed freely of the different commanders he had known, both on the Union and the Confederate side, placing Johnston and Longstreet at the head of the Confederates. After speaking of Grant, Sheridan, MacPherson and others in the highest terms, he said, that after all, in many respects Thomas was a typical soldier. "Old Tom, as we always called him, was a classmate of mine at West Point, and was always a thorough gentleman, thoughtful and respectful of other people's feelings, and who knew not only how to command but how to

obey." He then told us this story of how Thomas was made a brigadier-general. He said, "Mr. Lincoln, in the early part of the war, sent for me to come to Washington. While there, he did me the honor to consult me regarding the names of those he intended to nominate to the senate as brigadier-generals. After hearing the proposed list, I said to him, 'Why don't you nominate old Thomas?' His reply was that Thomas was born in Virginia and there were some doubts as to his loyalty. In my most earnest manner I protested indignantly against this most cruel accusation. I said, 'Mr. President, Old Tom is as loyal as I am, and as a soldier he is superior to all on your list.' Mr. Lincoln said, 'Will you be responsible for him?' and I unhesitatingly replied, 'With the greatest pleasure.' The president instantly sent his name among others to the senate. In the afternoon of that day I went to the senate chamber to see my brother, John Sherman, of Ohio, and he told me of the names on the list of the brigadier-generals that had been sent to the senate, and said that they had all been confirmed, Thomas with the rest. I then began to recollect that I had not seen Thomas for twenty years and I had become responsible for him. . . . I waited in no easy frame of mind on that sultry day for his return and, as there is an end to everything, Thomas came back at last and we greeted each other heartily. 'Tom,' said I, 'you are a brigadier-general.' 'I don't know of anybody I would rather hear such news from than from you,' he replied. 'But,' I said, 'Tom, there are some stories about your loyalty. How are you going?' 'Billy,' replied he, 'I am going South.' 'My God,' I exclaimed, 'Tom, you have put me in an awful position; I have become responsible for your loyalty.' 'How so?' said he, and I related to him the conversation between President Lincoln and myself, when he leaned back and remarked, 'Give yourself no trouble, Billy; I am going South, but at the head of my men.'"—HENRY COPPEE, "General Thomas," copyright, D. Appleton & Co.

During the campaign in Kentucky in pursuit of Bragg in 1862, Thomas was second in command under Buell. The new recruits committed many depredations upon the loyal Kentuckians. While they were passing a small stream near Bardstown, Thomas was approached by a farmer whom he knew to be a good Union man, and who made complaint that one of the general's staff officers had carried off the only horse left on his farm. The general turned black with anger at such an accusation against one of his staff officers and demanded to know where and who the offender was. The farmer pointed to a mounted infantry officer, but who was attached to one of the regiments and not to the general's staff. The general rode up to him and demanded to know where he had obtained the horse he rode. The officer replied that he had "impressed" him. The general knew that the man had no authority to impress horses and, choking with rage, he poured on the devoted head of the delinquent a torrent of invective. He drew his sword and, putting the point under the shoulder straps of the officer, ripped them off, and then compelled him to dismount and lead the animal to the place whence he had stolen him. He also required him to pay the farmer for his trouble and the loss of the services of the animal.

After the rout of the corps of McCook and Crittenden, Thomas was left to fight the entire rebel army with a single corps of less than twenty thousand men. The enemy, desirous of capturing this force, moved in heavy columns on both flanks; but still they held their ground, until Steadman, of Granger's corps, reached them with reenforcements. As Steadman came up and saluted Thomas, he inquired how the battle went. Thomas, in a vexed and indignant manner, replied, "The scoundrels are fighting without any system."

His style of living in camp is comfortable, even elegant. His mess consists of himself and two aides. The writer breakfasted once or twice with the general during the Chickamauga campaign. On the occasion of each visit breakfast and daylight were announced simultaneously by an elderly, dignified and cleanly attired colored servant, who brought an excellent whiskey punch, with "Colonel Flynt's compliments," as an appetizer. The breakfast table was spread under the fly of the tent which served as kitchen, and on it smoked fresh beef, ham and strong black coffee. At each silver plate was a napkin of the purest white, artistically folded in the latest style of first-class hotels, a silver water goblet, a china cup and the usual knives and silver forks. Better beef and better coffee could not have been found in the country in which the army was campaigning, while the hot rolls and potatoes baked in the hot ashes of a neighboring fire would have made many a French cook blush.—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1865.

Prominent among the insignia of the Army of the Cumberland was the acorn,

and the story is told that General Thomas, who had given strict orders against foraging, caught an Irishman on the river bank with a pig which he had just killed. Bursting out with anger at the violation of his orders, he was about to consign him to the guard, when the Irishman turned to him, saying, "You see, general dear, he was eating our corps badge and it was for that I killed him." The general pardoned him out of jealousy for the corps badge rather than from a sense of pity or the ludicrous.

Grateful citizens of wealth were offering to distinguished defenders of the country, houses, ready money and all sorts of gifts. He was particularly sensitive on that score. Just as the war was coming to a close, a number of his admirers found no difficulty in making up a long purse to buy him a house in Cincinnati, as houses had been bought for distinguished generals in other cities. As soon as he heard of the project he nipped it in the bud, declaring to those who had it in hand that nothing could prevail upon him to accept such a present, but if they wanted to make good use of the money they might distribute it to the needy widows of soldiers who had died in the war. When in the month of May, 1869, he was about to leave Louisville in order to take command on the Pacific coast, another opportunity showing his objection to receiving gifts presented itself. Just at the close of the war a considerable number of officers of the Union army, who had resigned or been mustered out of service, had taken up their residences in Tennessee and some of the gulf states. During the brief but stormy reconstruction period they had a hard time, not only being socially ostracized but treated with injustice, and even with contumely. General Thomas took their part, protected and supported them and made it possible for them to retain their residences until the evil days were over. When he was about to leave they wished to acknowledge his kindness by presenting him with a handsome service of silver. It was purchased at Nashville and the pieces marked with his name. The committee, proud of their duty, presented themselves at his office and were about to offer him the service. "He firmly declined," said his aide-de-camp, Colonel Kellogg, "to accept it and, as I thought, with considerable and unnecessary asperity; but the would-be donors, knowing his characteristics in that particular, did not take offense at it, but seemed rather amused that he should even refuse to be the recipient of a testimonial from those whom he had practically benefited." And so they went back with their silver and nobody knows what became of it. He used to say quietly but firmly on such occasions that he was satisfied with his pay and could live on it.—COPPEE.

THURLOW, Baron Edward, 1732-1806. Lord Chancellor of England.

Having been absent from chapel or committed some other offense which came under the cognizance of the dean of the college, who, though a man of wit, was not remarkable for his learning, the dean set Thurlow, as a task, a paper in the *Spectator* to translate into Greek. This he performed extremely well and in very little time, but instead of carrying it up to the dean, as he ought to have done, he took it to the tutor, who was a good scholar and a very respectable character. At this the dean was exceedingly wroth and had Mr. Thurlow convened before the master and fellows to answer for his conduct. Thurlow was asked what he had to say for himself. He coolly, perhaps improperly, replied, "that what he had done proceeded not from disrespect, but from a feeling of tenderness for the dean; he did not wish to puzzle him." The dean, greatly irritated, ordered him out of the room.—*The London Magazine*, 1820.

Lord Thurlow built a house in the neighborhood of London. Now he was first cheated by his architect and then he cheated himself, for the house cost more than he expected, so he never would go into it. Very foolish, but so it was. As he was coming out of the queen's drawing room, a lady whom I knew very well stopped him and asked when he was going into his new house. "Madame," said he, "the queen has just asked me that impudent question, and, as I would not tell her, I will not tell you."—HORACE TWISS, "Life of Eldon," quoting Eldon.

A curate, who had a numerous family but no patrons among the great, was prompted by his wants and a favorable opportunity to make a personal application to Thurlow. The chancellor was struck with his appearance and address and, after hearing his story, whimsically asked him, "Whom have you to recommend you?" "Only the Lord of Hosts, my lord." "Well," replied Thurlow, "as this is the first recommendation I have had from his Lordship, be assured that I shall attend to it." The living was given to the meritorious applicant.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1868.

Chancellor Thurlow, by the way, when staying at a country house where a bishop was a fellow guest, was asked by the latter if he would come and hear him preach on Sunday. "No," said Thurlow, "I am obliged to listen to your damned nonsense in the House of Lords, but there I can answer you, and I'm damned if I am going to hear you when I cannot reply."—R. D. McGIBBON, *The Green Bag*, October, 1905.

Lord Eldon used to relate that on some occasion, at the close of his address, Lord Thurlow said to him, "I was with you—until I heard your argument."—TWISS.

After Lord Thurlow was removed from his office as Lord Chancellor, during which he enjoyed so much the confidence of George III., the Prince of Wales seems to have cultivated his friendship as much as possible, and upon all occasions requested his advice, though not often acting according to it. Upon Macmahon waiting upon him from the prince upon some occasion to request his advice upon some matter that was thought important, Thurlow said, "Tell the prince I am always ready to offer his royal highness the best advice I am able to give—and that I observe that his royal highness is always ready to ask it; but that it may be as well to know before I give it whether there is anybody that means to follow it."—LORD ELDON, "Anecdote Book."

TOOMBS, Robert, 1810-1885. American general and statesman.

One night, the story goes, the vigilant proctor actually found young Toombs playing cards with some of his friends. Fearing a reprimand, Toombs sought his guardian, who happened to be in Athens on a visit from his home in Greensboro. It is not certain that young Toombs communicated the enormity of his offense, but he obtained leave to apply to Dr. Waddell for a letter of discharge. The learned but severe scholar had not received the proctor's report and gave the young student a certificate of honorable dismissal. Later in the day the president met young Toombs walking around the campus. "Robert Toombs," said he, "you took advantage of me early this morning. I did not then know you had been caught at the card table last evening." Toombs straightened up and informed the doctor that he was no longer addressing a student of his college but a free-born American citizen. . . . When Robert Toombs became prominent in Georgia there is a story that his state university, in order to win back his friendship, conferred upon him an honorary degree. Toombs is represented as having spurned it with characteristic scorn. "No," said he, "when I was unknown and friendless, you sent me out disgraced and refused me a diploma. Now that I would honor the degree I do not want it."—PLEASANT A. STOVALL, "Robert Toombs."

Among the thousands who have read the speech of Vice-President Stephens of Georgia against secession, made November 14, 1860, there are probably few who have heard of an amusing incident that followed it. At the close of the speech, the leader of the opposition party, Hon. Robert Toombs, arose and, after complimenting Mr. Stephens as one of the purest of patriots, moved that the meeting give three cheers for him, which was done. Governor Hershel V. Johnson, who was present, met Mr. Toombs on their return to the hotel and said to him in substance, "Sir, your action to-night, coming from so prominent a secessionist, deserves all praise and I for one cannot forbear to congratulate you upon such handsome conduct and admirable behavior." Toombs put on that droll look, which always precedes his best hits, and said dryly, "Yes; I always behave myself at a funeral."—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1868.

Robert Toombs, in a conversation relating to the early part of the rebellion, and some of the grotesque incidents connected with it, said, "Yes; we had a queer government. I remember one day a secret agent of the English government stepped up to me and said, 'Mr. Secretary, where will I find the state department?' 'In my hat, sir, and the archives in my coat pocket.' And that was true, too. We were doing business on a very small scale at that time and it naturally seemed strange to the representative of a great government that we hadn't a pretentious building for our departments."—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1881.

TRUMBULL, Jonathan, 1710-1785. American statesman.

Brother Jonathan.—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is given in a recent number of the *Norwich Courier*. The editor says it was communicated by one of the most intelligent gentlemen and sterling Whigs in Connecticut, now upwards of eighty years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the revolution. The story is as follows: When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organize it and make preparations

for the defense of the country, he found a great destitution of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such a condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of officers and others was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then governor of the state of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the general placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a byword, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term "Yankee" is still applied to a portion, but Brother Jonathan has become a designation of the whole country, as "John Bull" has for England.—Supplement to *Courant*, Hartford, December 12, 1846.

TURENNE, Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, 1611-1675. French general.

The deputies of a great metropolis in Germany once offered the great Turenne one hundred thousand crowns not to pass with his army through the city. "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot in conscience accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way."—PERCY "Anecdotes."

There is a story related of Turenne—the greatest soldier of the Bourbons—which, if not true, is *ben trovato*. Of a nervous temperament, his legs, on the eve of action, trembled to such an extent as to make it difficult to mount his horse. Looking at them contemptuously, he said, "If you could foresee the danger into which I am going to take you, you would tremble more."—GENERAL RICHARD TAYLOR, *The North American Review*, March, 1878.

U

URSINS, Anna Marie Orsini de la Tremouille Noirmontier, Princess of, 1642-1722. Louis XIV.'s representative in Spain.

She introduced dramatic entertainments where Molière's wit was heard for the first time. What a contrast his plays must have formed to the old Spanish dramas! These were long and solemn and rather resembled a religious service than a comedy. If an actor made a confession or uttered a saint's name the spectators fell on their knees and prayed aloud. Even the social character of the audience was destroyed by a strict separation of the sexes, who sat on either side of a thick curtain hung down the middle of the theater.—CONSTANCE HILL, "Princess des Ursins."

Madame de Maintenon would laugh if she knew the particulars of my responsibilities. Pray tell her that it is I alone who is privileged to take the king of Spain's [Philip V.] dressing gown from him when he gets into bed and to present it to him with his slippers when he rises. So far I do all with patience, but it is ludicrous that each night, when the king enters the queen's chamber, the Count de Bénévente presents me with his majesty's sword and with a lamp whose oil I generally upset all over my clothes. The king would never rise if I did not draw aside the curtains of his bed, for it would be considered sacrilege for any one but myself to enter the chamber. The other night the lamp went out because I had spilled half the oil. In the morning I did not know where to find the windows, which I had not seen uncovered owing to our arrival at the place after dark. I thought I should have broken my nose against the walls, and there were the king of Spain and myself jostling against each other in the dark for nearly a quarter of an hour, feeling about for the shutters.—HILL, quoting letter from the Princess to Madame de Noailles.

The king and queen had sent their *officiers de bouche* to prepare a magnificent banquet and here the Princess des Ursins was received by the French ambassador, by Marshal Tesse, by several foreign ministers and by a prodigious number of grandees. Strange to say the heroine of all this ovation could not be present at this banquet given in her honor, as the rules of Spanish court etiquette forbade women to eat in the presence of men. The princess, therefore, partook of the repast in the privacy of her own apartment; whilst the French ambassador and Marshal Tesse did the honors of the feast.—HILL.

But what seems certain, but rather strange at first sight, was that Madame des Ursins at over sixty years of age still had lovers. "She has morals on a see-saw," wrote Louville to the Duc and Duchesse de Beau-

villiers. The Sieur d'Aubigny, a sort of steward of whom she made an equerry, occupied in the Retiro an apartment adjoining that of the princess, at the windows of which he was one day seen to brush his teeth. . . . This d'Aubigny has been mentioned as the principal cause of Madame des Ursins's first downfall. After having caused the dismissal of Cardinal d'Estrées, whose place was filled by his nephew, the Abbé d'Estrées, Madame des Ursins discovered that the latter, contrary to agreement, was writing despatches to the court of France without her knowledge. She intercepted one of these despatches and there read the particulars of her relations to d'Aubigny; but what piqued her most was a final remark of the ambassador's that many persons thought them married. The great lady rose to her full height, and in her wrathful indignation wrote on the margin of the despatch, "As for marriage, No!" This at least is the story that circulated. The despatch, thus commented upon, went to the courier and must have reached Louis XIV.—SAINTE-BEUVE, "Causeries du Lundi."

V

VALLEJO, Mariano Guadaloup, 1808-1890. Governor-General of California.

"I like the Yankees," he used to say. "I would rather be swindled by them than by anybody else; they do it so scientifically."

One morning as General Vallejo came into the president's room, Mr. Lincoln looked up from the table and asked, "General, would you like to go to the front?" "Oh, yes," was the ready answer. "Very well. A messenger starts at once with important letters for the commanding general. You may go with him." In a few moments an engine with a single car attached steamed out of the depot and took its way southward. Faster and faster it went, until the rails fairly smoked under the swift-revolving wheels. Through the windows the Virginia landscape seemed only a blur. To walk across the car was almost an impossibility. The native Californian had traveled a little by rail and this first experience in a lightning train was by no means unalloyed bliss. When he next saw the president, Mr. Lincoln asked, "General, how did you like your ride?" "Mr. President," was the answer, "I have often tried to imagine what must be the feelings of a lost soul while the devil is whisking it off to his own dominions. I know now. I thought I was going to hell; but I had one satisfaction —I was going in good style."—EMILY BROWN POWELL, *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1893.

VAN BUREN, Martin, 1782-1862. American statesman.

Coming down the river on an Albany steamer many years ago a party of gentlemen were discussing Mr. Van Buren's claims to popular support—some praising him, others condemning him. On touching at Kinderhook Mr. Van Buren came on board. One of the party had been dwelling on his non-committalism and complaining that "a plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from him." "I'll wager the champagne for the company," he added, "that one of us shall go down to the cabin and ask Mr. Van Buren the simplest question which can be thought of and he will evade a direct answer. Yes, I'll give him leave, too, to tell Mr. Van Buren why he asks the question and that there is a bet depending on his reply." This seemed fair enough. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr. Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon and said to him, "Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-committalism and have just laid a wager that you would not give a plain answer to the simplest question and they deputed me to try the fact. Now, sir, allow me to ask you, Where does the sun rise?" Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted; he hesitated and then said, "The terms east and west, sir, are conventional; but I——" "That will do," interrupted the interrogator; "we've lost the bet."—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1868.

When Mr. Van Buren had first been elected to Congress, Rufus King, of his state, had said to G. F. Mercer, also a member, "Within two weeks Mr. Van Buren will have become perfectly acquainted with the views and feelings of every member, yet no man will know his."—BEN: PERLEY POORE, "Perley's Reminiscences."

I recall one of the incidents of our dinner at Lindenwald which serves to illustrate the unconventional relations which existed between the ex-president and his son. The plate set before me for one of the courses was most exquisitely decorated and, with the *gaucherie* of an experienced curiosity, I could not resist the temptation to turn it over and look for the maker's mark. "Is

that not a beautiful piece of china?" said the prince. "It has a history. It belongs to a dinner set made at Sèvres for the king of Italy before the fall of Napoleon. I discovered it in Paris and, although it was expensive, I purchased it and presented it to my father. Ought he not to be grateful for such a magnificent present?" "Indeed I am grateful," said the ex-president; "perhaps more grateful for this than for another present you made me about this time." "Another present? What was it? I do not remember it," said his son. "It was a bill of exchange for acceptance for more than the cost of the china," replied the elder. "Yes, yes," said the prince; "I intended that the entire transaction should represent a beautiful case of filial and parental affection, I presented you with the china—that was filial. You paid for it—that was paternal. Could anything be more complete?"—L. E. CHITTENDEN, "Personal Reminiscences."

Many are the anecdotes that have been published about the late John Van Buren, but the following will be new to the readers of the Drawer: During his father's presidential term, "Prince John," then a very young man, indulged in many playful performances that were not altogether a delight to the paternal. On one of his visits to Washington the prince stopped at Willard's, where his father came and, after a kindly greeting, said, "John, I had hoped that you would at some time prove to be a worthy representative of our family, but I fear you never will; in fact, I am convinced that you will bring disgrace rather than reflect credit upon it." "Father," said John, "you may think that, because you happen to be president of the United States, you are something more than an ordinary man, but permit me to say that you will never be known in history except as the father of John Van Buren."—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1875.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, 1820-1878. King of Italy.

He had in his cabinet two secretaries whose sole duty it was to read during the day all the more striking passages in the journals of Europe that bore on his government or on the relations between Italy and Europe. If written in French or Italian, the scissors did the necessary work and the extracts were pasted down. If in German, English or any other European language, of which the king was ignorant, one of the secretaries, a Venetian polyglot, rendered the foreign notice or commentary into Italian for the sovereign's use. That formed King Victor Emmanuel's nightly reading. He exacted with unsparing rigor from his secretaries that in the performance of their task they should always give preference to dissentient or hostile criticism.—JAMES MONTGOMERY SMITH, *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1878.

The king was charmed with d'Azeglio's polish and talents in so many diverse lines; the minister, much older than the king, was delighted with Victor Emmanuel's frank enthusiasms. It was he who gave the king his proudest title. One day he remarked, "There have been so few honest kings in the world that it would be a splendid thing to begin the series." "And am I to play the part of that honest king?" asked Victor Emmanuel. "Your majesty has sworn to the constitution," was the answer, "and has taken thought not only of Piedmont, but of all Italy. Let us continue in this path and hold that a king as well as a private individual has only one word and must stand by that." "That," replied the king, "seems easy to me." "Behold them," said d'Azeglio, "we have the *Re galantuomo*." And "Re Galantuomo" was the name Victor Emmanuel wrote in the register of the Turin census and the title his people were most glad to give him.—R. S. HOLLAND, "Builders of United Italy."

After the annexation of Tuscany he visited Pisa for the first time. On driving to the cathedral, where an immense crowd had gathered to welcome him, he found the great gates closed by order of the reactionary archbishop, Cardinal Corsi. After a delay of one or two minutes it was found that a small side entrance had been left open and the king proceeded towards this door. But the crowd of Pisans, resenting the insult offered to the king, broke out into indignant and even menacing cries against the cardinal archbishop. Victor Emmanuel, waving his hand from the top of the steps, told them to be calm, exclaiming at the same time in a good-humored tone, "It's all right. His eminence is only teaching us by a practical instance the great truth that it is by the narrow gate that we have a chance of getting to heaven."—SMITH.

When the royal family were passing the hot months at Courmayeur, just under Mont Blanc on the Italian side, an old woman came to the door with a basket of eggs. A rough-looking man with immense mustaches took it from her, and brought it back with the money. "You seem *buono, buono*," said the old woman, looking him well in the face. "I wonder if I can trust you with a secret.

I want to see the king." "I am the king," answered Victor. "You?" cried the old woman, shaking her head with a scornful laugh. "No, no; I am not such a fool as that. You the king, in such thick boots, and gaiters, and pointed hat, with all that hair on your face. No, no, I am not going to believe that. A nice signora, like the queen, would never have married such an ugly man." This was a favorite story of Victor Emmanuel, who often told it, laughing heartily.—MRS. MINTO ELLIOT, "Roman Gossip."

One day, when out shooting, he met a peasant, who, on seeing the king bring down two partridges, right and left, with his double-barreled gun, went up to him and said, "You shoot well, you do." "It was not a miss, was it?" responded the king. "Perhaps you could rid me of a fox that steals my hens." "Most willingly." "If you do, I will give you two mutte" (seventy cents). "Agreed," said the king; "I will come tomorrow morning with my dog and shoot your fox." "Give me your hand on it," said the man. The king immediately shook hands with him and, true to his word, went the next morning, found the fox and shot it. "Thank God for that," exclaimed the peasant; "you have fairly earned your two mutte and here they are." The king took them and said, "This is the first money I have ever earned." Then, tossing up the pieces in his hand, he added, "It is a pleasure to receive money one has fairly gained." The next day, in exchange for the two mutte, his majesty sent a dress and necklace for the peasant's wife.—ALEXANDER DUMAS, "Naples Indipendente," quoted in the *Eclectic Magazine*, March, 1861.

VICTORIA, Alexandrina, 1819-1901. Queen of England.

Youth

At luncheon he related to us that the queen had been originally christened Alexandrina Victorina—the latter after her mother, who was also Victorina, not Victoria. But the name was altered at the time of Queen Caroline's trial, when Bergami's daughter—*la petite* Victorina—came in so often to be mentioned in the proceedings, and commented upon—not very favorably—by the public. This anecdote I have heard the duke relate before. But on the present occasion he added that George the Fourth, who was godfather, had intimated his wish that some of the family names—Charlotte, Augusta, Caroline or Sophia (Sophia, said the duke, a name they ought to make a point of retaining in the house), might be given to the young princess, in addition to the rest. But the Duke of Kent insisted on calling her only after the Emperor Alexander and his own consort. Upon this George the Fourth, much affronted, refused to attend the christening. —LORD STANHOPE, "Conversations with Wellington."

The rite was performed by Rev. Dr. Manners Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by William Howley, Bishop of London. The Prince Regent, who was present, declared that the one name of Alexandrina, after the czar, was sufficient. The Duke of Kent requested that a second name be added. The Prince Regent suggested Georgiana. The Duke of Kent urged Elizabeth. Thereupon the regent bruskly insisted on the mother's name of Victoria, at the same time stipulating that it should follow that of Alexandrina. The princess was therefore named at baptism Alexandrina Victoria and for several years was known in the family circle as Drina. But her mother was desirous from the first to give public and official prominence to her second name of Victoria. When only four years old the child signed her name as Victoria and the autograph is now in the British Museum. . . . Although the queen signed the privy council register at her first council in the name of Victoria only, in all the official documents that were prepared on the first day of her reign her name figured with the prefix of Alexandrina. In the official proclamation she was called Her Royal Majesty Alexandrina Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom. But despite the sentiment that had been excited against the name Victoria, it was contrary to her wish to be known by any other. Papers omitting the prefix of Alexandrina were hastily substituted for those in which that prefix had been introduced, and from the second day of the new reign the sovereign was known solely as Queen Victoria.—SIDNEY LEE, "Queen Victoria."

In signing the state documents the queen simply wrote her name Victoria, without the Alexandrina, and this necessitated many alterations in the records. The written rolls of the House of Lords and the printed oath of the House of Commons described her majesty as Alexandrina Victoria, but, after the proceedings at the council, when her majesty signed Victoria, the forms required to be altered. In some instances new forms were provided, but in others there was not time and the pen was of course run through the first name Alexandrina. The lord chancellor

attached a foot note to the rolls, recording that such erasures were made after the morning sitting and after the peers' signatures then affixed had been written. There also became necessary an important and curious interlineation in the oath—namely, the addition in parenthesis of the words, "saving the right of any issue of his late majesty, King William the Fourth, which may be born of his late majesty's consort."—G. BARNETT SMITH, "The Life of Queen Victoria."

There is a pretty description, which has often been quoted, given by Miss Wynn, of the manner in which the young sovereign received the news of her accession to the throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the lord chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, left Windsor for Kensington palace, where the princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the king's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington until five o'clock in the morning. "They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the court-yard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said: 'We are come on business of state to the queen and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."—THOMAS W. HANDFORD, "William Ewart Gladstone."

From her earliest years Victoria seems to have realized the responsibilities of her position and the necessity of preserving the dignity of the crown under all circumstances. As illustrating this, an old court official used to tell a story of the young queen on her return from the opening of her first parliament. Very much impressed by the quiet dignity of her manner while crossing the rooms in the palace of St. James's, as she passed through a door which led up to a staircase to her own apartments, a wish came across him to know whether this stately dignity would be maintained after she had passed out of the sight of others. He managed to satisfy his curiosity, and, at the foot of the staircase, saw her roll her train round her arm, then take up her dress all round, and, like a girl, as she was, run up two steps at a time, calling loudly to some pet dogs, which were her especial favorites.—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Under Five Reigns."

"And in time I shall become accustomed to my change of character; meanwhile, since it is really so, and you see in your little daughter the sovereign of this great country, will you grant her the first request she has had occasion in her royal capacity to put to you? I wish, my dear mama, to be left for two hours alone." The duchess understood the reason for this request and for the first day in her daughter's life she left her alone. The queen desired, in human solitude, but in the presence of her Maker, to commune with herself upon the duties which would now lie before her, day after day and year after year, as the monarch of a great and powerful empire.

Bishop Fulford states that on being informed of her new dignity the first words which the young queen uttered were these, addressed to the archbishop: "I ask your prayers on my behalf." They knelt down together and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young king of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth over the kingdoms of men, an understanding heart to judge so great a people.—SMITH.

It required some time to accustom people to the change in the designation of the sovereign, especially in the country. An amusing example of this was furnished by the following notice, painted over the doors of "The Three Tuns," a public house at Kidderminster, whence the local omnibus started: "Parcels booked and carried to all parts of the queendom."—ARTHUR H. BEAVEN, "Popular Royalty."

Sovereign

All domestic servants who have any occasion to enter the queen's presence have strict orders on no account to look at her majesty. Any servant found infringing this rule is severely reprimanded.—One of the Royal Household, "Private Life of Victoria."

In the midst of so much that is so important, I forgot a trifle, but still which I think ought not be any longer overlooked.

It is the mustaches, as regards men and officers serving (I don't mean any of the old generals, etc., etc.), should no longer be optional, but ordered to be worn. The effect in the ranks altogether is bad, when you see some with and some without them. I think this should now be done without delay.—Victoria to the Duke of Cambridge, Commander of the Army.

The queen was in high spirits when with Prince Albert and their suites, which included Lord Canning, Lord Delaware, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Liverpool, she left Windsor Castle early on the morning of August 28, 1843, for Farnborough station on her way to Southampton, where the "Victoria and Albert," commanded by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, awaited her. Torrents of rain fell as she reached the pier, where she was received by the Duke of Wellington and the mayor and corporation. As by some oversight no carpet had been laid on the gangway leading to the yacht, the gallant members of the corporation, like so many Raleighs, whipped off their scarlet gowns and covered it, when, laughing heartily at the incident, she stepped dry-foot on the yacht.—FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "Victoria Regina."

The queen and prince consort, with the royal children, were constant visitors to the exposition [1851]. Numerous incidents of their visits are recalled to my memory. I will mention only one of them. An engraver on glass had spent two or three years on a jar which was divided into compartments. He constantly asked me to draw the attention of the queen to this *magnum opus*. On one occasion the royal party passed his stall without stopping. I saw that the exhibitor was in despair and I asked her majesty whether she would kindly go back, which she graciously did. But the exhibitor now had lost his self-possession and was confused in explaining the meaning of his engravings. To help him, the queen pointed to a compartment which represented a boy jumping out of a boat to the land, while a large eye appeared out of an overhanging cloud. The queen desired him to explain what that meant. The reply was startling. "The boy, madam, is the Prince of Wales, and the eye is the eye of God looking with pleasure for the moment when his royal highness will land on his kingdom and become the reigning sovereign." The gentlemen in attendance were aghast, but the queen preserved her countenance till we left the stall, when both she and the prince consort laughed heartily. The latter told me that he knew only one parallel incident. George IV. had taken a fancy to a beautiful but silly young lady and had her frequently near him. On asking her whether she was pleased with the court festivities, she replied that she was, but she was dying to see a coronation.—LORD PLAYFAIR, "Autobiography."

Her majesty's favorite occupation during the cruise was to plait paper for bonnets which she did with great dexterity. When engaged in this way one day on deck, sitting with her lady-in-waiting and maid of honor in a sheltered spot, they noticed, as the latter (LADY BLOOMFIELD, "Reminiscences") relates, some commotion among the crew who gathered in knots, talked in low voices with their heads together, and threw ominous glances in their direction. Presently the men were joined by one officer, and then by another, who listened and talked gravely to them, until at last the captain, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, was called and, hearing them, looked puzzled. At that point he was summoned by the queen, who thought it quite time she learned what was going on. In reply to her questions he laughed, but confessed that he did not know what might happen if her majesty did not move her seat. "Why should I? What harm can I be doing here?" she asked in surprise. "Well, madam," he answered, "your majesty is sitting in front of the cupboard where the rum is kept and the men can't get their grog until you move." At that the queen laughed and declared that she would move only on one condition—that she was also given a glass of grog. When this was done and she had tasted it, she said: "I'm afraid I can only say that it would be very good if it were a little stronger," a remark that delighted the crew.—MOLLOY.

Never surely were conscientious Quakers placed in more awkward circumstances by reason of their hats. It was clear that they could not enter the royal presence with their hats on, yet they uncovered not in the presence of peasant or king. What was to be done? There was no red tape about her youthful majesty and a compromise was made with the sturdy Quakers that as the deputation ascended the grand staircase at Buckingham the Yeoman of the Guard should lift each man's hat for him.—SARAH A. TOOLEY, "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria."

It was during an evening party at the Château d'Eu, that her majesty displayed that amount of dignity which her simple manner and genial ways sometimes led people to

think was absent. The room being warm, the queen asked for a glass of water, which was presently handed to her by a lacquey. Her majesty declined to take the glass and Louis Philippe—"The Bourgeois," as he was rightly called by the French—seeing that a breach of etiquette had been committed, directed one of his sons to serve the queen.—A Member of the Royal Household.

An illustration of proper precedence was given at Paddington station when the queen was traveling from London to Windsor, accompanied by her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick. On reaching the door of her saloon carriage the queen motioned the empress to enter before her. The Empress Frederick, who was the daughter of the queen before she was the widow of an emperor, laughingly refused and wished to take the place she had always held and to follow her mother. But the queen absolutely refused to enter the carriage first and the empress was obliged to give way.—"Private Life of Edward VII.," by a Member of the Royal Household.

The most ridiculous "red tapeism" existed among the palace officials, of which Baron Stockmar gives the following amusing instance. Having been sent one day by her majesty to the master of the household to complain that the dining room was always cold, that official gravely answered: "You see, Baron, properly speaking it is not our fault, for the Lord Steward lays the fire only and the Lord Chamberlain lights it."—BEAVAN.

Charles Wellesley gave us an instance of the evil attending the subdivision of departments. It happened lately that some windows in Windsor Castle needed cleaning, but it was found that the outside of the panes belonged to one department (Woods and Forests) and the inside to another (the Lord Steward's); and as it is no use cleaning one side and not the other, both remained dirty for a considerable time, until the two departments could combine for this important end.—STANHOPE.

Woman

Peel began to form a government, demanding in the meantime that the queen should dismiss some of her whig ladies in the royal household, whose presence around her majesty would be an embarrassment to the new ministry. The queen, who was barely twenty, was terribly indignant at the idea. She refused utterly and in consequence Peel resigned and Lord Melbourne was thrust into the uncomfortable position of coming back to office "behind the petticoats of the ladies-in-waiting." The affair made a great sensation in the country.—EDITH L. ELIAS, "In Victorian Times."

The record of the transaction given in Hansard (Vol. xlvii, pp. 984 et seq.) rests mainly upon two letters, one from the queen and the other from Sir Robert Peel; and these two letters differ in their representations of the facts. The queen in her letter mentions and refuses the proposal of Sir Robert Peel "to remove the ladies of her bedchamber." Sir Robert Peel, in his answer, speaks only of his desire to remove a portion of them and in the same letter declines to prosecute the task of forming a ministry. Hence it appears that he abandoned that undertaking to construct a government upon a decision of the queen's, which is not the decision announced by her. She declined to remove them as a body; he resigns his charge because he is not allowed to remove a few of them. It is very difficult to understand why he did not dispel, if only for his own sake, the misapprehension under which the queen's letter may have been written. At present the documentary evidence only shows that her majesty refused an unreasonable demand; and that he retired from his high position because he adhered to a demand which, whether necessary or not, was not unreasonable.—*The Contemporary Review*, June, 1875.

The first act of her life as queen was to write a letter, breathing the purest and tenderest feelings of affection and condolence to Queen Adelaide. . . . Her majesty wrote the letter spontaneously and having finished it folded it and addressed it to "Her Majesty the Queen." Some one in her presence, who had a right to make a remark, noticing this, mentioned that the superscription was not correct and that the letter ought to be addressed to "Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager." "I am quite aware," said Queen Victoria, "of her majesty's altered character, but I will not be the first person to remind her of it."

It is said that the archbishop of Canterbury waited upon her majesty and inquired if it were her wish that any alteration should be made in that portion of the service appointed in the liturgy for the solemnization of marriage which included the promise of "obedience," a curious promise for the sovereign of Great Britain to her newly naturalized subject, Prince Albert, who had just

taken the oath to her as his liege lady. The queen, according to report, replied that "it was her wish to be married in all respects like any other woman, according to the revered usages of the Church of England and that, though not as a queen, as a woman she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the liturgy."—SMITH.

During the dinner the queen referred with deep disapproval to the idea of Sarah Bernhardt acting in London in some new so-called religious play in which she is supposed to appear in the character of the Blessed Virgin.—LORD GOWER, "Records and Reminiscences."

She was in the habit of amusing herself by going incognita in a carriage to different shops and not only making purchases herself but observing with interest the movements of others. Being one day at the jeweler's referred to she observed a young and intelligent lady, who was engaged in looking over different gold chains for the neck. She at length fixed upon one but, finding the price more than she expected, she regarded the chain very wistfully. "Could it not be offered cheaper?" she inquired. "Impossible," was the reply. The would-be purchaser was obliged to give up all idea of the chain, which she did most reluctantly, and to be content with a cheaper article. After she left, the Princess Victoria, who had observed everything, inquired of the jeweler who she was; on receiving satisfactory information, she ordered the much-admired chain to be packed up and sent to the young lady. A card was forwarded with it, intimating that the Princess Victoria was so well pleased in observing that the young lady, who had been so much taken with the beauty and workmanship of the chain, had yet so much command over her passions as not to suffer those to overcome her prudence, that she desired her to accept the chain which she had so much admired, in the hope that she would always persevere in that laudable line of conduct upon which female happiness so much depends.—SMITH.

A very little girl, the daughter of a lady connected with the court, once had the great honor of being asked to have luncheon with the queen. The child, a mere tot of four years old, had always been strictly enjoined never to apply her fingers to anything—save the bread—that she was eating at dinner, and was especially reminded of this before she went to the castle, her governess being in the habit of reproving any breach of this rule by saying in a shocked tone: "Oh, piggie, piggie." All went well and the child behaved admirably until, seeing her majesty take up some asparagus with her fingers, the little maid looked at her with a pained expression of countenance and, solemnly raising one of her fingers, pointed it at her majesty, exclaiming: "Oh, piggie, piggie." The queen, who immensely enjoyed the incident, laughed heartily.—BEAVAN.

Soon after her majesty's accession she was called upon to sign her first death warrant. It was presented to her by the Duke of Wellington, and concerned a deserter who had been condemned to death by a court martial. The queen, with tears in her eyes, asked: "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," replied the duke. "Oh, your grace, think again." "Well, your majesty," said the brave veteran, "though he is certainly a very bad soldier, some witnesses spoke for his character, and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may be a good man." "Oh, thank you for that a thousand times," replied the queen, and, writing "Pardoned" on the paper, she pushed it across the table to the duke, her hand trembling with emotion.—SMITH.

March 21, 1863.—The wedding [of the Prince of Wales] was a fine affair, a thing to remember. After the ceremony there was a splendid *déjeuner* at Windsor. The queen was very anxious that an old shoe should be thrown at the pair at their departure and the lord chamberlain showed me in confidence the weapon with which he had furnished himself. He took out of his pocket a beautiful white satin slipper which had been given for the occasion by the Duchess of Brabant. Alas, when the hour arrived his courage failed him. This is a genuine anecdote which you will not find in the *Illustrated London News*.—J. A. FROUDE, "Lord Beaconsfield," quoting diary of Lord Beaconsfield.

A well-known prejudice of the queen is the one she entertains against the re-marriage of widows. On this point her majesty is quite immovable and no argument has ever been known to shake even momentarily her opinion on this subject.—A Member of the Royal Household, "Private Life of Queen Victoria."

A very amusing story is told of the queen's having said to some one who, in the course of a conversation on a like subject, alluded to the difficulty of a woman's position:

"Oh, that was nothing compared to what I had to undergo; for I had to propose to Albert."—LADY JEUNE, *The North American Review*, February, 1901.

Vingt-et-un, Pope Joan and Nainjaune were generally played and always for small sums of money. Court etiquette demands that all coins of the realm passed to the sovereign should be new and unused and the ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honor were always obliged to keep new money about them. That the stakes were not high is evidenced by a maid-of-honor who boasts that one evening she made a great haul of eightpence.—A Member of the Royal Household.

Wit

On the occasion when the queen was confronted by the souvenir of former hostilities between the two nations, she met the difficulty in a happy manner. It was in the Gallerie des Batailles at the palace of Versailles. "And what is that engagement?" she inquired as she passed along, indicating a painting in which an army was shown retreating in disorder, hard-pressed by a victorious foe. Napoleon III. was momentarily embarrassed. He replied, however: "It is the Battle of Fontenoy. Your majesty must overlook it—such subjects are scarce with us." "I wish," the queen retorted, "that for the sake of both our countries such warlike subjects were scarcer still."—E. A. VIZETELLY, "Court Life Under the Second Empire."

In one of the rooms hangs a brilliant water-color drawing by Eugene Lami, representing one of the many occasions on which the queen—then in the early days of her reign—honored Stafford House by her presence. It was on one of these occasions that her majesty, on entering the great hall, paid her hostess a compliment worthy of Louis XIV.: "I have come from my house to your palace."—LORD GOWER.

In the earlier days, when the queen first came to Balmoral, she regularly attended Old Crathie Church, an unpretentious little building, upon whose site the new one now stands; and it is said that she used to set a salutary example to many of the visitors who came only to stare, by her devoutness and close attention to the service, always finding with her own hands the passages of the Scriptures quoted, and joining heartily in the singing. The worthy minister had a large Newfoundland dog that invariably escorted him to the kirk, gravely followed him up the pulpit stairs, where he lay down and remained perfectly quiet until the service was over. One of her majesty's attendants, thinking it unseemly for a big dog to be seen in church, remonstrated with the minister for allowing his four-footed friend to come, and possibly annoy her majesty. The minister asked whether the queen had complained of the dog. "Oh, no," said the attendant, "I should not like her majesty to need to complain." "Very well," said the minister, "the dog shall remain at home." Next Sabbath, of course, the dog's place was vacant. Not long afterwards the minister dined at the castle, when the queen in her pleasant way said to him: "What has become of your dog?" The minister explained that he understood that it annoyed her majesty and had, therefore, kept it at home. Her majesty smiled and said that the dog was "no annoyance," and she hoped "its church-going habits would not be interfered with in any way." So the following Sabbath the dog occupied his usual "sitting" at the top of the pulpit stairs.—BEAVAN.

The following amusing incident in connection with the framing of the bulletin announcing the royal birth occurred. After the usual statement the bulletin ran thus: "Her majesty and the prince are perfectly well." When this was shown to the queen by Prince Albert, previous to its publication, she said with a laugh: "My dear, this will never do." "Why not?" asked the prince. "Because," replied the queen, "it conveys the idea that you were confined also." Prince Albert was a little dumfounded, but the bulletin was altered to: "Her majesty and the infant prince are perfectly well."—TOOLEY.

Wide currency has been given to the story that upon one occasion, when she was told that a very involved piece of German music, to which she was listening with impatience, was a drinking song by Rubinstein, she remarked: "Oh, you could not drink a cup of tea to that."—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1891. (The facts are that Rubinstein's melody in F was on the occasion in question being played to the queen, who for the moment forgot what the piece was. She asked a lady-in-waiting, who inappropriately suggested that it was a drinking song. The queen at once perceived the error and was heartily amused by it. Nothing further was said.—LEE.)

W

WALPOLE, Sir Robert, Earl of Orford, 1674-1746. English statesman.

His father filled his glass twice for every time he filled his own and gave him paternal encouragement. "Come, Robert," said the jovial squire, "you shall drink twice while I drink once, for I cannot permit the son in his sober senses to be witness of the intoxication of his father." This edifying precaution had evidently full effect and the son faithfully carried out the traditions of the house. He was throughout his life one of the men upon whom dissipation had no apparent effect. He feasted high and drank deep and did all that in him lay to ruin his constitution; but, with the marvelous health which belongs to the species, was as clear-headed the morning after a carouse as if he had been an anchorite.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, April, 1868.

Whatever Walpole wished to have instilled into the king's [George II.] mind he would first impart to the queen [Caroline], and he used to visit her secretly for this purpose at St. James's, by the private staircase called the Back Stairs, which served the household. There was a similar private access to the king's apartments. By the Back Stairs several of her majesty's attendants had their suites of "lodgings," and, as Lord Hervey's were at the foot of it, the minister used to come under cover of visiting his friend and thence be conducted to the queen. As a rule, when Walpole came officially to see the king, which he did almost daily, he would be brought by George to the queen and bidden to repeat to her all he had just been saying, in fact, all that they had previously composed together; she would then make semblance of surprised pleasure at the king's confidence and listen to what she was told without betraying any previous inkling of it. Or, if she happened to be sitting in the king's apartments when the minister was announced, she would rise to withdraw, with some modest phrase of women not understanding business, and the king would then usually bid her remain and then take pleasure in the gentle deference she would show to his opinions. Never did he imagine that the two concerted plans beforehand and that the wife, whose counsel he always relied on, had really made up her mind long before he came, as he thought, to confide to her the secrets of the state. What, perhaps, is more remarkable, is that no member of the royal family or court, aware of the queen's system, ever betrayed her.—ALICE D. GREENWOOD, "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England."

When Lord Chancellor Talbot died, which was in February of 1736-7, Sir Robert offered the great seal to Lord Hardwicke, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who hesitated a long time about accepting it. Walpole, at last out of patience, wrote to him on a certain morning that if he did not accept the seals before eight that evening, it would be given to Fazakerley. This brought Lord Hardwicke in a hurry to Walpole. "Really, Sir Robert," said he in a remonstrating tone, "you should allow me a little time in such an affair; and, at any rate, why Fazakerley? Of all men surely Fazakerley should be the most out of the question—a person unfit on so many accounts—and besides, you know, a Tory and a Jacobite." "Never mind that," said Walpole, pulling out his watch and laying it on the table, "it is now exactly noon; if you do not let me know that you have closed with my offer before eight this evening, I can tell you that by twelve this evening Fazakerley will be as good a Whig as any man in his majesty's dominions." Lord Hardwicke accepted the office.—HORACE TWISS, "Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon," quoting Eldon.

You ask me about the anecdote which Sir Edward Walpole told me he was privy to respecting his father and Swift. Lord Peterborough, the common friend of both these personages, persuaded Sir Robert to take Swift into favor and to promote him in England, urging that Swift had seen his folly of adherence to Tory principles, was become a Whig and a friend to the reigning family and to Sir Robert's administration; that he found himself buried alive in Ireland and wished to pass his remaining life with English preferment on English ground. After frequent importunities Sir Robert consented to see Swift; he came from Ireland and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine at Chelsea; his manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough. After dinner Sir Robert retired to his closet and sent for Lord Peterborough, who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanor: this was soon done away with; Sir Robert said: "You see, my lord, how highly I stand in the dean's favor; you have witnessed the heap of com-

pliments he has uttered?" "Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "and I am confident he means as he speaks." Sir Robert proceeded: "In my situation, assailed as I am by secret enemies, I hold it my duty and for the king's benefit to watch correspondence. This letter I caused to be stopped at the post office; read it." It was a letter from Swift, I think to Arbuthnot, saying that Sir Robert had consented to receive him, that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert, that he should receive plenty and added that he should soon have the rascal in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was lost in astonishment. Sir Robert never saw Swift again.—*The Quarterly Review*, January, 1815, quoting letter of Barre Charles Roberts.

For his neglect of one branch of literature he gave one piquant and famous reason: "Do not read history, for that, I know, must be false." But he found in his country retirement one resource which he shared with Mr. Gladstone, who had all, or nearly all, the resources, for both statesmen delighted in trees. "My flatterers," wrote Walpole in a passage of such pathetic beauty that one scarcely credits his deficiency in literary taste, "my flatterers are all mutes, and the oaks and beeches and chestnuts seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive; they will not lie."—EARL OF ROSEBERY, inaugural address as president of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, November 25, 1898.

It was Mr. Burke who first told the story, which has since been so often repeated, of Sir Robert, who, when he had retired to private life from the fatigues of public business, desired his son to get him a book to read to him. The son asked on what subject? Should it be history? "No," said Sir Robert, "not history; there can be no truth in that." He admitted philosophical speculation, travels and Pliny; but from his own experience he was convinced that history could not be true.—JAMES PRIOR, "Edmund Burke."

Probably no better clue to his thoroughness can be found than his saying: "If I had not been prime minister, I should have been archbishop of Canterbury."—FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "London Under the First Georges."

Gratitude is an expectation of favors to come.—WILLIAM HAZLITT, "Wit and Humor," quoting Walpole. (The authenticity of this remark, as attributed to Sir Robert, has been frequently challenged. There seems to be no earlier authority than Hazlitt.)

Votes were openly trafficked for in the House of Commons, the price varying according to the ministerial necessity and the importance of the question. At Walpole's parliamentary dinners it was a common thing for each guest to find a five-hundred-pound note folded in his napkin. To support this infamous profusion copious drains were made on the public purse. For the ten years previous to his ministry—that is, from 1707 to 1717—the secret service money amounted to £337,960, while in the last ten years it amounted to £1,453,400. This fourfold increase is the more remarkable as Sir Robert prided himself upon his pacific policy. . . . Of the application of the secret service money no account could be gained; there were too many members of both houses deeply implicated in his criminality to render a fair inquiry practicable.—*The Quarterly Review*, March, 1852.

Sir Robert wanted to carry a question in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be great opposition, and which was disliked by some of his dependents. As he was passing through the Court of Requests, he met a member of the contrary party, whose avarice he imagined would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside and said: "Such a question comes on to-day and here is a bank bill for two thousand pounds," which he put into his hands. The member made him the answer: "Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at court the king was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful" (putting the bank bill into his pocket) "if I were to refuse the favor you are now pleased to ask me."—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

A member gave notice that he should charge Sir Robert Walpole with corruption. Walpole listened with dignity and said that he would be present when the charge was brought, for he was not conscious of any crime deserving censure. He put his hand on his breast and said: *"Nil conscire sibi, nullæ pallescere culpa."* Pulteney immediately arose and remarked that Walpole's defense would prove as weak as his quotation was inaccurate, for Horace had written *"nulla pallescere culpa."* Walpole defended his quotation and Pulteney offered to wager a guinea that he was right. The dispute was referred to Nicholas Hardinge, clerk of the House, a distinguished scholar, who decided that Walpole was wrong. The guinea was thrown to Pulteney, who caught it and, holding it up,

said it was the only honest money that had come from the treasury for many years. This guinea was deposited in the British Museum, accompanied by a full description of the incident in the handwriting of Pulteney. —*The Leisure Hour*, April, 1895.

The House met last Thursday and voted the army, without a division: Shippen alone, unchanged, opposed it. . . . William Shippen, a celebrated Jacobite. Sir R. Walpole said that he was the only man whose price he did not know.—HORACE WALPOLE, letter, dated February 25, 1742.

My father is said to have said that every man has his price.—HORACE WALPOLE, letter, dated May 4, 1771.

It is an old maxim that every man has his price, if you can but come up to it. —*The Bee*, Vol. viii, 67, quoting Sir William Wyndham, a brilliant foe of Sir Robert Walpole, March 13, 1734.

I was admitted to dinner to their majesties' private concert, with Stanhope and Walpole, the king's favorite minister. He is an able man, although now-a-days they call him the Father of Corruption and I think with him that there is a tariff for every conscience.—CARDINAL DUBOIS, "Memoirs."

Sir Robert died, foretelling a rebellion, which happened in less than six months, and for predicting which he had been ridiculed, and in detestation of a maxim, ascribed to him by his enemies, that every man has his price.—HORACE WALPOLE, letter, dated August 26, 1785.

In a warm debate in the House of Commons, Sir Robert, who was standing next to Mr. Levison, said to him: "You see with what zeal and vehemence these gentlemen oppose, and yet I know the price of every man in this House except three, and your brother is one of them." This brother was Lord Gower, who soon, however, lessened the number of incorruptibles by his defection.—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

"All men have their price," which has been so often repeated in prose and verse, but the sense was perverted by leaving out the word "those."—"Pratt's Gleanings in England" (1804).

Sir Robert Walpole was accused of the worst cynicism of corruption on the strength of his alleged maxim: "All men have their price." What he really said was: "All these men have their price," alluding to the so-called "patriots" of the opposition.—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1861.

Walpole has no doubt suffered much in the opinion of posterity as the supposed author of the shallow and cynical apothegm that "Every man has his price." People who know nothing else about Walpole believe and repeat this about him. Yet the story is a pure piece of misrepresentation. He never delivered himself of that famous slander on mankind. One day, mocking the flowery and declamatory rhetoric of some of the patriots in opposition, he insisted on finding self-interest or family interest at the bottom of their fine things. "All these men," he said, "have their price." "As to the revolters," he told the king, "I know the reasons and I know the price of every one of them." Nor was he wrong, as time shows. It was not a general but a particular proposition and as a particular proposition it was true. When an honest man came his way, Walpole knew him well enough. "I will not say," he observed, "who is corrupt, but I will say who is not, and that is Shippen." And yet "honest Shippen" was one of the stoutest of his opponents.—JOHN MORLEY, "Walpole."

WASHINGTON, George, 1732-1799. American general and statesman.

A Coincidence in Regard to the Washington Family.—In "A Key to English Antiquities" (Sheffield W. Townsend) is an interesting account of the tombs of the Washington family at Adwick-le-Street. The oldest is dated 1579 to Dominus Jacobus Washington Armiger, and on his breast he bears a shield with stars and stripes upon it.—*Notes and Queries*, June 11, 1898.

The Original Hatchet Story

When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet! of which, like most boys, he was immoderately fond and was constantly going about chopping everything that came his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house, and, with much warmth, asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his

hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful cherry tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself and, looking at his father with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out: "I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried the father in transports, "run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of the purest gold."—REV. M. L. WEEMS, "The Life of George Washington," "related to me twenty years ago by an aged lady, who was a distant relative, and, when a girl, spent much of her time in the family."

The Arrows of Cupid

At the age of seventeen he was smitten by the graces of a fair one, whom he called a "Lowland beauty," and whose praises he recorded in glowing strains, while wandering with his surveyor's compass among the Allegheny mountains. On that occasion he wrote desponding letters to a friend, and indited plaintive verses, but never ventured to reveal his emotions to the lady, who was unconsciously the cause of his pains.—JARED SPARKS, "The Life of George Washington."

George Washington was a colonel when he first met Mrs. Custis. He was on his way to Williamsburg to see the governor, when he was met by a Mr. Chamberlayne, who owned a plantation along the way, and was asked to stop and dine with him. Washington replied that his business was urgent and he was only persuaded when Chamberlayne told him that he had a young widow visiting who was rich and fair to look upon. He finally accepted, saying that it could be only for dinner, and that, the meal over, he must hasten to Williamsburg by moonlight. He then threw the reins of his horse to Bishop, his body servant, and told him to wait for his return. Dinner being over the Virginia colonel was so pleased with his company that he was in no hurry to go. He forgot all about poor Bishop and his horse and accepted an invitation to remain over night. Washington went on to Williamsburg the next day and on his return called at the house of Mrs. Custis and asked her hand in marriage. She accepted.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1886.

Mr. Washington once told me, on a charge which I made against the president at his own table, that the admiration he warmly professed for Mrs. Hartley was the proof of his homage to the worthy part of the sex and highly respectful to his wife.—*Magazine of American History*, May, 1877, quoting letter from Joseph Yeates to his wife, dated, Bradford, April 24, 1797.

Dignity

It is related of the Honorable Gouverneur Morris, who was remarkable for his freedom of deportment towards his friends, that on one occasion he offered a wager that he could treat General Washington with the same familiarity as he did others. This challenge was accepted and the performance tried. Mr. Morris slapped Washington familiarly on the shoulder and said: "How are you this morning, general?" Washington made no reply, but turned his eyes upon Mr. Morris with a glance that fairly w[illegible] him. He afterwards acknowledged that nothing could induce him to try the same again. —W. P. CUSTIS, "Recollections of Washington," note by Benson J. Lossing.

Sympathy

When Stuart was painting Washington's portrait, he was rallied one day by the general for his slow work. The painter protested that the picture could not advance until the canvas was dry and that there must be yet some delay. Upon arriving the next morning, Stuart turned to his canvas and discovered, to his great horror, that his picture was spoiled. "General," said he, "some one has held this picture to the fire." Washington summoned his negro valet, Sam, and demanded of him, in great indignation, who had dared to touch the portrait. The trembling Sam replied that, chancing to overhear Washington's expression of impatience at the slowness of the work, and the response of the artist that it must be dry before he could go on, he had ventured to put the canvas before the fire. Washington, in great anger, dismissed him and told him not to show his face again. But the next day, after Stuart had arrived and was preparing to work, Washington rang the bell and sent for Sam. He came in abashed and trembling. The president drew a new silver watch from his pocket and said: "Come here, Sam. Take this watch and, whenever you look at it, remember that your master, in a moment of passion, said to you what he now

regrets and that he was not ashamed to confess that he had done so." Many similar anecdotes live in tradition.—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1854.

He [Mr. Gallatin] told me a story of a black slave, who said he was once saved from a caning by the general's looking at the cane and recollecting that it was given him by Dr. Franklin.—AUGUSTUS J. FOSTER, "Notes on the United States," *The Quarterly Review*, June, 1841.

In July, 1798, I had been to visit an acquaintance on the banks of the Potomac, a few miles below Alexandria, and was returning on horseback, in the rear of an old-fashioned chaise, the driver of which was urging on his steed, when a lash, directed with more skill than humanity, took the skin from an old wound. The sudden pang threw the poor animal on its hind legs and, the wheel swerving on the bank, over went the chaise, flinging out upon the road a young woman. The minute before I had perceived a horseman approaching at a gentle trot, who now broke into a gallop and we reached the scene of the disaster together. The female was our first care; she was insensible, but had sustained no material injury. My companion supported her, while I brought some water in the crown of my hat from a spring some way off. The driver had landed on his legs and, having ascertained that his spouse was not dead, seemed well satisfied with the care she was in and set about extricating his horse. A gush of tears announced the return of the lady to sensibility; then, as her eyes opened, her tongue gradually resumed its office, as she poured forth a volley of invectives on her mate. The horse was now on its legs but the vehicle still prostrate, heavy in its frame and laden with half a ton of luggage. My fellow helper set me an example of activity in relieving it of the external weight, and, when all was clear, we grasped the wheel between us and righted the conveyance. The horse was put in and we lent a hand to help up the luggage. All this helping, hauling and lifting occupied at least half an hour, under a meridian sun in the middle of July. . . . My companion, after an exclamation at the heat, offered very courteously to dust my coat—a favor, the return of which enabled me to take a survey of his person. . . . Though the instant he took his hat off, I could not avoid recognizing familiar lineaments, still I failed to identify him; and, to my surprise, I found myself an object of equal speculation in his eyes. A smile at length lighted them up and he exclaimed: "Mr. Bernard, I believe." I bowed. "I had the pleasure of seeing you perform last winter in Philadelphia." I bowed again and he added: "I have heard of you since from several of my friends in Annapolis. You are acquainted with Mr. Carroll?" I replied that gentleman's society had made amends for much that I had lost in quitting England. He remarked: "You must be fatigued. If you will ride up to my house, which is not a mile distant, you can prevent any ill effects from these exertions by a couple of hours' rest." I looked around for his dwelling and he pointed to a building which the day before I had spent an hour in contemplating. "Mount Vernon," I exclaimed; and then, drawing back with a stare of wonder, "Have I the honor of addressing General Washington?" With a smile, whose expression of benevolence I have rarely seen equaled, he offered his hand and replied: "An odd sort of an introduction, Mr. Bernard; but I am pleased to find you can play so active a part in private and without a prompter."—JOHN BERNARD, "Retrospection in America."

Washington was, as all the world knows, a man of few words, and while he quietly partook of his frugal meal the conversation flowed cheerfully on between the other members of the family present. Suddenly his nephew turned laughingly to him and said: "Uncle, what do you think I dreamed last night?" The general replied that he could not guess and asked to be told. Captain Lewis, continuing the laugh, merrily replied: "Why, I dreamed that you gave me your farm on Deep Run." "Humph!" ejaculated his uncle; "you had better have dreamed that I gave you Mount Vernon." No more was said on the subject and Captain Lewis had quite forgotten the unmeaning dream as he placed his wife in the carriage and bade his uncle and aunt good-by. Washington followed him to his carriage and handed him a folded paper, saying as he did so: "You can look at that when you reach home." Captain Lewis received the paper in astonishment, but could make no reply, as the carriage now rolled swiftly away. He might have felt in duty bound to suffer the pangs of curiosity until he reached home, but his wife had no such conscientious scruples; she had not been forbidden to open it and so she soon succeeded in gaining possession of the mysterious paper and before Mount Vernon was lost in the distance she had discovered the fact that they had left that modest

dwelling much richer than they were when they entered it. Whether Washington had intended to bestow Deep Run farm in his will upon his nephew and only hastened the time of the gift, or whether in the quiet humor, in which he rarely indulged, he thus proved the dream of which he had been told a practical reality, was never known.—A. L. BASSET, *Scribner's Monthly*, May, 1877.

There is an anecdote connected with his defeat [Indian war, 1791] related to me by a gentleman who knew St. Clair, too illustrative of Washington to be lost. An adjutant-general, Sargent, who was wounded in the battle, immediately left the army and made his way back to the seat of government. Being a man of wealth, he was enabled to get transported with great rapidity, and hence preceded by several days the news of the defeat. Washington invited him to Mount Vernon, where he arrived nearly a fortnight before St. Clair's despatches arrived and yet during all this time the former never asked him a question about the battle, or of the causes of the overthrow. Although filled with the deepest anxiety, he was afraid his mind might be prejudiced by hearing a one-sided story and so he remained entirely silent upon the subject. His dread of doing injustice overcame his desire to hear the particulars of the defeat; and Sargent says that during the whole time he was at his house one never would have known that a battle had been fought, but for the regular inquiry every morning respecting his wound. —J. T. HEADLEY, "Washington and his Generals."

Frugality

President Washington was a great lover of fish. He always ate codfish every Saturday while he was chief executive, to compliment New England, whose fishing industry at that time played a much more important part in its economy than it now does. Certain New England ladies of Philadelphia, who had a special way of cooking codfish, were accustomed to send him enough for his table on this day of the week. They would wrap it up in cloths as soon as it was taken from the fire and hurry it off to the president's house, so that it arrived as hot as though from his own kitchen. One February a large shad was caught in the Delaware in advance of the season and brought to the market. Fraunces saw it and, regardless of cost, at once seized upon it for the president's table. When it was brought into the dining room, Washington, noting its savory odor, asked: "What fish is that?" "A shad," replied Fraunces, excitedly, "a very fine shad. I knew your excellency was extravagantly fond of this fish and I was so fortunate as to procure this one in the market, a solitary one and the first one of the season, sir." "The price, sir? The price? The price, sir?" demanded Washington. "Three—three—three dollars," stammered the steward. "Take it away! Take it away, sir!" said Washington; "it shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance." And so the three-dollar fish was taken from the room, to be devoured by the servants.—FRANK G. CARPENTER, *Lippincott's Magazine*, December, 1886.

I was told by General Stone that he was traveling with his family in his carriage across the country; and, arriving at a ferry belonging to General Washington, he offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said: "I cannot take it." The general asked: "Why, John?" He replied: "I am only a servant to General Washington; and I have no weights to weigh it with; and the general will weigh it, and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but he will be angry with me." "Well, then, John, you must take it and I will lose three pence in its value"; the ferryman did so and he carried it to General Washington on the Saturday night following. The general weighed it; and it was not weight; it wanted three half pence; General Washington carefully wrapped up the three half pence in a piece of paper and directed it to General Stone, which he received from the ferryman on his return. General Stone told me another of his singularities: that, during the time he was engaged in the army in the American war and away from home, he had a plasterer from Baltimore plaster a room for him; and the room was measured and the plasterer's demand paid by the steward. When the general returned home he measured the room and found the work to come to less by fifteen shillings than the man had received. Some time after the plasterer died; and the widow married another man, who advertised in the newspapers to receive all and pay all due to or by her former husband. The general, seeing the paper, made a demand for the fifteen shillings and received them. Another time a man came to Mount Vernon to pay rent; and he had not the exact amount due to the general: when the money was counted the general said: "There wants four pence." The man offered him a dollar and desired him to put it to the next year's account. No;

he must get the change and leave the money on the table until he got it. The man rode to Alexandria, which is nine miles from Mount Vernon; and then the general settled the account. It was always his custom, when he traveled, to pay as much for his servants' breakfast, dinner or supper as for his own. I was told this by the keeper of a tavern where the general breakfasted; and he made the bill three shillings and nine pence for the master's breakfast, and three shillings for the servants. The general sent for the tavernkeeper into the room and desired that he would make the same charge for his servants as for himself, for he doubted not they had eaten as much. This shows he was as correct in paying as in receiving. It is said that he never had anything bought for his own use that was by weight, but he weighed it; or anything by tale, but he had it counted; and if he did not find the due weight and number, he sent the articles back again to be regulated. There is a striking incident related of his condescendency. He sent to a shoemaker in Alexandria to come and measure him for a pair of shoes; the shoemaker answered by the servant that it was not his custom to go to any one's house to take measure for shoes. The general being told that, mounted his horse, and went to the shoemaker to be measured.—RICHARD PARKINSON, "A Tour in America in 1798, 1799 and 1800."

A needy sailor with a wheelbarrow of shells accosted the general on the street and, holding up a number of conch shells, implored him to buy them. Washington listened with sympathy to the story of his sufferings and want and kindly replied that he would buy them if he could in any way make use of them. Necessity perhaps sharpened the sailor's wits and he promptly suggested that they would make lovely buttons for his velvet coat. The general doubtless smiled at the ingenious proposal but agreed to try them. Carrying home his ocean treasure of pink shells, he sent for a button maker to know if he could manufacture a useful article out of the pretty playthings with which he found himself encumbered. The workman replied that he could make buttons if he could find an instrument sharp enough to pierce them. Washington would have nothing useless about him and so the shells were delivered to the manufacturer, who in due time returned them to him in the shape of concave buttons, a little larger than a quarter of a dollar, with a silver drop in the center hiding the spot where the eye is fastened beneath. The president then astonished the republican court by appearing in a coat with pink conch-shell buttons sparkling on its dark velvet surface. Eighty years ago, it seems, fashion ruled in the hearts or over the costumes of men and women, just as it does now—for Captain Lewis bears testimony that conch-shell buttons immediately became the rage. The shell venders' and button makers' fortunes were made by the general's passion for utilizing everything that came into his possession.—A. L. BASSET, *Scribner's Monthly*, May, 1877.

Other Characteristics

When Colonel Washington (the immortal savior of his country) had closed his career in the French and Indian war, and had become a member of the House of Burgesses, the speaker, Robinson, was directed, by a vote of the house, to return their thanks to that gentleman, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Colonel Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to the order, and following the impulses of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such a warmth of coloring and strength of expression as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honor, but such was his trepidation and confusion that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered and trembled for a second; when the speaker relieved him by a stroke of address that would have done honor to Louis XIV. in his proudest and happiest moments. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," he said, with a conciliating smile, "your modesty is equal to your valor and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."—WILLIAM WIRT, "Life of Patrick Henry," quoting Edmund Randolph.

In private as well as in public his punctuality was observable. He had a well-regulated clock in his entry, by which the movements of his whole family, as well as his own, were regulated. At his dinner parties he allowed five minutes for the variations of timepieces, and after they were expired he would wait for no one. Some lagging members of Congress came in when not only dinner was begun, but considerably advanced. His only apology was: "Sir or gentlemen, we are too punctual for you"; or in a pleasantry: "Gentlemen, I have a cook who never asks whether the company have come, but whether the hour has come." Washington

sat as a guest at his dinner table, about half way from its head to its foot.—ASHBEL GREEN, "Reminiscences."

We had a little dance at my quarters a few evenings past. His excellency and Mrs. Green danced upwards of three hours without sitting down. Upon the whole we had a pretty little frisk.—*Magazine of American History*, September, 1888, quoting a letter from General Green to Colonel Wadsworth, dated, Pluckamin, N. J., March 19, 1779.

The rarity of an expletive increases its force. General Lee felt the truth of this when Washington, at the battle of Monmouth, discharged upon him a series of maledictions for his misconduct, which owed their smiting force to the fact that he had been selected from all the subordinate generals of the revolutionary army to call forth such unaccustomed words from the lips of the general-in-chief.—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, *The North American Review*, June, 1885, reviewing "A Cursory History of Swearing," by JULIAN SHARMAN.

Among the many anecdotes with which Mr. [Thomas] Mullett amused and interested his friends, there is one respecting General Washington that he told me which must not be lost. When Mr. Mullett first visited the United States of America it was at the close of the war, when he was introduced to General Washington. With this great and good man he passed some time at his seat, Mount Vernon. Besides other flattering marks of attention, General Washington when alone with him in his library asked him if he had seen any individual in that country who was competent to the task of writing the history of that unhappy contest. Mr. Mullett with his usual presence of mind replied: "I know of one, and only one, competent to the task." The general eagerly asked: "Who, sir, can that individual be?" Mr. Mullett remarked: "Cæsar wrote his own Commentaries." The general bowed and replied: "Cæsar could write his Commentaries; but, sir, I know the atrocities committed on both sides have been so great and many, they cannot be faithfully recorded and had better be buried in oblivion."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1815.

I have been assured on good authority that Washington, after he had thrown away the scabbard, repeatedly declared that, if the colonies should have the worst of the conflict, he was determined to quit them forever and, assembling as many as would follow, go and establish an independent state in the West, on the rivers Mississippi or Missouri. Our generals, however, saved him the trouble, being too cautious and too fond of their beds.—AUGUSTUS J. FOSTER, "Notes on the United States," *The Quarterly Review*, June, 1841.

A person of lawless habits and reckless character had frequently entered upon the grounds of Mount Vernon and shot ducks and other game. More than once he had been warned to desist and not to return. It was his custom to cross the Potomac in a canoe and ascend the creeks to some obscure place, where he could lie concealed from observation. One day, hearing the discharge of a musket, Washington mounted his horse and rode in the direction of the sound. The intruder discovered his approach and had just time to reach the canoe and push it from the shore when Washington emerged from the bushes at the distance of a few yards. The man raised his gun, cocked it, pointed it at him and took deliberate aim; but without a moment's hesitation, he rode into the water, seized the prow of the canoe, drew it to land, disarmed his antagonist and inflicted on him a chastisement which he never again chose the hazard of encountering.—SPARKS.

Could Prince Bismarck have been victimized by an American legend that Frederick sent a sword to Washington with the message: "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest"? There was no such sword or message. I once asked Carlyle if he knew of anything said or written by Frederick out of which the legend might have grown. He replied: "Nothing whatever. There is not the slightest foundation for it."—MONCURE D. CONWAY, *The Athenæum*, August 20, 1898.

A Mooted Question

It has been observed that Washington seldom smiled and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. One instance is mentioned by a gentleman, well known for his veracity, with a degree of *sang-froid*. At the time the troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at headquarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching *rencontre*. Some of the generals were calling for their horses and others for their arms; and among the rest was General Greene, at the bottom of the

stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. General Lee diverted himself and the rest of the company at the expense of Greene. "Your wig is behind the looking-glass, sir." At which Greene, raising his eye, perceived by the mirror that his wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the sofa, and the whole group presented a rather ludicrous spectacle.—*New York Mirror*, January 11, 1834.

It was the usage, while Washington was president of the United States, for the clergy of the city to go in a body to congratulate him on his birthday; and on these occasions he always appeared unusually cheerful. The last time we made such a call, which was about ten days before his retirement from office, he said with singular vivacity: "Gentlemen, I feel the weight of years; I take a pair of sixes on my shoulders this day." This great man was not in his proper element when he attempted a pleasant conceit. I never witnessed his making the attempt but on this occasion; and if his allusion, as I suppose it must have been the case, was to the fifty-sixes used in weighing heavy articles, it was surely far-fetched and not very obvious. He entered his sixty-sixth year at this time.—GREEN.

I had spoken at some length [in his lecture at Columbia College] of the representative system of the two houses, and the dislike of the French democrats to the bicameral system, when a student came up and told me what I requested him instantly to relate to the class. It was this: The student heard Laboulaye lecture in Paris just before the war. When Laboulaye spoke of the bicameral system, or recommending it, he concluded his remarks with relating that Jefferson one day visited Washington and, full as Jefferson was of French views, zealously attacked the system of two houses. Washington replied that Jefferson was much better informed than himself on such topics, but that he would adhere to the experience of England and America. "You yourself," said the general, "have proved the excellence of the two houses this very moment." "I?" said Jefferson; "how is that, general?" "You have," replied the heroic sage, "turned your hot tea from the cup into the saucer to get it cool. It is the same thing we desire in the two houses."—DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, "Life and Letters," letter, dated December 11, 1871, to General Garfield.

As he sat at table after dinner the fire behind him was too large and hot; he complained and said he must remove; a gentleman observed that it behooved a general to stand fire; Washington said, it did not look well for a general to receive fire from behind.—"Pettigrew's Memoirs of Dr. Lettson," *Literary Panorama*, May, 1818.

Washington with his cavalry came upon the British General Rugely, posted in a strong redoubt—and, knowing that it would be vain to attack him simply with horsemen, ordered a pine log to be hewn into the shape of a cannon and mounted on a pair of wagon wheels. With this he slowly and solemnly approached the redoubt and summoned the English commander to surrender. Seeing such a formidable piece of artillery approach, the latter concluded it would be useless to attempt a defense, and yielded the post. Cornwallis, speaking of it in a letter to Tarleton, very significantly remarks: "Rugely will not be made a brigadier."—HEADLEY.

Even grave George Washington now and then attempted humor. Does he not approach it in this letter describing a soldier's dinner? "Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them."—CARL HOLLIDAY, "The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days."

WAYNE, Anthony, 1745-1796. American general.

Bon repos is the French cant for "Good night." Washington drank it for a signal to break up; for the moment the company had swallowed the general's *Bon repos* it was to take hats and retire. General Wayne, who, fortunately for America, understood fighting much better than French, had somehow or

other taken up the notion that this same *Bon repos*, to whom Washington always gave his last bumper, must have been some great warrior of times of old. Having by some extraordinary good luck gotten into his possession two or three dozens of good old wine, he invited a number of hearty fellow-officers to dine with him and help him break them to the health of America. As soon as the cloth was removed and the bottles on the table, the hero of Stony Point cried out, "Come, my brave comrades, fill up your glasses—here's to old *Bon repos* forever." The officers were struck with astonishment; and, having turned off their glasses, one and all rose up to go. "Heyday, what's all this, gentlemen? What's all this?" "Why, did you not drink *Bon repos* or 'good night'?" "What? Is that the meaning of it?" "Yes." "Well then, a fig for *Bon repos* and take your seats again; you shall not stir until we have started every drop of our drink."—*The Weekly Visitor*, July 28, 1804.

WEBSTER, Daniel, 1782-1852. American statesman.

There is a pleasing tradition in the neighborhood of the teamsters who came to Ebenezer Webster's mill saying to one another, when they had discharged their loads and tied their horses, "Come, let us go in and hear little Dan read a psalm."—*The North American Review*, January, 1867.

A package was received at the Kelly home with a string tied about it in a hard knot, and Mr. Webster and Miss Fletcher by their united efforts succeeded in untying it. Then he said to her, "We have been successful in untying a knot; suppose we try to tie one which will last through life." Taking a piece of ribbon and partially tying a knot, he handed it to her to finish, which she did, and thus was the offer of marriage made and accepted.—WILLIAM T. DAVIS, *New England Magazine*, April, 1902.

And in the little box marked by him with the words, "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial was found—the knot never untied. —PETER HARVEY, "Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Daniel Webster."

The story may be true or false—it is very probably unfounded—but it contains an essential truth and illustrates the character of the boy and the atmosphere in which he grew up. Ezekiel, the eldest son, and Daniel were allowed on one occasion to go to a fair in a neighboring town and each was furnished with a little money from the slender store at home. When they returned in the evening Daniel was radiant with enjoyment; Ezekiel rather silent. Their mother inquired as to their adventures and finally asked Daniel what he did with his money. "Spent it," was the reply. "And what did you do with yours, Ezekiel?" "Lent it to Daniel."—HENRY CABOT LODGE, "Webster."

One of his father's neighbors had a cock noted for his prowess. Among the feathery tribe he was the acknowledged monarch and used to roam with impunity beyond the legitimate limits of his kingdom. More than once, at the head of his troop, he appeared on the territory belonging to a favorite fowl owned by Daniel. Hostile encounters frequently occurred between the barnyard rivals, in which Daniel's pet was nearly always worsted. The boy, who was but the ungrown man, took the defeats of his champion as his own, but he could not help himself, or turn the victory in favor of his beaten combatant. He was greatly chagrined and even worried. At length, when on a visit to a distant relative, he heard of a cock famed through all those parts for his fighting propensities and for his success in battle. Daniel at once purchased the pugnacious fowl, giving for it half a dollar, which was all his treasure. With his game cock under his arm, though he had expected to spend several days on his visit, he promptly started for home. He had gone but a short distance when he passed a yard well stocked with poultry, among which he saw a big cock strutting in defiance to anything that might venture to dispute his sway. Daniel thought it a good opportunity to test the value of his purchase. By a battle or two he could judge with his own eyes, whether he was destined to meet with victory at home. So down went the cock from his arms and the fight began. But it was soon over and the reputation of the new champion was triumphantly maintained. Several similar engagements took place on the journey, for, as in graver contests, one victory feeds the martial spirit and each triumph is the seed of future battles. Not far from the set of sun, after numerous exploits of this nature, in which the result had been constantly on the same side, the boy approached the yard where the only important engagement was to be fought and the question of supremacy was to be fairly tried. His cool judgment dictated the propriety of giving his champion a night's rest, but he could not sleep with so weighty a matter on his mind. He could not endure the suspense. So down went the war-worn cock again and the spar-

ring at once began. "For a while," as the statesman has told the story to a friend, "the contest was an even one"; but in ten minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing his hero victorious. He saw the cock, against which he had the grudge, and which again and again had driven his own fowls from his own yard, led about by the comb, in a manner as degrading as the old Romans led their conquered foes while celebrating their triumphs of arms. Wellington, after the battle of Waterloo, was not better satisfied with the result of the day than he was with the result of his day.—B. F. TEFFTS, "Life of Daniel Webster."

Mr. Webster went through college in a manner that was highly creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1801 and, though it was universally believed that he ought to have received and would receive the valedictory, that honor was not conferred upon him, but upon one whose name has since passed into forgetfulness. The ill-judging faculty of the college, however, bestowed upon him a diploma, but, instead of pleasing, this commonplace compliment only disgusted him, and at the conclusion of the commencement exercises the disappointed youth asked a number of his classmates to accompany him to the green behind the college, where, in their presence, he deliberately tore up this honorary document and threw it to the winds, exclaiming, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment cannot," and, immediately mounting his horse, departed for home.—CHARLES LANMAN, "The Private Life of Daniel Webster."

There is no foundation for the story of his having destroyed his diploma in disgust and anger after the commencement exercises were over. If this rumor ever had so much origin as to be a college tradition, it is refuted by evidence that ought to be regarded as decisive, for it is certain that it was not heard of at Dartmouth at the time, or for several years afterwards.—G. T. CURTIS, "Life of Daniel Webster."

Many idle stories have been circulated respecting Webster's tearing up his diploma. Of this I have no knowledge. I have no doubt that the report is false. I stood by his side when he received his degree with a graceful bow; and such was my connection with him in our society affairs that if he had destroyed it afterwards I certainly should have known it.—FLETCHER WEBSTER, "Autobiography of Daniel Webster and Private Letters," quoting a letter from Rev. Elihu Smith to Professor Sanborn, dated, Pomfret, Vt., November 10, 1852.

Mr. Webster was his own purveyor and was a regular attendant at the Marsh market on market mornings. He almost invariably wore a large, broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, with his favorite blue coat and bright buttons, a buff cassimere waistcoat and black trousers. Going from stall to stall, followed by a servant bearing a large basket in which purchases were carried home, he would joke with the butchers, the fishmongers, and the green grocers with a grave drollery of which his biographers, in their anxiety to deify him, have made no mention.—*The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1880.

We love to recall such incidents as that in Castle Garden, when Daniel Webster, to the distress of his wife, and the delight of the audience, set the example of rising [when Jenny Lind sang "The Star Spangled Banner"], which has since become common, and, by main strength and with mighty voice, joining in the chorus.—*The North American Review*, October, 1906.

He suddenly aroused himself into new life, joining with a burst of humor in the pleasantries of the feast. The unexpected brightness of the cozy room was not lost on Mr. Webster, who, on entering, paused on the threshold and glanced around in an appreciative manner, while a deep, restful sigh escaped his weary soul. The dreary drive through the wilderness lent an added charm to the little oasis of civilized comfort in the lonely backwoods of a Western quarter section. News of the distinguished arrival soon flew among the laborers running the mill and constructing dwellings for the in-rushing population. Tom and Bill of the hammer, and Mike and Patsy of the spade, alike forsook their tools to witness the exit of the hero from the major's door. They even hoped to receive some expression of wisdom in golden words from lips used to the flow of stirring thought and burning eloquence. Lounging patiently under the trees, the expectant men listened to the clink and clatter of serving and the bursts of merriment within. At the conclusion of the breakfast and the subsequent chat, Mr. Webster asked for his hostess, to whom with great courtesy he expressed his sense "of the kindness extended to a stranger in a strange land," and, adieus being over, he approached the open doorway, and looked strangely annoyed at the sight of the double line of white-sleeved stalwart men

with bared heads awaiting his appearance. Then a vast mood fell upon the man, with never a gentle soul at hand to charm it away. Not a feature stirred in recognition of the voluntary homage rendered by the throng of humble men—men controlling the ballots so ardently desired and sought. With hat pressed firmly over an ominously lowering brow, looking straight before him with cavernous, tired eyes which seemed to observe nothing whereon they rested, Webster walked through the hushed lines in grave stateliness. The crowd was only waiting for a spark of encouragement to shout itself hoarse in enthusiastic huzzahs. Eyes shone with suppressed excitement and strong hearts swelled with pride in the towering man whose fame had surged like a tidal wave over the land. Yet with insolent deliberation he mounted the step and seated himself in the waiting carriage, giving no signs of having even noticed the flattering demonstration made in his honor. The smiles, nods and handclasps expected of the chief were lavishly dispensed by his mortified satellites, all of which availed not to smother the curses, loud and deep, splitting the summer air, as the wheels disappeared in the forest.—*Lippincott's Magazine*, August, 1885.

Orator

He had a singular habit, which made it wearisome to listen to his ordinary speech, of groping after the most suitable word and trying one synonym after another until he got what suited him best. "Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated, come together here, this great number of inhabitants, dwellers; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together here? Is it not because we have a sufficient, ample, safe, secure, convenient, commodious port, harbor, haven?" Of course, when the speech came to be printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out.—GEORGE F. HOAR, *Scribner's Monthly*, March, 1899.

Mr. Webster's eyes, though deep-set, were so penetrating that few guilty men could endure their piercing gaze. One of his clients in a case of considerable importance informed him that he thought a witness on the other side intended to commit perjury. "Point him out to me when he comes into the court room," said Mr. Webster. The witness soon after appeared and took a seat in a swaggering manner, when, looking towards the bar, his eyes met those of Mr. Webster fixed steadily upon him. He immediately looked in another direction, but, as if fascinated, he soon turned his face again to Mr. Webster, to meet those deep, penetrating eyes, which doubtless seemed to read his very soul. He moved nervously in his seat for a few moments, then rose and left the court room, to which he could not be induced to return. —HUGH MCCULLOCH, "Men and Measures of Half a Century."

On January 27, 1848, Webster made an argument before the Supreme Court of the United States on the Rhode Island government—a case arising out of what has been known as the Dorr rebellion. It happened that Mr. Justice McLean dined with me on the day after this argument and in the course of conversation he said to me, "Winthrop, your great friend Webster made one of his grandest efforts yesterday. I have never heard him when he was more powerful." "I am delighted to hear it," I replied, "but I do not quite understand it, for when I saw him on the very day before he had just arrived at Gadsby's hotel and seemed wearied and worried, and was evidently in very bad spirits about the argument he was to make the next day." "Well," said Judge McLean, "he has rarely, if ever, done a greater thing." A day or two afterwards I took pains to see Webster again and tell him what McLean had said and then I added, "Do tell me the mystery of such a triumph under such discouragements." "Oh, sit down here," said Webster, "and I will tell you all about it. I remember that you called to see me just after I arrived from Boston and you may not have forgotten that I mentioned that I had been up to the Supreme Court and had found, to my consternation, that the Rhode Island case was in progress and indeed that the counsel to whom I was to reply was just finishing his argument. Fortunately only a quarter of an hour was left before the court's regular hour of adjournment and I succeeded in getting their honors, out of regard for my detention by a storm on the road, to adjourn at once, and leave me to begin my reply the next day. Well, on coming back to the hotel here, some pleasant gentlemen persuaded me to dine with them and kept me a good while at the table. When I escaped from them you called and as you went away Choate came in. He was associated with me in this Rhode Island case and spent an hour with me, telling me all about the arguments of my opponents and giving me a full idea of the case as it stood. And when Choate left me I was tired and went at once to bed." I could hardly help laughing as I replied, "But all this does not explain the great speech you

made the next morning." "No," said Webster, "but before I went to sleep I ordered the servant to have a fire kindled in my parlor at two o'clock in the morning and candles lighted on my table. Before half past two I was at work and before breakfast I was ready for anybody."

Some one is said to have asked him once whether that splendid passage about the British power and her drumbeat, in his speech in the Senate on "The President's Protest," was an impromptu, struck out in the heat of debate. "An impromptu?" said he almost scornfully, "why, that idea occurred to me twenty years before, while I was standing on the Heights of Abraham, and I have been trying to work it into shape ever since. But I never succeeded to my satisfaction until now."—ROBERT C. WINTHROP, *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1894.

A story is told at Providence about a distinguished lawyer of that place, Mr. John Whipple, who was at Washington when Webster replied to Hayne, but did not hear the speech, as he was engaged in a case in the Supreme Court when it was delivered. When a report of what Webster had said appeared in print Mr. Whipple read it and was haunted by the idea that he had heard it or read it before. Meeting Mr. Webster soon afterwards, he mentioned this idea to him and inquired whether it could possibly have any foundation in fact. "Certainly it has," replied Mr. Webster; "don't you remember our conversations during the long walks we took together last summer at Newport, while in attendance at Story's court?" It flashed across Mr. Whipple's mind that Mr. Webster had then rehearsed the legal argument of his speech and had invited criticism.—*The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1880.

He tells us that he composed a great portion of his first Bunker Hill oration while angling waist-deep in the Marshpee river. His son Fletcher narrates an amusing corroboration of this confession. He says: "I followed him along the stream, fishing the holes and bends which he left for me, but after a while began to notice that he was not so attentive to his sport nor so earnest as usual. He would let his line run carelessly down the stream, or hold his rod still while his hook was not even touching the water; omitted trying the best places under the projecting roots of pines and seemed indeed quite abstracted and uninterested in his amusement. This of course caused me a great deal of wonder and, after calling his attention once or twice to his hook hanging on a twig, or caught in the long grass of the river, and finding that, after a moment's attention, he again relapsed into his indifference, I quietly walked up near him and watched. He seemed to be gazing at the overhanging trees and presently, advancing one foot and extending his right hand, he commenced to speak, 'Venerable men,' etc."—*Albany Law Journal*, April 22, 1876.

In his great argument on the Foote resolution Webster said that he had slept on his adversary's [Hayne] speech, and "slept soundly." Nevertheless he awakened in the middle of the night and turned over the pages of "Macbeth" to be sure of his quotation on the "murdered" coalition. This settled he slept and slept soundly.—*Magazine of American History*, October, 1877.

He had been invited to a huge horticultural meeting and dinner which was to take place at Oxford the day after. There dined together—gentry and yeomanry—to the number of twenty-five hundred or more in the quadrangle, if I remember rightly, of University College, which was tendered over for the occasion. I was to have dined with them, but, as the dinner hour came on, my courage oozed out (I prefer parties of six or eight at the most). So I called off, surrendered my ticket to some applicant not so intolerant of dinners of twenty-five hundred and dined with Mr. Webster's agreeable family party—his wife and daughter and relative, Mrs. Paige—at the hotel. He returned to us early in the evening, sliding into the room joyously, half as if he were dancing, and as if to tell good-naturedly that he was glad to come back to us. After a little while I said, "But I am sorry to have missed your speech, which they say was a capital one." "Order in some wine and water and I will speak it to you over again," which he did most festively, stopping by the way to tell me that he had wished and prearranged with himself to make such and such points. Fancy how delightful and how attaching I found all this genial bearing from so famous a man, so affectionate and so little of the humbug.—G. T. TICKNOR, "Life of Daniel Webster," quoting letter of John Kenyon, dated March 18, 1853.

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Mr. Lincoln said: Mrs. Ann S. Stevens told me a story last night about Daniel Webster, when a lad, which was new to me, and it has been running in my head all the morning. When quite young at school Daniel was one day guilty of a gross violation of

the rules. He was detected in the act and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old-fashioned ferruling of the hand. His hand happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teacher's desk, he spat upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons. "Give me your hand, sir," said the teacher very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment and said, "Daniel, if you will find another hand in this school as filthy as that, I will let you off this time." Instantly from behind his back came his left hand. "Here it is, sir," was the ready reply. "That will do," said the teacher, "for this time you can take your seat, sir."—F. B. CARPENTER, "Six Months in the White House."

During one of the college vacations he and his brother returned to their father's at Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps and then, resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and then it was again tinkered—but it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel with great composure hung it on the next tree and, putting on a grave countenance, said, "It hangs very well now; I am perfectly satisfied."—*The Eclectic Magazine*, December, 1868.

Daniel and his brother Ezekiel when boys were really devoted to the pursuits of agriculture, but the following story is current in the vicinity of their birth-place. Their father had given them directions to perform a specific labor during his temporary absence from home, but on his return at night he found the labor unperformed and, with a frown upon his face, questioned the boys in regard to their idleness. "What have you been doing, Ezekiel?" said the father. "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Well, Daniel, what have you been doing?" "Helping Zeke, sir." —LANMAN, and numerous other authorities, sufficient to entitle the anecdote to some consideration. The original, perhaps, is to be found in "Walpoliana."

The Whig party, tired of defeat under such statesmen as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, brought forward General Harrison, who had overcome a mixed army of English and Indians, and elected him. When this military hero was first proposed, in 1836, he stated, in answer to some friends who had inquired regarding the conduct of his soldiers at Tippecanoe, "that every private in the whole army, on that occasion, was a Leonidas, Epaminondas or Horatius Cocles." In truth, the old general was much attached to these men and to many others whom Plutarch has commemorated. After the general's election to the presidency, and while he was in Washington preparing for his inauguration, a young gentleman fresh from one of our universities was introduced to him. "Have you ever read 'Plutarch's Lives,' my young friend?" he inquired. So much seems to have been necessary to what follows: Plutarch's heroes would have crowded the inaugural message, to the exclusion of all American and perhaps modern characters, but for an untimely fate. Miltiades would have fought Marathon over again, the Horatii reexterminated the Curiatii and Quintus Curtius have taken a second leap into that fatal chasm, had the old general's original purpose been carried out. A day or two before the message was delivered, the Secretary of State-elect was seen coming out of General Harrison's residence, seemingly no little agitated. His step was unequal and his brow seemed charged with a lowering storm. "What is the matter with you this morning?" inquired a friend, unexpectedly coming upon him; "you seem agitated, Mr. Webster." "Agitated, sir? And who would not feel agitated that had committed the crimes I have this morning." "Crimes, Mr. Webster?" exclaimed his friend, incredulously. "Aye, sir, crimes, murders most foul, and from malice aforethought, of I know not how many Greeks and Romans." Everybody recollects that the message commenced in this manner: "It was the remark of a Roman consul, in an early period of that celebrated republic," etc. It was said at the time that the old general, while he reluctantly consented to the exclusion of other Roman celebrities, insisted upon retaining this Roman consul—to which his secretary finally yielded, on condition that his name were suppressed.—*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1856.

Among the "Websteriana" there is nothing of his better than the answer to the French minister, who asked Mr. Webster, while Secretary of State, whether the United States would recognize the new government of France. The secretary assumed a very im-

portant tone and attitude, saying: "Why not? The United States has recognized the Bourbons, the republic, the directory, the council of five hundred, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, the——" "Enough! enough!" cried the French minister, perfectly satisfied with such a formidable citation of consistent precedents.—*Harper's Magazine*, December, 1856.

Mr. Webster was once engaged in the trial of a case in one of the Virginia courts and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry," which has been criticized as a brilliant romance. In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through with the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and that he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and, coolly eyeing the witness a moment, he said, "Mr. K., allow me to ask whether you have ever read a work called 'Baron Munchausen'?" Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet and said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness and if you will allow me that favor I will promise not to interrupt you again." Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied, "Yes, most certainly," when Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said, "Sir, have you ever read Wirt's 'Patrick Henry'?" The effect was so irresistible, that even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh and, turning to Mr. Webster, said, "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up," which was assented to and Mr. Webster's client won the case.—*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1862.

Indeed for the nine years I lived in Portsmouth Mr. Mason and myself, in the counties where we practised, were on opposite sides pretty much as a matter of course.—WEBSTER, "Autobiography." In illustration of this the editor will add an anecdote related to him by the late Eben Chadwick, Esq., of Boston. Mr. Chadwick said: I used often to attend the court, when it sat at Portsmouth, on purpose to hear Mr. Mason and Mr. Webster, who were always on opposite sides and engaged in all important cases. On one occasion the clerk was calling the docket and the various counsel, entering their names in the various suits; Mr. Mason or Mr. Webster answering for the plaintiff or defendant in almost every one. At last a case was called and I overheard the following conversation between them. Mr. Mason said, "Mr. Webster, what side are you on this case?" Mr. Webster replied, "I don't know; take your choice."—FLETCHER WEBSTER.

The only time I heard Mr. Webster in Faneuil Hall was at a meeting of which Mr. Otis was chairman, soon after the veto by President Jackson of a bill making appropriations for the extension of the national road to the Mississippi. In speaking of the nationality of the enterprise, the necessity of it as a means of communication between the Eastern and Western states, Mr. Webster said: "There is no road leading everywhere, no road over which everybody or even the majority of people travel, except, except"—and here he seemed to be at a loss for a word —"except the road to ruin," interjected Mr. Otis, in his clear and penetrating voice. "Except the road to ruin," shouted Mr. Webster, "and that's an administration road."—MCCULLOCH.

He [Dr. Goddard] seemed at a loss what to do. "I stand," said he to the meeting, "between two dangers: on one side is Scylla, and on the other Charybdis, and I don't know which to take." "I fear then," said Mr. Webster, rather too loudly, "I fear your honor will take the silly side." It is but just to Mr. Webster's memory to add that he never told this himself.—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1856.

When he was speaking on the New York fire bill, the senate clock suddenly began to strike and, after it had struck continuously about fourteen or fifteen times, Mr. Webster stopped and said to the presiding officer, "The clock is cut of order, sir—I have the floor." The occupant of the chair looked rebukingly at the refractory timepiece, but in defiance of the officers and rules of the House it struck about forty before the sergeant-at-arms could stop it; Mr. Webster standing silent, while every one else was laughing.—*The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1880.

Being taken ill one day in a town with Democratic proclivities, he begged to be carried home. "I was born a Federalist," he said. "I have lived a Federalist and I won't die in a Democratic town."—LODGE.

At the beginning of the Taylor campaign it was desirable to propitiate Mr. Webster, who, naturally enough, received the nomination of General Taylor as coldly as he did that of Mr. Clay in 1844, when Massachusetts led off and, after he had said in his Marshfield speech that the nomination was one "not fit to be made," it became especially necessary that he should be looked after. The result was that, after a great deal of negotiation, and the urgency of many of his best friends, he consented to explain, at Abington in Massachusetts, his Marshfield speech, and to make one or two more speeches during the campaign. Two well-known gentlemen of the city of Worcester, then prominent in the Whig ranks—one of whom is now holding a high official station in that state—came to Boston at the instance of the late ex-Governor Lincoln, to secure Mr. Webster for a great speech in the former city. They then called upon the then secretary of the State Whig Committee to enlist his cooperation and were informed by him that five hundred dollars was the least sum they could reasonably offer Mr. Webster for such an effort. The gentlemen said they thought they could raise that sum. Mr. Webster happened then to be at the Tremont House and the secretary volunteered to call upon him with them and do what he might be able to advance the suit. It was in the month of October—a month he loved. The party found Mr. Webster *solus* in the office, drinking a glass of soda water. The secretary, with imprudent haste, led them into the office and introduced them. The situation was embarrassing, for he was in the act of drinking his soda water, and was obliged by the interruption to set down his tumbler before he had finished it. To relieve this embarrassment one of these gentlemen—the eminent official whose silver speech it is always pleasant to listen to—said, "I think this must be the Indian summer, Mr. Webster." Mr. Webster turned square around and, confronting him, replied with emphatic gravity, "No, sir-r-r-r; this is the har-r-rvest moon." The Worcester gentleman afterwards laughed a great deal at the felicity of Mr. Webster's reply, taken in conjunction with the fact that the speech was one of the dullest that the great man ever delivered and the additional fact that the greater part of the five hundred dollars came out of their own pockets; for, neglecting to ask contributions from their friends until after the event, they found these said friends ludicrously disinclined to invest, and with some little disposition to chaff; and it is said that one of the Worcester gentlemen—not the official—was heard to exclaim in a fit of extreme disgust, "He may well call it the har-r-rvest moon."—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1869.

Many years ago one of the Boston insurance companies had an important case coming on, involving a large sum of money, and the solicitor of the company, Mr. M——, thought it advisable that Mr. Webster should be retained. The president of the company coincided and, handing him a check for one thousand dollars, requested him to call upon Mr. Webster and secure his services. He did so, paying him the money; but it happened that the cause was amicably settled. Some time afterwards, at the suggestion of the president, Mr. M—— called upon Mr. Webster to inform him that the case would not come to trial and that the retaining fee should properly be returned to the company. Mr. Webster was amazed. Turning round to Mr. M—— he said, "You are a lawyer, Mr. M——; and know or certainly ought to know the meaning of 'retainer.' It comes from the Latin *retineo, retinere, retenti, retentum;* which means to retain—to retain; and I mean to retain it."—*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1869.

When on one occasion at night we were returning from Elm Farms in the autumn of 1851, the entire train of cars was thrown off the track, and all broken to pieces, excepting the car in which we were seated. The position into which this car was forced was on the side of a bank, at an angle of forty-five degrees. The moment it was possible the passengers rushed out in the greatest consternation, and when the writer hurriedly urged him to follow the crowd, he firmly retained his seat and quietly replied, "Can you inform me to what part of the world we are traveling? I have paid my fare to Boston and I will thank the locomotive to proceed to its original destination." And when, a few moments afterwards, he saw the locomotive almost in the center of a neighboring field, and knew that some half dozen cattle had been killed, he repeated his remarks and threw all who heard him into good humor.—LANMAN.

The following amusing and characteristic anecdotes of the late lamented statesman, Daniel Webster, are undoubtedly authentic. They both proceed from personal friends of Mr. Webster and the first has never appeared in print. Some four or five years ago Mr. Webster paid a professional visit to Northampton, Massachusetts, one of the pleasantest inland towns of the state.

His presence there was expected and, being the political idol of a large portion of the community, preparations had been made to give him a cordial reception by eminent private citizens. The landlord, too, of the principal inn, had prepared a very handsome suite of apartments for his express accommodation and had made arrangements to have the great man occupy them. At length Mr. Webster arrived and stopped at the hotel in question. He was shown to his quarters, with which he expressed himself well pleased until it was incidentally remarked by some friend present, that "Northampton was a temperance town and that that was a temperance house." "Won't you ring the bell for the landlord?" asked Mr. Webster of a gentleman who stood near the bell-pull. He rang the bell and the landlord soon came up. "Mr. Brewster," said Mr. Webster, "can you direct me to General L——'s house? I think I will take up my quarters with him." The landlord, with great disappointment expressed on his face and manner, said, "Why, Mr. Webster, I was in hopes my rooms would meet with your entire approbation. We have taken great pains to have their arrangements such as would please you." "Your rooms, Mr. Brewster, are excellent every way. Nothing need be more so and I understand your table is abundantly supplied with well-cooked viands. But, Mr. Brewster, I understand that your house is conducted upon rigid temperance principles. Now, sir, I am an old man; my blood is thin and now and then I require a little stimulus. Have you any pure, old brandy, Mr. Brewster?" "I have some of the oldest and purest in Massachusetts, I think," answered the landlord. "Well, Mr. Brewster, have the kindness to bring me up a bottle and place it on the little stand behind the door." Mr. Brewster departed and soon came back with the desired fluid, which he deposited as directed. "Mr. Brewster," continued Mr. Webster, "have you any fine old Madeira?" "Yes, Mr. Webster, of the oldest and best vintage." "Do you know how to ice it properly, so that it shall be only just gratefully cool?" The landlord answered in the affirmative and went down to the cellar for a bottle. When he came back he placed it beside the other bottle, in a graduated cooler, and was about to retire when Mr. Webster said, "You need be under no apprehensions, Mr. Brewster, that this infraction of the temperance law of your town will be discovered. I must needs honor law, being one of its humble ministers, and would not exhibit even a justifiable evasion of its commands. No, Mr. Brewster, you leave those bottles there, where they will be unobserved, and in a short time I will put them where no human eye can see them." The second anecdote to which we have alluded is vouched for by a correspondent of the *Boston Daily Transcript*. In the summer of 1823, when I was a mere lad, I was at Swift's in Sandwich. My then schoolmaster was there also and from him I had the story. John Trout was the well-known sobriquet of the fisherman who attended the amateur anglers on their excursions. John was not remarkable for his veracity; quite otherwise, when the success of his hook and line was the subject of his story. One day he was out with Mr. Webster. Both were standing in the brook, waiting patiently for a bite, when Mr. Webster told John in what manner he had caught a very large trout on a former occasion. "Your honor," said John, "that was very well for a gentleman, but once I was standing by that bush yonder, I took a fish that weighed——" (I forget how much, but, of course, many ounces larger than the great statesman's big fish). "Ah, John, John," interrupted Mr. Webster, "you are an amphibious animal; you lie in the water and you lie out of it."—*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1854.

Mr. Webster always had a strong and kindly regard for my brother. When Mr. Hoar [Judge E. R.] visited Washington in 1836, Webster received him with great kindness, showed him about the Capitol and took him into the Supreme Court, where he argued a case. Mr. Webster began by alluding very impressively to the great changes which had taken place in that tribunal since he first appeared as counsel before them. He said, "No one of the judges who were here then now remains. It has been my duty to pass upon the confirmation of every member of the bench; and I may say that I treated your honors with entire impartiality, for I voted against every one of you."—GEORGE F. HOAR, *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1899.

The series was crowned by the most brilliant bar dinner which ever took place in Charleston, the principal speech of welcome being made by Mr. Webster's former antagonist, Colonel Robert Y. Hayne. I had the honor of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Webster at one of these dinner parties. When the ladies had retired our host produced a bottle of Madeira wine which he said had been bottled by his grandfather over seventy years before. One of the guests, a mathematician, after figuring on the back of a letter,

remarked that if that bottle of wine was worth, when bottled, twenty-five cents, its present value at compound interest would reach one hundred dollars. At this moment a servant announced that the carriage was at the door to convey Mr. Webster to the ball given in his honor at Mrs. ——'s. A number of guests went out to seat Mr. Webster in his carriage. One of them, while folding up the old-fashioned carriage step, found Mr. Webster's foot obstructing it and inquired if he desired to alight. "Yes," he replied quickly, "I want to go back and help our mathematical friend stop the interest on that damned expensive bottle of wine."—RICHARD LATHERS, "Reminiscences."

A story about Webster which was told by Josiah Quincy illustrates as well as anything could the way in which the great Daniel's personality impressed even people who did not know who he was. The story was recently printed in the *Baltimore Sun*. "The route between Boston and New York by way of New Haven had just been opened," so said Mr. Quincy many years ago, "and I was occupying a seat by Mr. Webster, when the cars stopped at the latter city. Mr. Webster was not quite well and, saying that he thought it would be prudent to take some brandy, asked me to accompany him in search of it. We accordingly entered a bar room near the station and the order was given. The attendant, without looking at his customer, mechanically took a decanter from a shelf and placed it near some glasses on the counter. Just as Mr. Webster was about to help himself, the bartender, happening to look, started as if he had seen a spirit and cried 'Stop!' with great vehemence. He then took the decanter from Webster's hand, replaced it on the shelf from which it came and disappeared beneath the counter. Rising from these depths he bore to the surface an old-fashioned black bottle, which he substituted for the decanter. Webster poured out a small quantity in a glass, drank it down with great relish and threw down half a dollar in payment. The barkeeper began to fumble in a drawer of silver as if selecting some smaller pieces for change, whereupon Mr. Webster waved his hand with dignity and in rich and authoritative tones pronounced these words, 'My good friend, let me offer you a piece of advice. Whenever you give that good brandy from under the counter, never take the trouble to make change.' The bartender did not know that his customer was Daniel Webster but a glance at him convinced the man that the customer was entitled to the best in the shop."—*American Law Review*, October, 1899.

There was a fable in Washington that Webster and Clay were leaving a dinner party, both tipsy; Clay fell on the pavement and Webster said, "Old friend, I cannot pick you up, but I will lie down by you." I always suspected that the story was invented at the time when the two most famous senators in the nation were seen side by side turning the whole government into a slave-catching institution.—MONCURE D. CONWAY, "Autobiography and Memories."

I have heard Mr. Webster relate an anecdote relating to the burning of his house, which it may be worth while to repeat. The house was the first to catch on fire. It took fire on the roof—as was supposed, from a neighboring stable. No one was at home but Mrs. Webster, her daughter Grace and the servants—Fletcher being out at nurse. A man by the name of Parry—an acquaintance—rushed into the house and, seizing Mrs. Webster by the hands, exclaimed, "Mrs. Webster, don't be alarmed; don't be alarmed, Mrs. Webster." "I am not alarmed, Mr. Parry; why should I be? what's the matter?" "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Webster; don't be alarmed—for Heaven's sake, don't be alarmed," cried he; "there is no danger." "Danger of what?" said Mrs. Webster; "what is the matter, Mr. Parry?" "My dear madame, don't be alarmed, but your house is all on fire and the roof must be falling in by this time."—CHARLES W. MARCH "Webster and his Contemporaries."

With Rod and Gun

Mr. Webster and Judge Duane Doty, then of Green Bay, Wisconsin, were warm friends and the judge at one time was a visitor at Marshfield. Mr. Webster was very fond of fishing—the only outdoor sport in which he indulged. While the judge was his guest it chanced that a fine day for this sport presented itself, of which Mr. Webster was anxious to avail himself. He accordingly invited the judge to accompany him in the piscatory sport. The judge did not want to go and tried his best to get off, saying he would much prefer, with his consent, to pass that rainy day in Mr. Webster's library among his books and papers. Mr. Webster wouldn't listen to him, said he could pass any and as many days in his library as he chose, but such a day for fishing might not occur again while they were at Marshfield. The judge, as a last resort, said that he really could not go, as it would spoil his

clothes, that the handsome black suit he had on was his best, and all he had, and that to go fishing in it would spoil it. To meet this objection Mr. Webster directed his servant George to go upstairs and bring down the dress in which he was presented at court in England, which George did. As soon as he appeared with it Mr. Webster said, "There, Doty, is a dress for you; put it on and come as soon as you can, for we are losing valuable time." The judge replied, "Surely, Mr. Webster, you are not in earnest in what you say —that you want me to go fishing in that elegant suit and spoil it?" "Yes, I am," he replied; "that is what it has been brought down for." The judge still lingered when Mr. Webster, to settle the matter, said to him, "Have no anxiety about injuring the dress, for to fish or hunt in it is the only way in which it can now be made useful. Could I wear it in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or even here? If I did, wouldn't everybody laugh at me?" The judge was compelled to answer affirmatively to the question. "Well, then," said he, "pray, what is it good for but to go fishing in?" That settled the matter. The judge put on the dress and went fishing in Mr. Webster's court suit and thus saved his own.—*Harper's Magazine*, April, 1884.

Reaching home in the early evening of an October day, in answer to a question, "What luck, father?" he said, after seating himself at the supper table: "Well, I met the Messrs. Hedge and George Churchill at Long Pond hill, which you know is about eight miles beyond Plymouth, and there was also Uncle Branch Pierce with his hounds and he had already found a fresh deer track to the eastward near the Sandwich road. Uncle Branch told us that as near as he 'could make up the voyage,' the critter would run to water in little Long Pond. So he put me on the road as you go down the hill and told me to keep my ears open and my eyes peeled and not to stir till he called me off. For two hours I stood there under a red oak tree, expecting every moment either to hear the dogs or see the deer, but without a sound or a sight. I then put my gun against the tree and took a lunch. When it got to be one o'clock I made a speech and about three o'clock a little song sparrow came and perched on a limb over my head and I took off my hat and said, 'Madam, you are the first living thing I have seen to-day. Permit me to pay my profoundest respects.' Pretty soon Uncle Branch came up and said the dogs had gone out of 'hearth' and the hunt was up 'by golly.' So here I am, Fletcher, tired out and as hungry as a cooper's cow."—William T. Davis, *New England Magazine*, April, 1902.

Some twenty years ago or thereabouts, Daniel Webster, who was an expert in the piscatory art, sauntered forth of a morning toward a creek, not far distant from his house, where he expected to find a boat, in which he intended to cross to the opposite bank, and from thence was to set out with his lines in quest of trout. As he reached the creek he perceived that the boat was missing. While hesitating whether to stay where he was or to wade, he discovered an old man seated on the bank, looking very disconsolate, and who questioned him as to the possible means of reaching the other side without a boat. "Do as I do, old man," said Daniel. "How is that?" queried the old gentleman. "Take off your boots and wade; I am going to [illegible] And, suiting the action to the word, he at once set about taking off his boots. "But I cannot wade," continued the old man in a doleful tone; "I am too old." "Well then, my boy," cheerily responded Mr. Webster, "well then, jump upon my back and I will carry you over." The old man's face brightened and he at once consented to be carried over "pick-a-back." When they arrived safely on the opposite side he said to his obliging friend, "Well, when I get home I shall have to tell how a fine Boston gentleman carried me over the creek on his back. I think it is good enough to tell to Daniel Webster himself." "Then tell it to me, my good man."—*Harper's Magazine*, 1862.

He was once tramping over the Marshfield meadows, shooting ducks, when he encountered a couple of Boston sporting snobs, who happened to be in trouble just then about crossing a bog. Not knowing Mr. Webster, and believing him to be strong enough to help them over the water, they begged to be conveyed to a dry point upon his back. The request was of course complied with and, after the cockneys had paid him a quarter of a dollar each for his trouble, they inquired if "Old Webster was at home?" for, as they had had poor luck in shooting, they would honor him with a call. Mr. Webster replied that the gentleman alluded to was not at home just then, but would be as soon as he could walk to the house, and added that he "would be glad to see them at dinner." As may be presumed the cockneys were never seen to cross the threshold of "Old Webster." —Lanman.

Soon after Mr. Webster went to Marshfield, he was one day out on the marshes, shooting birds. It was in the month of August when the farmers were securing their salt hay. He came, in the course of his rambles, to Green Harbor river, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in the boat which lay moored in sight. The man at once left his work, came over and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment, with Yankee curiosity, to question the stranger. He surmised who Mr. Webster was and with some hesitation remarked, "This is Daniel Webster, I believe." "That is my name," replied the sportsman. "Well, now," said the farmer, "I am told that you can make from three to five dollars a day pleadin' cases up in Boston." Mr. Webster replied that he was sometimes so fortunate as to receive that amount for his services. "Well, now," returned the rustic, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get so much in the city pleadin' law cases, I would not be a-wadin' these marshes in this hot weather, shootin' little birds."—PETER HARVEY, "Anecdotes of Daniel Webster."

Money Matters

It is well known that Mr. Webster, although one of the foremost orators of his time, set a comparatively low value upon rhetorical efforts. He was at one time upon very intimate terms with a well-known New York gentleman, now dead, who was often at his house at Marshfield. Noting this intimacy, one of his rural neighbors asked him one day, at a moment of familiar intercourse, "Who is this Mr. ——, Mr. Webster? Is he a great orator?" "Great orator!" he replied, opening his eyes with real or affected astonishment; "no, sir; he soars into higher regions: he knows how to make money."—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1869.

Somewhere about the year 1826 a certain gentleman residing in Boston was thrown into almost inextricable difficulties by the failure of a house for which he had become responsible to a large amount. He needed legal advice, and, being disheartened, he desired the author of this anecdote to go with him and relate his condition to Mr. Webster. The lawyer heard the story entirely through, advised his client what to do and requested him to call again in a few days. After the gentlemen had left Mr. Webster's office, he came hurriedly to the door, called upon the gentlemen to stop a moment and, having approached them with his pocketbook in his hand, he thus addressed his client, "It seems to me, my good sir, if I understand you rightly, you are entirely naked; is it so?" The client replied that he was indeed penniless and then, of course, expected a demand for a retaining fee. Instead of that demand, however, Mr. Webster kindly remarked, as he handed the client a bill for five hundred dollars, "Well, there; take that; it is all I have by me now. I wish it was more and, if you are ever able, you must pay it back to me."—LANMAN.

It is related that upon one occasion he was applied to by a very poor man to defend his case in an action at law, who appealed to him to accept a contingent instead of a retaining fee, as he was unable to pay anything unless he gained the suit. He was about to expose the weak points in his case, when Webster interrupted him with the unfortunate information that only a few minutes before his arrival his opponent had called to engage his professional services in the case and had paid him a retaining fee. On hearing this the poor would-be client fairly broke down, for he had looked upon Webster's defense of his case as his only hope of success. The man presented such a wobegone spectacle of misery that Webster's sympathies were excited and, under the impulse of the moment, he took out of his pocket the roll of bank bills he had just received as his retaining fee and, giving it to the other, bade him to go at once and secure the services of a "better lawyer than he was," to defend his case. This action was the more characteristic as Webster was at the time being hard pressed for money by his unpaid tradesmen.—C. K. TUCKERMAN, "Personal Recollections of Notable People."

It was during his residence in Portsmouth that Mr. Webster became the owner of a parcel of land in the vicinity of the White Mountains, with the buildings standing thereon, for the valuable consideration of his services in an important suit in one of the courts. The premises were known by the imposing name of "The Farm." He left the tenant, who was living there at the time he acquired legal title to "The Farm," in possession. After his removal to Boston he heard nothing of his White Mountain estate for several years. One summer, as he journeyed north with his wife in quest of recreation, he resolved to turn aside from the traveled road and ascertain the true condition of his property. He found a very miserable hut upon it, occupied by an aged woman as the only tenant of "The Farm."

He asked for a glass of water, which she readily served in a tin dipper. He then began to make inquiries about her prosperity and the present condition of things around her. She said that she did not own the farm but that it belonged to a lawyer down in Boston by the name of Webster. "Does he often come to see you, my good woman?" asked Mr. Webster. "No," she replied, "he has never been near the land since I lived here." "Well," said he, "what rent does he make you pay for the occupancy of the farm?" "Rent!" she exclaimed, "I don't pay him any rent. It is bad enough to live here without paying anything for it; and if he don't fix up the house I don't mean to stay here freezing to death much longer." "Well, madame," returned the kind-hearted proprietor, "it is a pretty hard case, I confess. If you will accept this bill [five dollars] towards holding on for another year, I will speak to Mr. Webster when I next see him and perhaps he will do something more for you." So he took leave of his valuable farm and his interesting tenant.—HARVEY.

Judge Burbank said: When I was a student in Mr. Webster's office he always kept a boy to sweep out and run errands. Mr. Webster made a practise of giving this boy all the coppers which might be passed to him for change when doing his errands. One day Mr. Webster came to the room where I was sitting, his face all aglow with one of his benignant smiles, and said, "Mr. Burbank, that boy of ours will either make a smart man or become a great rascal. I gave him a quarter to buy a paper this morning and he has brought me back nineteen pennies." And the great man, laughing and enjoying the joke, swept the pennies with his hand from the table to the floor, allowing the boy to carry them off for his smartness. —*Harper's Magazine*, January, 1876.

A Boston correspondence assures us that the following, one of the many funny anecdotes that Portsmouth, New Hampshire, tells of Mr. Webster, has not appeared in print: During Mr. Webster's residence in that city, in his younger days, there was a furniture dealer named Judkins doing business in the town, who was a very well informed as well as ambitious man. He was patronized by Mr. Webster, who often dropped into the shop to order or superintend the making of some piece of furniture. These opportunities of conversing with a man so learned as Mr. Webster were a delight to Mr. Judkins's life; and on the removal of the former to Boston, the payment of a considerable debt due to Mr. Judkins was willingly left for future settlement. Attempts were made at various times to collect the debt—always in vain. Finally Mr. Judkins determined to go to Boston and see Mr. Webster himself. He reached the city after a long and fatiguing stage ride and, making a Sunday toilet, proceeded to the large house on the corner of High and Summer streets. "Is Mr. Webster in?" asked he of the servant who answered the bell. "Yes; but he cannot possibly be seen." "But I must see him." "No; he is entertaining some Washington gentlemen; they are dining." Mr. Judkins had heard of subterfuges and believed not the serving man. "Well, I will come in and wait until dinner is over." The puzzled servant, needed below stairs, decided to take the importunate stranger's name to his master. Fancy the surprise of Mr. Judkins at seeing Mr. Webster rushing upstairs and insisting on the poor man's joining his friends at the dinner table. He would take no denial and carried him, forcibly almost, introducing him as "my old and dear friend, Mr. Judkins of Portsmouth," and seating him between a distinguished Bostonian and the secretary of the navy; and, to use the words of the worthy cabinet-maker, "I was for four mortal hours just as good as anybody; my opinion was asked on a good many subjects and they all seemed to think I knew a good deal. I was invited to visit them and to go to Washington and everybody asked me to drink wine with them; and, by George, I made up my mind never to ask for my bill again. I was a poor man and needed my money, but I had been treated as I never expected to be treated in this world and I was willing to pay for it."—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1870.

He called upon the cashier of a bank where he kept an account for the purpose of getting a draft discounted, when that gentleman expressed some surprise and casually inquired why he wanted so much money. "To spend, to buy bread and meat," replied Mr. Webster, a little annoyed at this speech. "But," returned the cashier, "you have already on deposit in the bank no less than three thousand dollars, and I was wondering why you wanted so much money." This was, indeed, the truth, but Mr. Webster had forgotten it.—LANMAN.

Once, on his return from Washington, a neighbor called with a bill for hay. Mr. Webster told him that he had just reached home and that if he would call on the next Monday he would have the money ready for him. After the man had left Mr. Webster

said to his son Fletcher, "I think I have paid that bill and I wish you would see if you can find the receipt." The result of the search was that two receipts were found. "Let those bills lie there," he said, "and when our friend calls next Monday we will have some fun with him." On Monday the farmer called just before dinner and Mr. Webster said, "Come, neighbor, get your dinner with me and then we will talk business." After dinner they went out and sat under the shady elm tree near the house, accompanied by Fletcher, and, after a little general conversation, Mr. Webster said, "Mr. N——, do you keep books? I would advise you by all means to keep books. Now, if you had kept books you would have known that I have paid this bill once," and he handed him one of the receipts. Mr. N—— was mortified beyond measure and accused himself of inexcusable negligence and forgetfulness. Mr. Webster said again, "Mr. N——, you don't know how important it is to keep books," and, handing him the second receipt, added, "'If you had kept books you would have known that I paid this bill twice. Now, I am going to pay it just once more and I don't believe I shall ever pay it again." Poor Mr. N—— was overwhelmed with surprise and protested that when able he would refund the money. "No, Mr. N——," said Mr. Webster, "you are a poor man and I know you to be an honest one. Keep the money and when you have any more hay to sell, bring me a load and I will buy it." —WILLIAM T. DAVIS, *The New England Magazine,* April, 1902.

Daniel Webster was once sued by his butcher for a bill of long standing. Before the suit was settled he met the butcher on the street and, to the man's great embarrassment, stopped to ask why he had ceased to send around for his order. "Why, Mr. Webster," said the tradesman, "I did not think you wanted to deal with me when I brought this suit against you." "Tut, tut," said Mr. Webster, "sue all you wish but, for heaven's sake, don't try to starve me to death."—*The Green Bag,* April, 1914, quoting the *New York Evening Post.*

WELLINGTON, ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF, 1769-1852

English General and Statesman

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Arthur Wellesley was gazetted ensign in the 41st regiment on the 7th of March, 1787, and joined in Dublin. We have a glimpse of him here in one or two apocryphal stories. A lady would not accept an invitation to a picnic until she had stipulated that "that mischievous boy Arthur Wellesley should not be of the party." It is to this period, no doubt, we may attribute the legend that he was concerned in a street brawl and came into collision with the Dublin "Charleys." He was clearly not a ladies' man—at no pains to please them. Lady Aldborough was fond of confessing that she thought him a gawky youth and but poor company; for she took him with her to some entertainment and left him planted there, to find his way home as best he could, which he did by accepting a lift from the musicians. "I never thought," she afterwards told the great duke laughingly, "when I left you to travel with the fiddlers, that you would come to play first fiddle yourself." He was actually a violinist, and a good one, but gave up the instrument early in life. It says much for the strong bent of Wellington's mind that he ceased playing because he felt that it was too engrossing and that it would distract him from the more serious business of life. About the same time he resolved that he would never again touch a card. He had been a gambler, and had once lost so heavily in Dublin that he became greatly embarrassed. . . . He never smoked but once, when the Prince Regent gave him a cigar, which he failed to conquer.—GRIFFITHS.

The former, just after returning from the Peninsula, joined the Duke of Cumberland and some other distinguished officers in the smoking room in the hotel at Portsmouth where they were staying. "I sat," said Wellington, "behind my pipe, whiffing away with a feeling of wonder and watching with interest the countenances of the rest of the company." Other novices at smoking were there

and, as they left the room one after another and failed to return, he noticed that the old smokers were on the lookout for him to follow. He continued to puff away, however, saying to himself: "Well, it will come to an end, I suppose." And it did, before the pipe was finished and in such an unpleasant fashion that he never again attempted to smoke.—CRESPI, *The National Review*, 1891.

Horse Guards General Order No. 577.—The commander-in-chief has been informed that the practise of smoking, by the use of pipes, cigars and cheroots, has become prevalent among the officers of the army, which is in itself not only a species of intoxication by the fumes of tobacco, but undoubtedly occasions drinking and tippling by those who acquire the habit; and he intreats the officers commanding regiments to prevent smoking in the mess rooms of their several regiments, and in the adjoining apartments, and to discourage the practise among the officers of junior rank in their regiments.—*Notes and Queries*, March 16, 1895.

The duke inherits his father's musical taste and used to play very well, and rather too much, on the violin. Some circumstances occurred which made him reflect that this was not a soldierly accomplishment and took up too much of his time and thoughts; and he burned his fiddles and never played again. About the same time he gave up the habit of card playing.—CROKER.

The sobriquet conferred on Wellington of the Iron Duke it is true came to him in a roundabout way. An iron steamship, a novelty at the time, was launched in the Mersey and named the Duke of Wellington. The vessel came to be known as the Iron Duke and the transition from the subject to the eponymos was too easy and obvious not to be effected.—MAXWELL.

A good thing of Madame de Staël about the Duke of Wellington: that "there never was so great a man made of such small materials."—MOORE.

Upon one occasion, in the course of his French diplomatic career, he was entertained at a *tête-à-tête* dinner by one of the most profound connoisseurs of France, who laid his own and his chef's heads together to produce a perfect combination of savors, in the confident hope of at last exciting the great conqueror's dormant taste and carrying the day by one *coup*. But all in vain. After seeing, with consternation, dish after dish consumed without the slightest symptom of satisfaction or dissatisfaction, the host at length exclaimed, as the *chef d'œuvre* was being tranquilly discussed: "There, then, what does your grace say to that?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply; "I suppose it is very good but I really don't care what I eat."—*London Morning Chronicle*, November 19, 1852.

A first-rate chef was in the employment of Lord Seaford, who, not being able to afford to keep the man, prevailed on the Duke of Wellington to engage him. Shortly after entering the duke's service the chef returned to his former master and begged him, with tears in his eyes, to take him back at reduced wages or none at all. Lord Seaford asked: "Has the duke been finding fault?" "Oh, no; he is the kindest and most liberal of masters, but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy and he say nothing! I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by my cook maid, and he say nothing! Dat hurt my feelings, my lord."—MICHAEL MACDONAGH, *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1898.

Never shying at trouble that he best could meet, the duke rarely threw away time on trifles that anybody else could manage as well. For instance, on the back of every ticket for his last ball (14th May, 1852) there appeared this formula: "Please send an answer on a card, or unsealed." Thus all the answers would go directly to the person whom it behooved to have a notion for how many, out of the thousand or fifteen hundred honored with invitations, supper should be ready on his grace's table.—*The Quarterly Review*, March, 1853.

Many diplomatic arts, much finesse and a host of intrigues were set in motion to get an invitation to Almack's. Very often persons whose rank and fortune entitled them to the entrée anywhere were excluded by the cliqueism of the lady patronesses, for the female government of Almack's was a pure despotism and subject to all the caprices of despotic rule: it is needless to add that, like every other despotism, it was not innocent of abuses. The fair ladies who ruled supreme over this little dancing and gossiping world issued a solemn proclamation that no gentleman should appear at the assemblies without being dressed in knee breeches, white cravat and *chapeau bras*. On one occasion the Duke of Wellington was about to ascend the staircase to the ball room, dressed in black trousers, when the vigilant Mr. Willis, the guardian of the establishment, stepped

forward and said: "Your grace cannot be admitted in trousers," whereupon the duke, who had great respect for orders and regulations, quietly walked away.—GRONOW.

They who read these sketches can scarcely be made to understand how anxiously public opinion was affected in 1830 by the first advances of railway traveling toward a system. Up to that date the possibility of acquiring such a mastery over steam as to make it the instrument of locomotion by land as well as by sea was called in question, and the engineer who proposed to construct a line which would connect Liverpool with Manchester was spoken of in general society as next door to a madman. The work was, however, completed and in order to give *éclat* to the triumph of genius over nature, the Duke of Wellington was invited, in the capacity of prime minister, to take part in the opening journey. It chanced that he was at Walmer and surrounded by a large company of guests when the invitation reached him, and not a few, especially his lady friends, were urgent with him to decline. "No great or permanent good could come of the invention, because stage coaches already traveled at the rate of eight or nine and ten miles in the hour, and if the attempt were made to exceed that pace, the respiration of the passengers would be painful, perhaps impossible." The duke would listen to no remonstrances. He thought, as others did, that the experiment was risky, and derided the idea of accelerating the pace, as was promised, to twenty miles an hour. Even a twelve-mile pace he regarded as excessive, because difficult if not impossible to control, and agreed in the opinion that the iron way would never, for general traffic, supersede our macadamized roads, then brought to perfection.—GLEIG.

We owe to him the pregnant apothegm: "Nothing is more tragical than a victory, except a defeat."—GRIFFITHS.

The term, now become part of the language: "Circumstances over which I have no control," originated with the Duke of Wellington.—FRASER.

His bed was so narrow that an old military friend, to whom he showed it, exclaimed: "Why, a man has no room to turn here." "When a man begins to turn in bed," replied the duke, "it is time for him to turn out of it."—*London Morning Chronicle*, November 19, 1852.

My father's thoughts were given up entirely to the country and the consequence was that he, whom all the world may have said to have envied, was often heard to say that there was nothing in life worth living for.—GLEIG, *The Fortnightly Review*, October 1, 1884, quoting Lord Douro, son of the Duke of Wellington.

Domestic Relations

The slow, thick speech and dull manner of his early days offended her taste. "I vow to God," she exclaimed, "I do not know what I shall do with my ugly son Arthur." In her brusk, unguarded talk he was "the fool of the family." Her "ugly son Arthur," she decided, was fit for powder. And naturally, perhaps inevitably, the unloved boy, when he reached manhood, had little affection to give to an unloving mother.—FITCHETT.

"My father," the late duke [second Duke of Wellington] used to say, "never showed the least affection for any of us. Charles, Jerry and I were taught to go to his room every morning after we were dressed; and, without interrupting his correspondence, for we always found him writing, he would look up for a moment and say 'Good morning,' and that was positively all the loving intercourse that passed between us."—GLEIG, *The Fortnightly Review*, October 1, 1884.

Lady Katherine Pakenham, the wife of the great duke, was married to him after a lengthy engagement. During his absence in India illness had much impaired her looks and she offered to release him; but a man of unflinching determination as regards honor, he stuck to his engagement—perhaps it would have been happier for both if he had not done so. The duchess once told some one (the conversation having turned upon keeping resolutions), "When I was a girl I made three resolutions. First, I determined that I would never marry a soldier; secondly, that I would never marry an Irishman; and thirdly, that I would not be long engaged. And all those three resolutions I broke. I married the Duke of Wellington, a soldier and an Irishman, after an engagement of twelve years."—NEVILL.

The duchess appears to have been an inoffensive, well-meaning lady, with a somewhat inconvenient addiction to what she conceived to be the wifely duty. For instance, during the Peninsular campaign she sent out to headquarters for her lord's bodily comfort a large consignment of warm underclothing, which after various adventures finally reached its destination. "What the devil's all this?" was the great captain's complimen-

tary exclamation on opening the package; "just send it back again to where it came from." No doubt that the two fair ladies who were rumored to be unofficially attached to the commander-in-chief's staff throughout the campaign, occasionally, it is said, appearing in masculine regimentals, made very merry over this demonstration of wifely solicitude. —TOYNBEE.

My father [the second Duke of Wellington speaking] had one odd peculiarity—weakness, if you like to call it so—he would never be corrected. He used to drive himself and always at a great pace. Once my brother Charles was sitting by his side. The horses were pelting along at the usual rate, and to his horror, Charles saw that my father had fallen asleep, still holding the reins. He had the power of sleeping by snatches. I have seen him fall asleep at dinner and no one dare either to move themselves or arouse him. Well, the horses neared the turnpike gate. It was closed. Charles dared not touch the reins; but a smash was inevitable. He nudged the duke just in time. "Mind your own business, Charles," said my father, and Charles got no more thanks. On another occasion my father gave my brother a cheque for ten pounds, with orders to send it to some poor man who had written in distress from Edinburgh. My brother, before sending it, made inquiries and found the man to be an impostor; so he brought back the cheque. He thought that my father might say: "Charles, you may keep the cheque." Not at all; my father pocketed the cheque and merely remarked: "Charles, I told you to send off that cheque. Why cannot you obey orders?"—HAWEIS, *The Contemporary Review*, September, 1884.

The duke was asked by a lady if the innumerable caricatures which had been published of him in the course of his life had not caused him annoyance. He answered: "Not a bit; not a bit," and then, after a moment's pause, "There is the only one caricature that has ever caused me annoyance: Douro."—FRASER. (Lord Douro was the duke's oldest son and extraordinarily like him in appearance.)

Lord Douro's regiment, the 60th foot, has been lately quartered at Dover. When the duke, his father, made a short stop at Walmer Castle, the officers all rode over to pay their respects and left their cards at the house as a matter of form. Shortly after came an invitation from his grace to dinner, including all the officers except Lord Douro. The major, who received the note, quite confused, knew not how to act, and showed it to Lord Douro, who was equally puzzled, though he knew it must have some meaning. To solve the difficulty he went forthwith to see the duke at Walmer, who with great good humor told him: "I make no distinction in the service; those gentlemen who paid me the compliment of a visit I invited to dinner; you were not of the number and so I omitted you in the invitation."—RAIKES, "Journal," January 26, 1833.

The General

Those who accuse him of a lack of feeling—and some there are who state as much—have not seen him as I have, his eyes glistening and his voice broken, as he spoke of the losses sustained at Waterloo. "I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory and I always say that next to a battle lost the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At such moments every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am just beginning to regain my natural spirits and I never wish for any more fighting."—SHELLEY.

At eleven o'clock the review began. It was even more magnificent than the previous one, but, on the whole, less interesting. There were above twelve thousand of the Prussian Guards on the ground. These troops had not been engaged in this campaign. I never beheld such troops and the duke thinks them finer than any he has ever seen. We first rode along the line, which extended to the end of the boulevards. As the duke passed the troops cheered by word of command. It was a monotonous sound, more like a groan than anything. The duke turned to me after it was over and said: "I hate that cheering. If once you allow soldiers to express an opinion, they may, on some other occasion, hiss instead of cheer. However," he added, "I cannot always help my fellows giving me a hurrah. As I rode along the line after the last battle they gave me a cheer. But the cheering then was spontaneous; this evidently by word of command."—SHELLEY.

At entering a large town in Spain it was not unusual for the Duke of Wellington to inquire particularly about the height of the cathedral or finest church in the place. Those questions, which were of course considered as marks of interest by el Lord in their splendid ecclesiastical structures, were answered with great complacency by the authorities, civil and religious. "Then if it is so high you must have long ladders for cleaning it occasionally?" This question, though its scope could not be so easily comprehended, was also answered, usually in the affirmative. In which case the ladders marched on with the English wagons to assist at the next storm.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1818.

The French and English armies, as they became better acquainted by frequent contact, grew to be civil to each other, particularly after we had passed the Pyrenees, and the advance posts and pickets were on the most friendly terms. There was a small public house beyond the Ardour, where the English used to cross over and sup with the French officers; and in the line before Bayonne, a French officer came out one day to our advance posts, and, saluting the officer, inquired whether one of our parties had not possessed themselves of three muskets and three sets of French accouterments of a French party. Inquiry was made and the arms, etc., found. It appears that the English soldiers had given the French some dollars to buy them some bottles of brandy, but, not trusting entirely to the honor of the enemy, had insisted on keeping three muskets, etc., as a pledge that the brandy should be forthcoming. The dollars were returned, and the French got their accouterments again. The advance posts always gave notice to each other when they were in danger. On one occasion, when the French army were advancing suddenly and in force, the French posts suddenly cried out to ours: *"Courez vite, courez vite, on va vous attaquer."* I always encouraged this; the killing of a poor fellow of a vidette or carrying off a post could not influence the battle, and I always when I was going to attack sent to tell them to get out of the way. Lambert once carried off a post, but he had given them warning that they were coming too far, and that if they did not go he should be obliged to carry them off: they did not take the hint, and the next day he did as he had threatened and the French said that it was all fair.—CROKER, quoting Wellington.

The duke told me that he would have gone to America if the war there had not been put an end to before the spring.—SHELLEY.

On being asked whether the Spanish ladies had really exhibited such enthusiasm, he said: "Quite true; they not only strewed flowers, but took off their costly shawls and scarves, regardless of the cost to their husbands, and spread them under the horses' feet. And their enthusiasm did not end with the day, for some days after, meeting a group of ladies, the first suddenly embraced me and then handed me over to her companions until I had gone round them all."—*Littell's Living Age*, January 1, 1853, quoting *The London Daily News*.

Referring to the advance from the Douro to the Ebro, the duke stated that he "got famously taken in on one occasion." "The troops had taken to plundering a great deal. It was necessary to stop it and I issued an order announcing that the first man caught in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the provost. The case against them was clear and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be led away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march the next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion and, among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings, I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering. But you may guess my astonishment when some months afterwards I learned that one of my staff had taken counsel with Dr. Hume and, as three men had just died in the hospital, they hung them up and let those three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you angry, duke?" was the question. "Well, I suppose I was at first; but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."—GLEIG.

On one occasion he [General Crawford] remained across a river by himself. that is,

only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Lord Wellington, when he came back, only said: "I am glad to see you safe, Crawford." The latter said: "Oh, I was in no danger, I assure you." "But I was from your conduct," said Wellington. Upon which Crawford observed: "He is damned crusty to-day."—LARPENT.

"They are the scum of the earth; . . . all fellows who have enlisted for drink. That is the plain fact—they have all enlisted for drink." Again, speaking of non-commissioned officers he observed: "Nothing would be so valuable as . . . soldiers of that rank if you could get them sober, which is impossible." His views of discipline were worthy of the worst drill sergeant of Frederick William of Prussia. "I have no idea of any great effect being produced," he once said before a royal commission, "by anything but the fear of immediate corporal punishment." Flogging was the one recipe for all difficulties and he declared that it was absolutely impossible to manage the army without it.—*The Quarterly Review*, April, 1900.

At Waterloo

The other stood amidst the growing grain, seeing his army wasting away before those terrible assaults, and when the officers around him saw inevitable ruin, unless the order for retreat was given, he tore up the unripened corn and, grinding it between his hands, groaned out in his agony: "Oh, that Blucher, or night, would come."—"Personal Reminiscences," *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1858.

"Bonaparte has humbugged me," was Wellington's comment before the fight, and who can forget his remark when all was over? "It was a damned near thing; it was the nearest thing I ever saw." "Ah, if it were only to be done over again," sighed Napoleon to Gourgaud.—SHORTER.

At Waterloo the colonel commanding the British artillery observed to the duke: "I have got the exact range of the spot where Bonaparte and his staff are standing. If your grace will allow me I think I can pick some of them off." "No, no," replied he, "generals-in-chief have something else to do in a great battle beside firing at each other." —REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, oration, Philadelphia, November 23, 1852.

Scott mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had once wept, in speaking to him about Waterloo, saying that "the next most dreadful thing to a battle lost was a battle won."—MOORE.

This great general, who never before showed such talents, returned to Brussels after the battle; and, when Mr. Creevey called upon him, was walking distractedly about the room, exclaiming: "Those Guards! Those Guards! What fine fellows!" During dinner the tears rolled down his cheeks and he could not recover his spirits at all.—SHELLEY.

When the duke was sitting to Philips, the latter asked him: "Was not your grace surprised at Waterloo?" "Never till now," he answered.—MITFORD.

Speaking of the tree under which he was said to have taken up his position at Waterloo, some one mentioned that it had been nearly all cut away and that people would soon doubt if it ever had existed. The duke at once said that he remembered the tree perfectly, and that a Scotch sergeant had come to tell him that he observed that it was a mark for the enemy's cannon, begging him to move from it. A lady said: "I hope you did, sir." He replied: "I really forget, but I know I thought it good advice."—AN OLD SOLDIER.

The duke said that the news of Waterloo was first brought over by a Jew in the service of Rothschild. He embarked at Ostend and nobody on board the vessel knew of it but he. The way he got it was this: He was at Ghent, looking in with a crowd at a window, when a messenger arrived to the king of France, and he saw that the king, after reading the letter, embraced the messenger and "kissed him all around the room and all about the house." Upon this the Jew felt sure that the news was a victory and without an instant's delay set off upon his journey to England. . . . At Ostend, at embarking, he saw Malcolm, to whom he declared that he knew no news—observed strict silence all the way—got to London—went with Rothschild to the stock exchange and attended to a little business there—and, when that was done, then Rothschild brought him to Lord Liverpool, early in the afternoon.—STANHOPE.

The duke, who was riding behind us, watched their approach; and at length, when within a hundred yards of us, exclaimed: "Up, Guards, and at them again!"—*Notes and Queries*, September 17, 1853, quoting a letter of Captain Batty, of the Grenadier

Guards, June 22, 1815, from the village of Gommignies.

It was at this moment that the Duke of Wellington gave his famous order for our bayonet charge, as he rode along the line; these are the precise words he made use of: "Guards, get up and charge."—GRONOW.

The following extract I have copied from the June number of *Bentley's Miscellany*. It will be found at page 700, as a foot note to a clever article, one of a series, entitled "Random Recollections of Campaigns Under the Duke of Wellington," written by an officer of the Second Brigade of Guards: That expression attributed to the duke of "Up, Guards, and at them again," I have good reason for knowing was never made use of by him. He was not even with the brigade of Guards in question at the time they rose from their recumbent position to attack the French column in front and therefore could not have addressed them. I never heard this story until long after.—CUTHBERT BEDE, *Notes and Queries*, July 30, 1853.

What I must have said and possibly did say, was: "Stand up, Guards," and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack. —CROKER.

It was mooted whether the action to be imparted to his statue should not represent the moment when his cry: "Up, boys, and at 'em!" roused his troops to their last irresistible and victorious charge. "Up, boys, and at 'em," replied the duke; "I never could have said any such thing. I remember very well that I caused them to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground and by that means saved many of their lives, but 'Up, boys, and at 'em,' is all nonsense."—JERDAN.

Here he stood during the hottest part of the battle, directing almost every movement himself. When the Nassau troops were driven from the orchard, the duke ordered the Guards to retake it. These were his exact words as they began to move off: "There, my lads, in with you. Let me see no more of you."—SHELLEY.

One day at dinner Harry Keppel, who came to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, told us that when he was taking Lord Saltoun as commander-in-chief to China, he asked him if there was any truth in the oft-repeated order of the Duke of Wellington, "Up, Guards, and at them," at Waterloo. He said, "None," and he ought to have known, for there he had commanded the light companies of the Second Brigade. He was standing by the duke when the Guards were lying down and he heard the duke call up an aide-de-camp and give him some orders, which he galloped off to execute. On his return he saluted the duke and then fell back to the rear. In a few minutes the duke called him up and said: "Did you give my orders to General ——?" "Yes, your grace," said the aide-de-camp. "And what did he say?" "He said he'd see your grace damned first." The duke took up his glass and looked in his direction and leaned over to Lord Saltoun, saying: "By God, he's right."—WEST.

By the way, do you know that the famous "Up, Guards, and at them," is not my father's at all, but Lord Saltoun's, and the right words are, "Up, Guards, and fire low"? —HAWEIS, *The Contemporary Review*, September, 1884, quoting the second Duke of Wellington.

In the Hour of Danger

Of the duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood related this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bedtime, when the captain of the vessel came to him and said: "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well," said the duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."—TIMBS.

Sir Seymour Blaine told another story which, I dare say, is well known. But I have never seen it in print. He said that just before the battle of Talavera when the duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, was in command in Spain, the English and French armies had been marching for many days on parallel lines, neither quite liking to attack the other, and neither having got the advantage in position which they were seeking. At last one day, when everybody was pretty tired with the fatigues of the march, the duke summoned some of his leading officers together and said to them: "You see that clump of trees" (pointing to one a good distance away, but in sight from where they stood); "when the head of the French column reaches that clump of trees, attack. As for me I am going to sleep under this bush." Thereupon the great soldier lay down, all his arrangements being made, and took his nap, while the great battle of Talavera—on which the fate of Spain and perhaps the fate of Europe depended—was begun.—HOAR. (Griffiths's "Wellington" tells this anecdote.)

To him personal fear was utterly unknown. We may cite, as an instance, the

madman who got access to his library, and signified his intention of killing him in obedience to a divine command. The duke just looked up from his desk. "Are you in a hurry? For I have a great many letters to write; could you come again in an hour?" The maniac, taken aback by his coolness, retired, to be taken up. Again, when the duke was warned by his solicitor that another madman intended to attempt his life: "Never mind; he won't hurt me," was his reply. "Ah, but he is going to speak to the queen, as you won't see him." "Oh," rejoined the duke, "then give instant information to the secretary of state."—*The Quarterly Review*, March, 1853.

The late Lord Salisbury was then aide-de-camp to the duke, and he told me that when the Chartists began their march [1848] he galloped in great anxiety to the duke at the Horse Guards and found him reading his morning paper. He lifted his head for a moment and said: "How far are they now from the bridge?" (Westminster bridge.) Lord Salisbury replied: "One mile and a half, sir." The great duke said: "Tell me when they are within a quarter of a mile," and became absorbed in his paper. The Marquis of Salisbury went back to observe. When the procession reached the appointed distance he galloped back to the Horse Guards and again found the Iron Duke quietly reading. "Well?" said the duke. Lord Salisbury reported that the procession was breaking up and that only small detached bodies of Chartists were crossing the bridge. "Exactly what I expected," said the duke, and returned to his paper. Immense preparations, however, had been made for that day. Many thousand civilians had been sworn in as special constables and furnished with batons. Even the future Napoleon III. was enrolled as a special constable.—PLAYFAIR.

An officer in the regiment quartered in the neighborhood walked to Walmer Castle soon after the duke's death. He asked his servant if he could spare any article, however insignificant, of the duke. The servant said: "There are a lot of umbrellas in the corner; if you like, you can have one of them." The officer took up one of the umbrellas and endeavored to open it. To his surprise he drew out a sword. He pointed this out; the servant replied: "Oh, yes; there is a sword in every umbrella." This, no doubt, would have given the duke a chance, who walked about London and elsewhere absolutely unattended, had he been attacked.—FRASER.

Touching a Tender Chord

His grace, it appears, while walking on his estate, observed a boy, the son of one of his farm or garden servants, on his knees, before a small hole in the earth, and in tears. On being asked the cause of his grief, the boy replied that the hole was the dwelling place of a tame toad, to which he every day brought food. but that, as he was to be sent off to school shortly, he was afraid his strange pet would die of hunger. "Never mind, never mind," said the duke; "you go to school and I'll take care of the toad." And so, according to the story, he did, visiting from time to time the hole, and depositing therein a handful of crumbs. The duke, it is added, was fond of exhibiting this strange charge to visitors at Strathfieldsaye and after some time wrote one of his characteristic notes to the boy, assuring him of his favorite's continued health and vigor.—*London Morning Chronicle*, November 19, 1852.

The duke produced a valuable snuff-box at one period of the banquet. It went the round of the table and—disappeared. The incident was so unpleasant that the guests proposed that all should agree to be searched. All did agree, but one old officer, who altogether refused, and was very coldly looked upon in consequence, being strongly suspected of the theft. Next year the Duke of Wellington wore for the first time the same uniform for the same banquet [the annual Waterloo banquet at Apsley House] and almost immediately found the snuff-box in some pocket. He had not forgotten the old officer's suspicious conduct, which in this new light became more strange. So the duke searched him out and asked him what it meant. "Your grace, I refused to be searched because at that moment my pockets were filled with broken victuals which I had filched from your table. While I feasted my family were starving in a poor lodging and I was taking them food." The story runs that the duke was affected to tears and at once took care that the impoverished officer should be put in a better condition and above want.—GRIFFITHS, citing "Ramsay's Reminiscences," and adding, "The same story is told of Marshal Warde and will be found in Horace Walpole's letters."

It was at Bath, I believe, or some place of popular resort, in a public ball room, that the duke came across an old soldier friend long lost sight of. To the kindly query, whether he, the Duke of Wellington, could be of any service to his friend, who was on half pay and unprovided with money so

necessary in those days of peace to purchase advancement: "Yes, your grace can do me a great service," was the prompt reply; "if you will give me your arm across the room and appear to take some interest in me, you will make my fortune." The service was forthwith rendered and an explanation sought. The fact was that the officer in question was paying his addresses to a rich widow of the place who still hesitated to accept him. But she was at the ball and she saw with her own eyes how greatly her pretendant was appreciated. This settled the question; the officer was accepted, married, bought his way back to full pay, rose steadily till he reached the highest honor in his profession.—GRIFFITHS, *The New Century Review*, February, 1897.

Some years ago it was proposed to him to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition, to which he assented. When the purchase was completed his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the duke. The other replied: "It was valued at eleven hundred pounds and I got it for eight hundred." "In that case," said the duke, "you will please carry the other three hundred pounds to the late owner and never talk to me of cheap land again."—RAIKES, "Journal," January 21, 1844.

Some Tart Rejoinders

He stopped a labored eulogium upon the military genius displayed at the battle of Assaye by saying bluntly: "There was no military genius at all—nothing of the kind. I found two great armies confined where they could not escape, and without leaders. It was merely a question of common sense."—*Littell's Living Age*, December 11, 1852, quoting *The London Daily News*.

When Blucher, in his hate of France, refused the Order of the Holy Ghost, which Louis XVIII. wished to confer, and the duke tried in vain to persuade him to accept, "If I do," said the vengeful Prussian, "I will hang the order on me behind." "And if you do," observed the duke, "you will show how much you value it, by hanging it where the enemy will never hit it."—AN OLD SOLDIER.

The story is well known of the commissary who came to the duke to complain of the general of his division. This was attributed to Picton; I have taken the trouble to ascertain that it was of Crawfurd of whom the officer spoke. He said to the duke: "General Crawfurd, my lord, says that if the provisions of his department are not ready on time, he will hang me. What do you advise me to do?" The duke calmly replied: "I strongly advise you to obtain them; General Crawfurd, I observe, keeps his word."—FRASER. (Lincoln is credited with a similar reply in relation to the two Shermans.)

I found the English regiments always in the best humor when they were well supplied with beef; the Irish when we were in the wine countries, and the Scots when the dollars for pay came up.—CROKER.

Scott mentions a curious circumstance that at the same moment the Duke of Wellington should have been living in one of Bonaparte's palaces, and Bonaparte in the duke's old lodgings at St. Helena. "Only tell Bony that I hope he finds my old lodgings at Longwood as comfortable as I find his at the Champs d'Elysées."—MOORE.

As is well known he was the bluntest of men and particularly intolerant of fussiness of any kind. When, for instance, a question arose as to whether the military salute should be given to a Protestant bishop in Canada, his grace replied that his soldiers were to pay no attention to anything about the prelate but his sermons.—NEVILL.

At the time of Queen Caroline's trial the mob of London sided with the queen and the duke's strong adhesion to the king made him extremely unpopular. Riding one day up Grosvenor Place to Apsley House, he was beset by a gang of workmen who were mending the road. They formed a cordon, shouldered their pick-axes, and swore they would not let the duke pass until he said: "God save the queen." "Well, gentlemen, since you will have it so—'God save the queen' and may all your wives be like her."—RUSSELL.

The Duke of Wellington, it will be remembered, upon the queen saying to him: "You see how punctual I am, duke; I am even before my time," replied with blunt veracity, "That, your majesty, is not punctuality."—BOYLE.

Two or three phrases of the conversation that took place on the occasion [between George IV. and Wellington] have been repeated to me by one likely to have heard them from both parties concerned. "Good

God, Arthur, you don't mean to propose that fellow to me as secretary of foreign affairs; it is impossible. I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. You hear, Arthur, on my honor as a gentleman. I am sure you will agree with me I can't do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do." "Pardon me, sir; I don't agree with you at all; your majesty is not a gentleman." The king started. "Your majesty, I say," continued the imperturbable soldier, "is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should at this time employ the abilities of Mr. Canning." "Well," drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must," was finally the king's reply.—LYTTON.

Some years ago the corporation of Paisley sent up a petition, praying for very strong measures of reform, with a request for the duke to present it. The reply was as follows: "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the provost and corporation of the royal borough of Paisley. He has received the petition which the corporation have sent and he has also received the tin case in which that petition was enclosed."—*London Morning Chronicle*, November 19, 1852.

Russell told me that the Duke of Wellington, speaking to him of Disraeli's interruption on Monday, said: "The Jew boy's harp is out of tune." Lord Lansdowne remarked that this joke ought to be recorded in the book that gives the jokes of men who never made but one in their lives.—BROUGHTON.

The duke's true love for the United Service is marked by two pictures in his room, the Chelsea Pensioners and the Greenwich Veterans. The duke, who had a sympathetic admiration for the singleness of purpose with which Wilkie went direct to his unpretentious themes, early in 1816 commissioned him to paint British Soldiers Regaling at Chelsea, a suggestion which by and by expanded into Reading the Waterloo Gazette. Wilkie has recorded in his diary the repeated reconnoiterings made, while the sketches were in preparation, by his military Mæcenas, who, carrying into the studio the tactics of the field, wished to brigade all the ideas into one canvas—but was above all anxious that a good number of his own Peninsular soldiers—whom he never forgot in war or peace—should be introduced. The picture was only finished in 1822, for Wilkie, who worked slowly and painfully, spared neither labor of brains nor hand on such a subject and for such a patron. When the "Canny Dauvid," as he honestly tells us, brought it in, with the bill charging, "1260 pounds, i. e., 1200 guineas," his grace, not less a man of business nor less thrifty in phraseology than the Scottish Teniers, paid instanter, counting out the cash in bank notes, and without adding one word expressive of satisfaction or otherwise. Only when the recipient interrupted him by a suggestion that a check might save trouble, the paymaster gave a smile and said: "Do you think I like Coutts's clerks always to know how foolishly I spend my money?" The duke, however, who was an optimist, and whose opinions of his acquisitions always grew with possession, subsequently praised the picture much, regularly remarking that he himself had selected the site of the incident. . . . The painting was the lion of the exhibition of the year and Burnet's fine engraving has spread its fame to the antipodes, and, whatever the duke might think, say, or not say, the artist was altogether satisfied with the Chelsea Pensioners, as he received from Messrs. Graves another twelve hundred pounds—that is, we hope, twelve hundred guineas—for the copyright. The duke consented to part with the original for three years, the term required by Mr. Burnet for the engraving, and, on the Saturday before the term expired, walked into the publisher's shop and asked: "Shall I have my picture back on Monday?" "Yes, your grace, by twelve o'clock." It was sent on time, whereupon the duke, watch in hand, said: "Now, Mr. Graves, you shall have any other picture of mine."—*The Quarterly Review*, March, 1853.

On one occasion a literary man, who had been asked to Strathfieldsaye for the first time, talked much of his knowledge of the great foreign statesmen of the day, with a view to showing the intimate terms which subsisted between him and them. At first he spoke of Bismarck, till every one wished the Iron Chancellor had never been born, and the following day it was evident that Gambetta was to be rendered equally hateful. "A good-natured man, this Frenchman," said the irrepressible talker, "and fond of sending little souvenirs to those he likes. He sent me this cigar-cutter only the other day" (showing a trinket on his watch chain). "Then, I suppose," broke in the duke, "that Bismarck gave it to him, for yesterday it belonged to the chancellor. You are be-

coming confused, Mr. ——, you are becoming confused." For the rest of the visit we heard no more of either Bismarck or Gambetta.—NEVILL.

Standing under this tree, "His Grace," as the second duke always indicated his predecessor, dictated his reply to the tradesman who had applied to him for some debt of his son. "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Messrs. Smith & Jones and begs to inform them that he is neither Lord Charles Wellesley nor Messrs. Smith & Jones's debt collector." A few yards off, some one stooping to pick up the great duke's stick, accidentally fallen, received the stereotyped reprimand always elicited by any amiable little intervention of the kind: "Can't you be good enough to mind your own business?" . . . The great captain, always precise about religious observances, received one of his guest's—a lady's—apology for not forming one of the party to church the next Sunday. She was a Catholic and there was no Catholic church within a distance of twenty or thirty miles. "That," said the host, "need be no difficulty. My carriages and horses are at your disposal; breakfast shall be ready a little before daybreak and the thing can be easily done." "And," said the second duke, "she had to go."—ESCOTT.

When Sir DeLacey Evans's operations were going on near St. Sebastian, the question was put: "What will all this produce?" "Probably," replied the duke, "two volumes in octavo."—GLEIG.

With Age Creeping On

The duke detested being helped, not from ingratitude, but from two distinct feelings: one that he did not like to be thought, what certainly he was not, decrepit; the other, that he knew very well that the majority of persons who helped him simply did so in order to be able to say they had done so. This to him was revolting. Standing opposite Apsley House in the evening in Piccadilly, when the street was even more crowded than it is now, the duke was hesitating on the curbstone. A gentleman, nearly as old as himself, made some demonstration of assisting him to cross the road, endeavoring to check the tide of vehicles that was setting strongly. When the duke reached the gate of Apsley House, he touched his hat and said: "I thank you, sir." The elderly stranger immediately uncovered; holding his hat at his knee, he addressed the duke as follows: "My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life; but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." The duke looked at him calmly and in a voice not in the least choked with emotion replied: "Don't be a damned fool," and walked into Apsley House.—FRASER.

Henry Weigall, the sculptor, was one of the few people who could boast of having had an apology made to him by the Duke of Wellington. He had a friend, named Mrs. Jones, of Pantglas, a rich Welsh lady, who was a good deal in London. She was also a friend of the Duke of Wellington and nothing would satisfy her but that his grace should have his bust executed by Weigall. The duke had a very low opinion of sculptors; however, Mrs. Jones's influence was sufficient to prevail on the duke to visit Weigall's house with her one day. They were shown into the studio, and the duke seems to have had some difficulty in taking off a paletot which he wore. Weigall, who was the very pink of politeness, stepped up to him and, placing his hand on the duke's shoulder, said: "Allow me to assist your grace," upon which the duke was very wroth and, turning sharply round, he said: "Take your hands off me, sir," which Weigall immediately did and went out of the room; nor could he be brought back unless the duke consented to make an apology. As the duke could not be prevailed upon to do this, Mrs. Jones and he left the house with their purpose unfulfilled. However, a few days later they reappeared and then the duke did grumble out something like an apology with which Weigall was fortunately satisfied and the bust was made.—*Chambers's Journal*, February 20, 1904.

The duke gives three hours and three quarters to this sitting. He examines the picture (since engraved) and approves of it, but points out that in one particular it is not accurate. The artist has placed a glove in his left hand, and "I never wear gloves," says the duke, "but it is of no consequence; I don't wish it altered; I ought to have them."—*Dublin University Magazine*, January, 1860.

An anecdote which the informant had from the duke's cook. It runs: "Duke of Wellington endeavoring to show the servants that he required only one egg for breakfast, and, when he failed to do so, calling up the kitchen maid and shying them at her."—*Chambers's Journal*, February 20, 1904.

A Few Foibles

Niebuhr's history was recommended to him; and he began it. He read on until he reached the narrative of Cæsar's cruelty to his prisoners; and there he shut the book. Nothing could induce him to go further. This was too much. He would not have his idols so thrown down.—GLEIG.

The following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington may be relied upon as entirely authentic. It has never appeared in England: Lord Wellington was dining at a public dinner at Bordeaux, given to him by the authorities, when he received a despatch from Paris informing him of the abdication of Napoleon. He turned to his aide-de-camp Fremantle. "Well," said he in his knowing, sportsman tone, "we've run the old fox to his hole at last." "What do you mean?" said Fremantle. "Napoleon has abdicated." Fremantle uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight. "Hush—not a word," said the duke; "let's have our dinner comfortably." He laid the letter beside his plate and went on calmly eating his dinner. The dinner was over. "There," said he to Monsieur Lynch, the mayor of Bordeaux, "there is something that will please you." The mayor cast his eye over the letter and in an instant was on the table announcing the news. The salon rang with acclamations for several minutes. The mayor then begged leave to give a toast: "Wellington, the liberator of France." There was another thunder of applause. The Portuguese consul did the like with the same effect. The mayor rose again and gave: "Wellington, the liberator of Europe." Here the applause was astounding. Wellington, who had sat all the while picking his teeth, now rose, made one of his knowing, civil bows to the company round. "Jack," said he, turning to Fremantle, "let's have coffee."—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1854.

A subaltern named the duke as "Wellington" within the old soldier's hearing and was told by him that he should not speak so familiarly of the commander of the forces. "I beg your pardon, your grace," said the young officer, "but I never heard of any prefix to the name of Cæsar or Napoleon, and I treated your name with similar honor."—GALE.

He wanted no publicity and would permit none. One newspaper representative, in asking for the privileges usually given to the press on such occasions [the visit of Queen Victoria] received this gentle intimation: "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. ——, and begs to say that he does not see what his house at Strathfieldsaye has to do with the public press."—HOPKINS.

Wellington had one foible as a collector. His taste lay in watches; his fondness for them rivaled that of the Emperor Charles V., who amused himself in the cloister with watchmaking. The duke loved to chat with M. Bréguet, the watchmaker, who was always a welcome caller at Apsley House. He was very particular about timekeeping, yet his watches often disappointed him, probably because he insisted on winding—or forgetting to wind—them up himself. The only clock he could really depend upon in Apsley House was that which still stands in the hall, and was as trustworthy as that at the Horse Guards. The duke had six or seven watches always going in his room and when he traveled had as many in the portmanteau which fitted into the front of his carriage.—GRIFFITHS.

My friend, George Smythe, the late Lord Strangford, once told me that, staying at Walmer Castle with the Duke of Wellington, the duke informed him one morning at breakfast that he was obliged to go up to London immediately, as all his razors required setting, but he would be back to dinner. Lord Strangford very naturally offered to lend the duke his razors, which, luckily for the duke, he did not accept; for Lord Strangford, who was somewhat careless about his personal appearance, shaved with razors something like miniature saws, which would make one shudder to look at. Lord Strangford then offered to take the razors to Dover, but the duke replied: "The man who always sharpens my razors has sharpened them for many years; I would not trust them with any one else. He lives in Jermyn street and there they must go. So you see, Strangford, every man has a weak point, and my weak point is about the sharpening of my razors. Perhaps you are not aware that I shave myself and brush my own clothes. I regret that I cannot clean my own boots, for men servants bore me and the presence of a crowd of idle fellows annoys me more than I can tell you."—GRONOW.

At two o'clock I went out to join the shooters. They told me that after I came the duke shot far better than he had done in the morning. Bad was the best, however; for he had contrived to empty two powder horns and a half with very little to show

for it. If truth be told, the hero of Waterloo was a very wild shot. After wounding a retriever early in the day, and, later on, peppering a keeper's gaiters, he inadvertently sprinkled the bare arms of an old woman who chanced to be washing clothes at her cottage window. I was attracted by her screams and the fearful ejaculations caused by pain and fear. I took in the situation at a glance and went to the cottage door. "I'm wounded, milady," she cried. "My good woman," said I, "this ought to be the proudest moment of your life. You have had the distinction of being shot by the great Duke of Wellington." "Oh, la," exclaimed the old woman, as she glanced toward the duke with her eyes full of tears, not knowing whether to be proud or angry. Then suddenly her face wreathed in smiles, as the contrite duke slipped a golden coin into her hand.—SHELLEY.

One of his peculiarities was never to tell anybody where he was going and when my brother or his own sons wished to be acquainted with his intentions they were obliged to apply to the housekeeper, to whom he was in the habit of making them known, and nobody ever dared to ask him questions on the subject.—GREVILLE.

I was told by the second Duke of Wellington interesting circumstances in relation to this picture. I mentioned to him what the Duke of B—— had said and he replied: "Well, I think he is right." The one thing my father was vain of was that he was the only man to whom the sword of state had been given who was able to carry it upright. Every one else, the sword and scabbard being very heavy, "sloped" it on the right shoulder; my father carried it upright, and insisted on Sir Thomas Lawrence painting him doing this. Sir Thomas did everything he could to persuade him that, as a matter of art, this would never do; that the portrait of a man perennially carrying a heavy sword from his wrist would eventually fatigue persons looking at the picture; in short, it was against all the canons of art. After long disputes Sir Thomas affected to give in, and he has painted my father, who still held to the point, with the right elbow apparently resting on a cushion. If you look closely at the print, you will see that his arm does not rest upon the cushion, but this can only be discerned by minute examination."—FRASER.

Speaking of English ambassadors in France reminds me of his grace, the Duke of Wellington. It appears that he does not trouble himself to use much ceremony with the French noblesse. He goes to gala dinners in frock and boots and makes the company wait for him by the hour. Then to apologize for delay he says he has been making a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne. The story goes that Marshal Macdonald told him that if he were fond of that walk, he should be happy to meet him there. But the ladies have given him the best chastisement; they call him Monsieur le Duc de Vilain-ton.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, letter to Catherine Adams, dated Ghent, December 13, 1814.

An authentic story is told of a certain lord, whose name I will suppress, but who held at one time a very important political position. Being on duty at the Horse Guards with the Guard of the Household Cavalry, he had occasion to write a note to the Duke of Wellington, who was in the commander-in-chief's office closely adjacent. The duke looked at the address and, finding himself addressed as the "Field Martial," asked with some surprise where the note came from, without opening it. He was told from the officer commanding the Guard of the Blues. The duke sent the note back with the intimation that Captain —— had made a mistake in the address. Another note was promptly brought to the duke in which the word "Martial" had been changed into a word representing the senior member of a well-known firm in Oxford street. This the duke could not stand and he told the story in every direction.—FRASER.

A Few Laughs on the Duke

The following story has been told, but I have not met with it in its absolute correctness. The Duke of Wellington received a letter, while sitting in the House of Lords, from an eminent landscape designer and great authority on botanical matters, J. C. Loudon. The duke had lost sight of him for some years. It was a note to this effect: "My Lord Duke—It would gratify me extremely if you would permit me to visit Strathfieldsaye at any time convenient to your grace, and to inspect the Waterloo beeches. Your grace's faithful servant, J. C. Loudon." The Waterloo beeches were trees that had been planted immediately after the battle of Waterloo, as a memorial of the great fight. The duke read the letter twice, the writing of which was not very clear, and, with his usual promptness and politeness, replied as follows, having read the signature as "J. C. London," instead of "J. C. Loudon." "My

dear Bishop of London—It will always give me great pleasure to see you at Strathfieldsaye. Pray come there whenever it suits your convenience, whether I am at home or not. My servant will receive orders to show you as many pairs of my breeches as you may wish, but why you should wish to inspect those I wore at the battle of Waterloo is quite beyond the comprehension of Yours most truly, Wellington." The letter was received, as may be supposed, with great surprise by the Bishop of London. He showed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to other discreet persons; they came to the melancholy conclusion that the great Duke of Wellington had evidently lost his senses. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) declared that he had not written to the duke for two years and to receive this extraordinary intimation puzzled the whole bench of bishops. Explanations, however, of a satisfactory kind, followed and the friendship of these worthy men was not changed.—FRASER.

On one occasion he received a letter in the following terms: I correct the spelling: "Mr. Tomkins ventures to address the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Tomkins's mother is a washerwoman; Mr. Tomkins regrets to say that, having washed for the Marquess of Douro for many years, his mother has been unable to obtain payment for the last three years. Mrs. Tomkins is very poor and cannot afford to lose the money. She hopes the duke will kindly pay it. Mrs. Tomkins's address is ——." After carefully reading and considering the letter, the duke sent the following reply: "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received a letter from Mr. Tomkins, stating that the Marquess of Douro is in debt to his mother, Mrs. Tomkins. The Duke of Wellington is not the Marquess of Douro. The duke regrets to find that his eldest son has not paid his washerwoman's bill. Mrs. Tomkins has no claim upon the Duke of Wellington. The duke recommends her, failing another application, to place the matter into the hands of a respectable solicitor." Some six weeks later the duke had a dinner party at Apsley House. One of the guests, with whom he was on intimate terms, introduced the subject of autographs and some one present asked the duke if he was not tormented in this respect. The duke replied: "Oh, yes; constantly." The friend said: "Some days ago I was examining a most interesting collection put together by a person who has labored at it for many years. I saw your grace's in the place of honor in the book." "Which was that?" said the duke. "Well, the collector's plan is to write to every person of eminence and to accuse his eldest son of bilking his washerwoman. He places his own letter and the reply face to face."—FRASER.

The duke said that when he came through Paris in 1814, Madame de Staël had a grand party to meet him. Du Pradt was there. In conversation he said: "Europe owes her salvation to one man." "But before he gave me time to look foolish," said the duke, "Du Pradt put his hand on his own breast and said: 'It is I.'"—HAYDON.

(In one of De Quincey's essays a curious incident in connection with the use of the semaphore telegraphs is described. A ship had arrived at Plymouth or Portsmouth with despatches from Lord Wellington and important news from the Peninsula. This was being transmitted in an epitomized form to London when a dense fog came on and interrupted until the following morning the transmission of the message. The words "Wellington defeated" had been telegraphed to London and the temporary ending of the message at this point gave rise to the greatest excitement in the metropolis until the completion of the sentence "the French at Salamanca" arrived the next morning, when the fog had cleared off.)

WILKES, John, 1727-1797. English statesman.

Wagers were laid that from the time of leaving his house in Great George Street till he reached Guildhall there would not be a person whom he might meet and converse with, but would leave him with a smile or hearty laugh.—J. H. JESSE, "George the Third."

At the period of Wilkes's popularity every wall bore his name and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses in the metropolis; he swung upon the sign-post of every village, of every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell with much glee of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up and murmuring within his hearing in much spleen: "He swings everywhere but where he ought." Wilkes passed her and, turning round, politely bowed.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, May 19, 1832.

Not content with the ordinary indulgences of a depraved taste, these associates and others founded the well-known compan-

ionship of the Medmenham Monks. They purchased the ruined abbey of Medmenham on the Thames and there practised what the gossips of the day alleged to be the most revolting tragedies on the sacred mysteries of the Christian faith. Tradition has, in all probability, by no means made the least of their excesses. Dashwood had been compelled to fly from Rome for his scandalous conduct in the Sistine Chapel on the night of Good Friday and he now entered the Abbey and became its abbot. The monks were twelve in number, but there were a number of novices waiting for admission into this precious brotherhood. Wilkes and Sandwich became candidates for the same vacancy. The latter was chosen as the more wicked and few will contest the judgment of their associates on such a point. Wilkes revenged himself for this slight on his character in an appropriate fashion. He shut a baboon in a chest and let him out at the moment when Lord Sandwich was invoking the devil. Both the revelers and the monkey being equally frightened, a scene of great confusion followed and during the uproar the animal leaped upon Lord Sandwich's shoulders, who straightway fell on his knees and loudly expressed his penitence. For this practical joke he never forgave Wilkes. —W. B. DUFFIELD, *Cornhill Magazine*, December, 1897.

He and Colonel Luttrell were standing together as rival candidates for the representation of the county of Middlesex in Parliament. Looking down with great apparent apathy on the sea of human beings, consisting chiefly of his own votaries and friends, which stretched beneath him, "I wonder," he whispered to his opponent, "whether among that crowd the fools or the knaves predominate." "I will tell them what you say," replied the astonished Luttrell, "and thus put an end to you." Perceiving that Wilkes treated the threat with the utmost indifference, "Surely," he added, "you don't mean to say, you could stand here an hour after I did so?" "Why not?" replied Wilkes; "it is you who would not be alive an instant after." "How so?" inquired Luttrell. "Because," said Wilkes, "I should merely affirm that it was a fabrication and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye."—JESSE.

Once, when the House seemed resolved not to hear him and a friend urged him to desist, "Speak," he said, "I must, for my speech has been in print in the newspapers this half hour."—JESSE.

Boswell, dining with the sheriffs and judges of the Old Bailey, complained that he had had his pocket picked of his handkerchief. "Pooh, pooh," said Alderman Wilkes, "it is nothing but the ostentation of a Scotchman, to let the world know that he had possessed a handkerchief."—JOHN TIMBS, "Century of Anecdotes."

Mr. Alderman Burnell, who had begun life as a bricklayer, having a soft pudding to help, and doing it clumsily with a spoon, Wilkes advised him to take a trowel to it.—W. F. RAE, "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox."

Wilkes once dined in company with George IV., then Prince of Wales; it was about that time when the laudable custom of drinking toasts, the health of ladies, was giving way to sentiments, as they were called. Now Wilkes overheard the prince talking of him pretty freely, so in due time, when Wilkes' sentiment was called for, he gave: "The king, and long may he live." "Why, when did you become so loyal?" exclaimed the prince. "Ever since I had the honor of knowing your royal highness," answered Wilkes. After this Wilkes attended very constantly the levees. On one occasion George III. addressed him (this George III. told me himself) inquiring after his friend Sergeant Glynne. The sergeant had been very intimate for years with Wilkes—had been engaged with him in many of his seditious transactions and employed for him as his counsel in all his important Westminster Hall trials and transactions. "My friend, sir?" said Wilkes to the king; "he is no friend of mine." "Why," said the king, "he was your friend and your counsel in all your trials." "Sir," rejoined Wilkes, "he was my counsel, but he was no friend; he loves sedition and licentiousness, which I never delighted in. In fact, sir, he was a Wilkite, which I never was." The king said that the confidence and the humor of the man made him forget at the moment his impudence.—LORD ELDON, "Anecdote Book."

WILLIAM I., 1797-1888. Emperor of Germany.

A distinguished personage was once in conversation with his majesty when the guards came by. The kaiser was most particular to fasten the top button of his uniform before showing himself to his soldiers, whereat the visitor marveled greatly. He asked the emperor why he should stand so much upon ceremony with men who saw him about daily face to face. The emperor replied: "That is not the question at all; as the head of the

army I am bound to show my soldiers an irreproachable example in the way of *tenue*. They have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned and I do not intend that they ever shall. For, let me tell you, it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of the army."—G. B. SMITH, "William I."

The king exposed himself greatly on the 3d, and it was well I was present, for all the warnings of others had no effect, and no one would have dared to talk sharply to him as I allowed myself to do on this occasion, which gave support to my words, when a knot of ten cuirassiers and fifteen horses of the Sixth Cuirassier regiment rushed confusedly by us, all in blood, and the shells whizzed around most disagreeably close to the king. He cannot yet forgive me for having prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of being shot. "At the spot where a supreme authority ordered me to remove myself," were his words only yesterday, angrily pointing his finger at me.—Letter of Bismarck to Frau Bismarck, dated, Hohenmuth, September 7, 1866.

For some time after the revolution of 1849 the Duchy of Baden was occupied by the Prussian troops that had helped to quell the insurrection. The officers' quarter at Rastadt had been especially cautioned against playing at Baden-Baden. One summer evening the king (then Prince William) strolled into the gaming rooms and noticed an officer in mufti at play. The officer was winning, not much, but a good deal for a Prussian lieutenant, for there were four Friedrichs d'or on the red. He had begun with one and the color had turned up twice. Just as he was about to pick up the money he caught sight of the prince watching him. Terror-stricken, he stood as if rooted to the spot. The red turned up a third and a fourth time; still the officer did not move. At last the maximum was reached and the croupier asked: *"Combien à la masse?"* No answer. *"Combien à la masse?"* shouted the croupier once more. Thereupon the prince walked around to the officer's side, tapped him on the shoulder and said gently: "Take up your money and go, lest one of your chiefs should catch you here." As a matter of course the lieutenant did not want telling twice. A couple of days later there happened to be a review at Rastadt. Prince William caught sight of the lieutenant and sent for him. "Lieutenant," said he, "after you went away the red turned up four times more. I prevented you from winning four times the maximum which you would have been sensible to stake. You can draw upon me for that amount. But take my advice: do not gamble again. M. Benazet is not the enemy to attack twice under similar conditions."—ALBERT D. VANDAM, "Men and Manners of the Third Republic."

It was about eleven o'clock one morning. William, thinking it unnecessary to be accompanied or preceded on his visit, rang the door of the apartment occupied in the Château of Compiègne by Madame Walewska. It was opened by a young servant, who asked the name of the visitor. *"Le roi"* (the king), was the answer. The unsophisticated young woman, who had not sufficient experience to judge the quality of individuals by their air or looks, hastened to inform her mistress that Monsieur Leroy wished to see her. Madame Walewska, never suspecting that the German king was in the hall, imagined that it was the court hairdresser, the Leonard of the Second Empire, an artist without a rival in arranging puffs and curls—in a word, Monsieur Leroy. She accordingly sent word that he had chosen an inconvenient time; she could not have her hair dressed then, but would expect him before dinner that evening. The message was faithfully delivered to the king of Prussia, who, not thinking it worth while to explain his identity to the maid, bowed and withdrew. A little later the story was known to every member of the idle, gossiping company; and when Madame Walewska came to lunch she noticed their whispers, suppressed smiles and continuous gaiety. She begged to have the joke explained to her, and then learned that she had mistaken the Berlin potentate for her hairdresser and had practically turned him out of her house under this impression. She made what excuses she could to the king, who only laughed at the episode to make a second visit the following morning, when he would hope for a kinder reception.—FREDERIC LOLIÉE, "Women of the Second Empire."

It was on the occasion of the visit of the king of Prussia and his nephew [Czar Alexander II.] that the story of their *rencontre* with a French bourgeoise was told. The two potentates, anxious to enjoy Paris life as ordinary citizens, escaped one evening from their suites and visited one of the *café chantants* for which Paris was at that time particularly famous. Getting into conversation with a garrulous Frenchman, they discussed with him every topical question of the day, notably German and Russian politics, and were very much amused by the confident manner in which he set them

right on subjects they had every reason to believe themselves particularly well informed about. When the Frenchman rose he said that he had been so much impressed with the general information of his chance acquaintances that he asked them whom he might have the pleasure of conversing with. The older monarch replied: "Oh, I am the king of Prussia," and his companion added carelessly that he was the emperor of Russia. The Frenchman betrayed no sign of astonishment, but with a gravity which became so historic an occasion, bowed profoundly and rejoined: "And I am the Grand Mogul."—E. A. B. HODGETTS, "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century."

WILLIAM III., 1650-1702. King of England.

He took a strange pleasure in wearing the actual corporeal crown of England and the royal robes in which majesty is entitled to robe itself.—*Cornhill Magazine*, December, 1877.

His ideas, as expressed in conversation with Temple, may be thus epitomized: He could not be bothered with a wife who might prove troublesome, either by a high temper or a will of her own. He was likely to have plenty of trouble in his life and he could not run the risk of having a wife who might add to it. Nor must she be exacting in any respect, for he was aware that he might not be "easy for a wife to live with."—BARONESS SUZETTE VON ZUYLEN VAN NYEVELT, "Court Life in the Dutch Republic."

Disgusted at these perpetual delays, Lord Basil, perceiving the king on the point of retiring from the council chamber, carefully watched his opportunity and, placing himself in a passage through which his majesty must necessarily pass, boldly opposed himself to the egress of his sovereign. "I come," he said, "deputed by one of your majesty's kingdoms to lay their grievances before your royal feet; I have a right to be heard and I will be heard." The king at first gave him a civil answer and bade him go on: Lord Basil, however, showing but little symptoms of obedience, William turned to one of his courtiers. "This young man," he said, "is too bold, if any one can be too bold in his country's cause."—J. H. JESSE, "England Under the House of Hanover."

After the revolution of 1668, letters were intercepted from the Earl of Godolphin to the dethroned king. This was a crime against the state, but not a crime to be ashamed of; for the earl was at the same time a man of approved virtue. King William thought it wiser to make a friend of such a man than to pursue him as an enemy, to destruction. He sent for the earl, and in a private conference produced to him his letters; commending his zeal for his former master, however blind it might be; expressed a warm desire to have the earl for his friend; and at the same instant threw the letters into the fire, that the earl might be under no constraint. This act of magnanimity gained Godolphin's heart and his faithful services ever after.—PERCY, "Anecdotes."

The only distinct personal anecdote recorded of William the Third in connection with Kensington is of the kind just mentioned and will remind the reader of similar paternal stories of Agesilaus and others. A tap was heard one day at his closet door, while his secretary was in attendance. "Who is there?" said the king. "Lord Buck," answered the little voice of a child of four years of age. It was Lord Buckhurst, the son of his majesty's lord high chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset. "And what does Lord Buck want?" returned William, opening the door. "You to be a horse to my coach," rejoined the little magnate; "I have wanted you for a long time." William smiled upon his little friend, with an amiableness which the secretary had never before thought his countenance capable of expressing, and, "taking the string of the toy in his hand, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his little playfellow was satisfied."—LEIGH HUNT, "Old Court Suburb."

He was passing through a village in the neighborhood of Windsor, when a woman, determined to get a sight of the king, thrust herself close to the windows of the royal carriage. Having satisfied her curiosity, she exclaimed somewhat contemptuously, though perhaps not with the intention of being overheard, "Is that the king? My husband is a handsomer man than he." William stooped to her and said very seriously, "Good woman, don't speak so loud; consider that I am a widower."—JESSE.

The Duchess of Marlborough observes, in her Apology for her Conduct: "I give an instance of his vulgar behavior at his own table when the princess [his sister-in-law, the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne] dined with him. It was in the beginning of his reign when she was with child with the Duke of Gloucester. There happened to be a plate of peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without

offering the princess the least share of them, ate them, every one, himself. Whether he offered any to the queen I cannot say: but he might do so safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch them. The princess confessed, when she came home, that she was afraid to look at them and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."—JESSE.

WILLIAM IV., 1765-1837. King of England.

One day a large party dined at the Pavilion at Brighton, among whom was the American minister. The king said "that it was always a matter of serious regret to him that he had not been born a free, independent American, so much he respected that nation, and considered Washington the greatest man that ever lived."—*Temple Bar*, July, 1901.

When Prince William Henry was sent to sea, he had, at least, to make and fight his way among his young shipmates. I am told, on reliable authority, that in the first week of his cruise, for some impertinence at mess, he received a drubbing from one of his mates. The prince threatened to tell his father. "Ah," replied the mate, "I would serve your father in the same way if he were in your place and behaved as unlike a gentleman." The mate was living at Deal when the Duke of Clarence became Lord High Admiral, and summoned his old shipmate up to town. At the interview the duke began by asking, "Are you the man who gave me my first hiding at sea?" "Oh, your royal highness," replied the veteran, "I am sorry for it." "Well, I am not," replied the duke, "for it helped to make a man of me; and now I want to do something for you." The mate returned to Deal with a step or two in rank.—DR. J. DORAN, notes to "Last Journals of Horace Walpole."

Lady Georgiana Curzon well remembered how this kindly monarch kept a whole cupboard full of dolls to give to little girls. This cupboard was under the care of a favorite Hanoverian servant, whose peculiar personal appearance had caused the king to nickname him Ugly Mugs. Lady Georgiana used to tell how, when she was taken to the palace, King William used to say, "Now, my little girl, you can go and ask Ugly Mugs for a doll," upon which, running off to the individual in question, she made her request, "Please, Mr. Ugly Mugs, may I have a doll?" The Hanoverian invariably met this by pretending to be very angry and by saying, "My name is not Ugly Mugs," in a tone of simulated rage, but the doll was always produced, whilst the kindly king never failed to laugh at the description of Ugly Mugs's rage.—LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, "Leaves from my Note Books."

A certain field officer, when told that William the Fourth intended to give him the Guelphic order, angrily exclaimed, "Not without a court martial."—*The Anthenæum*, March 4, 1876.

WILLIAM RUFUS, 1056-1100. King of England.

The Jews at Rouen began to be frightened at the great numbers of their body who fell away from the laws of their fathers. They came to the king and, by a large bribe, obtained from him a promise that the converts should be constrained to go back to the faith which they had forsaken. They were brought before Rufus and most of them were by his terrible threats forced again to apostatize. The tale of Red King's success in this crooked kind of missionary enterprise reached the ears of a Jew father—where, we are not told—whose only and well-beloved son was lost to him by conversion to the Christian faith. The young man had been favored with a vision of the protomartyr Stephen, who had bidden him ask for baptism and take his own name at the font. He went to a priest, told his tale and was admitted to baptism by the name which was appointed to him. His father, mourning for his loss, went to King William and made his complaint, praying that at his command his son might be restored to the old faith. Rufus held his peace; the argument which alone persuaded him to meddle in such matters had not yet been urged. A promise of sixty marks of silver, payable on the second conversion of the youth, brought the king to another mind and Stephen was called into the royal presence. A dialogue took place between the king and the neophyte, in which Rufus, remembering perhaps the one redeeming feature in his own life, pressed Stephen's return to Judaism as a filial duty. The youth humbly suggests that the king is joking. Rufus waxes wroth and takes to words of abuse and his usual oath. Stephen's eyes shall be torn out, if he does not presently do his bidding. The youth stands firm and even rebukes the king. He can be no good Christian, who, instead of winning to Christ those who have been estranged from Him, strives to drive back those who have already embraced His faith. Rufus, put to shame, has nothing to say, but drives Stephen from his presence with scorn. The Jew father is waiting without. His son overwhelms him with abuse which even zeal for his new faith would hardly justify. He

would no longer acknowledge a father in one whose own father was the devil, and who, not satisfied with his own damnation, sought the damnation of his son. With this somewhat harsh way of putting matters, the zealous youth vanishes from the story; the Jew father has yet another turn with the Red King. He is called in and Rufus says he has done what he had been asked to do, and demands the promised payment for his pains. The Jew expostulates. His son, he says, is firmer in his Christian faith and in his hatred towards himself. Yet the king says he has done what he has been asked and demands payment. "Finish," he goes on, with a boldness which challenges some sympathy, "and then we will settle about my promise; such was our agreement." It is the characteristic of Rufus not to be angry at a really bold word. Evidently entering into the grotesque side of the dispute, he rejects the doctrine of payment by results; he answers that he has done his best, and that, though he has not succeeded, he cannot go away with nothing for his trouble. At last, after some further haggling, the parties to this strange dispute come to a compromise. The Jew pays, the king receives, half the sum which had been promised in the beginning.—EDWARD A. FREEMAN, "Reign of William Rufus," citing "Eadmer's History."

More authentic is that haughty observation of William Rufus that, "if he had duties towards God, God also had duties towards him."—*Cornhill Magazine*, 1877.

William Rufus once stood on the cliffs of Wales, and cried, as he looked across the water to Ireland, "For the conquest of that land I will gather together all the ships of my kingdom and will make of them a bridge to cross over." The story was carried to the King of Leinster [Murtagh], who listened thoughtfully. "After so tremendous a threat as that," he asked, "did the king add, if the Lord will?" On being told that Rufus used no such phrase, "since he trusts to do this by human power, not divine," said the shrewd Irishman, "I need not greatly dread his coming."—MRS. J. R. GREEN, "Henry II."

Y

YANKEE.

A letter from Rev. William Gordon, published in the *Penna Gazette*, May 10, 1775, giving an account of the skirmishes at Concord and Lexington, says: "They (the British troops) were roughly handled by the Yankees, a term of reproach for the New Englanders, when applied by the regulars." Another letter, published in the same paper a few weeks afterwards, dated Hartford, Connecticut, gives an account of the capture of several letters from English officers in Boston to their friends in England and says, "some of them are full of invectives against the Yankees, as they call us." From these facts it seems probable that the word was so unusual in New England that the writers thought themselves obliged to explain it. It was soon adopted, however. In a few months thereafter the citizens of Newberry fitted out a privateer called the Yankee Hero.—*Notes and Queries*, July 17, 1852.

The first settlers in New England were mostly emigrants from London and its vicinity, and exclusively styled themselves the English. The Indians, in attempting to utter the word "English," with their broad guttural accent, gave it a sound which would be nearly represented in this way: Yaunghees; the letter g being pronounced hard and approaching to the sound of k with a strong aspirate, like the Hebrew cheth or the Greek chi, and the l suppressed, as almost impossible to be distinctly heard in that combination. The Dutch settlers on the river Hudson and the adjacent country, during their long contest concerning the right of territory, adopted the name and applied it in contempt to the inhabitants of New England.—JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D., "Appendix to Poetical Works," 1820.

The origin of the name seems plain enough. It is one of the many Indian attempts to master the word "English," or "l'Anglais," of which the Algonquins (Nipissings) made "Aganesha," the Chippewas "Jaganash" and "Saganash," the Crees "Agathesu" and "Akayasion," and some of the Indians of New England "Yangees."—*Magazine of American History*, May, 1877.

In the multitude of these Dutch settlers the names they carried over would be pretty nearly in the same proportion as at home. Both then and now the Dutch Jan (the a sounded very broad and long), abbreviated from the German Johann, our John, was the prevailing Christian appellative; and it even furnished in Jansen, etc. (like our Johnson), frequent patronymics particularly with the favorite diminutive cke; and so common does it still remain as such that it would be difficult to open the directory of any

decent-sized Dutch or Northern German town without finding numerous instances as Jancke, Jaancke, Jahnecke, etc., according as custom has settled the orthography in each family. It is scarcely necessary to say that the soft J is frequently rendered by Y in our English reading and speaking foreign words.—WILLIAM BELL, Phil. Dr., *Notes and Queries*, January 29, 1853.

Yankee Doodle . . . The tune of this popular ballad is older than most of the existing nations. In the twelfth century it was used as a chant in Catholic churches of Italy and when played slowly doubtless served as well as a sacred air. But the melody was too easily learned to remain in such limited service, and after 1200 we find it gradually working its way into the daily life of the ordinary peasant. It became a most popular vintage song in Spain and southern France; reached northward into Holland, where, as a reaper's song, it acquired the words of "Yanker dudel, doodle down"; and at length entered England, where, before the reign of Charles I., it was a widely known nursery rhyme with the words, "Lucky Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it—Nothing in it, nothing on it, But the binding round it." In the days of the Puritan rule the cavaliers wrote a song in ridicule of Cromwell, who, it is said, once rode into Oxford, mounted on a small Kentish horse and with his small plume tied in a knot: "Yankee doodle came to town Upon a Kentish pony; He stuck a feather in his cap And called him macaroni." "Macaroni," it should be remembered, was a term frequently applied to London dudes.—CARL HOLLIDAY, "The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days," copyright, J. B. Lippincott Co.

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